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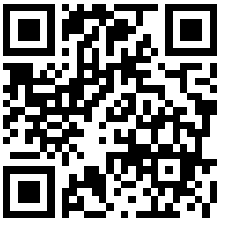

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FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 6. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 1.

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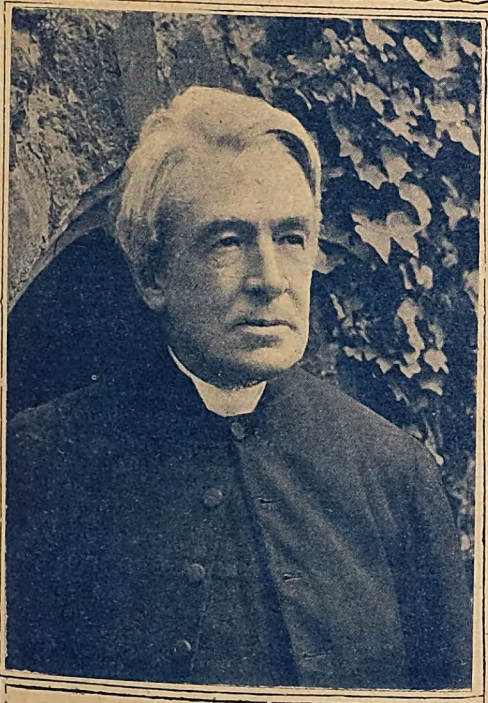

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A DAINTY ROBE.

The tea-gown of to-day is so elaborate that if it were only cut a little lower, and shorn of its sleeves, it would almost be a ball-gown, so dainty is its appearance, and so exquisite is its every detail. A very lovely model, of which a sketch is given, showed a

yoke-piece and upper sleeves of very finely-tucked white chiffon, the tuckings set quite closely together, and mounted on a firm white lining. The whole of this tucking was outlined with a string-coloured guipure appliqué to the chiffon. Below this quite a simple muslin was gathered. The muslin was what is known as organdi, or French muslin, and was delicately arranged with trails of pink roses. The skirt was very voluminous, for muslin, remember, is thin, and requires a goodly quantity to make any show. The whole was arranged in Empire fashion, the figure not being defined in any way, and a good deal of fulness being placed round both back and front. A full cascade of deep string-coloured lace fell down the centre of the front and round the foot hem of this charming gown, while the sleeve was finished off with a string-coloured appliqué to match the yoke. Full frills of the same lace adorned the elbow sleeves, and a small V-shape was cut away at the neck. A big bow of the palest blue and the palest pink ribbons was tied at the bend of the figure, and a more simple or delightful garment can scarcely be imagined.

WOMEN'S WORK ABROAD.

Clerks' work, which in this country attracts so many women, falls also to the share of many women on the Continent. Everyone has seen the women at the ticket offices of railway stations in Germany. In some of the picture galleries of central Europe it is quite common for women to be engaged as custodians of the visitors' sticks and umbrellas, though in England men are more usually selected for such duties. Much more honorable posts than these are the custodianships of museums. In the Swiss National Museum of Zurich, which is celebrated for its almost unique collection of relics from the old lake dwellings, one of the custodians of the galleries is a woman.

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A LITERARY WOMAN.

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon is a journalist who has travelled a good deal. She has been in Russia and in Italy, in Northern Africa and in Scandinavia, in Denmark and in the Balearic Islands, in Malta and in Corfu, in the United States and Canada, in Sweden and in Sicily. She is much interested in the higher education of women—for she declares she never received any herself—and is a member of the council of the Women's Institute in Victoria Street. During the worst stages of the South African War, Miss Dixon did a *résumé* of the movements in the field for two weekly papers, and her work in the magazines and newspapers attracts attention abroad.

We should do all our work in a hopeful spirit, and cast our burdens behind us; not pile them up in front of us as we travel through life.

To be "good-natured" in the true sense of that much misused phrase, is to have goodness, kindliness and love rooted deep in our very being, and suffusing the whole character with its light and warmth.

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Life's real loss is life unlived. The strength we pay out for a principle enriches us, though the cause may seem a failure. The strength we save through cowardice or selfishness impoverishes us. The love that is given, though it be not half returned, builds up the heart, while the love that is withheld shrivels it. Prudence may be an enemy of power, and thrift bring beggary behind it. "There is that withholdeth and tendeth to poverty."

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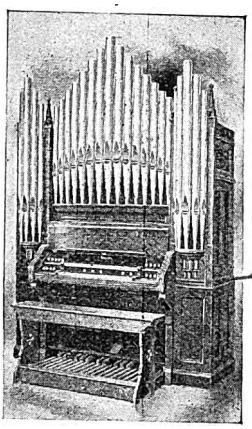

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WALKING GOWN.

The sketch shews a walking gown in green cashmere. The under-skirt and trimming on the bodice are of soft silk the same

shade, patterned with black. Bodice and over-skirt edged with black satin ribbon. The yoke and collar are of the cashmere tucked.

The only daughter of the German Emperor, little Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, is nine years of age, and has much of the Empress's placid grace and the Emperor's vitality. She is adored by her parents, and was the pet of the Empress Frederick. The Princess is a very merry child, and is regarded by the Kaiser as a mascotte, for there is an old saying that when a seventh son is born to a Hohenzollern ill-luck will befall the House. The seventh child of the Emperor luckily proved to be a daughter.

A DAINTY BODICE.

The girl who leaves home from Saturday to Monday may own quite a nice-looking black skirt, that will do at a stretch for both day and evening wear; yet she must perforce have something that will look extra smart and dainty when the evening comes, and for this she must have a different bodice to that which she has worn during the day, or, at any rate, one with a different appearance. For such occasions there is nothing so useful as a handsome bodice with a V-shaped front, that can be entirely removed and one of the best ways of obtaining such a bodice is that of arranging the upper and outer part of handsome lace, with the little V-shaped under-front and collar of tucked chiffon or muslin. The sleeves can either be of plain muslin, made clear to show the arm through, and finished with a deep cuff of the lace, or they can be made entirely of lace in the pretty bell-shaped fashion, with an under-sleeve of chiffon below. Under such circumstances the under-sleeves can be quickly removed, and so too can the little V-shaped front with the collar—thus the evening dress is ready all complete. To smarten such a lace bodice one could add straps of black velvet, carried from the waist up to the bend of the figure, and finished there with a tiny bow of the same. A broad black satin waistband in corselet shape would make a dainty finish.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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VOLUME VI.

October, 1901, to December, 1902.

1902.

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"MAIDEN MEDITATION."

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

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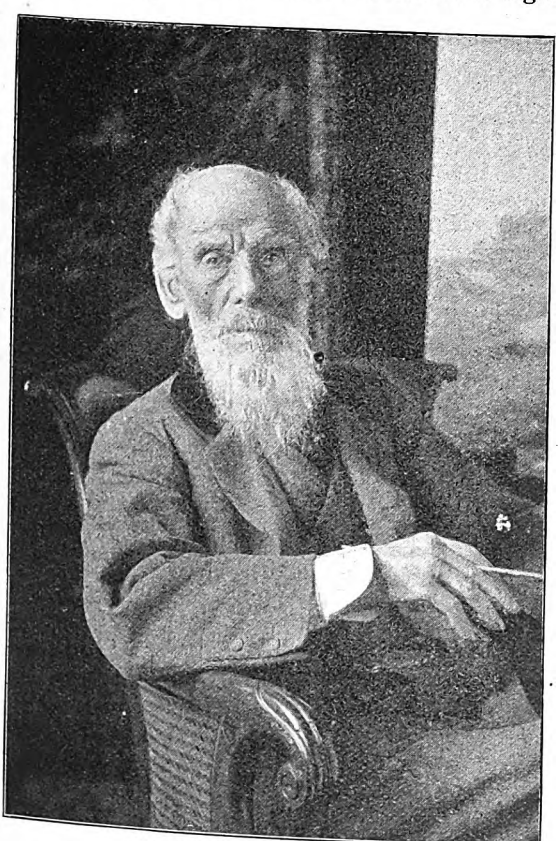
AT WORK AT EIGHTY AND NINETY.

By REGINALD TURNER.

THERE are some men whose powers of work remain until the coming of death. For them there is no period of retirement, and therefore, practically speaking, no old age. At seventy they are in their prime, ten years later finds them still at their posts, and when the inevitable comes it is generally at a single stride. At the present time there are a number of grand old men who stand out like veritable Nestors, each one furnishing a splendid example and guide to younger men in the same callings. Not one of them is less than eighty, but each still pursues his life's work with tireless energy and the same high purpose that inspired him in his younger days.

The dawn of the twentieth century still sees Sidney Cooper hard at work at his easel, an example and source of inspiration to young artists. Within two years of being a centenarian, only the other day he journeyed to town from his Canterbury home to receive a high honour from his King, than whom no man in England has a greater appreciation of his work. It is not absolutely necessary that the Victorian Order should be bestowed personally by the Sovereign, but King Edward specially requested the attendance of the celebrated painter, as he wished to give the decoration with his own hands. What a wonderful link with a great past the old man is. He was the intimate of all the chief artists of the Victorian Era — Turner, Constable, Wilkie, Landseer, Frith —



MR. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.,
Who still exhibits at the Academy at the age of ninety-eight.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

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and of these all but Frith have gone. It seems nothing short of miraculous that this all but centenarian should still exhibit pictures which, in the opinion

THE REV. DR. NEWMAN HALL,
The Nestor of Nonconformity.

of reliable critics, evince technique that puts to shame the works of younger men. For seventy years Mr. Cooper has never missed a place in the Academy, and still he paints on with a heart unbroken by Time and the loss of friends. What keeps him up? In great part, no doubt, his absolute devotion to his art, for whose sake he has throughout his long life made continual self-sacrifice, painting out of doors in all weathers, in tropical heat, or sometimes with the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero. He has always looked for his inspiration direct to Nature, and to such fidelity is to be largely attributed his success. He has little sympathy with the modern school of so-called impressionists. He thinks that they depart from Nature as much as they can, and he sees no surfaces in Nature that require interpretation with canvasses loaded with blotches of paint.

He once said, "I attribute my long life to God's providence and mercy, for I consider myself a monument of His mercy, and also to a certain extent to my own industry and to my system of always living temperately, and always out of London." Again, in describing the routine of his daily life, he says:—"I paint four or five hours a day and my sight remains so strong that I work much without glasses. I breakfast at eight o'clock, then have my Bible, and lunch and paint till three o'clock. Then I have my Bible again, dine at six o'clock, and go to bed at ten. I have a full dependence on the providence of God, full faith in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and I have a tranquil and peaceful mind."

Though for some years now the Nestor of Nonconformity, the Rev. Newman Hall, has held no regular charge, it must not be inferred that he has given up active work. At the advanced age of eighty-five, his voice may still be heard in many a pulpit of his own denomination. And it is a voice that echoes as distinctly in every part of a large building as that of a robust man in the prime of life. He says himself that he still feels as a young man. He is not only a wonderful walker and mountain climber for his age, but he can put to the blush men of half his years. His marvellous vitality is due to a good constitution and a well-spent life, and those words of advice which he gave to young men some years ago he has himself followed, and is a living witness of their efficacy: "A noble, virtuous, and industrious young

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS,
Who has given away over a million in Charity.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

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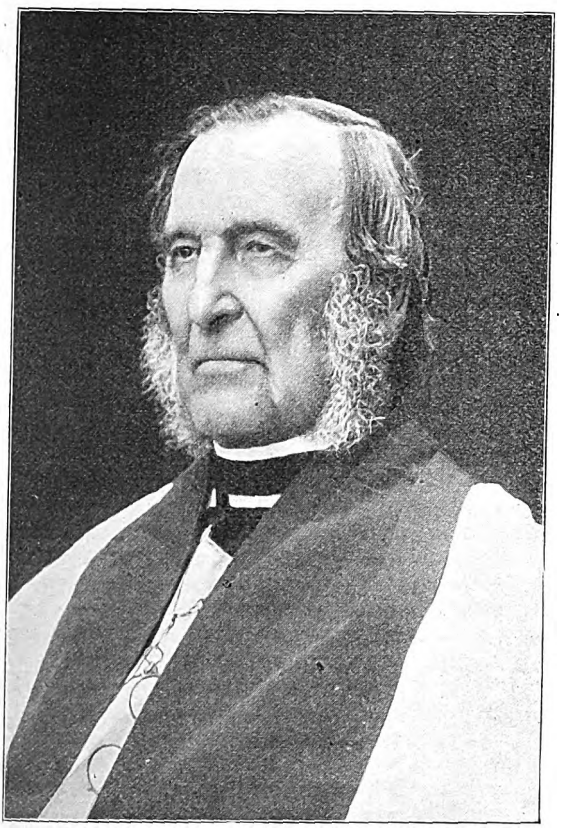
manhood," he said, "is likely to be followed by a successful maturity, and a happy and honoured age."

One of his first acts as a young minister was to refund to the training college the whole of the cost of his board for the four years of his sojourn there, and this he regarded, not in the light of an act of generosity, but as one of simple honesty and justice. It would be well if other ministers who are in the position to do so would follow his example. His extraordinarily rapid progress enabled him to do this. When he entered upon his first pastoral duties at Hull, he found the church in low water financially and in the matter of attendance. But a few months of his personality and preaching changed all that. Empty benches were filled and a large debt liquidated, and the minister's stipend went up accordingly.



DR. TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

Dr. Newman Hall has brought comfort to thousands by his writings as well as by his sermons. His famous tract, "Come to Jesus," has been printed in fifty languages, and more than four million copies have been circulated. It made his name famous throughout the American civil war. The soldiers used to read it on the battlefield, while waiting to be called into action.

Dr. Newman Hall will require no monument to his memory while the splendid church in Westminster Bridge Road remains. Right back in 1854, he commenced his thirty-eight years' ministry at the old Surrey Chapel, made famous by Rowland Hill.

He attracted large congregations for many years, until a flaw in the trust deed put an end to the continuance of the building as a place of worship. The people responded nobly to their pastor's appeal, with the result that the magnificent structure, Christ Church, was built at a cost of £60,000, the whole amount being paid off within four years. Dr. Newman Hall retired from Christ Church in 1892, finding a most worthy successor in the Rev. F. B. Meyer. He continues to be a source of inspiration and encouragement to younger workers, and in reply to a request by the writer of this article, he sends this message: "I earnestly say to them, in all your Christian work let the glory of Christ be your aim. Think more of His smile of approval than of all possible praise from men. Try to win hearts and servants for Him, and thus be sure that your work cannot be in vain; whether or not approved and rewarded during your life here it is already rewarded by His approval, and His acceptance 'well done, faithful servant.'"

We now turn to a great and noble woman, of whom the King, when Prince of Wales, once said, "Next to my own mother, she is the most remarkable woman in England." Few will care to dispute this dictum, or deny that the Baroness

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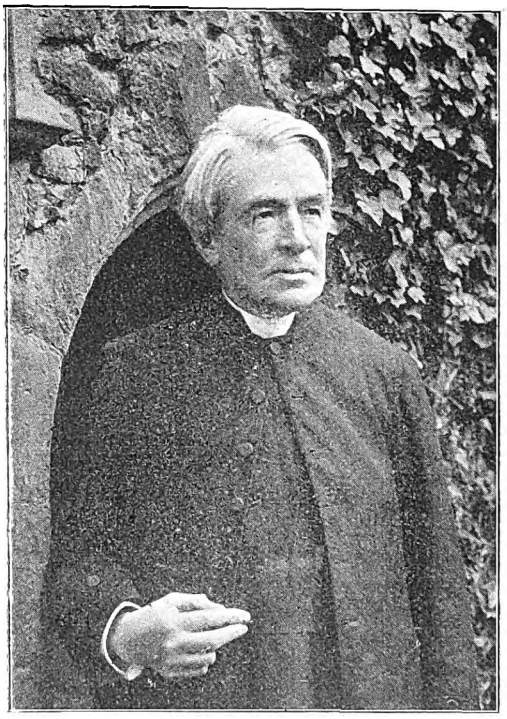


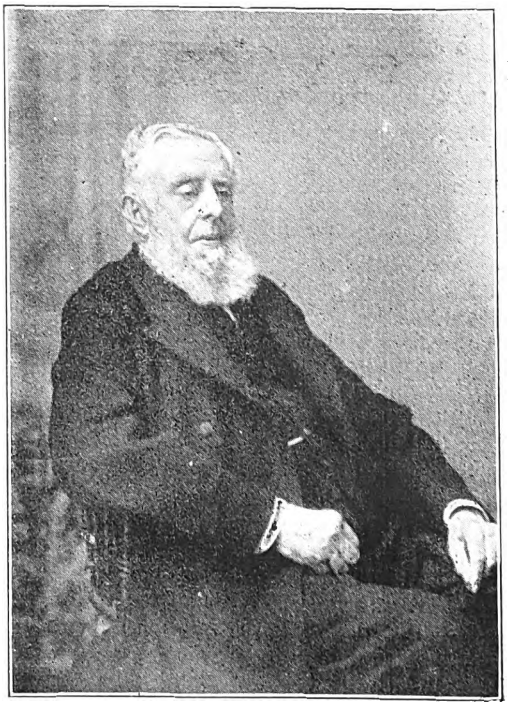
DEAN HOLE,
One of our most famous Preachers, who spent forty-four years in an obscure Country Parish.
Photo by A. H. Fry, East Street, Brighton.

Burdett-Coutts is as good as she is clever. Although eighty-seven years of age she still takes a share in the control of a great banking business, and it requires a wise head, to say nothing of a philanthropic heart, to distribute over a million pounds in charities as she has done. Throughout her long life she has endeared herself to all classes, and no act of the late Queen was more popular than when she conferred a peerage upon Miss Coutts, a very rare honour indeed for a woman to receive.

To this day the costermongers look upon her as one of their best friends, for did she not come to their rescue, putting them on a firm financial basis with a money club from which they could obtain loans for the purchase of barrows, repayment to be made at the rate of a shilling a week, the very amount demanded of them by money-makers for hire alone? No one will ever know all that this one woman has done for suffering humanity. And when the costers' trade was threatened she again came forward as their champion, and with her own Counsel fought their case and won it.

But perhaps, above all, it is the cause of her own sex that she holds most dear. How to help and save that unhappy class of women who, from various causes have lapsed from the right path, has always been one of the most difficult problems for the philanthropist. To the accomplishment of this end the Baroness first directed her efforts, and she received valuable assistance from Charles Dickens in the prosecution of the work. A home was established at Shepherd's Bush, and those who could be induced to enter were well provided for, taught useful work, and ultimately afforded opportunities for emigration. Throughout the cholera epidemic, and in the terrible winter of 1861, she relieved the suffering people by the expenditure of large sums and by personal supervision of the distribution of the necessaries purchased. She has been and still is an example to those who have riches, for, good herself, she has been the cause of good in others.

By those who do not know him very well, the Archbishop of Canterbury is regarded as a somewhat austere man. That he is a born leader of men goes without saying, and that the possessor of



THE REV. THE EARL OF DEVON.
The Earl has just ce'ebrated his ninetieth birthday, but has no thoughts of retiring.

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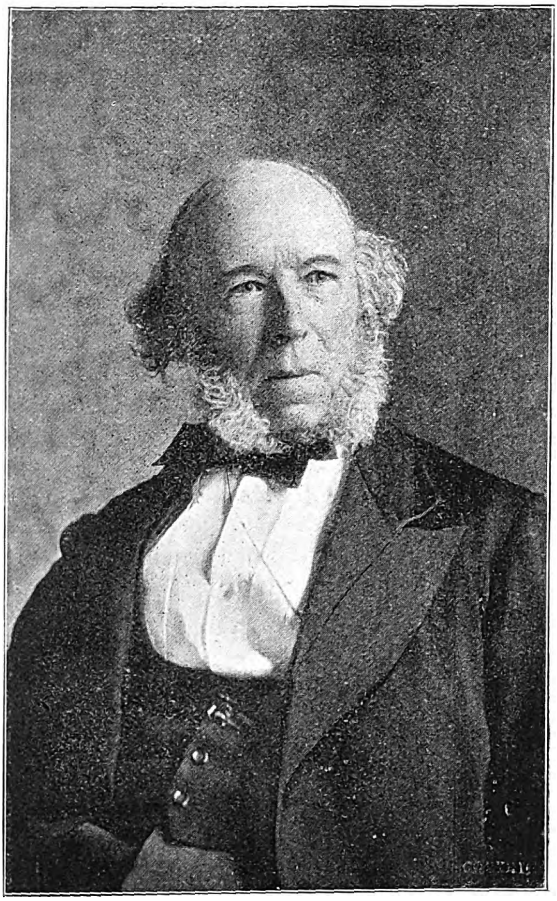
such qualities must be a strict ruler is equally true. At Rugby he was looked upon almost as a second Arnold, and if feared was respected. The epigram invented by some school-boy genius in tribulation that "if Temple is a beast he is a just beast," is one that will long live in the traditions of the school.

But Dr. Temple has performed many kindly acts, and is beloved most by those who know him best. He certainly never demands of others what he cannot perform himself. He has never been a man given to self-indulgence. He is no stickler for class distinctions, and is not ashamed to be seen riding in a third class carriage. He is a generous giver, and nothing delights him more than to extend his hospitality to brothers of the cloth. He was a life-long friend of the late Archbishop Benson, and was overwhelmed at the news of his death. Dr. Temple did a noble act on attaining his Archbishopric by taking upon himself the cost of repairing the Palace, a matter of some thousands of pounds, which in the ordinary course would have fallen on the Benson family.

The Archbishop owes not a little of his wonderful vitality and power of work to a particularly happy marriage. No one could be better fitted to be the wife of an Archbishop than Mrs. Temple. Her influence in society has always been great; and, like her husband she is a tremendous worker.

Huxley and Tyndal, Carlyle and Ruskin have gone, but there yet remains with us Herbert Spencer, the man who, in his great work, which has taken thirty-six years to accomplish, has digested the results of modern science and given them to the world in a system of philosophy.



MR. HERBERT SPENCER,
Who has digested the results of modern Science into a System of Philosophy.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

Herbert Spencer's personality is unique. He is philosopher and scientist rolled into one; and he has done what no other man has attempted. Right back in 1857 he penned the first sheet of the MS. of his *magnum opus*. He was then forty-five, but the word *finis* has yet to be written by an old man of more than eighty.

Though one of the very oldest, Dean Hole is still one of the most charming and interesting personalities in the church of England. His fame as a preacher is great on both sides of the Atlantic. His has been a most remarkable career. Of brilliant parts, for no less than forty-four years he ministered first as curate then as vicar in an obscure parish of Nottingham, the place of his birth; then, at a bound, he was transplanted by Lord Salisbury to Rochester. During his forty years ministry in his native parish he had plenty of leisure, and used some of it to become an expert rose-grower, and for

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years past has been considered one of the chief authorities in the country on the subject. Many men of his great gifts would have become stunted and dwarfed in such confined surroundings, but it was no so with the Dean. He possesses a buoyant disposition, and would make himself happy under almost any circumstances. He is undoubtedly one of the finest preachers the Church of England has had, possessing a wonderful power of arousing and holding the interest of all kinds of audiences.

The Earl of Devon, though more than ninety years old, is still in harness as rector of Powderham, near Exeter. He is a very fine type of country clergyman, who looks after his flock like a real shepherd, and is greatly beloved. He attracts good congregations, as he has always done, for his discourses are invariably sound and practical, containing counsel applicable to the daily life of his parishioners, and no one can be in so good a position as he to advise them. He devotes his mornings to writing and any business that may require attention; the afternoon he generally spends in his garden. He is Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and never fails to take the service in his turn.

REGINALD TURNER.

LOVE, THE COMFORTER.

If those we love be true
  What matter if the days seem long?
Though your task is hard to do,
  Within your heart will burst a song—
If those you love be true!

What matter if the day be bleak?
  No sunbeams pierce the black cloud through?
Joy to your inmost soul will speak—
  If those you love be true!

What if the world says things unkind,
  And what it knows to be false of you?
Much happiness you still can find—
  If those you love be true!

What if Dame Fortune, with a frown,
  Seems still your footsteps to pursue?
Success your toil at last will crown—
  If those you love be true!

What matter then what comes or goes?
  If life be long, or days be few?
Life's pleasures far outrun life's woes—
  If those we love be true!

James Morton.

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DR. HORTON AND HIS WORK AT HAMPSTEAD.

A SKETCH AND AN INTERVIEW.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

"I DON'T like interviews," said Dr. Horton, with humorous resignation, "but I submit to them in the cause of Truth."

"How is that?" queried the interviewer?

"Well, you see if one doesn't give the facts some of you journalistic gentlemen have a tendency to draw on your imaginations to supply the deficiency, and so we bow to the inevitable."

With this little preface we began to talk of the wonderful work which has been carried on for twenty-one years under Dr. Horton's pastorate at the Lyndhurst Road Church, which celebrates its "coming of age" this month.

When Dr. Horton came from Oxford to Hampstead at the earnest request of certain friends who were interested in the then struggling work in this populous suburb, his congregation consisted of only fifty-eight people, who gathered for worship in a little iron chapel. To-day, after twenty-one years, the Church, with its Cricklewood branch, has a membership of 1,300, and its mission work at Kentish Town comes in contact with two to three thousand people. It is a most widely diversified work, and is conducted entirely by the people at Lyndhurst Road.

Dr. Horton paid an eloquent tribute to the devotion of his followers: "What strikes me most," he said, "in reviewing these past twenty-one years, is the extraordinary generosity and goodness of the Church. It is a wonderful instance of what comes from the Free Church principle. If you look back upon the work my people have done in these past years, you will see what I mean. They built this church at Lyndhurst Road at a cost of £20,000, then they put up a mission building at Kentish Town, which involved an expenditure of £6,000, and afterwards they built the schoolroom at Cricklewood. They are now proceeding to found a church there to celebrate this 21st anniversary, and have subscribed about £3,000 towards its erection. Again, almost entirely through their efforts, a church has been established at Harlesden, and in all these years I have never known them to fail. Whatever demand is made in the name of the Kingdom of God, they always seem to rise to it. The organisers of the Twentieth Century Fund proposed that our Church should subscribe £5,000. Some people thought it too much to ask, but, without any special appeals, they made it up to £7,500."

"I presume, Dr. Horton, that the congregation is a very wealthy one?"

"No," he replied, "it is not that they are wealthy, that is not the secret of it. People who don't seem to have any special means have a delight in giving to the cause of Christ. Every year they give to the Foreign Mission Funds about £1,200 or £1,300. They are intensely interested in foreign mission work, and several members of the congregation have given up their lives to it, and become missionaries in heathen lands. What Lyndhurst Road Church is every church might be if only they would adopt the New Testament idea of the Church, and try to carry it out in practice."

In these few words Dr. Horton summed up the most apparent results of those many years of ceaseless labour and cheerful

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self-sacrifice on the part of minister and people. And now we will take a glance at the career of the leader—the man whose brilliant preaching and ripe scholarship have made the Lyndhurst Road pulpit one of the most famous throughout the denomination.

Robert Forman Horton was born in London on September 18th, 1855, his father being the minister of the Tunbridge Congregational Chapel, situated in the Euston Road.

When Robert was only two years old his father accepted an appointment at Reading, and to this place belong his earliest recollections. A few years later the family removed to Wolverhampton.

When he was fifteen years old he was sent to Shrewsbury Grammar School, which had a high reputation for the thoroughness of its classical training.

Strange to say he especially distinguished himself during his stay at this school in mathematics, although his subsequent successes at Oxford were all on the classical side.

After being at Shrewsbury for three years he won an open scholarship, and at the age of eighteen removed to New College, Oxford. It was a time of great intellectual activity at the University, and such men as Dr. Jowett, Canons Liddon and King, and Professor T. H. Green, were the great lights of the time. His Hebrew instructor was the renowned Hebrew scholar, Canon Driver.

For fellow-students Dr. Horton had Lord Milner, about whom everybody at the time prophesied that he would do something great, and the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick.

A more liberal spirit towards Dissenters was just then beginning to be manifested, the University Reform Act had been passed and the old tests for Nonconformists abolished. But the very freedom with which Dissenters were enabled to enter into the life of the University, and with which they were received by their Anglican brethren constituted a source of danger to Nonconformity itself, for it was not easy for a man to preserve his Dissenting principles in an institution where the whole trend of thought was in an opposite direction.

Several young Nonconformists who entered the University at that time have since become prominent Churchmen and heads of Colleges.

Dr. Horton, however, stood staunch and true in his attachment to the faith in which he had been brought up, and with the ardour and thoroughness of youth, he even outstripped the received opinion in his own body with regard to the ministerial office. He objected to the title of "Reverend," and to ministers wearing any special garb to distinguish them from laymen.

His career at the University was highly distinguished. He took a first class in classics at the intermediate and final arts examinations, and thus won what are *par excellence* the honours of the University. He was elected to a fellowship at New College, and continued to reside there as college lecturer. His ambition was to be called to the Bar, but he still pursued his theological studies, though without any idea of entering the Ministry.

It was a tour to Switzerland that was destined to change the whole current of the life of the brilliant scholar. This was undertaken in the company of Mr. Micklem, the inseparable companion of his undergraduate days, who has since made a distinguished name for himself at the Bar. The party was joined by Mr. Cecil Curwen, an intimate friend of Mr. Micklem, but whose acquaintance Dr. Horton now made for the first time.

Mr. Curwen was deeply interested in the work – and a very uphill work it was—carried on by the Congregationalists at Hampstead, and this frequently formed the subject of his conversation with Dr. Horton, between whom and himself a warm friendship had sprung up.

When the tour came to an end he gave Dr. Horton a pressing invitation to visit him at his father's house, and so it came about that the young Oxford tutor made the acquaintance of the people with whom he was afterwards to undertake his life's work. He preached several times in the little iron chapel at Willoughby Road, and eventually he agreed to take the services for a year, but could not be prevailed on to promise to remain with them for a longer period, as he thought that his true sphere of usefulness was at Oxford. This was in 1880, and at the end of the year he returned to the University, but kept in touch with the work, and frequently occupied the pulpit during his vacations.

When, in 1884, in the face of considerable difficulties and after much self-denial,

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the beautiful church at Lyndhurst Road was at last opened, a memorial, signed by every member of the congregation and including among the signatories Mr. Asquith, was sent to Dr. Horton praying

Photograph by DR. R. F. HORTON, M.A., *Russell & Sons.*

Who celebrates his ministerial majority at Lyndhurst Road Church this October.

him to be their minister. He could no longer fail to recognise a clear call of duty, and without further hesitation left the University for good and commenced his pastorate at Hampstead.

Though his hair is tinged with grey, Dr. Horton has all the appearance of a young man, and his tall, active figure bespeaks an aptitude for amusements of an athletic type. He is, in fact, an ardent lover of such manly sports as swimming and rowing, but the imperative calls of his work do not allow him much time to indulge in these favourite pastimes. He may, however, be often seen on the wheel when the day's work is done or when on a visit to one of his

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flock. He was one of the crew of his college boat when it began to ascend the river and among his extensive collection of treasures and curios is the identical oar with which he rowed some memorable races.

The intellectual strength of the man is clearly revealed in his countenance. A broad high forehead, a keen penetrating eye, denoting the acumen of the scholar and critic, and a quickness of movement and speech, which tells of the man of action, are all his, for, though essentially a scholar and a man of the highest culture and refinement, his energies are by no means confined to the study, or his hold over the hearts of his people would not be what it is.

After reviewing the work at Lyndhurst Road I asked Dr. Horton what he thought the greatest danger to be apprehended in our Church life to-day.

"If you take the Church as a whole," replied Dr. Horton, "I should say undoubtedly that it lies in the Sacerdotal movement, which, I believe, is practically a corruption of Christianity. That seems to me the great peril. But if you confine yourself to the Free Churches, the danger that I see lies in the sensationalism, the tendency to appeal to the people by amusing them and arousing their curiosity rather than on the ground of the truth of the Gospel. This is a danger which I think we all have to struggle against. It is so very easy to get a large number of people together if you will only adopt this sensational method, which is apparently attended by success equally startling, while if you proceed on the line of real heart-searching Christian work the progress is very unsensational. I dread this sensational element; it is quite contrary to the natural spirit and genius of the Free Churches.

"Preachers are tempted to preach popular sermons instead of those which are good for the people to hear, and they are induced to do it because if a minister fails to attract his people there is a tendency in the church to look upon him as a failure, and the peculiar position of the Nonconformist Church which rests entirely upon its own basis, especially lays us open to this danger."

"Will you now tell me something about your books?"

"My first book," replied Dr. Horton, "was written on the question of Inspiration in the Bible and Revelation, and this was followed by another which was a reprint of my Yale lecture in America entitled "Verbum Dei," which dealt with the vexed question of the Higher Criticism. The book was looked upon as heterodox at the time, and I had to undergo a kind of ostracism for years. People left me, and were alienated because I had spoken plainly on this subject, but I had this compensation that it made the loyalty of my people all the more striking.

"My most widely read book was 'The Teaching of Jesus,' and another which has had a very great circulation is on the Roman Catholic controversy. It was circulated by the thousand, and involved me in a harassing controversy with the Romanists, who assailed me and misrepresented me on every point they could, and abused my work here.

"My object was to show what a peril it would be for us if the Roman Church should ever get the upper hand again in England. That very day which sees the Imperial Church of Rome with its claims to universal, temporal, as well as spiritual power, established in this country, will sound the knell of England's prosperity."

"Do you not think the Ritualists are leading us over to Rome?"

"No," replied Dr. Horton, "much as I dissent from their doctrines and pretensions, I do not think that that is their object. Undoubtedly they would like to see what they called an universal 'Catholic' Church established, but I do not think that they will ever acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope."

"Has Ritualism any influence over the Nonconformist section of the country?"

"No, it has had no effect whatever upon Nonconformist opinion and ordinances, but the greater attractiveness of the Church Service, both Evangelical as well as Ritualist, has won over by its charm many individual Dissenters. And then the Church possesses many good, earnest and faithful men whose influence and preaching, there is no doubt, have drawn into the Church of England an immense number of Nonconformists during the last ten years."

A. FREDERIC WHITE.

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A REFORMATORY AND WORK-HOUSE ON THE WAVES.

By THEKLA BOWSER.

SCARCELY can a greater contrast in environment be imagined than that which a boy, born and bred in the slums of some great city, experiences when he is sent to one of the training ships moored in the Thames. From the sordid surroundings, the heavy atmosphere, the evil associates of a district given over to poverty and crime, he is suddenly transported to the breezy decks of a big ship, where he is well fed, well clothed, and guided into the paths of morality and usefulness.

Perhaps some of my readers may be inclined to quibble at the suggestion of "guidance," and think it would be better named "coercion." But it is a mistake to imagine that the boys are thrashed into obedience and taught honesty by the aid of brutality. Despite discipline being strict and attention to rule severely demanded, kindness is the first property of that discipline, and it is only when, to misquote, a boy "will be driven and not led," that austere measures are resorted to.

"For the *Cornwall*, Miss?" queried a bright faced lad, as my friend and I reached the landing stage at Purfleet, and we were forthwith conducted to the boat awaiting us. Brilliant sunshine, calm water, and a crew who pulled together with a perfection of stroke, made the passage to the old, picturesque man-of-war all too short. As we stepped on board, we were greeted by Rear-Admiral Morrell, by whose kind permission we were allowed to see over the ship.

In one of the prettiest and quaintest of drawing-rooms we had the privilege of a long chat with the admiral and his daughter, and I am sure that if it were possible every word of that conversation would interest my readers. The reminiscences, the life stories, the pathetic tales of boys plucked from terrible surroundings, the histories of lads who have grown to be men, and who bless the old ship for the start in life which she gave them—all these were told with that touch of fervour which can never be attained save by self-sacrifice and devotion.

Our talk was broken by the arrival of a new boy, and the admiral very kindly allowed us to hear him question the youngster. The *Cornwall* only receives boys who have been convicted of crime; these are sent to the ship for five years to "reform." But when you look round upon the boys' eager faces, it is hard to believe that they have all committed an offence against the law, and the true Christian spirit is shown in the attitude of the admiral, who believes that it is mischief rather than wickedness, and, in many cases, the natural cravings of hunger, which lead the boys to act so that they get sentenced to this floating reformatory.

Picture a tiny cabin, at the desk in the centre of which sits the admiral, and in front of him, cowering before the detective who brought him, is the dirty urchin. But behind the mask of "fright" I fancied a light spread over the lad's face at the first words spoken in kindly accents by the man at whose mercy he will be for the next five years. Every question is a home thrust, but there is sympathy in the voice as it counsels the lad first to ask God's forgiveness and his mother's and then to start with a clean sheet. An uncomfortable lump persists in rising in the

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throat of the visitor, and the tears almost brim over in the eyes of the ragamuffin.

Making the round of the ship was a delightful affair. First we saw the boys at mess, eating their huge portions with an appetite that many a millionaire would envy. At the approach of the admiral or Miss Morrell the boys would be instantly on their feet with their caps in their hands, and they would stand thus until we had passed or the order to "sit" had been given. Their behaviour is perfect, obedience to commands evidently having become a habit with them.

After seeing them at their various employments—such as mending their clothes and boots and sail-making—we visited the sick bay, where we found three or four boys, certainly looking ill but very happy, and this was not to be wondered at when one saw the individual kindness that is shown the invalids. Boys of all kinds have, I fancy, a special place in the hearts of the admiral and Miss Morrell, but for one of them to be on the sick list is to immediately make him an object of care. There is an excellent library on board from which the boys can borrow books, and this reminds me that if any readers have books to give away nowhere could they be more appreciated than on board the *Cornwall*.

During the long winter evenings, all kinds of games are encouraged, but the difficulty is to get an adequate supply for the two hundred and fifty odd boys who are eager to use them. Games and old magazines are gratefully welcomed as gifts, for the ship's funds do not run to these luxuries. The good work done here is accomplished so quietly that we are apt to overlook the immense benefit that accrues to the nation from the training given. Instead of making criminals of the little fellows who have done some trifling wrong, they are given a chance which the vast majority grasp at eagerly, earning an early leave from the ship—not an altogether pleasurable reward, the boys will tell you—and doing well in the world. Many of the old boys have not only served at the front in South Africa, but one was recommended for the V.C., and again and again they have won the Royal Humane Society's medal for plucky actions at home.

REAR-ADMIRAL MORRELL,
Captain-Superintendent of the Reformatory Ship *Cornwall*.

Anyone who is at all acquainted with shipping can see that the *Cornwall* is a genuine old fighter. She was built in 1813 for the Royal Navy and bore the name of the *Wellesley*. After a varied career, in 1859 she was lent by the Admiralty for the purposes of a reformatory ship. The allowances of the Government and the County Council are still insufficient, so that subscriptions from individuals materially help the work of making these ragged boys into healthy members of society.

When the lads leave they are put to some sort of employment. The Navy, unhappily, will have nothing to do with them, but the merchant service recognises the excellent, practical training which they have had and welcomes them with open arms. The army drafts away a large number and the remainder go to

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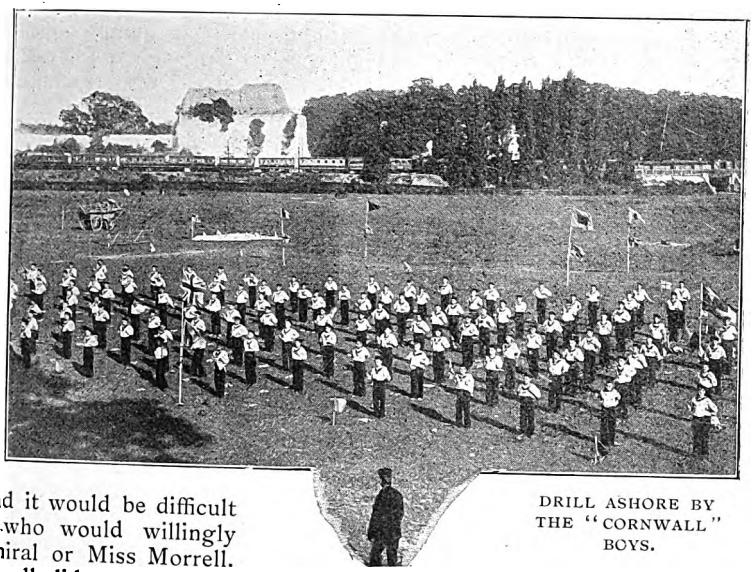
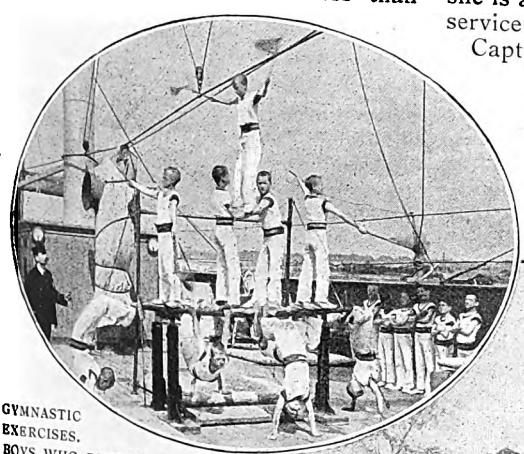
different trades, but it is seldom indeed that the admiral's heart is wrung by the news that one of his boys has again trodden the downward path. Honour, honesty, and Christianity are inculcated into the boys, and the absolute trust that they know is reposed in them wakes up every better feeling in them, and it would be difficult to find the boy who would willingly disappoint the admiral or Miss Morrell. The late Mrs. Morrell did a marvellous work amongst the lads, seeing the characteristics of each with a keen perception that went far in making them trust her implicitly. People who know little about the *Cornwall* seem to think that she is nothing more or less than a prison, and until one has visited her, it is impossible to fully realise the value of the work which is being done aboard her.



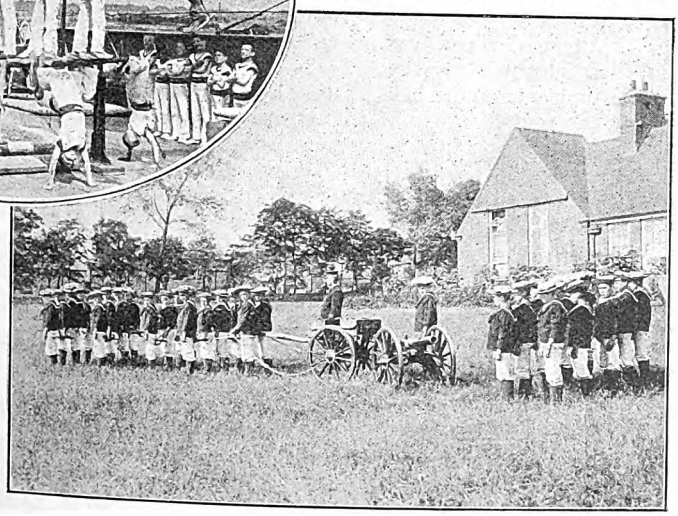
DRILL ASHORE BY THE "CORNWALL" BOYS.

A brisk wind was blowing as we were pulled alongside the fine old ship *Exmouth* by a crew of merry-faced, sturdy-limbed boys. She lies just off Grays, with her bowsprit pointing Londonwards, and is very interesting, not only because of her present use, but from the fact that she is a man-o'-war which has seen active service in years gone by.

Captain Bourchier, R.N., who is captain-superintendent, kindly received us, and, after hearing some of the details of the work that is being carried forward on board, we went a round of the ship under the guidance of the chief officer. The *Exmouth* was estab-



GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.
BOYS WHO REFUSE TO GO TO SCHOOL ARE SENT TO THE "SHAFTESBURY" BY THE SCHOOL BOARD.



THE FIELD GUN CREW.

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lished in 1876 for the purpose of training for the sea service boys who are chargeable to Metropolitan parishes and unions. Some of the boys pass through a workhouse in order to be sent to the ship, but this frequently does not mean that they have been there as poor boys for any length of time. Six hundred is the full complement of the ship, and a brighter looking crowd of lads it would be difficult to find.

On the day of our visit a number of new boys were drawn up in line for the inspection of the captain. In reply to the questions put, they all answered that they had been doing "house" work or "minding the baby." One big boy admitted readily that he was in the Second Standard, and three or four of them seemed proud of the fact that they had only reached the Third Standard. That state of affairs will soon be altered, for the boys on board the training ship have to work well in school hours, and it is probably due to these being balanced by half-time spent at learning "seamanship" that they do not find their tasks so irksome there as they did in the ordinary school.

The *Exmouth* has two decks proper, below these being the deck where the boys sleep in hammocks as well as on the other two decks. Then deeper down still is the band-room and provision stores—once occupied by great boilers and engines. The band is a very strong point on board, many of the lads becoming so proficient that they obtain good positions in the Navy bands. Next we visited the tailor's shop, where the boys are taught to mend their clothes. Everything is very complete on board, there being a delightful model of the rocket life-saving apparatus, of the rigging of their brigantine, *Steadfast*, and of the ship's full rigging. During the summer months the *Steadfast* is sent out on short cruises, so that the boys may put their knowledge of seamanship to practical purpose.

As to the general smartness of the *Exmouth* boys, one has only to see the drill to be instantly convinced of it. From our vantage point on the poop, we had a fine view of the great deck, cleared for operations, and framed by hundreds of boys who had taken up all kinds of queer positions along the bulwarks, to see their comrades perform. After an alarm of fire—at which every boy sprang to his post at hose, pump or bucket—had been given, there was the roll-call of the various companies, who responded to the bugle by lifting hands. Then dumb-bell exercise was gone through, the actions being all the more effective, by reason of the bells being painted red, white and blue. Rifle, cutlass and Indian club drill followed, and a small company of boys gave a clever display of calisthenics and gymnastics. Not a single word of command was issued for the "change" from one exercise to another in each class, the whole of the orders being rapped out by the big drum. Sharp, short strokes, or long, thunderous peals were evoked by the youthful drummer, resulting in the instant obedience of the boys at drill.

But by far the most interesting part of the drill was the gun practice. Two guns were run forward by teams of lads, who, at the word of command, "dismounted" and "remounted" them with marvellous rapidity. There was the sharp word, and almost before one could breathe the boys were calmly seated on various bits of the gun spread apart on the deck. It was all accomplished with such precision that "haste" would seem to be an unknown quantity, and the rigidity of the boys when seated, each in his own particular spot—on wheel or muzzle—said much for the discipline of the training they had undergone. The "retreat with gear" was admirably managed also, the boys racing along the deck with every useful attachment, leaving only the bare gun and carriage for an imaginary enemy. "Storm the poop" was an order that caused great excitement, the boys rushing up the ladders with enthusiasm, only to be met at the top by the band boys, who tried to fight them back. Last of all, there was the march past the saluting point and the final disbandment.

It is no wonder that the boys do well in the Navy when they leave the ship, for there is nothing left unlearned—from scaling the rigging to the very top of the mainmast to the management of a small boat. The boys are not forced to go up the rigging, but they soon wish to emulate their comrades, and, after the initial effort quickly become accustomed to the swaying rope ladders, and will sit "aloft" with the utmost composure.

Every boy on board is sent either into the Navy, Army or the merchant service at the end of his training, unless he is

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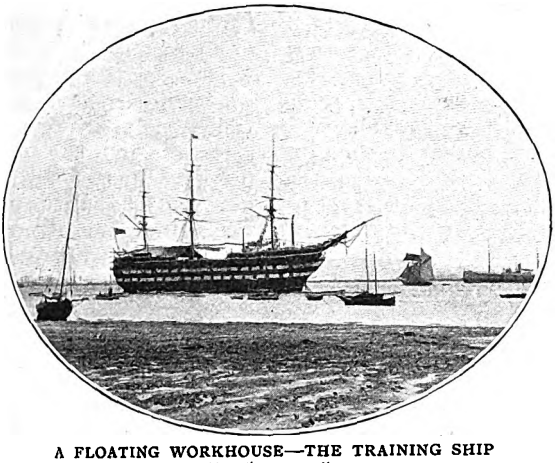
physically unfit. One voyage, at least, they are bound to go, Captain Bourchier arranging for each one individually, and the majority of them have learned to like a seafaring life too well to leave it when they might.

There is a certain amount of liberty given to the boys, which the captain says is never abused. They are allowed to go to London alone to see their friends, and they constantly go into Grays and the neighbourhood, but the absconder is unknown. Old boys come back to the ship and thank the captain for the years they spent aboard her, and not a few send contributions out of their hard-earned savings "for the boys who have no friends."



A FLOATING WORKHOUSE—THE TRAINING SHIP "EXMOUTH."

Not many hundred yards away from the *Exmouth* is moored the *Shaftesbury* training ship, which is under the control of the School Board. It is here that the boys are sent who refuse to go to school, who play truant and who would rather sleep under arches than go home. Here again, there is the terrible fact that many of the "homes" are not fit to be called such; the parents are worse than the boys, and it is a very good thing for them when the police take them up and a magistrate sends them to the ship.

The *Shaftesbury* had been in dock for some weeks when we went over her, and even then the repainting was not complete. Whilst in dock, the boys were all camped out on a big field in Grays, and they evidently enjoyed the holiday very much.

"Sea-pie" was just being served to the boys for their dinner as we arrived. It is a kind of meat pie which smelt very savoury, and is a favourite dish on board. The boys take it in turn to act as cooks, under the direction of one adult, so that when they leave the ship they can turn their hand to almost every domestic duty. Sewing, of course, has to be learnt, and wool work is a popular recreation for odd times. We were shown some really pretty frames made of different coloured wools enclosing tiny pictures of some of our Army and Navy men. The boys are generally very deft with their fingers, and one of the lessons, that is looked upon almost as play, is the making of little jugs, cups and trays, from bits of painted cardboard, the arrangement of the colours often showing the boys to have a good deal of artistic taste. The head schoolmaster has five assistants, and it is wonderful how they make the lessons interesting enough to attract the attention of even the dullest boys. Many of them can scarcely read and write when they enter the ship, and judging from some "trial" dictation that I saw, it must be a difficulty to teach these "young ideas to spell." The full

REFORMATORY BOYS ENGAGED IN SAIL-MAKING.

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complement of the ship is four hundred boys, but there are generally a few vacancies.

It is a notable fact that many of the boys are clever with their pencils, some of the geometrical and freehand drawings done by them displaying a considerable amount of skill.

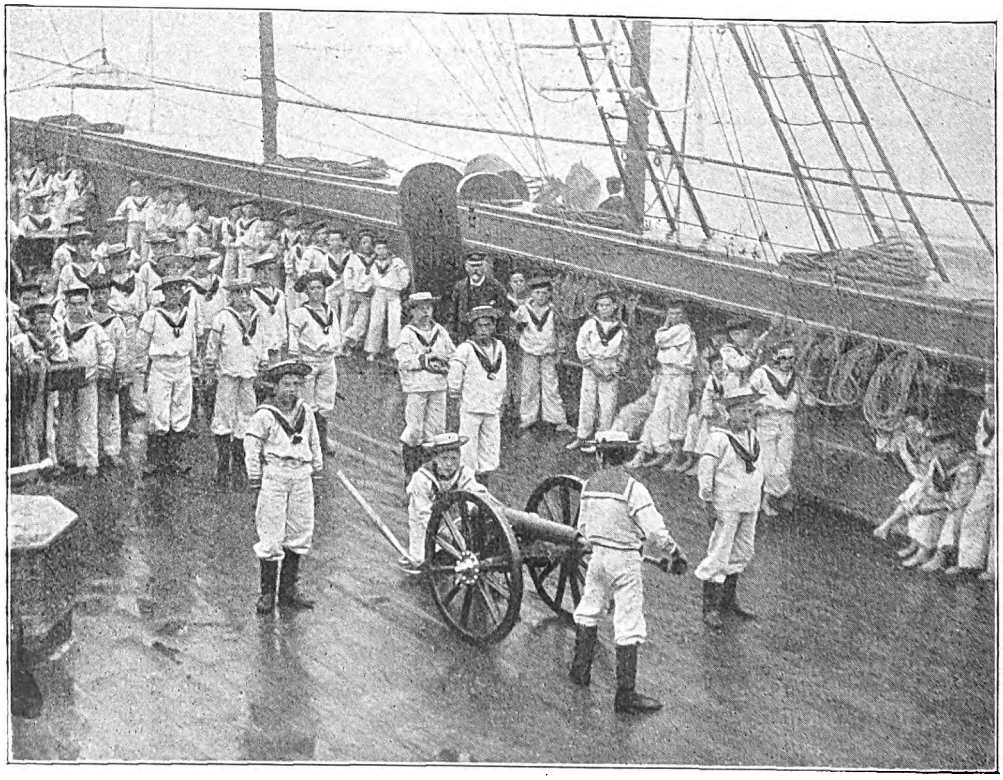
We had been admiring the boy's wool work, and many of them had crowded round to show the different things they had made, when the head schoolmaster called for the three nearest boys to come into his sanctum. When we had followed, at his invitation, he said that he thought we should be interested in hearing the reasons why these lads had been sent to the *Shaftesbury*.

The first boy, bright-eyed and honest-faced, told us that he had "slept out" for a night under some arches, and a "copper" had taken him up. The next one was shifty, and would not look at you squarely. He explained blandly that it was really another boy who had done the mischief and that he was not doing anything wrong, but he had been "taken" for all that. The schoolmaster looked incredulous as he remarked that apparently the boy had been sent to the ship without cause! The last boy had a nice face, rosy cheeks and clear eyes that met your gaze willingly.

"And why were *you* sent here?" he was asked.

"For gambling," was the prompt reply. "I was playing in the streets, and a 'copper' saw us, and happened to pitch on me."

Thus, by this haphazard examination, we were given an idea of the petty crimes which lead a boy to the *Shaftesbury*—petty, the first time of committal, because they are done without *malice prepense*, but which, allowed to take root, will vitiate the whole nature of the man. We could wish that more boys were found out and sent to these ships, for the training gained there gives them a background upon which to graft a decent and successful future. The majority of the boys go into the Navy when their time on board the *Shaftesbury* is finished, but a large number also go into the Army, and a few choose to follow trades. But whatever they decide for they are put to



GUN DRILL ON BOARD THE "EXMOUTH."

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before leaving the ship, and are under supervision, so that Captain Scriven can follow out their careers. Many of the boys are refused by the Navy because they lack the necessary chest measurement, height or even two front teeth. The latter seems absurd — an opinion evidently shared by the mercantile service, which very sensibly takes them, whether their teeth are complete or not, so long as they bear good characters.

As we passed along the main deck we saw a big brass tablet, and, on reading its inscription, discovered that it had been erected to the memory of an officer who sacrificed his life last year in a futile attempt to save a boy's life. How the lad came to fall overboard does not seem to be exactly known, but the officer, in spite of being a man past the prime of life, plunged over: the boy flung his arms round his would-be rescuer's neck, and they went down together. It was an event that deeply saddened the inmates of the *Shaftesbury*, but it gives a glimpse of the link that exists between the officers and boys.

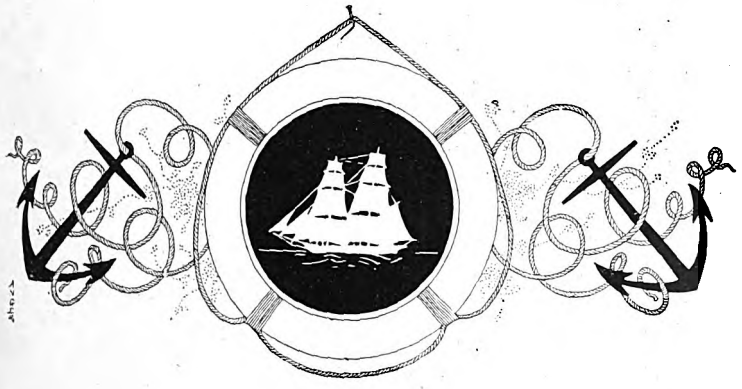
Every boy is taught to swim, but during the cold weather this sport is impossible, with the consequence that those entering the ship in the winter have to wait for the spring's advent before becoming aquatic experts.

The military band of the *Shaftesbury* is an excellent one, and from it many a boy has migrated to the bands of the Army. This, of course, is an excellent opening, at which the boys aim with enthusiasm.

On Sundays a service is held on the deck, as on all the training ships. The religious instruction is given on the lines of the School Board, but a priest or layman holds a little service apart, for the boys who profess Roman Catholicism.

The *Shaftesbury* is an old P. and O. boat, but it has been altered almost unrecognisably, save in that portion which contains the captain's apartments. Here we noticed that the pretty rooms looked more as if they were ashore than afloat. I wish I could tell you all the stories that Mrs. Scriven gave us of the boys who had left the ship and had made their way in the world. And even the bad boys she gently made allowance for, by saying that they had "never had a chance before." That is the treatment which brings out whatever good there may be in a lad's character, and we cannot be too grateful that the captain-superintendents of training ships seem to be able to keep their hearts tender, whilst dealing out disciplinary punishment, without which the training would be useless. How many boys have lived to bless the years spent upon these ships can never be gauged, but a shrewd guess can be made when one sees the smart figures on board, and compares them with the boys who are running about the streets of our cities. One is apt to wonder whether the parents know their boy when they see him for the first time after the change, for the metamorphosis is complete.

THEKLA BOWSER.



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GLENORA'S MARRIAGE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY, M.P.

Author of "The Dictator," "A Dead Letter," etc.

GLENORA sat at her knitting. Glenora was always knitting—in the intervals of her many and frequent duties. Hers was a pretty name—soft in sound and vaguely romantic in form. Glenora Lee was her full name. She was a very pretty and shapely girl, who had the especial and rare charm of graceful movement. She came to her feet lightly when she had to attend to her customers, and it was a pleasing sight to see her as she moved about the big and crowded shop.

Miss Glenora was principal assistant in a shop which sold everything in the way of stationery, newspapers, paper-weights, paper-cutters, pen-knives and knick-knacks of various kinds, as well as all manner of shilling and two-shilling novels. Also she had the principal charge of a lending library; and, what stamped her with chiefest dignity and importance, she had the effective charge of the local post-office, which was established in a formal corner of the shop. The owner of the shop and the recognised and official post-mistress was an elderly widow lady, Mrs. Whitehurst; and the actual manager of the whole concern was young Reginald Whitehurst, the widow's only son. Reginald Whitehurst was a handsome, well-made young fellow of some twenty-five years. He had had a good education, was gifted with all the manners of a born gentleman, and rode to hounds with the neighbouring hunt. There was a report about the Whitehursts which stood them in good stead—a generally accepted tradition that they came of a fine old family which had gone down in the world, and that for this reason the widow had been obliged to start a shop and accept the office of local post-mistress. But she had been in the business since her son was a boy at school. Now, in a small community the next best thing to being of a good family is to have it generally reported and believed that at one time you did belong to such a privileged order. In London, of course it would not matter in the least. Nobody would care a straw about the birth and parentage of a district post-mistress and her son so long as the telegrams were properly sent out, and the letters delivered, and the stamps sold over the counter without unreasonable incivility.

The town in which the Whitehursts lived was a seaside place—on the south-eastern coast. It was mainly composed of one long street, and a few villa residences facing the sea.

The place had great charms for those who discovered it. It had very few pretentious visitors, and 'Arry never came near it. 'Arry would have found it dreadfully dull, if he ever had come near it, and certainly if he had once been there he would never have revisited it, and he would have warned all his friends against ever setting foot in so joyless and meaningless a place.

If Glenora was the Diana or Hebe of the Marine Parade, Mrs. Whitehurst was the solemn and watchful Juno. Mrs. Whitehurst sat in a little office which was perched upon an eminence all given up to itself, and which was mounted by a somewhat steep flight of steps unguarded by any balustrade. Enthroned up there Mrs. Whitehurst might have suggested the idea of some peculiarly valuable book mounted on the highest step of a library. It was not so high, however, but that Mrs. Whitehurst could make her voice easily heard all over the shop—or rather

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shops, for there really were two shops joined in one. The one over which Mrs. Whitehurst directly presided was that which contained the post-office, and enshrined also Glenora Lee and two or three other girls who assisted her. The division farther away from Mrs. Whitehurst was managed by her son, with a young man and two young women to help him. Naturally Reginald Whitehurst often had to cross the floor to consult Glenora, and Glenora sometimes, but less often, had to cross the floor to consult Reginald.

All this was noticed with some interest by Mr. Stellman Rivers before he had paid many visits to the shops and the post-office. There was a vague, awe-inspiring impression about Mr. Stellman Rivers throughout the whole little seaside community. The general belief was that he was a sort of great man from London, but nobody had the least idea at first of what his greatness consisted in. It was well-known soon that he was a King's Counsel, and a Member of Parliament; for did not all his letters, of which he got bushels every day, bear emblazoned on them the initials which testify to the possession of such distinctions? Mr. Rivers had taken a villa residence for a few weeks, and had some servants down with him, but otherwise lived alone. He was a stoutly-built, bluff-looking man of from forty-five to fifty.

Mrs. Whitehurst had taken the pains one day to descend from her pinnacle when she saw one of his servants in the shop, and to get into conversation with the man, and from him she extracted the fact that Mr. Stellman Rivers was a widower, and had no children. Thereupon a hope lighted up in Mrs. Whitehurst's widowed heart.

What hope? The hope that she might herself become the second Mrs. Stellman Rivers? Oh, no—Mrs. Whitehurst was not nearly such a fool as that. Mrs. Whitehurst was broad awake to the fact that she was fifty-five, and she knew that when wealthy widowers of forty-five to fifty look out for wives they may marry poverty, but they certainly will marry youth and beauty, or they will let marriage alone. But Mrs. Whitehurst had no daughter. What, then, was she hoping for? Mr. Rivers talked a great deal to Glenora. He was rather taken with the girl—with her prettiness, with her movements, and with her audacious attempts to cajole or coerce him into buying things which he could not possibly want. She looked at him with dark appealing eyes, while she thus tried to palm off upon him some trumpery knick-knack at four times its London price. He was highly amused by her sweet pertinacity. There was nothing flippant, or vulgar, or flirtatious about it—it was only sweet overbearing woman-like appeal.

"Look here, my good girl," he once put it to her, "don't you know that even if I wanted this pencil case—which I don't—I could get it in London for a quarter of the money you ask for it?"

"I am sure you could," Glenora answered, blandly, "but, then, buying it in London would not be buying it here. Besides we don't have gentlemen like you down here often, and when such gentlemen do come they ought to give us the benefit of their presence."

"But I should soon be the poorest of the poor if I bought everything that everybody tried to sell me."

"It's not a case of everybody," she said, promptly. "I hope I am not everybody." And again her looks appealed.

"Well, I suppose I must take it," he declared, good-humouredly.

"Oh, you must take it. You will want it as a remembrance of us when you go back to London."

"But don't you think I shall remember you—for your own sake?"

"You might forget, without the pencil-case to remind you."

"So the woman might be forgotten if one hadn't the pencil-case to remind him of her?"

"I am told that is so—in London."

"Then give me the pencil-case. How much?"

She stuck remorselessly to her audacious price, and he paid it with an amused smile. Mrs. Whitehurst had heard the dialogue and noted the close of the transaction, and she was very civil to Miss Lee for the whole of that afternoon—an unusual matter with her.

Mrs. Whitehurst often descended from her throne to waylay Mr. Rivers and get into talk with him when the shops were not full. On Reginald's side of the house all manner of tickets were sold for the theatre, for concerts, for charitable bazaars and such like. Mr. Rivers was looking up some tickets there one day when Mrs. Whitehurst swooped upon him.

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"I think you must have known some of my family in London, Mr. Rivers," she said with a dignified smile.

"It is very likely, Mrs. Whitehurst; I have known a great many people."

"My father was a barrister in very high practice, I am told; my uncle was a great physician—Dr. Grand— my maiden name was Grand."

"I have certainly heard the name before," Mr. Rivers answered politely, and also truthfully.

"Oh, you would be sure to have known him," Mrs. Whitehurst declared.

Now this was not a good shot. A man of forty-five to fifty may not be over sensitive about his age, but he certainly does not want to be set down as any older than he actually is. Mr. Rivers did not quite see why he should be supposed to have known Mrs. Whitehurst's uncle, seeing that Mrs. Whitehurst's age considerably exceeded his own.

"I did not expect at one time to be living down here and keeping a shop," she said with a sigh.

"It's a very nice shop," Rivers observed encouragingly, "and your son is a handsome young fellow."

"I had hoped for a different career for him, Mr. Rivers," and there came a deeper sigh. "He is worthy of something better.

"I wish I had such a son," Rivers said with feeling.

Just then Reginald was near the post-office, and they could hear him asking some question of Miss Lee. That part of the shop was empty of outsiders at the moment. Rivers distinctly heard the word "Glenora," followed hastily by Glenora's words, "Oh!—hush!"

"Why should he hush, Miss Lee?" Mrs. Whitehurst exclaimed, hastily crossing the floor and confronting the poor girl. "Why hush? If my son chooses to demean himself by calling you by your Christian name what is there to conceal about the matter? Do you fancy that he wants it to be a secret between you and him, I want to know?"

"Oh, mother, do please stop," the young man remonstrated with an angry face. Mr. Rivers liked him all the better for the anger.

"I wish you would remember who you are, Reginald, and not be too familiar with the shop girls. It does not do you any good, and it is not likely to do them any good."

"Mother," the young man said sternly, "that sort of talk won't do any of us any good."

Meanwhile the face of Glenora flushed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Perhaps, Miss Lee," Mrs. Whitehurst said sarcastically, "you would be good enough now to attend to the post-office—or we shall have letters in the papers about us, and complaints to the Post-master-General."

The girl betook herself quietly to the post-office, where at the time there was no mortal clamouring for anything. Mr. Rivers felt sure that a little love-drama was unfolding itself under his eyes. He waited and bought tickets, and looked over the books in the circulating library. Presently there came two applicants at the post-office—a little girl and a man in moleskins. Each made the same demand: "Penny stamp, miss, if you please."

Rivers felt curiously interested in the sort of life which buys only one penny stamp at a time—the life to which the writing of one letter is the event of a week at least—the life which finds it utterly unnecessary to buy more than one stamp at a time, which has no idea of making any provision of stamps. For the moment this thought took away his attention a little from the supposed love-drama and its development. He passed out of the shop.

Every evening after dinner it was Mr. Rivers's habit to walk on the seaside of the Marine Parade to listen to the noise of the waves breaking on the pebbles of the beach, and to watch the alternate glare and gloom of the revolving light which flashed and vanished over the waters. There were few promenaders at such a time, and he usually had the Marine Parade all to himself. This night, however, he saw a pair—a man and a woman—pacing slowly up and down, deep apparently in whispered talk. He kept in the shadow, but as they passed him—their faces turned to each other—he could not help recognising them. They were young Whitehurst and Glenora. He had never seen them walking there at such an hour before. "Come," he thought to himself, "this is the first result of the angry mother's interference this afternoon. Thus is many a love-drama developed—even forced into development." He did not want to be recognised by either of the

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pair, and, when they had passed on a little way, he quietly went to his home.

Next day he visited the shop again, and he got a chance of speaking to Miss Glenora. She was bright and chatty as usual, and she wanted him to buy things just as before. But he thought her good spirits were a little forced. When he got his chance of talking to her he came to the point with the courage of a man of forty-five to fifty, a King's Counsel, and a Member of Parliament.

"Yours is a pretty name," he said—"Glenora, Glenora"—as if he were trying the sound of it over to himself. "Are you Irish or Scotch?"

"My mother was Irish," the girl said gently; "my father was English."

"Where are your people?"

"Dead!" Never perhaps was the simple, terrible monosyllable spoken with more pathetic effect.

There was a pause, and then Rivers began again, sustained by his kindly purpose. He had really taken a great liking to the girl, and he thought he read truthfulness in her Irish eyes.

"Do you like being here?"

"I have to be here—I have to make a living. Mrs. Whitehurst is very kind to me—generally."

"Should you like to get to London? I know lots of influential women in London who might be able to find you a better place somewhere. Shall I try?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said, very hurriedly, "you are very kind—but I don't want to leave this place." The tears came into her eyes.

"Why are your eyes wet?"

"Because—eh, well, because you are so kind and good."

"Well—if ever you should feel inclined to find a place in London, will you let me know?"

"Indeed I will."

Then the dialogue was over and Rivers left the shop. Mrs. Whitehurst had watched him and Glenora very carefully. She could not hear a word that was said, but she knew that there was a confidential conversation going on, and she drew her own conclusions and was mightily pleased. She was especially kind to Glenora all that evening and night.

Mrs. Whitehurst was forming—indeed, had formed for some time back—a theory about Glenora. She thought the girl was a self-seeking flirt, who was trying her best to allure Reginald Whitehurst into marriage. But just now Mrs. Whitehurst's theory was that Glenora was trying her base crafts on Mr. Rivers as a man likely to be a far better match. Therefore she was delighted to see the evidence of interest in Glenora which Mr. Rivers was beginning to show. Mrs. Whitehurst was certainly a very moral and proper woman as conventional propriety goes, but she could not help saying to her secret heart: "I don't believe he'll marry her—not likely—but he may take her out of this, and out of Reggie's way anyhow."

Mr. Rivers, on the other hand, was forming a theory about Reginald Whitehurst. It was not unlikely that the young man had some of the family self-conceit which the mother exhibited so frankly. In that case was it probable that he really meant to marry the shop-girl? Was he not, perhaps, playing too thoughtlessly with poor Glenora's affections? Was not Glenora in some danger? "Couch we awhile, and mark," he said to himself, in the words of Hamlet. So he lingered on the Marine Parade that night, and again he saw the pair of lovers. And the following night he watched again and saw the same thing. This latest time he sat the performance out, if we may use such an expression. In other words, he kept his obscure place until the lovers had parted. Reginald saw the girl to her home, which was a good way down the Marine Parade. Rivers already knew that Glenora did not live under Mrs. Whitehurst's roof, but that she lodged in a small house kept by a woman whose husband and sons were boatmen and fishers. One of the young men, gossip at that end of the Parade gave out, was helplessly "mashed" on the pretty Glenora. Having seen her safely to her door, Reginald came back and lounged along the Parade smoking a cigar—and then he leaned on the wall and looked out to sea, after the immemorial fashion of the lover.

Then Rivers left his obscurity, came up to the young man, and had bidden him a good evening before Reginald, absorbed in his own thoughts, had time to turn his head round. The young man's face did not exhibit actual delight at the unexpected meeting. But he civilly returned the greeting, and was evidently preparing to move on.

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"Stay a moment," the elder man said, laying his hand gently on Reginald's arm. "I want to say a word or two."

"Certainly, Mr. Rivers; if you will."

"Very well, I will. Now, please, don't think me impertinent or obtrusive. I am nothing of the kind by nature—generally folded up into my own shell—but I take a friendly interest in you, and in Miss Lee."

There was moonlight enough to show that Reginald's face was flushing at the words, and that he hardly knew what to say. Mr. Rivers hastened to prevent his saying anything at the moment.

"Look here," he said gently, "my dear boy, I am twice your age at least, and I have been in love, and I have been in trouble. But now, about this young woman? Is it quite fair to her?"

"Mr. Rivers," Reginald said angrily, "I really don't know by what sort of right——"

"No sort of right whatever, my boy; I am concerned about this girl, and I wish her well. But I have no right to speak to you about her; and if you tell me so, and tell me to mind my own business, I shall trouble you no more with any interference of mine. But, is it well to reject at once a friendly advance, or to think that a friendly advance is an unfriendly one? Come now—think it over."

The young man looked frankly into Rivers's face.

"Mr. Rivers," he said, "I am sure you mean well—I am sure you speak as a friend to her and to me."

"Come, that's all right," Rivers cheerily murmured. "Yes, I mean to be as much of a friend as ever I can. You see, I couldn't help observing what went on in the shop the other day, and I know that your mother does not like this girl—Miss Lee."

"Oh, Mr. Rivers," the young man said despondently, "my mother has been the best of mothers to me—she has been only too good to me and too fond of me—only she will have such ideas about our family, and what our social position was, and all the rest of it. I don't know what on earth our position was, or what our family was, or anything at all about it. So long as I can remember, we were always keeping these shops and selling notepaper and envelopes—and what else had we to do?—and we were very happy. The girl—Glenora—is just as good as we are, and we were very happy keeping our shops; and the dear old mother gave me a good education, and I don't know why she takes these ideas into her head. And I love Glenora, and I'd give my life for her—and for my mother, too—and why can't she be happy and let us be happy too—and—well, there it is!" and the young man began to break down.

Stellman Rivers was what would be called a thoroughly good sort, and he was immensely touched.

"Honestly then," he said, "you have made up your mind to marry the girl? You are quite clear about that?"

"I'd marry her," Reginald declared, "if I had to give up everything for her—everything in all the world! Why, Mr. Rivers, I am in love with her—with all my heart and with all my soul. I'd run away and marry her, only she won't—she won't—she won't have me unless my mother gives her consent."

"But how will you prevail upon your mother?"

"Oh, I don't know, but she'll have to give her consent in time. We must wait. It wouldn't be a very difficult thing to get her to consent. Look here, Mr. Rivers, I know my poor mother's one weakness—and," he added somewhat bitterly, "I firmly believe that if anyone in what is called good society were once to ask Glenora to tea, my mother would think she was getting an acquisition to her family, and would urge me to marry the girl at once. I do—I know she would." And the voice of the young man—after all, he was very young—began to break down again.

The eyes of Mr. Rivers sparkled with sympathy and faith.

"And if you did marry," he asked, "what would you do then?"

"Do then? Why settle down here and keep the shops and be happy," Reginald promptly answered, "and make my mother happy, too."

"Give me your hand," Rivers exclaimed, stretching out his hand, which the young man eagerly clasped and warmly pressed. The grasp of sympathy and of friendship quite overmastered Reginald. He had no expectation of anything more than friendship, but that was enough. He had never talked over his love-story before to anyone but Glenora herself.

"You are a man and a brother," Rivers said in a low deep voice. "And, now look here, will you come home with me,

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and we'll have a cigar, and we'll talk matters over? I have an idea—we'll make it into a plot, don't you see?"

"I am afraid I don't see."

"You shall see. Listen, I have a sister—Lady Middlemaine—wife of one of our judges, you know, and she's a good soul and full of sympathy and romance and tenderness and all that's lovely in a woman, and she'll pull us through with this—see if she doesn't! Well, of course, you can't see quite clearly just yet—and neither can I—but I have an idea. Come along to my place and we'll enter into a conspiracy."

They went along together to Rivers's villa, and that night a conspiracy was entered into which was quietly made known to Glenora in the morning, and Glenora entered, too, into the conspiracy, her eyes filling with hope and gratitude and joy.

Then an astonishing report spread over the town. "Have you heard the news, dear?" one lady asked of another. "Oh, yes—it's quite true, I am told. You know Glenora, the girl who minds the post-office in Mrs. Whitehurst's shop? Well, she has come out to be a friend of Mr. Stellman Rivers, the great lawyer and M.P., who has been staying down here, and she is going up to London on a visit to his sister, Lady Middlemaine, wife of one of the judges, so I am told. Oh, it's every word true, I can assure you."

So much of truth there was in the report that in a few days Mr. Rivers in his carriage stopped at Mrs. Whitehurst's door, and took away Glenora and her luggage, and Mrs. Whitehurst and Reginald, and drove to the railway station. Thence Mr. Rivers and Glenora went up to London. There was an enthusiasm of farewell on the platform, and then Mrs. Whitehurst and her son drove back to their home. The pair kept silent for awhile, and then Mrs. Whitehurst broke out suddenly:

"Reggie, I always thought there was something in that girl that marked her as above her position—just like ourselves, dear. Didn't you ever notice that, Reggie?"

"I thought her a very charming girl, mother."

"Charming—yes—but that isn't the point. Didn't she strike you as being above a position here in a shop?"

"I don't see why anybody should be too good for a shop," Reggie made answer somewhat doggedly.

"Stuff and nonsense, dear. Of course we have to keep a shop, but I do say that we are too good for it and so is she."

"Well, I don't deny that."

"How odd you are! I don't think you played your cards well in that case, Reggie! I am sure you might have got that girl to marry you if you had asked her, and then we should all have been invited to town to see Mr. Rivers and Lady Middlemaine. Fancy getting back to our old position again, shop or no shop! Well, it's only another chance lost. One has to put up with such things in life."

"But is the chance lost?" Reggie asked quietly.

"Oh, of course it's lost," Mrs. Whitehurst replied impatiently. How can you talk so, Reggie! So like a man! Why, when that pretty girl gets up to town and is taken about by Lady Middlemaine, she'll have her head turned by flattery and attentions in a week! She'll no more think of marrying you than she would think of marrying Freddy, the boatman, the son of the woman she's been lodging with! Oh, don't you forget it!"

"She'll marry me, mother, for all that—and don't you forget it!"

"How do you know?"

"Because she told me so."

"When—when?"

"This morning—I asked her, and she said yes."

"Yes, yes! And Mr. Rivers, what would he say?"

"We are to be married from Lady Middlemaine's house, dear mother, and you are to be at the wedding."

"Oh, you dear, good boy! Now I *am* so happy!"

Reginald and Glenora were married from Lady Middlemaine's house, and Mrs. Whitehurst, of course, was a resplendent figure at the wedding. Mrs. Whitehurst and the young married pair were invited up to town for a few days in the coming season. But Reginald and Glenora returned to the seaside after their honeymoon trip and kept shop all the same. Mr. Rivers hired the villa again for another season, and brought down the Judge and Lady Middlemaine, and took out Mrs. Whitehurst with them for many a drive. Mrs. Whitehurst is very fond of Glenora, and firmly believes that Reginald has restored the fortune of the family.

[THE END.]

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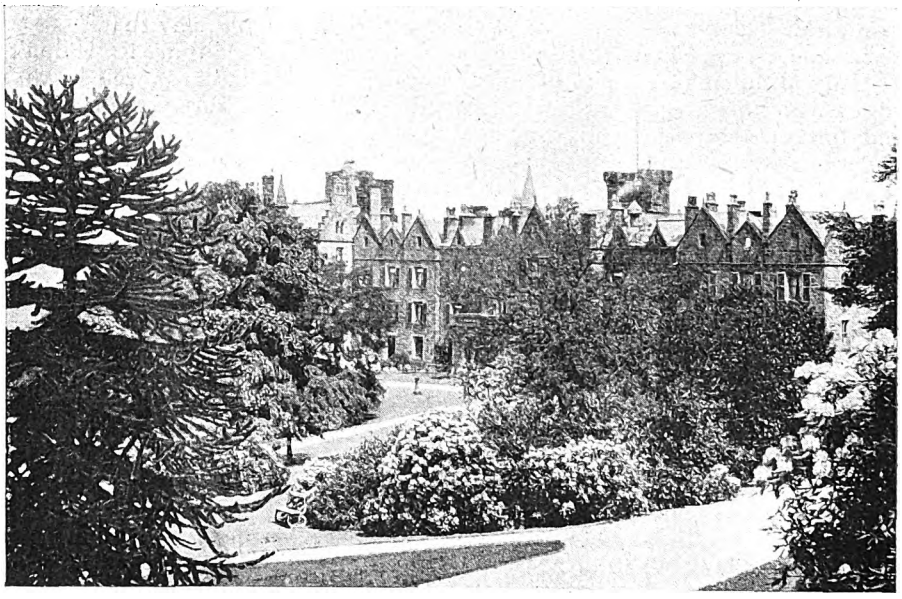

THE PALACE OF THE MOORS.

ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

By LEONARD GRAHAM.

FOR the lover of nature, the jaded seeker after health, and the painter and poet who have wrought her wild legends into picture and song, Yorkshire has for each a charm that is all her own.

This is the land of moor and mountain, of rocky dales cradling the rushing torrent, and of happy valleys watered by smoothly flowing streams, where the Wizard Indolence might rear his enchanted castle. Here on the lonely moor comes the exulting sense of freedom amidst scenes of beauty untamed by the hand of man; here is solitude that wraps you round, and a solemn stillness in which the cares of this workaday world may well be laid to rest.

Over the great expanse of the wild heath comes sweeping the life-giving breeze, fresh and free like that which plays upon the ocean's surface, imparting health to the cheek and vigour to the limbs, and making it a glorious thing to be alive.

Let us stand awhile on the summit of Rombald's Moor, towering 1,300 feet above the sea, and view the magnificent panorama which stretches away to the horizon, an horizon not bounded by the confines of one county, though that be the largest in England, but allowing glimpses into far Lancashire.

In the great county itself, Bradford to the south is plainly in view, and Leeds to the south-east, while Harewood House and Castle and the stately Minster of York are on the east, and, in the far north, Whernside and Ingleborough—the first conspicuous with its long summit and the latter with its flat top.

All between these far landmarks Nature spreads out her varied wonders. Here are bold bluffs and rolling hills clad with purple heather and yellow gorse, whose

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hues contrast with the sombre reds and browns of barren cliff-sides; here are wide-spreading plains, in parts bare and wind-swept, and again, where the hills afford a shelter, a mass of moving colour as the breeze gently fans the wilderness of flowers.

But if we would seek relief from sterner scenes we must descend from the heights, and a turn perhaps will bring us to some secluded spot where a hillside stream or waterfall comes tumbling through a lovely glen, making a paradise of green mosses and bright flowers.

Within a few miles of this spot is one of the loveliest vales which Yorkshire or, indeed, England can boast. This is the celebrated Valley of the Wharfe, sung by Wordsworth in his beautiful rendering of the old legend, "The White Doe of Rylstone," and haunted with memories of one of England's greatest painters, Turner.

The river is embosomed in deep woods, and in its crystal surface are mirrored venerable ruins that stand like sentinels of the past—the stately pile of "Bolton's Mouldering Priory," and the grey dismantled battlements of Barden Tower, the ancient seat of the Cliffords. The stream goes by with a gentle murmur, singing its song of other days, and the grey walls of the old Abbey glisten in the sunbeams which vainly seek to gild the ravages of time.

Hither, in times past, on each Sabbath day flocked the country people dressed in their best attire, hastening along "the banks of crystal Wharfe," and down the moorlands to the ancient Abbey, whose bells rang out a joyous peal; and hither the poet tells us, came the mysterious doe—"white she was as a lily of June, and beauteous as the silver moon"—just as the sweet strains of the first hymn had died away in silence.

When soft! the dusky trees between
And down the path through the open green
Where is no living thing to be seen,
And through yon gateway where is found
Beneath the arch with ivy bound
Free entrance to the churchyard ground;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God;
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe.

Then, while the voice of prayer and praise fills the little "rural chapel" and echoes through the ruined arches of the crumbling Abbey, she flits by massive columns and round the tombs of old Crusader Knights, loving the dim shadows, and peering with mild curiosity into the darkest crannies, and the dank and mouldering vaults.

Then, as the people throng from church, she makes her way to her accustomed resting-place on a grassy mound in the old churchyard, and well the village con-

THE FAMOUS STRID, WHERE THE WHARFE BECOMES ENGULFED.

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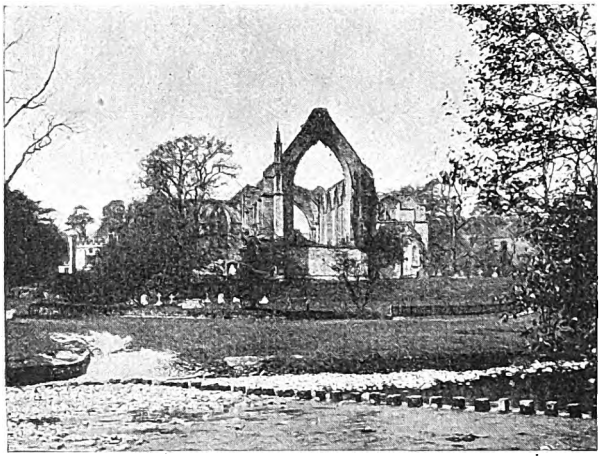

"BOLTON'S MOULDERING PRIORY."

gregation know that when from these sacred precincts the last straggler shall have departed the lovely and mysterious creature will have vanished too.

Ah! the stories which these superstitious country folks tell about her, knowing not whether her presence bodes good or ill.

She is, they say, no earthly being, but whether a visitant from the upper or lower world, some fiend to mock at their prayer, or some holy saint come to mourn over the departed glories of the sacred Abbey, they cannot guess. And yet her tale, which the poet so touchingly tells, is simple enough.

In the days of good Queen Bess, when the last of the ill-starred Nortons met his fate, because his father and brethren had fought to restore the ancient faith of the land—though he himself had neither part nor lot in their treason—he was laid to rest under the shadow of the old Abbey, whose splendours his rash parent had so longed to restore.

Hither would come his weeping, desolate sister, "the consecrated Emily," last of that once fair family of nine brave sons and one beautiful daughter, to mourn at her brother's grave. With her, the faithful companion of her grief, was the milk-white doe, who, never absent from the maiden's side, wandered with her through the shadowed aisles while prayer and praise ascended, and shared her bed on the lonely grave when the service was over.

But the time came when, unable to support her grief any longer, the maiden pined and died, and the lovely doe each Sabbath day would still revisit the scenes made dear to her by association and

Haunting the spot with lonely cheer,
Which her dear mistress once held dear,
Loves most what Emily loved most
The enclosure of the churchyard ground,
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every Sabbath here is found.

Let the old legends go, and this calm vale of contentment will still present us associations as pleasing as those of the far past, for they are connected with one of the greatest names in modern art.

After his first visit here, Turner, so his biographer tells us, ever afterwards entertained the "most intense affection for the place and its neighbourhood, and for the River Wharfe, which flows through the sweet meadow in the vale, and makes a beautiful curve round the sides of the Abbey itself."

Besides the marvellous beauty of the scene, the river had another attraction for the painter. Turner was an enthusiastic angler, and the Wharfe affords capital sport to the followers of Old Izaak. Here, rod in hand, and seated on the grassy bank, he would divest his mind entirely of the cares of his work and

A MOORLAND LODGE AT BEN RHYDDING.

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resign himself to the pleasures of his favourite pastime.

From this happy valley the artist, when the mood was upon him, loved to ascend the course of the river till he came to the fount of the infant stream in the wild bleak hills that frown above Barden Tower.

'Tis a solitary spot, but full of barren grandeur which expands the soul, and which the eyes of the great painter loved to drink in.

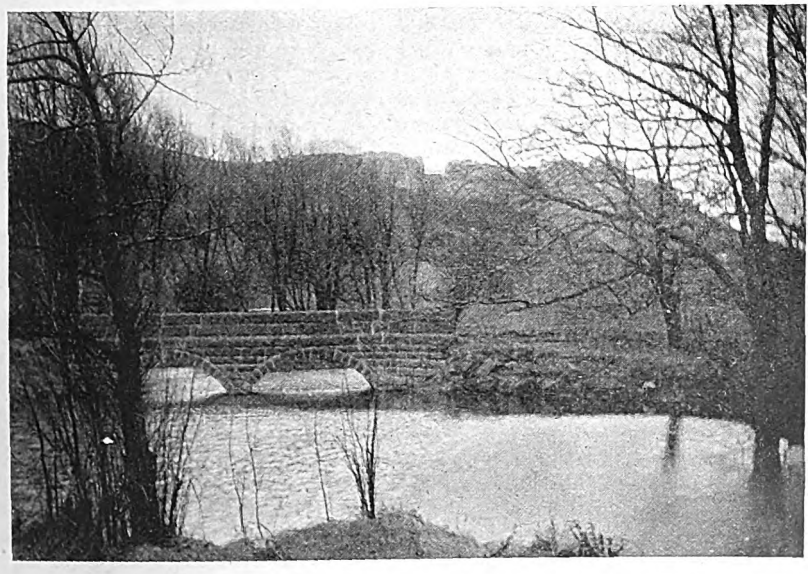
BEN RHYDDING, THE FIRST "HYDRO" ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND.

Two miles from Bolton Abbey is the famous Strid, where the stream becomes engulfed in a deep cavity in its rocky bed and issuing forth again foams along on its impetuous course. Huge boulders, grown over with green moss, form its banks; and on either side frown the dark woods whose interlaced branches and luxuriant foliage recall to mind the dense forests of primeval Britain.

Penetrating into the heart of the woods the music of a waterfall breaks pleasantly on the ear, and brushing away the branches we look down upon a rocky basin, into which, with many a leap and dash from rock to rock descends a cloud of snowy foam spreading itself out in seething whiteness on the stony bottom; then chattering to the stones as it pursues its onward way it gradually subsides into silence, and becomes a placid sheet of crystal water scarcely flecked by a ripple.

The sides of the basin are covered by wild shrubs and bushes, whose twisted roots cling to the stony soil and weave a fantastic network of green wood over the sombre rock.

Supposing the traveller has not already



A PLACID LAKE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOORS.

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made it his headquarters, he must not forget to visit Ben Rhydding, famous for its hydropathic establishment, the first ever founded in this country.

Surrounded by eighty acres of beautiful grounds, planted with rare trees and shrubs and communicating with the broad uplands, the mansion itself is of the most palatial proportions. It is built in the Scottish baronial style on high ground and commands a noble prospect of about one hundred miles of pastoral country. The house is situated about midway between the moors and the placid Wharfe. Its position is beautifully sheltered, and a short walk through the grounds where they rise to meet the uplands enables the visitor to enjoy the splendid sweep of the moorland air. The best way to reach Ben-Rhydding is by the Midland Railway *viâ* Leeds or Bradford.

The places of interest and beauty in this enchanted county are almost endless.

At Almscliff, twelve miles from Ben Rhydding, there is a group of Druidical rocks, from the summit of which a fine view is obtained of the Wharfe, and Skipton Castle is also well worth a visit.

Harrogate is within a short railway journey. Some miles farther on are Brimham Rocks, huge and fantastic, and named from their curious shapes—Cannon, Mushroom, Baboon's Head, Snake's Head, Pulpit and Wishing Gate, and lastly, over the wild extent of Rombald's Moor, are scattered many interesting remains of ancient times, among which are the British Camp, Roman Wall, and Druidical Circle. I do not hesitate to say that the Brimham Rocks surpass anything of the kind in England, not even excepting Stonehenge.

LEONARD GRAHAM.

HER VOICE.

Only to hear her voice again,
Its sweet tones soft and low!
It charmed me when I heard it then
A little while ago,
And still I feel it o'er me steal—
It will not let me go.

'Tis but the echo of her song,
The shadow of the sound
Of that dear voice for which I long
That follows me around,
Yet find it well in that sweet spell
To know my heart is bound.

Only to hear her voice again,
Beside me fondly near,
In tones of tenderness as when
She held my love as dear.
When joys have left the heart bereft
How precious they appear!

My heart is now a harp held mute
Till her voice touch the strings;
If to her ear response be clear
True harmony it brings,
For, as she will, the harp is still,
Or on in joyance sings.

Geo. Birdseye.

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WOMEN FACTORY WORKERS.

By CLEMENTINA BLACK.

NO woman really knows the life of workers in a factory unless she has herself been such a worker; but having had the opportunity for years, and especially since the formation, in October, 1889, of the Women's Trade Union Association, of knowing personally some hundreds of factory-workers, chiefly belonging to the East End of London, I hope that my few notes may be of some value to many who never come into actual and vital contact with the class in whose interest I write. The factory-worker—probably everywhere, certainly in East London—has two great enemies, ignorance and isolation, and these two put her at the mercy of unscrupulous employers, who, alas, are many. A large proportion of employers (to speak sadly and advisedly) consider but one point in regard to women-workers, namely, how to give them the least that may be given in wages, in working conditions, and even in honest dealing. Of course there are exceptions—men who are not only just and considerate, but generous, to their workers; and these are handicapped in the competitive race by their moral scruples. It should never be forgotton that the securing of better conditions for all workers is to the interest no less of the fair-dealing employer than of the workers themselves—a point sometimes apt to escape the bystander.

The pay of women factory-workers is distressingly low. Roughly—very roughly—it may be said to range in East London from 5s. to 15s. a week. In a few trades the average runs higher, and in most occupations a small sprinkling of "first" hands will receive from 15s. to 20s. I once knew one young woman—not being a forewoman—in the best paid of East End factory trades, who declared that she had earned 30s. On the other hand, the majority of those whom I myself know, earn 10s. to 12s., while scores earn from 6s. to 8s. Now, to live really healthily—to pay for a wholesome dwelling at a London rent, to provide ample food and clothing, and lay by any real provision for sickness or old age—can hardly be managed on less than £1 a week; and the immensely high percentage of pauperism among women cannot appear surprising to those who know the rates at which they are paid. Moreover, these wages are in many instances systematically docked by illegal deductions and by various arrangements which, though not definitely illegal, are obviously inequitable and sometimes dishonest. The provisions of the law and the methods of getting it executed are practically unknown to most women-workers. Infractions of the Factory Act are by no means uncommon; the Truck Act is evaded, probably only to a small degree, and the Employers' Liability Act to a considerable extent; and all these infractions of the law are, in effect, diminutions of wage.

Nor is this poor wage in any sense an assured one. Rare indeed is the worker who can command what she herself would call a "constancy." In most trades, work is slack for shorter or longer periods. Besides this uncertainty, depending upon fluctuations of demand, and affecting all to some extent, there is a further uncertainty depending on the caprice of employers, managers and foremen. More than a week's notice is very unusual, and instant dismissal, without reason assigned, is common.

As to general conditions, many factories would be very dangerous in case of fire, the stairways being often little more than steep ladders, while the practice (which should surely be punishable) of locking workers in, is by no means unusual. Sanitary conditions are also often very bad, and ventilation in summer and heating in winter often deficient. One case came before my notice of a large and prosperous firm employing women at sewing-machines in a factory absolutely without any means of warming. Petty

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tyranny, favouritism, and various forms of bullying on the part of the foremen and forewomen are largely prevalent.

Now, what are the remedies for these evils? In order to answer that question, we must decide to what these evils are due. The low wages may, in some instances, be owing to an actual selling price so low that there is really no margin for a rise. This is, I am inclined to believe, the case in regard to the cheapest description of ready-made shirts. Such cases might be met if women's labour were highly organised, instead of being as it is, virtually unorganised, by a refusal to enter the branch of work while badly paid. Then, if the product were really needed by the public, the price would rise; and if it were not needed, it would simply cease to be manufactured. But there are many instances in which a margin undoubtedly exists, allowing for better pay without increase of selling price. Where, for example, two manufacturers, A. and B., compete in the same market, A paying a shilling a week more to every worker than B., there is an obvious economic possibility of raising the wage paid by B. to the level of that paid by A. Differences of this sort exist in all trades where labour is not organised, and are conspicuous in the worse-paid women's industries. An extreme instance was shown when a strike register of names and wages revealed a difference of over 20 per cent. in the piecework rates paid to two sets of workers doing similar, and sometimes actually identical, work, in different departments of the same factory. Neither party was aware of the difference, which appeared to be mainly due to the forewoman in one of the "rooms," who resisted reductions on behalf of her hands, and to whom they, in their turn, were so much attached that her dismissal would probably have made trouble.

The ignorance of workers concerning the general rate of prices makes them unable to judge whether they are being worse paid than others; they do not know when wages in their trade are rising throughout the country, and when they are falling. Wages have been systematically reduced, for instance—with no coincident decrease of business—in a certain London factory, while steadily rising in the same industry elsewhere. The kind of knowledge needed on these points can only be obtained through combination and organisation—that is through trade unions. But the mere possession of knowledge does not alone suffice. Any one woman might, conceivably, be fully informed as to all the conditions of trade, yet she would not, by individual action, be able to raise her own wages, however much they might be below existing rates. Only united action can secure the advance—in other words, again, only a trade union can secure it. A trade union, too, can concentrate information as to the law on all points affecting its members, and is a powerful instrument of public appeal. The one thing of which the unjust employer stands in dread is public opinion. He shuns a court of law, even when he knows that the verdict must be on his side. These workers themselves are, inevitably, ignorant, but they are very far indeed from being stupid. Nothing is more remarkable and more encouraging than the sturdy good sense and practical business ability to be found among quite poor factory-workers. Their loyalty to each other is conspicuous. It is a frequent practice for some six or more to pay a certain sum weekly, each taking her turn to receive all the payments, and each in turn purchasing hat, boots, or whatever article may be the object of the collection. I have never heard of any girl or woman failing to pay her due share.

There is no delusion more ill-founded than the impression that the factory-workers' condition is a bad one because they are not capable socially and mentally of anything better. They have as a class excellent feeling, plenty of intelligence, and an admirable sense of fair-play. They need above all other things help in self-organisation. The material of which reasonable and resolute trade unionists are made is there; but there are few women among the better off and better educated who are willing to undertake the unexciting regular work of distributing bills, calling meetings, talking to women by ones and twos, explaining, showing how to manage little business details, and keeping up all the while an unflagging interest and hopefulness. There is no credit—none of the glory of patronage—to be gained in this work; nothing but the satisfaction of giving real help and of receiving in return the genuine friendship of women who are often quite as interesting and full of character as any to be met in other social grades.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

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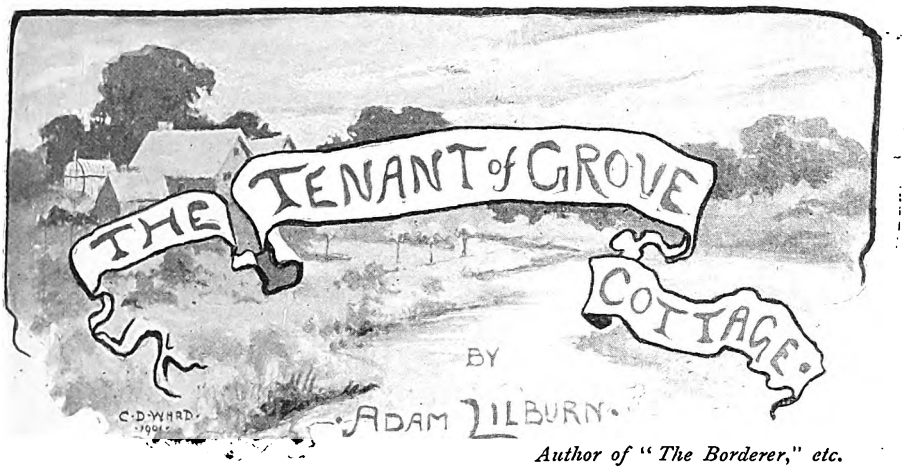

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

EVERY blade of grass shimmered with dew, and around each branch and twig of the hedgerow were woven those exquisite but fragile gossamers which mark the decay of summer. The owner of Grove Cottage—a pretty rural abode situated upon one of the lesser tributaries of the Thames—stepped out into his garden and paused a moment in order to inhale the aromatic fragrance given out by grass and leaf and flower, upon that autumn morning.

The gentleman was evidently a lover of nature, for he peered, in an interested fashion, through his coloured spectacles, at near and distant objects.

He seemed to love them all, from the chrysanthemums, just touched by the first frost, to the humble daisy that reared its insignificant head upon the lawn. So far from resenting the intrusion of the latter he picked it almost tenderly and placed it in his buttonhole.

Yet there was nothing specially sentimental in his appearance. He was merely—to a casual observer—a stout, middle-aged gentleman, who had evidently retained a love of beauty up to an age when the prose of life has generally obliterated its poetry. Perhaps, however, it was only now that he found leisure to cultivate tastes pushed aside by the manifold interests and pursuits of earlier days.

However this might be, at any rate he walked softly so that the birds, and frogs, and such small deer might not be affrighted by his approach; while as he walked he whistled so melodiously that the sound might easily have passed for some wood-note wild.

Twice he made the circuit of the garden, once he peeped into the greenhouse that sheltered his pet auriculas; looked up at the sky where a dull, red sun had as yet failed to pierce the mists, then paused before a small wicket-gate that led into a quiet lane.

"It's a trifle early for a stroll," he murmured. "Perhaps I'd better water my auriculas first."

As he stood hesitating, gate in hand, a small, slight, girlish figure came running down the garden path.

"Ah, now, if that isn't too bad, Uncle Dan!" cried the newcomer, with a merry laugh. "Didn't I say last night that I meant to be up first? Yet you steal a march on me as usual. But that's always the way. My poor resolutions are seldom fulfilled; and, you know, you are pro-

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voking in your quiet way. Never mind, you'll have to put up with my company to the village. That's your punishment, you naughty man!"

The gentleman beamed upon her in a way that suggested no great aversion to this penance.

She was an exceedingly pretty little creature. Her quick, shy, yet eager glances were like those of some small, untamed bird, and, when she smiled, a dimple in her right cheek added a piquant touch to her beauty.

"Come," she cried in her impetuous way, "why don't you proceed? It's really too cold to stand here longer. But, perhaps—— Don't you really want me?"

"You pretty spoilt child," returned the gentleman. "I suppose you'd be dreadfully offended if I were to refuse your company? But, seriously, Nora, your shoes are too thin, and there's a heavy dew on the grass. Mother would be angry if I allowed her favourite to contract a chill."

Nora pouted. "Nonsense! What do you know about girls' shoes, you dear, ignorant old bachelor? The soles are as thick as thick. Just look! And I'm not going back, so there!"

Like the pretty spoilt child he called her she thrust a hand within his arm and attempted to pull him onward. It was quite evident that this good-natured gentleman usually gave in to her, for she appeared surprised at his resistance.

"What will granny say when she comes down?" he inquired. "Your absence may render her uneasy."

She shook her head. "She's not up yet, and she knows I wanted to come out. I told her as I came downstairs. So that's for your objections! You won't get rid of me."

"Well, well, a wilful girl's ill to guide."

But it was with evident reluctance he moved forward even with the compelling hand upon his arm.

These two people were on the best and easiest of terms. They had many tastes in common. The girl was as eager as the man to observe the varying aspects of nature; but was, in comparison with him, nowhere in keenness of perception and minuteness of observation. Every few steps they took he paused in order to point out some fresh beauty—the exquisite gradations of tint on some trailing bramble spray burgeoned by the frost, or the quivering rainbow tangled in some gossamer web.

"Why, it's quite an education in natural history to take one's walks abroad with you," exclaimed the girl, enthusiastically, "for you teach one how to see. Eyes and no eyes, eh? I believe those tinted glasses of yours are only worn because you wish to disguise too keen a vision."

"There's many a true word spoken in jest, Nora," returned the gentleman; "or, perhaps, I have ugly eyes and wish to conceal them."

"Well, they're good for something, at any rate. Though I always loved nature, still I didn't—— Girls have such a lot of silly things to think about."

The man smiled. "Girls ought to finish their sentences at least."

"Yes, I know! But I want to say everything at once, so I forget. Never mind, it's just your little Nora's way."

The winding lane along which they were walking narrowed at this point and became dark and gloomy from the overshadowing trees. The frosts of October had not been sufficiently severe as yet to do much damage to the foliage, although the road was strewn with red and sodden leaves. Twilight reigned beneath the overhanging branches, and Nora clung more closely to her companion's arm.

"How I do hate this bit of road," she exclaimed. "It always gives me the creeps when I have to brave it alone. Very silly? Yes, but there's a sort of atmosphere about it. I have strange fancies. What do you think I do? Shut my eyes and run! Once I came slap against a gate. There's the identical gate in front—leads into a field——" Here she stopped suddenly and gazed curiously ahead. "Why, there's something there now, lying close to it. Can you make out what it is?"

He followed the direction of her gaze. "I'm not quite certain, but it looks like a hat," he replied, slowly. "But yonder comes Jack Ditton with our morning's supply of milk. Cook would storm if she saw how he swings the can. He'll reach the mysterious object before we do, and he's safe to give us the benefit of his discovery."

The boy alluded to came briskly onward, conscious of a tardy delivery and cook's sharp tongue. But his steps and whistle both terminated abruptly opposite the field gate. His rosy cheeks paled and

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his round eyes grew rounder. The milk-can clattered with the trembling of his arm. It was with obvious delight that he hailed the advance of the other two. He ran to meet them open-mouthed.

"I say, Mr. Pattinson, please sir, there's summat wrong! I seen a gent's top hat a-lyin' by yon gate, an' there's some blood, too, a reg'lar pool!"

Nora was trembling now. The gentleman stopped as though in doubt. "I don't suppose there's much the matter, Nora, for Jack's got notions from reading penny dreadfuls, and scents a mystery where none exists. But if you're at all nervous, perhaps you'd better return home. Probably some drunken rustic has strayed into Dredman's-lane and stumbled against a tree in the dark."

"'Taint that sort o' hat," interposed the milk-boy, sulkily. "It's a shiny 'un, same as them City toffs wear."

The girl's hand tightened on her companion's arm. "I must go on. How could I return in suspense? Let me come."

Mr. Pattinson offered no further remonstrance. The milk-boy crept up in their rear. When they reached the place he picked up the hat and held it out triumphantly. The other two were looking down at something more crimson than the decaying leaves or the fungi that grew on the damp tree roots. There was no pool—as the boy had declared,—but there were undoubtedly a few scattered drops of blood on the dewy grass.

"Jack Ditton's right for once," declared Mr. Pattinson. "That hat never belonged to a rustic."

Nora's roving, frightened eyes detected more. Raising a trembling hand she pointed to a dark object within the field.

"Look! Look! What's that within the gate? Oh, I know it's something dreadful! I dare not go any further, and yet I'm forced to——"

They went on together, she still clinging and Jack Ditton following. Then, alas! her fears were justified. Close to the hedge, as though it had been dragged thither, lay the lifeless body of an elderly gentleman, bareheaded, his white hair drenched with dew, and his widely opened eyes staring vacantly, and with an horrid fixity, up to the sky.

CHAPTER II.

"THAT POOR GREY HEAD!"

The three people who made this terrible discovery stood as though rooted to the spot, scarce venturing to breathe. In a moment the beauty of the autumn morning was blotted out as by a sudden fog. The lane seemed now in truth a fitting place and scene for a tragedy.

At length Mr. Pattinson summoned sufficient resolution to approach the recumbent figure. Kneeling down he placed his hand upon its breast, but failed to detect any indication of life.

He shook his head as he rose to his feet. Then he glanced pitifully at the girl who stood there white and trembling, but who discovered, nevertheless, a self-control that was admirable as rare.

"This is indeed a melancholy business," he said, in a low voice; "and I would to God the sight had been spared you, Nora, for I fear that the poor gentleman—whoever he may be—is dead."

Nora's lip quivered, but she made a sensible suggestion.

"Jack Ditton had better run for the doctor."

"Why, of course! Run, Jack, for all you're worth, and bid Dr. Hawthorn make all possible haste. And, here, wait a minute! After that go on to the police-station and tell Pawson to bring the ambulance. What a fortunate thing it is we've just got one."

It seemed hours to Nora before the doctor arrived, although fear, and that curious delight people find in bearing evil tidings, lent wings to the usually leaden feet of Jack Ditton. Nora never forgot the misery of those lagging moments. To be forced to stand there inactive was in itself a purgatory to the impulsive young creature. But added to this was the strange fascination of horror which drew her reluctant gaze to that still, dreadful form at her feet. It seemed wrong to speak while those dead lips were closed for ever. Ordinary topics of conversation were inappropriate as in a church.

Suddenly, however, the tension was relaxed by the occurrence of a simple incident. Some small bird, most probably a robin, alighted upon a tall rose spray that swayed from the hedge just over the girl's head and commenced to sing. She

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gave a shuddering sigh and blessed it in her heart.

"The darling bird," she murmured, under her breath. "Isn't it sweet of it? It is singing his requiem."

Then came a rush of hasty footsteps, and the young doctor arrived on the scene, a crowd of gaping rustics following in his wake.

"Good morning, Miss Shelley," he said, raising his hat. "This is a strange story of Jack Ditton's. Ah!" as he caught sight of the recumbent figure, "It's too true then."

Following Mr. Pattinson's example, he knelt down, but his quick, professional eye instantly detected the impossibility of any aid being given. He touched the corpse here and there lightly; then, with a rapid and deft movement, raised it so that he obtained a view of its back. From the position he had assumed, bending over the dead man, no one else observed his action. He replaced the figure as quietly as he had raised it.

"Ah! I thought so," he said, seriously. "This is a bad business, Mr. Pattinson."

"Has the poor fellow succumbed to a fit?" asked the gentleman addressed, in a correspondingly grave voice.

The doctor rose to his feet.

"No, indeed! I wish it was nothing worse than that, even though it had proved fatal! But the affair is much more serious. That man died no natural death. He has been murdered."

Although some suspicion of this must have lurked in the minds of the bystanders, there was yet something awful in this calm declaration of an ugly fact. Nora drew back, trembling in every limb. But she would not give way; and when her guardian placed his arm about her for a support, she thrust it aside with passionate vehemence.

"Don't!" she cried. "You needn't be afraid! I'm not going to faint. I'm too angry. The cowards! What cowards they must have been to kill an old man! O God! It's too pitiful. That poor grey head! Who could have been so heartless as to bring it low?"

Her little hands were clenched, and her eyes flashed with indignation. Mr. Pattinson looked curiously at her. He must have dreaded the after-effects of the nervous strain, for when he spoke again his tone was altered.

"Come, Nora!" he exclaimed, somewhat abruptly. "This is no place for a girl like you. You must obey me and go home at once."

She scarcely seemed to hear. "That poor, grey head!" she kept on murmuring. "Oh, how I wonder to whom it is dear? I wonder who will mourn its downfall?"

"Come, come! You must not go on so. I tell you this is no place for women. I shall have to go to the village and make a statement of the circumstances of the discovery. But if neither of us appears at the breakfast-table, you know, mother will be imagining all sorts of things."

He took her arm, and turned her in the direction of Grove Cottage.

"Be a good girl, and do as I bid you. See! Yonder they come with the ambulance, and the fewer people there are about now, the better."

She proceeded a few steps, then paused again irresolutely.

"Oh, what must I tell granny? It's all so dreadful! I don't know what to say to her."

"Tell her nothing at all, if you're afraid. I'll give her the requisite information myself, and that soon, or the servants are sure to blurt it out in the crudest fashion when the news reaches the kitchen. We must save her all we can. Come, Nora, pull yourself together. You're not usually so flabby."

The rough words acted like a spur. She drew herself erect.

"Usually? There's nothing usual about this, thank Heaven! It's more like some cruel nightmare. But I'll do my best. Poor, dear old granny! Yet I half-envy her the blindness she bemoans. That dead face will haunt me for ever!"

He watched her out of sight, and noted, with gratification, that she walked steadily.

"One has to be masterful with Nora sometimes," he said to himself, with a slight smile. "Girls are kittle cattle to deal with. I was afraid she'd make a scene. But, after all, she's young, and young things soon forget."

He turned again to the group. Under Dr. Hawthorn's directions, they had raised the body and placed it on the ambulance, covering it reverently. The village policeman—a rather stolid-looking man—stood at Mr. Pattinson's elbow. He was superintending rather than doing

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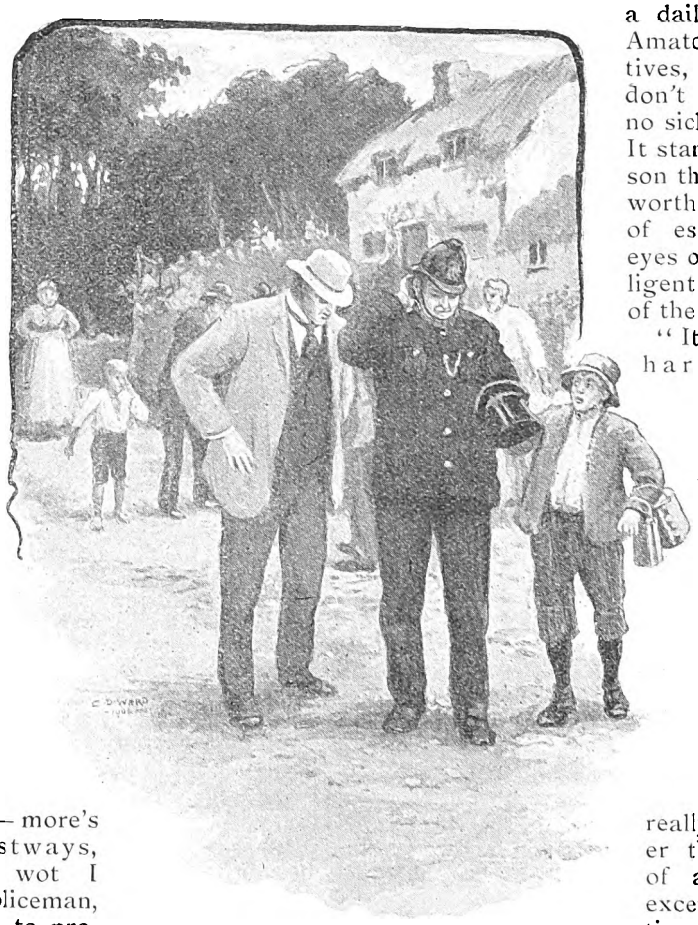
any work, for there were plenty of willing hands without his.

"This is a sad affair, Pawson," said Mr. Pattinson. "One scarcely anticipates a tragedy of this sort occurring in one of our quiet lanes."

Pawson looked doubtful. "Well, I don't know as I'm prepared to say much in favour of Dredman's Lane, Mr. Pattinson," he returned; "though it doesn't do to believe all one hears. People are that ignorant, you wouldn't believe! But as for the country in general, why, I've bin here or hereabouts for ten year come November, an' never had no such affair as this on my hands—for that nasty biz'ness at the bungalow was before my time—and rows at the public don't count, nor even the wandering lunatic I once took in charge for offering to knock down everyone he met."

"Then you've no previous experience to guide you?"

"No, indeed—more's the pity! Leastways, that isn't quite wot I mean," said the policeman, rubbing his head to produce ideas. "But it's like this, you know, sir: people expect such a lot from us poor chaps nowadays. It's all along o' them writin' gents wot's on the noospapers an' magazines. They keep on a-hammerin' it in, with their clever amatoor detectives, who foller up such pore, silly-lookin' clues an' discover crimes that baffle the force, until the public looks down on us like anything, an' calls us wooden-headed becos' we don't pretend to see through brick walls!"



THE CONSTABLE RATHER SHEEPISHLY TOOK THE HAT FROM THE BOY.

By this time the procession was ready to start for the village, and Mr. Pattinson and the policeman walked in advance.

"You don't approve of amateur detectives, then?" asked the gentleman, who, even at such a serious time, could not refrain from pursuing a subject that afforded pleasure to his quaint humour.

"Why, no; 'tain't likely, sir! Live an' let live, say I. 'Ow'd they like it if I wos to begin an' write leadin' articles for a daily paper? Amatoor detectives, is it? I don't b'leeve in no sich persons. It stands to reason that no clue worth speakin' of escapes the eyes of an intelligent member of the force!"

"It's rather hard lines," remarked Mr. Pattinson, kindly. "Really, it seems to me that, considering what risks you have to run in the interests of justice—which are really far greater than those of a soldier except in wartime—we civilians don't half appreciate your valuable services." Pawson's manly chest expanded. He had always found Mr. Pattinson a pleasant gentleman to deal with in all parochial and local matters; but this display of sympathy rendered him at once both proud and happy.

"You wouldn't b'leeve the impudence one has to put up with, sir," he said, pathetically. "Everybody fancies they can give a policeman advice. An', I s'pose, we'll have a smart young chap

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down from Scotland Yard d'rectly, all primed an' ready to teach me everythin' I know already. But, p'raps, I'll be beforehand with him this time! I've got an idea in my head that may lead to something. But I'm not a-goin' to give it away; so you'll excuse me if I say nothin' about it yet awhile."

He strode on in silence for a few minutes; then Jack Ditton, the milk-boy, overtook him, and tugged at his coat-sleeve. Jack still carried his jingling can, but had besides something else in his hand, which he guarded carefully.

This object had escaped the eyes of Pawson—perhaps because his brain, exhausting itself in the production of one idea, had refused to do further work—and yet it was of considerable importance. It was, in short, the shiny silk hat which had first attracted the attention of Nora.

"I say, Pawson, look here!" cried the boy, in breathless eagerness. "Y' oughter look at this hat! P'raps it'll help yer to find out who he is? There's a nyme written inside. I can read it quite plyne, though there's a bit rubbed out."

Mr. Pattinson's eyes twinkled behind his coloured spectacles, as the constable, rather sheepishly, took the hat from the boy. But the amusement quickly gave place to a more serious expression. Pawson turned the hat round as though half afraid of the information it might afford. By this, they had emerged from the shady lane into the sunny village street, and the light there being strong, the name written in the hat showed more plainly. It was "J. Carlton." The address, however, was not so distinct; it was "—— Lane, E.C." Enough, however, for purposes of identification, Mr. Pattinson opined.

There was a curious appeal in the constable's face that nearly upset Mr. Pattinson's gravity.

"You won't say nothin' about this at the inkwest, sir, will you? I know it looks bad, after wot I've bin a-sayin' about the force; but wot with bein' a bit upset, an' havin' my head full of a idea that may lead to somethin', I confess I did overlook that there hat." Mr. Pattinson's lips twitched, but he resolutely repressed the inclination to smile.

"No, indeed! You may rely on my discretion, Pawson. Anybody might have passed a hat without noticing it particularly. And I've always found you reliable and capable. I've not forgotten the way you discovered the thief who carried off my prize auriculas last year. It would be most ungrateful if I were to—how do you say it, Jack?—give you away. All the same, I think I would like to reward Jack for his preternatural sharpness. I wonder if he's read the adventures of the world-renowned Sherlock Holmes?"

Jack grinned and nodded. "Not all on them, I haven't; on'y a few! A littery gent as was a stayin' at mother's last summer had them, an' I borrowed them—when he was out—but he went away before I finished."

"Well, well, who knows whether in time Jack may not rival those identical amateur detectives for whom you nourish so supreme a contempt, Pawson? Come here, Jack. Here's a shilling for you. Don't spend it in pernicious penny dreadfuls. It's much better to borrow your literature from your mother's lodgers—especially without their leave."

The boy looked up at him, suspicious of an irony all foreign to his rustic experience.

"I never know wot ye mean, sir," he said. I b'leeve it's poking fun at me you are, often when ye're givin' me advice. But I don't care. I found the hat, right enough!"

"To be sure! Am I not giving you a shilling for your acuteness? But don't boast of it. It's only foolish boys who think themselves clever!"

The procession arrived at its destination, and the crowd of rustics dispersed, since the doors had to be closed while the necessary depositions were taken, and the doctor made his examination.

The murdered man was a fine specimen of humanity—tall, well-formed, and muscular, considering his years, which might have bordered on sixty. He must have been exceedingly handsome, although there was an expression of anxiety and worry stamped on his face that even the smoothing fingers of death had failed to obliterate; little creases between the eyes and about the lips that told of some great and incessant strain, some ailment, mental rather than physical.

His death was due to a stab which had been given from behind, had penetrated the heart, and proved fatal instantly.

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"The assassin must have possessed considerable knowledge of anatomy," remarked Dr. Hawthorn, as he drew the knife out of the wound, "for an inch higher or lower would have made all the difference. The knife must have been driven downwards in a slanting direction from just beneath the left shoulder-blade, and passed between the ribs."

"If a chap had been at the butcherin' a bit, it would help him in a biz'ness of the sort?" asked the constable, edging close to the young doctor and speaking in a whisper. The doctor shook his head.

"No, I can't say it would. Men and oxen are not quite the same, you know. But, of course, it would give him a certain dexterity with the weapon. A butcher would be more likely to strike quickly and surely than a ploughman, for example."

Pawson's dull eye kindled. "If I didn't guess as much," he muttered to himself. "Now, I think I have it! But I'll lay low, and say nothin' to nobody till I make certain."

Meantime the doctor had placed the knife he was holding upon the table, and the others went up and looked at it curiously. Suddenly one of them gave a cry of horror. This was Mr. Pattinson, who had just made a terrible discovery—a discovery that turned him pale, and paralysed his tongue so that he could do nothing but point to the fatal weapon.

CHAPTER III.

NORA'S EARLY LIFE.

Nora Shelley, Mr. Pattinson's ward, had been left an orphan quite young, and passed her early life in a dull old house in Chelsea with her father's sister—a melancholy spinster who read medical books and imagined herself in turn the possessor of every disease that flesh is heir to, and whose only distraction consisted in a daily visit from her doctor. It is probable that the latter was perfectly well aware that more than half Miss Shelley's ailments were the result of a misdirected imagination and a lack of wholesome employment; but, being poor and struggling, he decided that, after all, hers was a hobby which harmed no one, except, perhaps, poor little Nora, whose young life was shadowed by awful premonitions of illness and death. In time, however, the girl got accustomed to these, and contrived to maintain under them a cheerful and stoical demeanour. Her aunt thought her unsympathetic, but was, fortunately, too entirely self-engrossed to demand much attention. So long as the girl did not trouble her she found no fault, so they fitted into one another's tastes fairly well.

The life would have been intolerably dull and monotonous to most young girls, for Miss Shelley went into no society and had no friends; but, fortunately for herself, Nora was born with a gift for amusing herself and with a great interest in her fellow-creatures besides. Humanity presented to her an ever fascinating and varied study, even though she could only survey it from the point of view of an outsider. But her lonely wanderings continually gave her glimpses into the little comedies and dramas of life; though, for a time at least, she escaped more than a passing view of its deeper tragedies.

It was a strange life for a young girl, strange and lonely in the extreme. She had no companion in her wanderings, and continued her study of human nature in crowded streets and fashionable thoroughfares, finding it a sufficiently engrossing one to render her oblivious of the fact that her blossom time was at hand—that she was planted in a walled-in, moss-grown garden, where no one walked to admire the beauty of the flowers or inhale their fragrance.

The adventures that befell her were of the ordinary matter-of-fact type, although sometimes they verged upon the dangerous. Only one remained in her memory, because of a flavour of romance that seemed to elevate it above the others. This adventure was of so unusual a character that, although several years elapsed before anything connected with it again reached her, she had a strong impression of its importance and a presentiment that it would have some direct influence upon her future life.

Some girls, left to themselves in such a manner, might have degenerated, grown coarse and vulgar, or even bitter and cynical, seeing the misery of the world.

Not so Nora Shelley. Her mind had a bright, polished surface, from which all impurity instantly faded as a breath fades from a mirror. Her character developed rapidly. At nineteen she was quite a woman. Perhaps she was a trifle too self-reliant to be acceptable to some masculine tastes, but there was nothing strong-

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minded or unwomanly about her. Hers was rather the waywardness of some pretty, spoilt child. When she was twenty-one a great change took place in her life. Her aunt, after imagining herself the victim of every likely and unlikely disease, succumbed quite unexpectedly to that modern scourge which seems to attack rich and poor alike and to baffle the skill of the most learned physicians. A chill contracted during one of our bitter east winds developed into influenza, settled on her lungs, and proved fatal in less than a week.

The dying woman had absolutely no friends in the great city. She had always declared herself too ill to entertain or to go into society; and society, being a matter of exchange and barter, had dropped her. When her solicitor—whom she summoned in haste when the fever left her prostrate and moribund—asked for intructions about her will she seemed quite at a loss.

At first she could recall no one whom she trusted sufficiently to appoint as her executor. Nevertheless the man of law, who fully expected to act in that capacity, was surprised at the last.

Long ago Sarah Westmere had been her mother's faithful servant in the old west-country home. Since then the wheel of fortune had turned. Sarah Westmere married, became a widow, and the mother of a son who succeeded in making a fortune in the City; and now Sarah Pattinson was the mistress of a pretty suburban home, and happy in the possession of a devoted son; even though fate had dealt her one severe blow by depriving her of her sight.

Miss Shelley had been once to see her old dependant and had listened while the praises of Daniel Pattinson were sung for an hour or so. She had not chanced to meet him; but were not the words of his mother sufficiently convincing? Daniel Pattinson remained in the lady's memory as a type of all that is honourable and benevolent, a man of simple tastes and refined feelings, one of nature's gentlemen.

So when Mr. Denley (of the firm of Denley and Higgins, of Lincoln's Inn) asked who she wished to appoint executor to her estate, she at once named Daniel Pattinson. So good a son must needs prove an honest and proper guardian to her niece.

Nora scarcely ventured to love her aunt, for Miss Shelley had never encouraged any show of affection. The poor lady had grown old "through frigid use of life," and the girl was sorry she could not feel sorrier when her only relative died.

Then Mr. Pattinson was summoned and took his ward home at once to his pretty cottage and his sweet, blind old mother. It was a delightful change for the girl. And to the inmates of Grove Cottage she seemed to bring with her exactly the charm required for the completion of their happiness—that subtle inexpressible spirit of youth which is one with the flowers, the birds, the fresh dews of morning, the balmy breezes of evening.

The fortune left to her by her aunt was considerable, and allowed for the indulgence of any whim. But the girl's tastes were extremely simple. She bought a bicycle certainly, but did not, after the modern fashion, ride it continually, but reserved leisure for other pursuits. She read, and sewed, and walked, and gardened, besides reorganizing the household in such matters as Mrs. Pattinson's infirmity had allowed to fall in neglect.

And to the dear old lady her presence was a source of fresh happiness. Mrs. Pattinson ceased to regret the fact that her son had been so devoted to her as to overlook his obvious duty of marrying and providing her with grandchildren.

Upon the morning of the tragedy we have described, the girl's heart was heavy as she entered the sunny breakfast-room where Mrs. Pattinson awaited her with some anxiety. The mistress of Grove Cottage was a sweet-looking old woman considerably over eighty years of age. Time had dealt kindly with her. A wonderful simplicity of mind was stamped upon her homely face, almost obliterating the effects of wrinkles and white hairs, so that the effect she produced was more that of a child than of an old person. Her expression had that touch of pathos inseparable from loss of vision; but, as a matter of fact, she was one of the happiest of mortals; probably because she was so full of loving kindness and of faith in all humanity. Her son she simply adored. He was to her the best and cleverest of men, and he repaid her affection by a love and care that never wearied.

If, as occasionally happened, people ventured to condole with him upon having on his hands a parent so afflicted and

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helpless, he would stare at them in genuine astonishment. For her he had schemed and worked, and life without her seemed an impossibility. He was quoted in the neighbourhood as a perfect example of filial devotion.

All sorts of romantic stories were afloat concerning him. He was reputed to be enormously wealthy, although he kept but a modest establishment, and employed a jobbing gardener; but this seeming economy might be the result of a dislike of ostentation. Presumably he might have married well. But certainly this would have been a mistake. A lady—and was it likely a man of such refined tastes would have married any other?—might have looked down upon his simple, countrified old mother, and relegated her to the background.

For Sarah Pattinson's humble origin was apparent to the most casual observer, though a certain simplicity saved her from the least taint of vulgarity. Even the vicar's wife, who as the youngest (and plainest) daughter of an impecunious Irish nobleman held her head a trifle too high to please the majority of her husband's parishioners, declared that Mr. Pattinson might well be proud of such a mother, and declined to laugh when Miss Scorer, her friend and toady, who had a talent for mimicry, imitated the blind woman's west-country accent to a nicety and said: "Sit 'ee down," or "Do 'ee, now," in Mrs. Pattinson's very voice.

The blind woman greeted Nora with delight. She had grown apprehensive, and fancied all kinds of unpleasant causes to account for the absence of her son and the young girl.

"What has kept 'ee, dearie?" she asked, "an' Daniel too, my Daniel?"

The girl moved about the room attending to the various offices of the breakfast-table, trembling and unnerved, yet retaining sufficient self-control to avoid awkwardness.

"Mr. Pattinson has gone to the village, but he'll be here directly."

There was evidently an unusual ring in the tone of her voice, for the other seemed to be vaguely alarmed.

"What's wrong with 'ee, Nora? You generally chirp as merry as a bird in the mornings."

Nora made an effort to regain her usual gay manner.

"Am I never to be allowed to indulge in the blues like other people? Why should I be always gay? Changes are lightsome, you know, granny. But, since you don't like it, I won't be grave. I'll be as silly as you please. Come, dear, you must want your breakfast badly. Uncle Dan said we were not to wait for him. What shall I give you? There's a nice piece of boiled ham, some potted beef, and some boiled eggs."

"Is the ham from the old place, Nora?"

The old place was the west-country village where Sarah Pattinson's early life had been passed. Everything from there seemed to taste better than what was bought in the village.

"Yes; it's the one Uncle Dan ordered last week! And it does look so good—quite a picture!"

"Does it, now? Why, then, I'll have a little. Eh, deary me, when I think of the fine pigs I used to rear there in the old days, it makes me quite sad. I don't hold with the way they feed them hereabouts, Nora. They give them too much swill, not enough meal and milk. It don't make good firm flesh, that don't. And there's a deal in the curing, too. Meal and milk sweetens the flavour, and curing does all the rest."

"Well, this seems all right," returned the girl, with a touch of impatience, for her nerves were strained to the uttermost; "but cook has given me such a wretched knife that I can't cut it decently. I wonder why she hasn't put out the same I used yesterday. It was delightfully sharp. I think I'll ring and ask for it."

CHAPTER IV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Nora had her hand on the bell when another was placed over it, and, looking up, she saw Mr. Pattinson standing beside her with a warning expression on his face.

"Don't trouble, Nora," he said, quietly; "I can do the carving very well without that knife," and, drawing the ham towards him, he proceeded to cut several thin slices very rapidly. "It's merely a matter of strength and skill, my child."

"But, you know, I *can* carve quite well. It's really too bad to put it on my awkwardness—if you'd only allowed me to have that other knife."

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He shook his head at her. "How much ham do you intend to eat? I've surely cut sufficient for our small family?"

She saw that for some hidden reason he did not wish her to pursue the subject, so she made a feint of eating what was on her plate. But she had no appetite, and merely played with the food before her. The blind woman appeared conscious of something unusual in the atmosphere, and kept turning her sightless eyes from one to the other, as though mutely questioning each in turn. And every now and then she sighed deeply. It was at such moments as these that she rebelled against the affliction usually accepted so patiently.

But immediately her son noticed her uneasiness, he set to work to dispel it. He was as gay as one of the birds that twittered and swung in the garlands of Virginia creeper wreathing the windows.

Nora marvelled at his calmness. He chatted readily on indifferent topics, ate an excellent breakfast, dallying with it as though he wished to linger in the delightful home atmosphere.

But when at length he rose, he gave Nora a sign that he wished for her presence outside the room.

NORA STARTED AND GAZED WONDERINGLY AT HIM.

After a few moments she followed him to the foot of the garden, where a seat had been placed in a position that overlooked the sluggish stream.

"I was pleased to find that you had told her nothing," was his first remark. "I was afraid you might not be able to keep silence. You are generally so frank and impulsive!"

"No; I've told her nothing. She is weaker than she is ready to admit. I thought it advisable to wait until after she had broken her fast. Old people require consideration. And I am a coward. Indeed, I dare not——"

"Quite right," he returned, patting her on the shoulder; "you're a sensible girl, Nora. I did well to rely on your discretion. But she must be told, and soon. That excitable Susan is certain to burst in upon her like a thunderbolt as soon as the news reaches the kitchen. I must, therefore, be beforehand with her."

"Mr. Pattinson, you are simply wonderful!" exclaimed the girl, with enthusiasm. "How could you sit there so quietly, and talk about the music in church, and the curate's holiday fund, and all the other little trivial local topics, while in the background of your mind there must always have been that—that awful face staring up to the sky! But, there! I suppose it's being a silly girl! One's nerves are badly constructed."

He smiled and patted her shoulder again. "No need for you to disparage your self-control. You did your duty nobly. Besides, the philosophic calm of age would sit badly upon your golden youth. Heaven forbid you lose the charm of freshness and enthusiasm one hour before your time! Stay here and drink in this exquisite air, and allow your nerves to recover tone. Nature is the only true

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healer. Even here, in this little corner of the earth, there is sufficient beauty to soothe and comfort you, if you will only yield yourself to the genial influence."

He waved his hand around as he rose to fulfil his unpleasant task. But, instead of proceeding briskly, he paused after a few paces and looked back, as in doubt.

Instead of going straight to the house, he went in the direction of his largest greenhouse, where his prize auriculas were placed. He walked down between the rows of plants, looking carefully after their welfare. To a casual observer they looked uninteresting at that period of the year, their time of blossoming being as yet far off; but they demanded a great deal of their owner's attention, and he treated them as petted children that required to be coaxed and humoured into good behaviour.

But at the end of the row he stopped.

"Ought I to tell her?" he murmured. "It seems cruel to follow that first shock with another almost as great. And she will feel it so deeply, poor little girl! It will bring the hateful business so near to her, even if it does not jeopardise the safety of those she cares for. Dear me! I never thought girls would be more difficult to take care of than auriculas, and yet they are—infinitely more tender and fragile! What a brute she will think me when I speak out, after telling her to make the most of her golden youth, and to drink in health and happiness from this glorious morning.

"Ah! but I must tell her the truth," he continued, "for if I spare her, common gossip will not! The village will ring with the strange intelligence, and the servants are sure to hear it. I may, however, be able to spare mother the pain of such a knowledge. If I can but enlist Nora's sympathy, I think that might be managed. I don't imagine there'll be much trouble with the authorities. I wonder whom Pawson has in his mind? It was evident that he fancied himself on the verge of a discovery. Poor Pawson! He's not a brilliant member of the force, but, I suppose, he's a good average specimen. I think it quite possible that a moderately clever criminal might contrive to escape, even with the vigilant eye of Pawson to evade. I wonder whom he has his eye on, all the same."

When he returned to Nora, he found the girl sitting in a listless attitude, gazing across the water to where the chimneys of a dwelling showed amongst the trees. She glanced up in surprise.

"Nora," he said, gently, "there's still something you ought to know, but I'm half afraid to tell it you. If I had my own way, the path you have to pursue should be strewn with nothing harder than rose-leaves——"

"Rose-leaves fade and grow unpleasant after a time, Uncle Dan," returned the girl; "and you mustn't think because I—— You make me ashamed of my weakness. But I'm not really weak. Try me and see. Still, I hope it's nothing bad—not really bad. I hate to think the world so full of cruelty."

"Oh, it's a mere detail of the tragedy you've already come in contact with," he answered, slowly; "but it's very unpleasant, and may have disagreeable consequences. Don't make any further inquiries about that old carving-knife. Let the subject drop. For it would upset mother dreadfully were she to hear the truth."

Nora started, and gazed wonderingly at him.

"The knife? That old carving-knife? Why, what has it to do with—— Tell me quickly! Where is that knife?"

"Where it is by now, I can't exactly say. But only an hour ago it was tightly riveted between the ribs of a dead man. Nora, it is quite true! The murder we discovered in Dredman's Lane was committed by that self-same knife!"

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGURE AT THE BUNGALOW.

To say that this statement, uttered in a quiet, commonplace manner, and without apparent emotion, produced the most horrifying and bewildering effect upon Nora, was but to state the case mildly. She fell back gasping, and it was some time before she recovered herself sufficiently to make any remark. When she did, her tone was low and solemn.

"But how could it be? The knife was never out of the house."

"There you are wrong. I took it out of the house myself."

"You! You took it out of the house? But why?—and into whose hands did you deliver it?"

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"Not voluntarily to anyone's. Nevertheless—and the thought is frightful—I must have been the unconscious means of supplying the murderer with the weapon required for the foul deed!"

"Good Heavens! Tell me quickly what you mean. My brain is whirling."

"The matter is quite simple. I took it from the breakfast-table to do something to the creeper that hung too low across the breakfast-room window. The wreathed garlands were so pretty in themselves that I had delayed pruning operations until quite suddenly I realised that the view was obstructed, and the sunlight blocked out. This, my ordinary pruning knife, which, as you know, I always carry in the pocket of my garden coat," and he produced a large, clumsy-looking knife, "has lost its sharpness and requires grinding. It tore and jagged, rather than cut the creeper, and I hate to bungle anything, so I looked about for a handier tool, and discovered it in the old carving-knife. Susan had placed it on a tray close to the window when removing the breakfast things, and had apparently forgotten it. I remember noticing how thin and sharp it was. It answered my purpose admirably, and after pruning the Virginia creeper with it, I remembered that there was a branch of the old willow yonder that encroached upon and destroyed the symmetry of my privet hedge. I brought the knife to this very spot"—here the girl started and shuddered—"and then, something else claiming my attention, laid it down upon the seat and straightway forgot all about it."

Nora leaped to her feet with a fearful glance, first at the wooden seat, then at the gap in the hedge, where the willow branches had been cut away. It was a horrible idea that through that identical gap close beside her, the murderer must have crawled when his wicked eyes discovered the means of carrying out his deadly crime. Mr. Pattinson followed the direction of her gaze.

"Yes. It's an awful reflection to me, that my carelessness has contributed to the facility with which the murderer did it, and that our peaceful little paradise should have been invaded by the spirit of crime. Now you know the worst, and will be able to guard the dear old mother from too great a shock. I feel that the knowledge is safe with you. You are no silly, hysterical girl! Now I must be off to her myself! Doubtless Jack Ditton has arrived ere this with that much delayed morning's milk, and posed as a hero in the kitchen—or, perhaps, what Pawson calls an 'ammytoor detective,' spite of my lecture and shilling. And Susan's love of the sensational will drive her to the parlour with the intelligence that Grove Cottage is closely connected with the murder."

The girl looked after him, wondering greatly at his self-control. He thought of everything.

Then her eyes reverted to that hateful gap in the hedge. Ultimately she walked up the garden path to the wicket gate, and passed out into Dredman's Lane. She then retraced her steps on the other side of the hedge, until she reached the bank of the stream. Here she paused and looked carefully around. Willows and alders grew luxuriantly upon the bank, forming quite a thicket. She seldom came this way, for it merely led to the gloomy habitation called Dredman's Bungalow, about which so many unpleasant stories were current. Perhaps this was why she did not remember previously noticing a rough sort of path amongst the bushes that passed the foot of the garden of Grove Cottage.

It was evidently little frequented, for brambles and low growing willow branches rendered it all but impassable. So far as she knew, it led to nowhere in particular. Yet, strangely enough, it was along this very path the murderer must have been travelling upon the previous day when he had stolen the fatal weapon.

It was all a mystery. From whence had he come, and with what evil intent? And for what mysterious purpose had the victim entered the bosky depths of Dredman's Lane? No one ever did so except visitors to the Cottage, or the rural postman, who occasionally took a short cut across the fields behind the Bungalow to a neighbouring hamlet of a morning. Not at any other time of day, for the evil reputation of the place prevented this from becoming a popular thoroughfare. There certainly seemed no particular reason why anyone should venture there at all—still less after nightfall.

Nora was not particularly superstitious, so she did not hesitate about crossing the footbridge and walking onward.

A few yards further the road took an abrupt turn and brought her within sight of the dwelling shunned by the country

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folk. It had the reputation of being haunted. The lane ended abruptly at the garden entrance, and behind the house were fields and open country only.

Nora stood still, thinking deeply. The day before she had given sixpence to a wretched tramp who had begged of her in the lane. She felt half afraid of the wolfish, hunted look in his eyes, though she took care not to show this, and had lectured him instead. But as she ended her lecture with the gift he seemed grateful, and slouched off, thanking her in a low, grumbling tone.

Now, as she recalled his eyes, the fear returned. Those eyes belonged to some sullen, cowardly beast of prey. Not a lion or tiger, but some cowardly beast that tracks, and lurks, and bides its time to strike its victim.

Had she tracked the murder mystery to its source?

To all appearance, the Bungalow was unoccupied. It looked damp, weed-grown, rotten, mildewed. No one would rent it or even occupy it as caretakers, rent free. Rumour credited it with the possession of sundry ghostly tenants, ever on guard and ready to resent any augmentation of their numbers. Only the merest sketch of its grim history had reached the ears of Nora, and in her bright, slightly matter-of-fact fearlessness, it made but a slight impression. It was rather a natural instinct for light and cheerful views which had prevented her going that way before.

What a place it was! A regular nightmare of a house. The eaves were drawn down over the small sunken windows like scowling brows over sunken eyes, and then, as though sufficient sunlight had not been excluded, a trellised verandah trailed round one side, ivy climbed the roof and strangled the chimneys, the window panes were broken, and boards had been nailed across the sashes in their place; the garden was a riotous mass of weeds and flowers reverting, from want of care, to their wild state. Altogther there was something sinister and uncanny about Dredman's Bungalow. Its appearance was in itself sufficient to justify its evil reputation.

One could easily imagine it a fit abode for some lurking wretch to hide in during the day, and hatch mad, bloodthirsty schemes against humanity, which he would steal forth at night to execute.

Suddenly she started and peered into the recess of the neglected garden.

What was that? Was it but the creation of her fervid imagination or the realisation of her evil dream? There, more like a black shadow than a human being, gliding close to the wall, and finally disappearing in the dark verandah, was just such a figure as her mind had been conjuring up—a human beast of prey returning to its evil lair.

CHAPTER VI.

PAWSON ON THE TRACK.

The self-esteem of Constable Pawson had experienced a considerable shock, when a gaping rustic of fourteen had been beforehand with him in the matter of an important discovery.

It took him some time to get over this. And there was another annoying thing about this affair. This was that a gentleman, upon whose respect he placed considerable value, must have been inwardly condemning his want of sharpness, even while outwardly sympathising with him. This idea rankled in his breast.

If it had been anyone but Jack Ditton! Jack Ditton, whose ears he had so often cuffed for sending forth shrill, ear-piercing whistles of a night, or for throwing stones at stray cats. Yet, behold, the youngster had the supreme impudence to prove himself more efficient in the discovery of important evidence than a hitherto eminently satisfactory member of the force. And Mr. Pattinson? There was certainly a tinge of irony in his remarks. "Who knows what Jack Ditton may develop into? Perhaps in time he may blossom forth into one of those same wonderful amateur detectives you dislike so much."

The thought of Mr. Pattinson's contempt was intolerable. Why, that gentleman was a power in the village, hand in glove with the vicar and the doctor in all charitable schemes, a subscriber to all local charities and amusements, Chairman of Parish Council and Burial Board, honorary secretary to the Literary Society and the Naturalist's Field Club, to say nothing of the Flower Show Committee, of which he formed three parts, and gave most of the prizes out of his own pocket.

The policeman did not for a moment dread that the gentleman would give him away. Mr. Pattinson was emphatically a

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man to inspire trust in those below him. He might laugh in his sleeve at the stupidity of the local guardian of the peace, but assuredly he was too kind to allow of his sense of humour damaging anyone's position.

It was Jack Ditton who would be most likely to prove garrulous. Jack would be less or more than boy if he refrained from bragging of his own cleverness. Well, Pawson knew how to deal with Jack. If that youth boasted it would be the worse for him. He must be taught to respect the dignity of the law, and of those who represented it.

All these trifling but annoying reflections had the immediate effect of considerably sharpening the village constable's wits. That smart young detective who was safe to arrive soon from Scotland Yard should find that he had no fool for a co-worker. Pawson clung to his own idea, and proceeded to work it out in his own slow, deliberate fashion.

So soon as the necessary business of the doctor's examination and the taking of the depositions of the discoverers of the body was completed, Pawson went to Dredman's Lane and over the ground himself in a careful and conscientious manner worthy of all praise. But he found little there to reward his search. The long, half-withered autumn grass was pressed close to the ground from the gate to the spot where the murdered man was discovered. The body had evidently been dragged thither from the lane, where the murder had been committed. Even in the lane there was very little trace of blood. The doctor declared the stab to have been the work of someone acquainted with anatomy. The knife had been driven down in a slanting direction from just below the left shoulder-blade, passing between the ribs, and penetrating the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. And the wound had bled inwardly, so it was quite possible for no trace of the dreadful deed to have been left upon the hands or clothes of the murderer.

Pawson turned away disappointed. Evidently there had been no struggle. The blow had been delivered from behind; probably to an unsuspecting man who had no time for any self-defence. The policeman gained no clue from the scene of the murder. His eye roved around in anxious wonderment. It followed the white line of road that disappeared amongst the trees, and suddenly its vacuity was enlivened by a spark of intelligence.

Why had he not thought of it before? It was as obvious as the nose upon his face. And that nobody could overlook.

The lane led to the stream. Across the stream was Dredman's Bungalow. Who lived there? Nobody. It had long since been abandoned to the ghosts and the spiders. The reputation it bore prevented the approach of an ignorant and superstitious population. Pawson said this to himself with a sort of contempt, entirely ignoring the fact that he did not care to venture there himself after nightfall.

But now? Well, now the dignity of office must hedge him round, and the hope of being beforehand with that smart young man from Scotland Yard lend him courage. For where could a criminal find a more secure refuge than that afforded by the haunted Bungalow? And had he not just such a criminal in his mind's eye?

There was one poor, wretched, skulking, hunted creature who was Constable Pawson's *bête noir*, one from whom his vigilance was never withdrawn for long.

Really he believed this idea to be quite an inspiration! He would do it all himself, too. Thomsett, his fellow in office, happened to be absent on leave that day, and the onus of the affair rested on Pawson. Well, he would not shirk it. It was a chance to establish a reputation for sharpness and wisdom. He was haunted by an unpleasant remembrance of one particular case, when both Thomsett and he had been baffled by a mystery which the superior young man from Scotland Yard had instantly proceeded to elucidate, after declaring, in a singularly objectionable fashion, his contempt for the discoverers of mares' nests.

Never mind! There were still cases where a person acquainted with all that had occurred in the village during the past ten years might be more useful than a stranger. It was all very well for that young man, coming fresh to a locality, to ferret out mares' nests, and to snub intelligent men who never shirked disagreeable work where duty required, but there was something here in this Dredman's Lane business that no stranger would be likely to guess.

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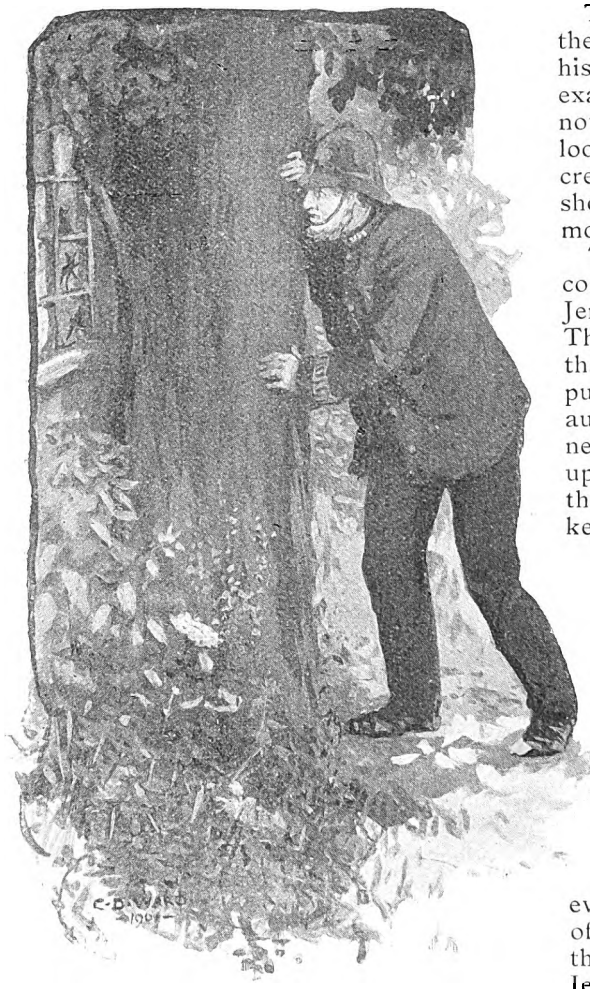

THE POLICEMAN'S EYES FELL UPON SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM INCLINED TO GIVE VENT TO A WHOOP.

He might not have discovered a clue, but he was firmly convinced that he had done more, he had got upon the track of the only person in the neighbourhood at all likely to commit a murder for the sake of gain.

But here a sudden check came to his thoughts. When the examination of the body took place an hour ago, watch and chain—gold, and apparently of considerable value—were found upon it. Was it likely, then, that one who had committed the crime for the sake of gain would have neglected these? Pawson drew a deep breath. The theory he had elaborated with so much cudgelling of brain threatened to prove false. He stood still for a few minutes lost in thought. Then he breathed again.

The gentleman's watch and chain were there, but where was his purse? Not in his pockets certainly, for Pawson had examined them himself, and had found nothing to reward his search save a few loose coppers. Now, it was quite incredible that a gentleman of position should be in the country without either money or purse.

The man whose guilt was a foregone conclusion in the mind of Pawson was Jerry Gobey, the village ne'er-do-well. The policeman had a shrewd suspicion that Jerry, who had just done time for purloining some of Mr. Pattinson's prize auriculas, was again at large, and in the neighbourhood. He had been convicted upon Pawson's evidence, and so by all the laws of common sense ought to have kept out of Pawson's way.

But Jerry Gobey, though cunning, appeared to have a peculiar aptitude for doing just what he ought not to have done for his own sake, namely, running up against the village constable, who was his sworn enemy. The lads in the neighbourhood were wont to declare that Jerry was only half-baked. He had been unlucky from a boy, but whether the bad luck was the result of bad conduct or of the hard dealings of fate appeared problematical. At any rate, though everything was against him in the home of his birth, and he had no friend left in the place since the death of his mother, Jerry Gobey invariably returned to his old haunts during the unfrequent intervals when he was released from the hand of the law.

So in the present instance Jerry had been seen stealing about the village after dark, and in Pawson's estimation Jerry Gobey was evidently the man who had committed the crime in Dredman's Lane. And what so probable as that Jerry Gobey had secreted himself for the purpose in the ill-omened bungalow across the stream?

The constable held his head a trifle higher than usual as he marched over the little wooden bridge and approached the old garden entrance of the Bungalow. Surveying the premises from the front, he decided that, in point of having such an artful wretch to deal with, it was advisable to put aside for the nonce the dignity of office and meet craft with craft. In place, therefore, of demanding an

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entrance in the name of the law, he decided to reconnoitre before entering.

In pursuance of this design he climbed the gate of a field behind the Bungalow, and approached it in the rear. The shrubbery, planted by the defunct Dredman—a recluse who objected to be overlooked even by the sun—was dense, and had grown in wild luxuriance close up to the doors. It was, therefore, quite easy for the policeman to approach within a few yards of the back windows without being observed. Pawson's bulk and lack of youthful agility was against him, but fortune favoured him in this instance, for there seemed no one on the watch at the moment of his approach.

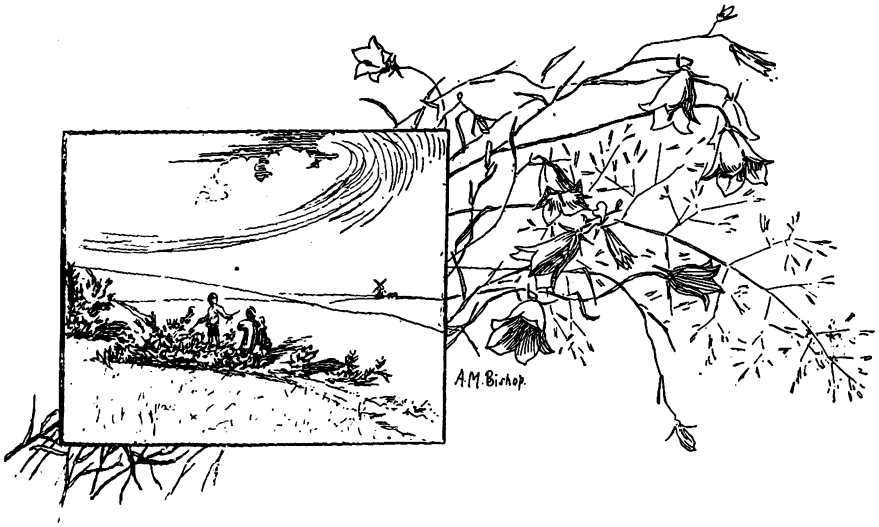
In front of the kitchen window grew a great yew tree, which afforded sufficient cover even for Pawson's huge frame. He cowered behind this, and peered within the room. For a few minutes he saw little or nothing, as the place was exceeding dark; but soon, his eyes growing accustomed to the dimness, he found confirmation of his surmise with regard to the Bungalow being inhabited, for upon a table close by the window was spread the remains of a meal—a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a jug, probably containing beer. Pawson chuckled. He had run his fox to earth. Jerry Gobey was a slippery customer, but in all probability he was, at this moment, not far distant. He would naturally reckon on the slowness of pursuit usual to such affairs; but for once he would prove to be mistaken.

Here, quite suddenly, the policeman's eyes fell upon something that made him inclined to give vent to a whoop of triumph.

What was that dark object lying half-concealed beneath a plate?

A purse! A dark leather purse, with silver clasps. Without doubt the purse of the murdered man.

(To be continued.)



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Conduct the Test of Religion.

By the REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.
(Ian Maclaren).

IT is of vast importance to have a sound standard by which we can test religion, either in ourselves or in our fellow men, since we are called upon daily to judge ourselves, and are often compelled to estimate our neighbour. There are only two standards which are worth consideration, and only two which are in general use. It is open to contend that the only complete and final test is not a man's life but his heart, and that the decisive question, therefore, is not what he does but what he believes, and that any other is superficial and misleading. And this contention has no small show of reason. And it is open to contend that the one reasonable and satisfactory test is not a man's heart but his life, not what he believes but what he does, and that the opposite must be impossible and unjust. And again, there is much show of reason. Conduct, says one person: does it matter anything what a man believes? Faith, says the second, for works yield no moral complexion apart from faith. Conduct or creed is the question in brief, and one ought to settle which in one's mind, and give effect to the decision without reserve.

Nothing can be more exasperating than to depreciate faith in the interest of works, as if faith and works were opposite poles. Our slightest deed is a crystallised thought, and has been faith in the brain long before it became an action. Everything happens within the soul first, and afterwards takes shape in the life. Faith is, indeed, the sap of religion, and no influence has ever produced such rich and abundant fruit. Without doubt, faith has created the most dominant lives of human history, the lives which tell on every generation, from Abraham to St. Paul. Because the Hebrew prophets believed in God with the marrow of their bones they lifted up their voices for righteousness, and waited for God as those who watch for the morning. Because the Christian Apostles believed that Jesus had conquered sin on His Cross they crucified self and denied this present world. It is from their sense of the Divine mercy that the finest Christians draw to-day their consecration to the service of God and man. Undermine faith, and you cut the sinews of effort and forbid the possibility of holiness. One may indeed say that the surest method of producing conduct is to practise faith, for if any soul is grafted as a branch in Christ, it is safe to prophesy grapes.

There is, however, one serious disadvantage in taking faith as a standard of judgment. Apart from conduct, we have no means of testing faith, and all faith is not saving. There is the faith which Jesus demanded and magnified, of which He said: "He that believeth is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already"; and this was never with Jesus a merely intellectual act; it was an act of the will, and had a moral colour. Why did not the Pharisees believe? Because they could not and they would not. Because they were proud, self-righteous, hypocritical. Why could the Apostles and holy women believe? Because they were honest, humble, teachable, kindly. Faith in this case was a consequence of conduct, and became in turn its root. It was the affinity of an earnest person for Christ, and this very affinity was a pledge of conduct. But every virtue is subject to degeneration, and the degeneration of faith has always been a snare and a curse. Degenerate faith abandons the heart, and confines itself to the intellect; it passes the living Christ, and unites itself with dogmas; it substitutes traditions and customs for obedience and sacrifice. This faith has no ethical value whatever, and is not in touch with reality; it proves nothing.

The first duty of a prophet is to bring his people face to face with reality, and

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therefore he begins not with faith, but with righteousness. As, for instance, Moses. He found his nation in Egypt, living in the midst of a highly-developed civilisation and an elaborate theology, which had both a doctrine of personal immortality and a doctrine of the Trinity. Why did Moses carry with him the civilisation of the Egyptians, and use it for the good of his nation, and at the same time utterly ignore the most spiritual and advanced elements in their theology? Was it not because the Egyptian faith was divorced from conduct; the sublime theory had to be taken along with Potiphar's wife? Before a man speculates about the future life he had better learn how to live here, and before he attempts to settle the nature of God he must keep God's law written in his heart. Moses wiped the slate clean, and took his people out to Sinai and taught them the Ten Words. God and righteousness, this was what their austere Prophet engraved on the children of Israel, and so it has come to pass that, taking them all in all, the Jews are the most moral nation on the face of the earth. Moses did elementary work; and if there be a day when heady evangelists, intoxicated by the liberty of the Gospel, do not enforce the Commandments, and politicians forget to build their policy by the measure of the Law, and writers from the sty of Epicurus try to get behind them, and a Bohemian culture flouts them openly, then it is time to forget everything else, and lay afresh the foundations of Righteousness.

Or take the indictment of Isaiah in the first chapter of his prophecy. It is an abstract of his habitual teaching; very likely it is a fragment of one of his public orations. He was living in a day of sickening unreality, when obedience had evaporated into forms and faith into ritual. With mordant, unrelenting sarcasm, Isaiah casts the wickedness and the worship into contrast: the people laden with iniquity who spread forth their hands before God, the seed of evil-doers who made many prayers—as if God cared for burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts. The people knew the will of God, but preferred to do their own, and then to compass God with vain observances. No, declares Isaiah, you cannot trifle with the Eternal Law and play hide and seek with conscience, whatever priests may say, or you yourselves may wish to believe. God is not mocked by your lip-service and clever make-believes. God is not unrighteous, blessing you if you happen to pray, while you also happen to be wilful sinners. The Law cannot be twisted or perverted this way or that; it stands rigid and inflexible. If the people be righteous, then verily they shall eat the good of the land; if the people be unrighteous, then, Jew or no Jew, religion or no religion, they shall be devoured by the sword. This shall be because it must be; as Isaiah has it, the Voice of the Lord has spoken it.

None before or since, neither Moses nor Isaiah, has preached moral reality so pungently and unreservedly as Our Lord. Jesus found Himself in an atmosphere reeking with hypocrisy, and in a society which was an organised sham. The Pharisees had brought artificial religion to perfection, and were past masters in moral theatricals. Our Master stood aghast at this imposture parading itself in the name of the Highest, and His soul was stirred with fierce indignation. He plucked the mask off the actors' faces, and branded them with indelible shame; who made long prayers at the corners of the streets, and devoured widows' houses; who blew a trumpet before they gave alms, and denied support to their own parents; who tithed anise, mint and cumin, and violated judgment, mercy, and faith; who reduced the Sabbath to an absurdity with their pedantic regulations, and nailed the Son of God to the Cross. Was there ever such a farce, was there ever such an exposure? No doubt the publicans would criticise the Pharisees savagely, and declare that they were no better than themselves — only greater hypocrites; but that was special pleading. It was Jesus Who tore this painted show of religion without morals to rags, and told men plainly that unless their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees they could not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus' words ought to be laid to heart by us who are living in the ebb tide of the evangelical revival. As long as faith was triumphant in the land, and the ancient passion for Christ held the soul, it hardly needed to preach morality. He who loves not dogmas, nor rites, but the living Lord, will not fail to take up His Cross. The full tide cuts a channel for itself, and fills it to the brim with rushing,

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buoyant, wholesome water. Where the tide recedes it is apt to leave stagnant pools, which in time breed corruption. The brave old words of godliness remain, but the virtue has gone out of them. We hear much talk about "the Cross," but is it the Cross on which self is crucified? Many voices cry "Lord, Lord," but is there the old friendship with the risen Lord? We have divided religion into faith and life, and it is the former only we count Christianity. We habitually call a man a Christian because he holds the Deity of Our Lord, and yet we would not believe what he said, and would make no bargain with him unless it was in black and white. We hesitate to call another a Christian because his doctrines are not ours, but we know that he is the soul of charity, integrity, purity, and truth. If it be wrong to fix a label to an article, declaring it to be what it is not, is it not far worse to fix false labels to character, so that one who keeps Christ's law is denied the name of Christian, and one who does not keep that law receives the name? Is not this wilful abuse of words and the very degradation of conscience? A Christian is a person who is like Christ, and a person who is unlike Christ is not a Christian. Palter with this plain rule, and the end will be to create a hotbed wherein a crop of hypocrites, both of word and deed, will be raised, which will prove a scandal to religion and a stumbling-block to the world. Black is black and white is white, while the world lasts and afterwards. This is what St. John intended when he wrote: "Let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous," what St. James declared through the length of an epistle, and Jesus Himself laid down once for all: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

JOHN WATSON.

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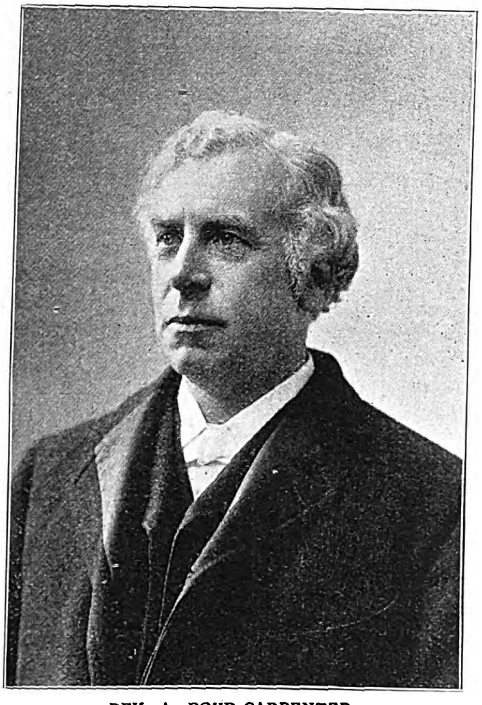
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE REVEREND ARCHIBALD BOYD-CARPENTER, the younger brother of the Bishop of Ripon, was born in 1844. Having graduated at Cambridge (St. Catherine's College) he held successive curacies at Lee, in Kent, and at Deptford; after which he was for thirteen years vicar of St. James's, Kingston-on-Hull. For another period of thirteen years he has held the important position of rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and has recently resigned that benefice in order to become rector of St. Olave's, Hart-street. In 1886 he was a select preacher to the University of Oxford; in 1889, to the University of Cambridge; while he was Golden Lecturer in 1895. For the last four years he was a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the late Queen, and is now an Honorary Chaplain to the King.



REV. A. BOYD-CARPENTER,
One of the Church's most Eloquent Preachers, and Brother of the Bishop of Ripon.
Photo by Turner & Dinkwater, Hull.

His views are "broad," but he is a good Churchman. His charity is comprehensive. Probably the fact that he is not wedded to any particular phase of religious orthodoxy may account for his non-preferment at a time when party fights are stubborn.

The natural eloquence of Mr. Carpenter is astounding. He never refers to a note. And yet his discourses are well-arranged with sequence and precision. His oratory is torrential; it carries you away. But he never descends to clap-trap. He is modest to a fault, and never speaks when he can possibly avoid speaking.

Tennyson is his favourite study. His lectures on the "Idylls of the King" are well-nigh perfect, whether from a literary or from a human standpoint. The pity of it is that they have not been reduced to print, but no mere

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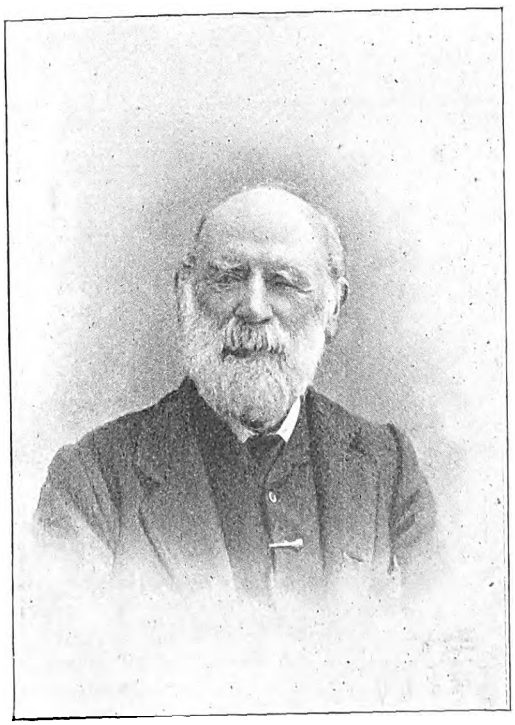
paper could reproduce his wonderful histrionic ability, his versatility, his enthusiasm. In a word, he is a born actor—without the actor's insincerity.

Humanity is his field of operations. His sympathy is Catholic, in the true sense of the word. To his friends (and they are many) he is a charming and merry companion. His sense of humour is worthy of his Hibernian origin. Children adore him. He is an admirable *raconteur*, and fond of athletics. As President of the Debating Society which bears his name, he is content merely to preside; but his genial presence always ensures success.

To hear him preach is to gain a deeper insight into the truths of the Eternal; to listen to his lectures is to recall the period of Demosthenes. What he preaches, that he practises. *Facta atque verba* is his working motto.

THERE has lately been a great deal of correspondence in some of the daily papers respecting Mr. Albert Midlane, the author of "There's a Friend for Little Children," and numerous other very familiar hymns for children. Mr. Midlane, who has an ironmongery business in the little Isle of Wight town of Newport, has fallen upon somewhat evil days. His strength is not what it was, and he has had a struggle to keep things going. Through the generosity of many of his friends, or those who feel themselves to be such through familiarity with his beautiful hymns, some subscriptions have been set on foot, and his pecuniary embarrassments will be relieved.



MR. ALBERT MIDLANE,
Author of "There's a Friend for Little Children."
Photo by Quinton, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Mr. Midlane's writings have not proved remunerative, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they were written in such a spirit of religious devotion and with so little regard for self-enrichment that the commercial aspect was entirely lost sight of. Mr. Midlane is the youngest of a very large family, his father having died previous to his birth. His mother took the greatest pleasure in reading his earlier efforts in hymnology, published under the signature of "Little Albert"; these were written at the age of six, and before young Midlane was out of his teens his hymns were already known and sung; "God Bless our Sunday-school" was, I think, one of the first of these.

For seventy-six years Mr. Midlane has been connected with the Sunday-school, and it is his favourite boast that what he is, the Sunday-school and his dearly-loved mother made him. He says "it was a sweet experience when I first heard my own hymns sung at an anniversary service." It was his delight in those days to contribute to most of the religious periodicals; and the famous hymn, "There's a Friend for Little Children," was written in the February of 1859 with no thought of its being used as a song; it was really incorporated in a magazine article entitled, "Good News for the Little Ones," and almost immediately copied into "The Good News Hymn-Book," and into various other compilations, and acknowledged to be Mr. Midlane's. The author received many letters telling him of the usefulness of his simple but charming hymn. The crowning effort of his life, however, was the "Bright Blue Sky Hymn-Book," for Sunday-school and other meetings, containing over 300 hymns. The veteran hymnologist often talks to visitors to his home—Forest Villa, Newport—of his past life; he has interesting reminiscences

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of many great men and women, and he is never happier than when talking over his long life and his noble work in the cause of religion. Besides his hymns, Mr. Midlane is the author of several works poetical and otherwise on Carisbrooke Castle, and of many other leaflets and pamphlets concerning the Isle of Wight.

THERE is perhaps a tendency to exaggerate the performances of children, but there can be no doubt that little Miss Sybil Keymer, the nine year old violinist, is a *bonâ fide* prodigy. Her playing of the two last movements of Mendelssohn's beautiful concerto for violin and orchestra at a concert given by the pupils of the Hampstead Conservatoire a few weeks ago, elicited warm praise from the musical critics, led by the *Daily Mail*. Though she plays on a tiny instrument only half the size of an ordinary violin, she succeeded in producing a volume of sound and richness of tone which is attained by few adult players, and which delighted the audience. Her execution is finished, and she thoroughly enters into the spirit of the music, rendering it with fine expression.

MISS SYBIL KEYMER,
The Wonderful Child Violinist.

Miss Keymer is the pupil of Professor Wilhelmj, who is very proud of her remarkable performance. She is a little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, quite a child in her simplicity and freedom from self-consciousness, but a thorough artist as soon as she becomes absorbed in her playing.

IT was in Palestine that Miss Finn received her first lessons in charitable work, her father being the British Consul in Jerusalem, and she helped, even at that early stage, in the work of relief of starving people in which her father and mother were actively engaged. After some years of quiet and unobtrusive work in London amongst the poor of various classes, an opportunity presented itself for her to undertake a work in which she was specially interested, namely, the relief of those who had seen better days—ladies and gentlemen who had lost their means and were in distress—a class for which little was done. In the great Jubilee year of 1897 it occurred to Colonel and Mrs. Knollys and Captain Rolleston to form an Association for the relief of distressed gentlefolks, and Miss Finn was invited to become a member of the committee, she eventually acting for three years as its hon. secretary.

This Association, formed under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, with a powerful and influential committee, is now in its fifth year of valuable work, and the patronage of H.M. the Queen, who takes a real and practical interest in its welfare, has been secured. The funds have steadily—if slowly—grown from

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£700 in its first year to £1,600 in the present balance-sheet, and there are sixty-four ladies an d gentlemen receiving weekly grants ranging from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week. There is no distinction of creed or limit of age, gentle birth and distress being the only qualifications necessary for relief, and this is given as promptly as possible, with no resort to the voting system, which always causes such cruel delay. A Victoria Military Pension of £30 has just been awarded to a military officer, aged sixty-seven, who had served in the Indian Mutiny and Crimean War, an efficient and zealous officer, not eligible for any war fund, with a delicate wife, and both quite destitute. A naval pension is soon to be founded. Miss Finn is constantly employed seeing applicants, arranging for their relief, and carrying on the incessant correspondence and work of the Association. There are no office expenses, no liabilities and no debts, Miss Finn kindly allowing all committee meetings and office work to be done at her house, where also applicants are interviewed, thus lessening the painful necessity for public exposure of delicate private matters, which makes much of so-called charity so disagreeable to those of refined tastes.

MR. ANGUS KENNEDY,
Editor of the *Times* Weekly Edition, and an Active Christian Worker.
Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

THE name of Kennedy is one to conjure with in East London. For thirty-six years the late Dr. John Kennedy was the honoured Pastor of the historic Stepney Meeting, and now his talented son—Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy—is carrying on a social and Christian work which has completely won the hearts of the people.

Mr. H. A. Kennedy by profession is a journalist, and for ten years he has held the responsible position of editor of the weekly edition of the *Times*. He will not be forty years of age until December next, yet he has had a singularly varied experience. He has travelled in the West Indies, Canada, and California and as "special correspondent" he has been very successful.

He returned to England in 1891, and in the autumn of that year he began a series of Pleasant Sunday Afternoons at his father's church, which have gained a wide reputation. Locally they are regarded with special favour, the attendance of men is always large, and the audiences have occasionally reached the limit of accommodation, viz. 1,300.

Mr Kennedy has had the hearty co-operation of many distinguished men and women. The speakers have included the late Sir Walter Besant, who graphically described the life of working men in Old London; Countess Kearney, the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr and the Rev. J. S. Barrass, also Canon Barnett and the Rev. R. C. Fillingham. Here also one Sunday Lord Coleridge held a great audience for an hour under the spell of an eloquent eulogy on his departed friend Mr. Gladstone—though the ordinary length of the address is only twenty minutes.

Among others who have taken part in Mr. Kennedy's work are the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Carrington, Lord Monkswell, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Hazell, and Sir Stafford Northcote.

The members of Mr. Kennedy's Union are chiefly artisans, with an infusion of labourers, shopkeepers and clerks. They

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are largely men who were not in the habit of going to church before, but their religious instinct at the Stepney Meeting House is drawn out and developed. The meetings always open with devotional exercises. Many of the addresses too are practically sermons, although the speakers avoid sermonic phrases.

BY her clever writings, Miss C. O'Conor Eccles has made a name and place for herself in the world of letters, but this is not the only distinction she can claim. Coming of one of the five ancient families of Ireland, and proud of her descent, she has done much to forward the interests of her fellow-countrymen. She recently undertook the prodigious task of speaking in almost every town of the Emerald Isle, having been appointed lecturer by the Department of Agriculture for Ireland. Great audiences have gathered to hear this lady's very witty and yet technically-accurate lectures, which were made all the more interesting by lime-light pictures, from photographs which she had collected during her extensive travels abroad. With a rare personal charm, she invests her subject with a vivacity and realism which precludes the possibility of there being a dull moment, either in her lectures or her writings.

Those who have read "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore" will be eager to get the new novel which Miss O'Conor Eccles is now bringing out, for it is even more laughable than its predecessor. But this clever Irishwoman, like most of her race, is nothing if not versatile, this being proved by the deep thought displayed in the articles which appear in the leading papers under her name, and the volume of Irish stories which is shortly to be published will throw many shafts of light on a side of Irish life hitherto untouched. These stories have been written with a more serious object than the mere entertainment of a large circle of readers; Miss O'Conor Eccles hopes they will do a lasting good in bringing before us the conditions and life of the Irish peasantry.

MISS O'CONOR ECCLES,
Lecturer to the Irish Department of Agriculture.

SISTER MAUD WILKINSON,
Who served at Bloemfontein when the Enteric Scourge was at its height.

THE scene at Marlborough House when His Majesty the King, accompanied by the beloved Queen Alexandra, distributed the war medals to nearly one hundred of those devoted women who have been nursing the sick and wounded in South Africa, will not readily be forgotten by those privileged to witness it, and, least of all, by the nurses themselves.

Amongst those who have done splendid service was Sister Maud Wilkinson, who is a native of Brighton, and a member of

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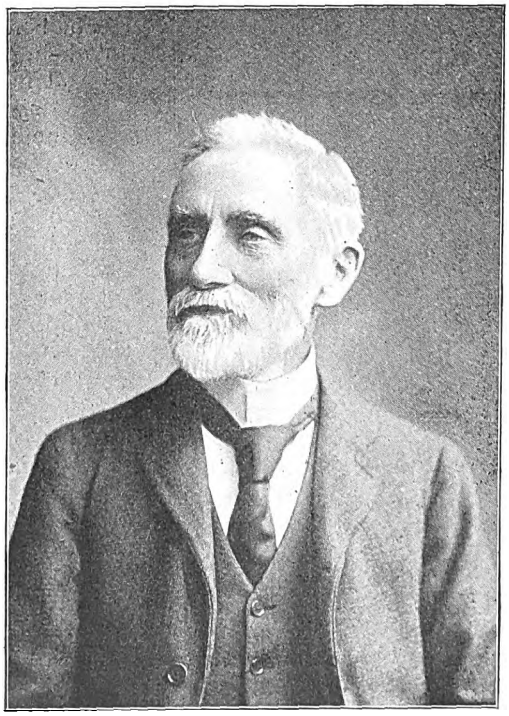
an old Sussex family. She was trained at the Sussex County Hospital, and the two badges worn in her photograph are: the badge of the Army Nursing Service Reserve, a round silver one, and that of the Royal British Nurses' Association, a small bronze medal.

Sister Wilkinson left England in the early part of 1900 in the s.s. *Avoca*, and on arrival at the Cape had orders to go on to East London, where, with nineteen other Sisters, she disembarked, and went up country to Bloemfontein.

She was three nights and days in the train, being delayed many hours at Bethulie owing to the bridge there having been destroyed, and there was only a temporary one, which was not strong enough to bear any weight, so that everything in the way of stores, etc., had to be unloaded and reloaded on the other side of the bridge.

On Sister Wilkinson's arrival at Bloemfontein (where she remained five months), she was engaged most of the time in nursing enteric cases. The work was very heavy, and typhoid raged then in all its horrors, and the stretcher-bearers could scarcely bring the cases in fast enough, though they worked day and night. In many of the buildings patients were lying on stretchers on the floors, and in many cases beds were put up on verandahs to accommodate the numbers. Sister Wilkinson speaks very highly of the work done by the orderlies. She says they were splendid men, ready and willing, though of course many of them were totally untrained for work of the sort, but it was wonderful to see how they could handle a patient after a little training from one of the Sisters.

One thing with which she was particularly impressed was the way in which the provisions for the patients were supplied. She was never once short of necessaries. Of course, luxuries were out of the question at such times, but even these found their way occasionally into camp for her patients. The Red Cross Society for providing stores was much appreciated. After five months in Bloemfontein she applied for trooping duties, and was sent to the Base to await a troopship. She returned to England on board H.M.S. *Kildonan Castle*, having some 1,400 men on board.



MR. R. COPE MORGAN,
Founder and Editor of *The Christian*.
Photo by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

ONE of the most influential of religious and philanthropic workers is Mr. R. C. Morgan, the well-known editor of *The Christian*, a paper which has done much to lead Nonconformist opinion.

Mr. Morgan was the son of a printer and stationer in Abergavenny and served his apprenticeship in his father's business.

He was, however, far too ambitious to be content with setting up in type the ideas of others, and soon began to try his hand at journalism by contributing articles to various country papers.

He came to London in 1849, but next year received the offer of a responsible position as printer's overseer at Bath.

Five years later he was again in London, and became publisher's assistant to a firm in Paternoster Row. In 1859, he brought out a paper on his own account, under the name of *The Revival*. The first few numbers did not have a large circulation, but the paper had struck a true note, and as time went on received hearty support.

It was not bound to any particular body, but used its influence on behalf of Christian work common to all denomina-

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tions; the Moody and Sankey revivals and institutions like the London City Mission, the Ragged School Union, the Y.M.C.A., and Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which owe their support to Christians generally.

In 1870, after the revival movement had accomplished its great work of renewing the religious life of the country, the name of the paper was changed to *The Christian.*

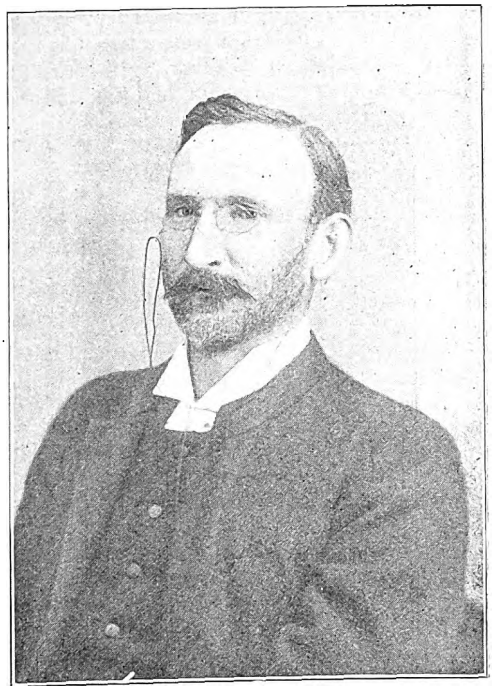
Charitable works of all kinds owe much to its wide influence and stirring appeals. Its readers remit every year something like £15,000, which the paper distributes to the institutions named by the donors, and during the thirty years of its existence it has received and distributed over £300,000.

Mr. Morgan, though he now leaves much of the routine work to others, still directs the policy of his successful journal, which has been for many years a bulwark of Evangelical Christianity.

THE REV. AUGUSTUS ROBERT BUCKLAND, M.A., stands in the front rank of the "preachers of to-day." He has held his present appointment as morning preacher at the Foundling Hospital since 1890, when he was elected to succeed the versatile, if somewhat erratic, Dr. Momerie. No one can attend service in the beautiful chapel of the Hospital, in Guildford-street, without being impressed by the unusually large proportion of men in the congregation.

The higher professions are always well represented. Men distinguished in literature, or in science, or in art, are amongst the most frequent comers. Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Ben Greet, and other celebrities of the stage may often be seen there, and, when he is in London, the Earl of Rosebery occasionally looks in.

But, varied in its tastes and feelings as the vast congregation may be—and the chapel is always full, and often very crowded—Mr. Buckland has a message for all. In style and matter he is alike original. He always has something fresh to say, and he says it freshly and piquantly. A man of brilliant attainments, the speciality of his preaching is that it appeals to the intellect as well as to the heart. A deep thinker, he discusses problems of the day with a breadth of view and a sweet reasonableness that



REV. A. R. BUCKLAND,
Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

carry conviction to men of culture and refinement.

It is his custom to preach from some part of the service of the day—the Psalms or the Lessons, or the Epistle, or the Gospel—and he often startles his hearers by taking some quaint text which, to the ordinary mind, seems to be barren of meaning. But in a very little while he not only gives fresh life to the text, but he clothes it in apparel so rich that a wealth of teaching springs into view and the hearer is made to feel how profitable for present-day conduct even the most seemingly unimportant text of Scripture may be.

Yet Mr. Buckland is no friend to a fanciful exegesis. He has too robust a mind for that; his teaching is essentially practical, and is applied to the "common round" of daily duties.

He preaches without the aid of manuscript, but his sermons bear trace of the most careful preparation. He never wearies his hearers; twenty minutes is the average length of his sermons, and they contain more solid material than is sometimes to be found in half-a-dozen discourses of much longer duration. He

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is a fluent and rapid speaker; he has a pleasant voice, and is a past-master in the use of the King's English. His tastes are distinctly literary, and his sermons are often rich in quotations from the best English authors. He is well-known in the world of letters, and in his leisure hours—which are not many—he can give a very good account of himself on a golf course. He was ordained in 1880, and for the first few years of his ministerial life he worked hard in the slums of East London under the late Bishop Billing.

MADAME EDITH HANDS,
A Noted Singer, who is ever willing to lend her talent for promoting Christian work.

BEYOND being known as the possessor of a fine voice, Madame Edith Hands has made the best kind of name for herself, by being always ready to lend her gift of song to the forwarding of good works. When only four years old she gave signs of musical talent, which was at once cultivated. About this time her parents removed from Windsor to Brighton, and it was at the School of Music there that she studied for many years, winning a scholarship of £60 for general knowledge, when but twelve years of age.

Later on, at the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Hands gained both the Parepa Rosa scholarship and the Sainton Dolby prize, out of a large number of competitors. Her voice is a pure, rich contralto, which, by reason of its exquisite sympathy, is never heard to better advantage than in sacred or pathetic music. Sims Reeves once said that he had never heard Tosti's wonderful "Good-bye" rendered with so much artistic taste as by Miss Hands.

At her own church in Highbury this lady is constantly rendering valuable help, being loved as much for her bright personality as for the music she gives so cordially, and this, in spite of having her time much occupied by provincial and town engagements, to say nothing of the home duties of which she is very fond. At the last great Festival of the Congregational Choir Union, held in the Crystal Palace, Madame Hands sang Liddle's "Abide with me," with a sweetness that brought the tears to the eyes of many in the audience.

THE ONLOOKER.

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Wealth and its Responsibilities.

By the REV. SILAS K. HOCKING.

IT has been said that no man can grow wealthy by his own unaided labour, it being quite impossible for anyone to put forth in his lifetime an amount of energy sufficient of itself to bring him riches.

I think we have only to look at the matter carefully to be convinced that this conclusion is a right one. Men do grow rich, but in no case, perhaps, has a man ever grown rich simply through the result of his own personal industry. There are generally three ways by which wealth is acquired. The first is by appropriating a portion of the wealth created by other people—that is, by exploiting labour. The majority of the rich people of the world have grown rich by this process. If a man by his own labour can earn a pound a week, and no more, he will not grow rich; but if he can employ 1,000 men or 2,000 men and take a small profit out of each, then riches will roll in upon him very rapidly and with very little effort on his own part.

Then a man may grow rich by appropriating the wealth created by nature—that is, he may exploit the natural resources of the world. Or he may, in the third place, exploit society—that is, he may by speculation appropriate the wealth created by the growth and movement of population. This is constantly done, on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. It may be said that it requires a great deal of genius to do any of these things, which is no doubt quite true, but in none of these cases can it be said in the truest sense of the word that the man grows rich by his own personal industry. Whether he exploits labour, or the resources of nature, or society at large, whatever the amount of genius he may display in doing these things, in the strict sense of the word his wealth is not the result of his own unaided effort.

I am not saying for a moment that a man may not be justified in doing any, or all, of these things. Indeed, it is only by such combination that the greatest achievements are carried out. If every man were his own master, doing just the work that he wanted to do, and doing it just in his own way, very little of importance would be accomplished in the world; no single individual would start to build a railway, or develop a mine, or build a ship. It is only when some master mind, that has a faculty for organisation, can bring the forces of labour into union and harmony that great results are achieved. Each individual soldier may do his part, but it is not by isolated action that victory is won, but by united effort; by the strength and movement of the whole army being directed towards the accomplishment of some particular end.

Now, the attainment of wealth merely as an end in itself can never be a very laudable ambition. If a man simply exploits labour for his own personal gain, without any thought of conferring a benefit on the community, or serving in any way his own generation; without any reference to the well-being of the race as a whole, or the future development of commerce, or trade, which may result in the prosperity of the whole nation; then, however rich he may grow, there is nothing praiseworthy in his action. That men frequently pursue wealth as an end in itself, or as a means to the gratification of some personal ambition or desire, there can be no doubt. We are by nature selfish; it is human nature to think first of ourselves; but frequently we stop there, and give no thought to other people. It may be said that a man must think of himself before he can think of other people, that unless he first secures his own position he cannot befriend those around him. But there is a good deal of fallacy in such reasoning.

It is possible to think of the greatest good of the greatest number as the first end of life, and yet be our own best friend, for if we benefit the whole we

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shall of necessity benefit ourselves. It may be true that if a man labours simply for himself, yet in the prosecution of his own ambition finds work for other people, he to that extent does good and unwittingly becomes a benefactor. But the moral value of an act lies in the motive which is behind it. No man can reach to any point of moral grandeur, no man can attain to the highest level of citizenship, much less of manhood, who exploits the forces of nature, or the movements of society, or the labour of others, merely for his own personal gratification or ambition. It may be that, in the operations and forces of nature and commerce, other people will be indirectly benefited by his exploitation of these things; but he himself can receive no moral benefit. He may add to his material resources, but he cannot add an inch to his moral stature.

It is not by taking thought for self that we grow morally and spiritually; it is by losing our life that we find it; it is by forgetting ourselves that we realise the highest good and the truest pleasure. He who merely thinks about his own happiness is never happy, for we are really most happy when we are not thinking of ourselves at all, but when we are thinking how we may best labour for the happiness of other people. It is a very pleasing sign of the times that some of our greatest employers of labour are thinking as much of the well-being of those whom they employ as they do of their own personal aggrandisement; indeed, many men who have acquired sufficient wealth still run their huge factories, and bear all the burden of a vast industry, for the sake of keeping in employment those who have helped to make their wealth.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

OLD LACE.

Fold upon fold,
Yellow as gold,
Woven by delicate fingers of old,
Here in its place
Grandmother's lace
Lies like a dream of her maidenhood's grace.

Fragrance of rose
Out of it flows,
Leaves of the past that its meshes enclose;
Sweets of old days,
Lavender sprays,
All that a maid in her treasure-chest lays.

Fair as her head,
Thread over thread,
Sleeps the old lace that she wore when she wed.
Beautiful day!—
But fold it away,
Grandmother's lace, and the rose, and the spray.

James Buckham.

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Violet Eyes.

A FAIRY TALE.

By MARION REID.

AS Annette and Roland were playing one day by the well which bubbled from a great rock close to the Castle, they saw a little lame girl come down to draw water. Her pitcher was large and very heavy, and the poor child seemed to have great difficulty in lifting it.

"Let us help you," cried Annette, springing to her feet; "we'll carry the pitcher up the steep bank for you, and then you will be on the level ground."

The little girl thanked the children prettily, looking at them out of a pair of lovely dark eyes.

"I shall call her Violet Eyes," cried Annette, as, having assisted her, they watched the little girl over the brow of the hill carrying her water-pot bravely.

Thus it came about that Violet Eyes and the children became great friends. Annette and Roland helped her every day with her water drawing, and they began to look forward to these daily meetings with the greatest pleasure. As for Violet Eyes, she was perfectly devoted to the children, and in return for their kindness told them the most delightful stories.

This went on for some time, when there came a day of great excitement for the children. Their soldier father returned suddenly from the war when no one was expecting him, and all was bustle and rejoicing.

The war was at an end, and everyone hoped that days of peace and happiness were about to begin. Alas! no sooner was the foreign foe subdued, than from all parts of the country came tales of the dreadful doings of bands of robbers, who, hiding by day in caves and forests, came out at night to rob and kill. The King sent a message to the children's father to take a band of trusty followers and clear the country of these brigands. Everyone said for so great a soldier this would be an easy task. But it was none so easy after all, and it was many a weary month before the work was done.

One day a messenger from the General arrived in haste, bearing a letter which said, "I have captured the better part of the Black Band together with the brother of the Captain, but the Chief, Ralph, has escaped. Be sure you do not let the children out of your sight, as he has sworn to be revenged on me in the most horrible manner."

When the children's mother read these words she was thrown into a state of great agitation.

"The children are in the woods," she cried, "run, run at once and bring them in." And everyone set off in hot haste to do the lady's bidding. But though they searched the wood from end to end the children were nowhere to be found.

I must tell you what had happened. They had been sitting some time by the spring hoping to meet their friend Violet Eyes, when they were startled by seeing a very strange-looking old woman coming towards them. As soon as they caught sight of her she turned and hastened up the hill again. She carried on her arm a large basket full of all sorts of glittering toys, and what was most extraordinary was that every now and then she would take up a toy, look at it carefully, and then throw it away.

"Well, I declare," cried Roland, "did you ever see anything so strange? Let us go after her and see what these things are like."

Annette was a little afraid at first, but the old lady took no notice of them, and curiosity got the better of discretion. They went on and on, picking up the toys

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the old woman threw away, and became so excited wondering what would come next, that they did not notice how far from home they were wandering. Suddenly there was a wild whoop, a clattering of horses' feet, an agonised cry from Roland, and Annette, in terror and amazement, saw her little brother being carried away in the midst of a band of fierce-looking horsemen. Roland shrieked wildly for help, and poor Annette ran and ran, calling distractedly on him till she realised she was all alone, and the horsemen had disappeared from sight. She dropped upon the ground unable to run another step and shaken with sobs, the most desolate little maid in the world.

As she lay thus, giving way to despair, she was startled to feel a hand on her shoulder and to hear a voice saying, "Dear, dear Annette, why do you weep, why are you out on this wild moor by yourself?"

Annette looked up timidly, brushing the tears from her eyes, and there was the little lame girl! At once she began to pour out the history of her dreadful troubles. Violet Eyes listened attentively, and when Annette had ended her story, said, "I know these men, and I know where they are carrying your brother."

"Tell me where it is," cried Annette excitedly, "and my mother will send a hundred soldiers to rescue him."

"That would not do, I am afraid," said Violet Eyes; "they are such cruel men, they would kill poor Roland before the soldiers could reach him."

Annette was in an agony, "Kill poor Roland!" Her lips could hardly form the cruel words.

Violet Eyes began to search in a wallet she carried on her back. "I have something here," she said, "that might help you." And she drew out a small packet wrapped in some dried leaves. Annette looked at her in impatient wonder. One after the other she removed the wrappings, and at last displayed in the palm of her hand two pale green seeds—nothing more.

"You are very cruel to make fun of me like that," sobbed Annette. "I thought you were a kind girl."

"Listen to me." Violet Eyes was quite serious. "These seeds that you think so useless are really the greatest treasures I possess; if you eat one of them you at once become invisible, and remain so for five hours."

"But how will that help Roland?" gasped Annette.

"Let us walk on," said Violet Eyes, "and I will explain." They hastened on, and the little lame girl told Annette what she must do.

After they had walked for about an hour they reached a very rugged piece of country, with roughly piled rocks in front, and a range of lofty mountains beyond. "Alas, alas!" sighed Annette, straining her eyes towards the horizon, "there is nothing to be seen, and it is getting dreadfully dark."

"Though you can see nothing," replied Violet Eyes, "the cave I have been telling you about is just over there; I am going to show you how to get into it; you must be very brave for Roland's sake."

"I will," said Annette, clenching her teeth. The little girls began to walk very carefully, Violet Eyes showing her friend how to dodge behind rocks and bushes. At last they came to the entrance of the cave, which was so cleverly concealed that unless Violet Eyes had shown her the opening, Annette would have thought she was looking at a solid rock. The time was now come when the magic seed must be eaten. Annette swallowed it bravely. You may think how strange it felt when she could no longer see her own hand held before her face. The seed had done its work thoroughly. Violet Eyes repeated all her instructions, and Annette plunged valiantly into the darkness of the cave. She went on and on, feeling her way carefully, for she must make no noise. A glimmering light began to appear before her, outlining an archway in the rocks, over which hung a great mat of dried grass. She pushed it aside gently, and behold she was in the centre of the brigands' stronghold. She felt as if they must all turn round and stare at her, but no, she was unseen, and there opposite was the wooden ladder that led to the upper cave where Roland must be. How it creaked as she climbed it, but the brigands were evidently used to creaks. The passage she was now entering was very low and dark. She crept on till another low opening was before her, and now she heard the sound of stifled sobs. It was Roland, poor darling, weeping all by himself. How glad she was of the darkness, for she could throw her arms

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round his neck, and whisper, "It is Annette, Roland," before he had time to cry out or be frightened at her invisibleness.

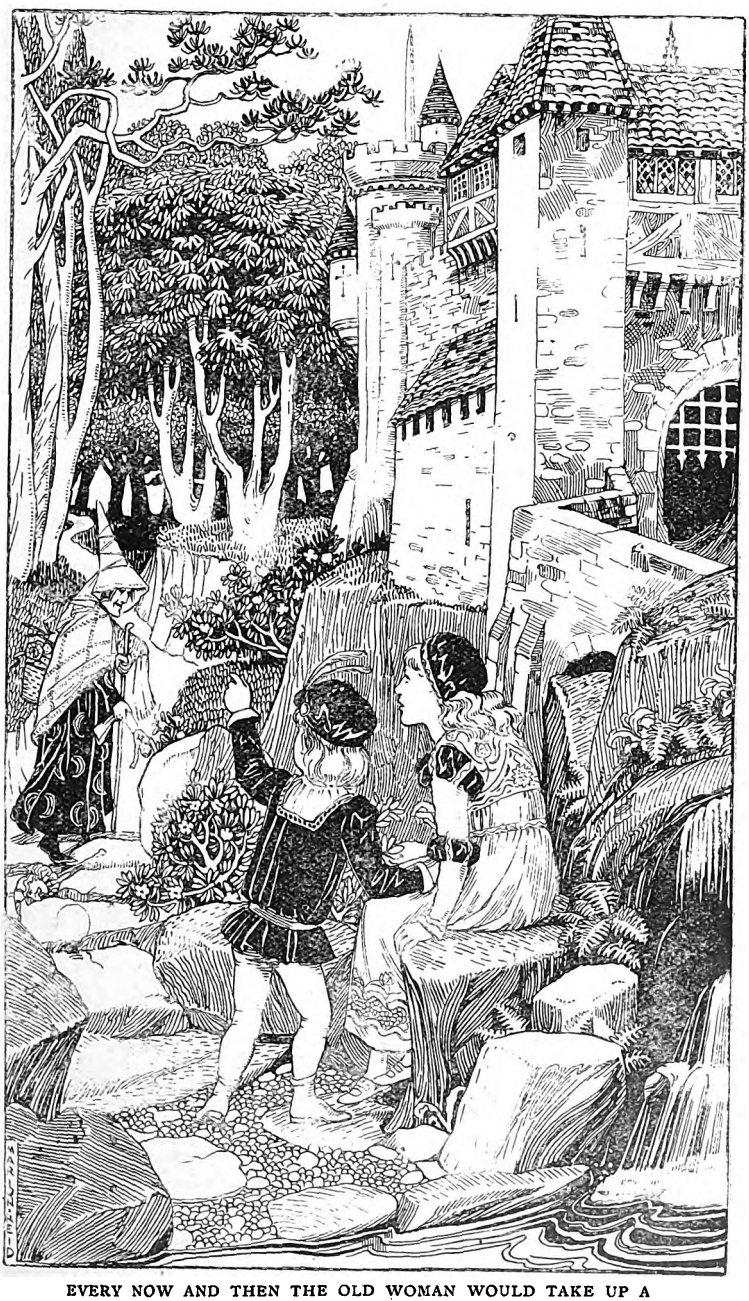
Then she told him the story of how Violet Eyes had found her, and lastly about the wonderful seeds. Roland was amazed, and strained his eyes in the darkness to find out if he really could not see Annette. She, however, begged him to lose no time wondering, but to begin at once and eat the other seed. Alas! as Annette was endeavouring to extract the precious germ from its wrapper, it slipped from her fingers and rolled away into the darkness. At first they searched hopefully, feeling every inch of the cold rocky floor; but, seek as they would, they found nothing. It was an agonising time.

"If we had but a light," moaned Roland.

"I will go down and get a twig from the fire," said Annette. But she forgot that though she was invisible a burning twig was not. A young brigand caught sight of this moving mysterious light, and such a commotion arose that she had to drop the brand and slip back to Roland.

"We must wait till they are all asleep, and try again," she said anxiously, and Roland agreed that they must wait.

How they listened, and how long the time seemed! You must remember, too, that the effect of the seed was only to last five hours, and they had no means of knowing how the time went. At last



EVERY NOW AND THEN THE OLD WOMAN WOULD TAKE UP A TOY . . . AND THEN THROW IT AWAY.

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Annette heard a sound that cheered her; it was snoring. Oh joy, the brigands were asleep! Down she went again, the wood fire was fortunately still burning, she crept to it, picked up a burning stick, and with this lighted the end of an old tallow candle she found lying on the ground. This time she regained Roland's prison without mishap. No sooner did the candle light up the floor of the cave, than there lay the seed before them, securely wedged in a crack.

Now all was well, Roland ate the seed, and in a few minutes was invisible like his sister. He went first down the ladder, Annette, carrying the candle in her hand, followed. In her haste she had forgotten about it. Just as they reached the grass screen over the cave mouth, the same brigand who had noticed the light before opened his eyes. He was thrown into a wild state of alarm. "There are magic lights about to-night," he cried hoarsely. In a minute all his comrades were awake, demanding what was the matter. As he pointed towards the doorway they all made a rush thither, and had not Annette hurriedly thrown down the candle and drawn Roland and herself against the wall, they would have inevitably have been caught. As it was, the brigands could see nothing, and, angrily accusing their disturber of dreaming, they returned to the cave.

Outside Annette and Roland could see no sign of Violet Eyes, but they knew the way home, and set off thither as fast as they could, feeling wonderfully safe in their invisible state. The funny thing was that before they reached home Annette had come into sight again, but little Roland was nowhere to be seen. His sister had much difficulty in persuading her parents that what they heard and felt was really their little son.

When the General, who had in the meantime arrived home, understood the story, he called a strong band of soldiers and set out to catch the robbers. Annette, to her everlasting pride, went with him to show the way.

The brigands were all caught and brought to justice, so the land was once more free and safe. Often did the children wish they could meet the little lame girl, Violet Eyes, to thank her for all she had done for them, but, strange to say, she never again came to fill her pitcher at the Castle fountain.

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A PUBLIC PROPOSAL.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

"BEGIN to wish now," said Miss Rickers, wistfully, "that we'd decided on Southend."

The three girls stood at the bow window of the Sea View Boarding House and looked out with depression on their countenances. The house, unlike some sea-side establishments, justified its title; the present grievance of the three short girls from London being that whilst you could view the sea, you could view little else. Just now that a shower pelted down making the window-panes cry, there was not a person to be seen on what the quiet little Sussex town called the Imperial Parade. The three girls had only arrived the previous night and already they knew every shop by heart; already they had overhauled the library of Sea View, which consisted of "Ben Hur," and "After Ophir," and a few other volumes. They were fellow-clerks in a large office in Queen Victoria Street; Miss Minns, who was the eldest of the three (being, indeed, nearly nineteen) having read in a society paper that those who have gone through the storm and stress of a London season should spend a holiday in some quiet retreat, had taken the management of affairs into her own hands, with the result that she had now to meet veiled reproaches from the other two. A distracted contents bill was blown up the Parade bearing the announcement, among others, "Return of an African Explorer." The contents bill clung to the iron gate of Sea View, seeming desirous of making a stay there, but the wind would not hear of this, and, forcing it to release its hold, blew it on again towards the market.

"I enjoyed myself one year," said Miss Baines, the third girl, "at Margate."

"Southend's a place where there's always something going on," remarked Miss Rickers, breathing on the window-pane and drawing there the face of a young man with a moustache.

"Margate jetty," said Miss Baines, "is as lively as lively."

"Parts of Southend are quiet," said Miss Rickers, taking up her part in the duet, "but you've only got to get down where the niggers are playing——"

"Look here, you two," interrupted Miss Minns, with authority, "we're here now and we shall have to put up with it. After all, a quiet holiday will do us all good, and if it only leaves off raining——"

"I don't believe," said Miss Rickers, tragically, "that there's a fellow in the place."

The proprietress opened the door of the drawing-room. In her arms she brought a small baby in a white frock and a large white flopping sun hat, his small face sun-browned where the large hat had failed to protect. The baby opened his eyes very widely on seeing as many as three young women and then looked up at the proprietress for an explanation of this extraordinarily agreeable encounter.

"I've brought our baby," said the matronly proprietress, in a breathless way, "for you ladies to look at; at least, he's not our baby, of course, he belongs to Miss Welby, only that it's not her baby but her poor sister's."

"She's a dear ickle, ickle baby dirl," said the three young women in unison, wagging their pretty heads at the infant with great delight. The infant frowned.

"No, she isn't," said the proprietress, "he's a boy."

This fact only added to the interest of the three young ladies from London. Each wanted to nurse him, and there seemed a likelihood of the return of acerbity because of this, until the pro-

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prietress suggested that each should take two minutes, which was accordingly done, and Miss Minns took the tiny boy in her arms whilst the other two timed her by their watches.

"You haven't met Miss Welby yet," chattered the proprietress, genially, "but you shall. She's a tall, 'andsome lady who keeps herself very retired, and she's simply devoted 'eart, body and soul to this sister's child. I see him, the artful young rascal, a-winking at me."

"Is the mother dead?" asked the girl who was dancing the delighted baby.

"Dead," replied the proprietress, "and buried."

A telegraph boy came along the Parade and the baby was held up to watch his approach. The three girls, taking advantage of the baby's ignorance of official matters, assured him that the uniformed lad was the Postmaster-General; but the baby sneered slightly as intimation that he was not to be imposed upon by the extravagant statements of mere women. The telegraph boy came up the steps of Sea View; half a minute later the servant brought in a telegram.

"Another visitor!" cried the proprietress, triumphantly, as she read it. "And a gentleman, too, this time."

"What's his name?" asked Miss Rickers, looking up from the small infant. The infant kicked her arm with a woollen-socked foot as warning to Miss Rickers that she was not to take an interest in two men at the same time.

"John something," replied the proprietress, "L-a-n-g—." The door opened and a tall young woman in mourning entered the room. "Miss Welby," called the proprietress, "your eyes are younger than mine. What do you make of this name?"

The tall young woman, coming forward quietly, took the thin sheet of paper.

"John Langholme," she read, steadily. But her hand trembled, and the flimsy slip fluttered to the ground.

"I knew it was something," said the proprietress, recovering it. "He's a perfect stranger to me, but he's coming here to-day, and it'll make the other 'ouses pretty jealous when they see I've got five and a dear baby whilst they're empty. But I'm forgetting to introduce you ladies."

The three short girls bowed, and Miss Rickers gave up the plunging, suddenly excited baby to its aunt. She took the boy with a very pretty air of guardianship, the boy cooing to her in an argumentative way as she talked to him and told him that he was a dreadful young scamp to give so much trouble to the three ladies.

"Are you all new to this place, I wonder?" she asked. "You will find it very quiet."

"They were just complaining of that," said Miss Minns as the proprietress went out of the room, "when your little nephew appeared, and he's brightened us all up."

The infant looked acutely at his aunt.

"I always thought," said Miss Welby, pinching the young man's cheeks, "that I disliked children, but since I have had to take charge of this boy I find that I was altogether wrong."

"Must have been a great trial to you when your sister died," remarked Miss Baines.

"There were trials before that," she answered, simply.

"And you've lived here since?"

She nodded, and the three young women standing around compassionately looked at the open-eyed boy.

"I should love to undress him," burst out Miss Rickers, suddenly, "and help you put him to bye-bye."

"You shall," said Miss Welby.

The baby affected to be overcome with confusion at this, burying his head in the white blouse of his young aunt. Outside the rain left off, and the sun appeared to dry up the sandy shore in that instantaneous way that it has at the seaside. A few people came out of the houses and dotted the front; the three standing in the bow window chattered brightly about themselves and their work in Queen Victoria Street, having by this time thoroughly recovered their usual good spirits.

"You must let me act as guide," said the tall young woman. "To-morrow we'll get away along to the west and picnic if you like."

"It'll be jolly," said Miss Minns. Miss Minns, as manager, felt particularly glad at the brightened aspect of affairs. "Perhaps we might ask this Mr. Langholme to come with us."

"Is it necessary?" the other asked quickly.

"Well," said Miss Minns, "we'll see what he's like first."

"I do hope he's young," remarked Miss Rickers.

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"And good-looking," said Miss Baines, adjusting the fringe on her forehead.

"There was a Mr. Langholme who went out to Africa and did great things there. Do you think it's possible, Miss Welby, that it's the same?"

"I think," she said, bending over the baby, "that it is quite possible."

Indeed, when the new visitor arrived that evening at Sea View, just in time for dinner, this anticipation proved to be correct. John Langholme, introduced and seated between two of the short girls, confessed modestly that he was *the* John Langholme, that he had been to Africa; had, indeed, only arrived in England the previous day. He had a book to write about his travels, and it had occurred to him—here he glanced across the table—it had occurred to him that he might as well do it at a quiet, sea-side place, the quieter the better. He was a brown-faced, broad-shouldered man, with a closely-clipped beard and a pleasant manner of deference towards the young women seated at the table. Miss Welby sat opposite to him, and did not at first join in the conversation; for this there was the less necessity, seeing that the three short girls all seemed inclined to speak to Mr. Langholme at the same time. The proprietress at the head of the table, beaming with a gratification beyond measurement, ordered that the blinds should not be drawn—this that other proprietresses might be stricken with envy.

"Miss Welby," said the proprietress, "let me temp' you with a little more of this jelly. No? You're not making 'alf a meal this evening. If I were you I should go out for a run on the Perade, it'll freshen you up."

"If Miss Welby will allow me," began the man from Africa, without looking at her.

"We will all go out," replied Miss Welby, addressing the three girls.

"That'll be lovely," declared Miss Minns, with enthusiasm. "I simply dote on the moonlight."

"Is there a band?" asked Miss Rickers.

"Well," replied the proprietress, hesitatingly, "there's a harmonium."

"At Southend now, Mr. Langholme," said Miss Rickers, "there's music and I don't know what all."

"Margate's the place for music," urged Miss Baines. "If you're fond of travelling, Mr. Langholme, you ought to go to Margate by boat."

"I venture to predict," he said genially, "that with fine weather we shall be able to enjoy our stay here. Miss Welby, you will help, won't you?"

"She goes out very little," interposed the proprietress, as Miss Welby hesitated a moment before replying. "This little baby nephew of hers won't bear her out of his sight when he's awake."

"Your sister's child?" he asked, sharply. "Is she not here to take care of it?"

"How can she," asked the proprietress, replying to this, "when she's been gone from this world these two months? Dear, patient, young thing she was, too, and the very last night she said to me, she said——"

The young woman, her eyes full of tears, rose hastily. Langholme hurried to open the door for her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, very earnestly. "I am sorry."

It seemed to the three short ladies that Mr. Langholme scarce kept up to the standard of cheerfulness with which he had started. Miss Welby did not make one of the party, and the three short girls chattered to their escort as they walked up and down the parade, telling him all the jokes about other girls in their office, and giving him their criticisms on popular novelists. Langholme was still courteous, but thoughtful; he listened to Miss Minns's observations with a slightly abstracted air, as one whose mind was on another subject.

The three girls on the return to their room, discussed him between themselves frankly. Miss Rickers declared that he was just her ideal of what a gentleman should be; and whilst she wished for her part that she were, say, a foot taller, still you often saw tall men with short wives, and precise equality in height was by no means indispensable to perfect happiness. Miss Minns, more critical, said, give her a livelier disposition. Miss Baines remarked apprehensively that a husband who was always popping off to Africa was not what *she* called a husband; and that if she were concerned in such a case, she should feel inclined to put her foot down once for all. But all of them were fluttered by the interest given to their holiday by the arrival of the celebrated Mr. Langholme.

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Interest there was. Mr. Langholme wrote every morning in a room which the proprietress, with sparkling inventiveness, instantly christened the library; hours when Miss Welby was conducting the small baby in his high perambulator, surrounded and flattered by an *entourage* made up of the three short girls from London. Other babies on the Parade looked enviously at Miss Welby's nephew; but for the limitations of free speech imposed upon them by their extreme youth, there is no doubt that indignation meetings of infants would have been held.

Then in the afternoon Langholme would arrange some trip or some adventurous sail; journeys which were always planned to include Miss Welby, but never did include Miss Welby, because she was ever sending an excuse at the last moment. The three girls no longer discussed Mr. Langholme amongst themselves. Reserve came when his name was mentioned, and Miss Minns one evening, feeling it unwise to leave everything until the last moment, wrote out a carefully-worded notice, commencing Langholme—Minns, suitable for insertion on page one of the daily journals.

A great thunderstorm came on the evening before the close of the London girls' holiday. The proprietress was exultant over the storm, as though it were something that she had provided for her boarders at great expense; and having laid mirrors flat on dressing-tables, she stood at the bay window with the three young women explaining the progress of the mad, vivid, tumultuous scene without, in the manner of a pyrotechnist. Mr. Langholme had gone to the station to meet a parcel of reference books from town, and along the rain-swept Parade they saw him presently, to their great concern, striding in the direction of Sea View. A flash of lightning ("Look," said the landlady, "wasn't that a brilliant one?") seemed to go athwart him. The three girls gasped affrightedly, and held each other's hands.

"Why didn't he wait at the station until it was over?" whispered Miss Minns.

"He'll be wet through and through," declared Miss Baines.

"He's the kind of man," said Miss Rickers, definitely, "that wants someone to look after him."

Out on the sea the bright flashes of lightning came now and again across the dark background, the rolling and rumbling of thunder deadened for a time all other sounds in the house. It seemed once in an interval that the small baby upstairs was wailing, but Miss Welby being with him, the proprietress, vain of the spectacle without, would not allow any of her three boarders to leave the bay window. The drenched figure of Langholme came near, and this also induced them to stay.

"Where is she?" he almost shouted, as the door opened and he entered the hall.

"You'll 'ave to change, sir," said the proprietress. "You 'aven't got a dry stitch on you."

"Tell me at once," he cried, "where is Margaret?"

"Mr. Langholme, sir," answered the proprietress, with mild surprise, "I don't know a party of the name. Why didn't you take your macintosh?"

"Miss Welby!" he said, excitedly, "Is she upstairs? If so, go to her at once. A thunderstorm always unnerves her."

"How d' you know, sir?" asked the proprietress, going to the foot of the stairs. The three girls, who had been listening, flew up in advance of her.

"Bring her into the drawing-room," he ordered, insistently. "Close the shutters, draw the curtains, and light the lamps. I will see her there as soon as I have changed."

The three girls found Miss Welby in a fainting fit across her bed; the small baby, screaming himself hoarse in a tearless manner, with endeavour to arouse the household. When she had revived, the baby, exhausted by his hard work, went immediately to sleep in his bassinette, and the girls helped her very gently downstairs. In the drawing-room Langholme paced up and down with an agitated manner.

"Margaret," he said, going forward, "let me help. I knew the thunderstorm would distress you."

"John!" she whispered. The three girls stared at each other.

"I think," said Langholme, as he assisted her to the couch, "I think, Margaret, we ought to tell these good young ladies that we are not the strangers to each other that they may well have assumed us to be."

"I will tell them," she said, laying a hand on his arm.

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"Let *me* do so. Miss Minns, you are commander-in-chief, aren't you?"

"In a sense," replied Miss Minns, cautiously, "yes."

"Let me tell you then, Miss Minns, that once in the very happiest time of my life I was fortunate enough to be engaged to the most charming girl in the world."

Her hand touched his arm, this time reprovingly.

"The most charming girl in the world. Because I wanted to travel, and because she declined to leave her married sister, married to a worthless scamp who had deserted her, we quarrelled."

"I thought," she said, in a low voice, "that perhaps all husbands were alike."

"My dear Margaret," he said cheerfully, "they are all different. And," he turned again to Miss Minns, "we determined never to speak to each other again. Perhaps you know what lovers' quarrels are?"

"We have never really been engaged," confessed Miss Minns, "not one of us."

"You will know," said Langholme, "and then you will have sympathy for us. During all the time that I was in Africa I never forgot the dear girl, and when I returned to England I came to her at once. What I am going to say now I have wanted to say before, but she has given me no opportunity. I want her," his voice broke slightly, "to let me help her to look after the little chap upstairs."

"I think," she said, stroking his wrist affectionately, "that I must make one condition."

"Only one, dear?"

"I shall want bridesmaids," she said, "and I have no relatives now. I think I shall want three."

"Miss Welby," cried Miss Minns, falling on one knee and kissing her, "you don't mean, you *can't* mean that you are going to ask three short girls like us to be——"

"Unless you all consent," said Miss Welby, decidedly, "I shall not become Mrs. Langholme."

The three girls glanced at each other delightedly. Miss Rickers and Miss Baines nodded to their leader to reply on their behalf.

"Oh," said Miss Minns, kissing her again, "you'll be Mrs. Langholme all right."

[THE END.]

MIDNIGHT.

The moon crept over the mountain edge
  And made a path of light;
The cloud swept over my hoping heart
  And made of it dark night.
Then of a sudden the wind arose,
  Like a giant out of the sea,
Playing and tossing the feathery film,
  Showering light o'er me.
Ah, the sweet peace that follows pain,
  The silent, sacred rest!
Soul of my soul, thine incense I breathe,
  Dreaming the night is blest.

Mary Forney Thunder.

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A Free Shelter for Homeless Men.

By ARTHUR WELBY.

IT is between four and five in the afternoon, and down Ratcliff way —where a general air of poverty and meanness pervades the stifling streets, with their gaunt, smoke-grimed houses, their ragged urchins disporting in the gutter, and their tide of hard-working and workless humanity—a little band of men, shabby and dispirited even for Ratcliff, are beginning to collect in the Horseferry Branch Road.

They stand in front of a lofty building, attractive by reason of its bright and cleanly appearance—qualities which are not native to Ratcliff—and bearing on its front in bold letters "Medland Hall."

When six o'clock arrives, the doors open, and three or four hundred fortunate ones enter the friendly portal, while the others turn sadly away to seek a night's lodging under some dark archway, or on the seats of the Embankment, where the stern summons to "move on" soon drives them from even this cold resting-place.

Medland Hall is a shelter for homeless men, the only free shelter in London open all the year round, and its patrons, though destitute of all the good things of this life, are no idle loafers for whom the Casual Ward is ample provision, but working men penniless and out of employment, to whom just a helping hand means much.

Many a man has been saved from utter despair by a little timely assistance—the night's lodging and the simple but satisfying meal of bread and butter which was given to him at the Hall.

Admission is by tickets, which are issued, free of cost, to any applicants who can give a satisfactory account of themselves, each ticket entitling a man to a bunk for six nights, provided that there is one vacant, and even if he comes too late to secure a berth the first night, he may be more fortunate on the following evening.

About half-past five, one of the attendants walks alongside the ranks and gives the order for all men with admission tickets to come to the front.

Accommodation is found for these first, and afterwards, if there is any room, the other cases are dealt with in order.

When all the beds have been allotted, the doors are shut and a notice "Full" is posted outside, and the disappointed ones file slowly, but not empty, away, for each has received a liberal allowance of food.

Before following the successful applicants into the Hall, we will take a glance at the history and progress of the work, which is carried on as a part of the philanthropic work of the London Congregational Union.

Medland Hall, formerly known as the Queen Street Meeting House, was opened as a free shelter for the first time on Sunday, January 5th, 1891.

Only fifty-one inmates were accommodated the first night; but the number increased rapidly as the existence of the shelter became known.

Six months after it was opened, the hall was destroyed by fire, but a temporary shelter was provided, and by the early part of the next year the work was again transferred to a new building on the old site. Galleries were built to provide extra sleeping accommodation, and at one time as many as 683 persons were taken in. But the Majesty of the Law, which makes no adequate provision for the homeless poor, had to be vindicated, and a summons for overcrowding was issued, although there were not more in the Hall than could be comfortably housed.

An order was accordingly made against the Medland Hall authorities, though the presiding magistrate expressed his great sympathy with the work, and personally contributed to its support.

After that, only 300 were admitted nightly, but an extension of the premises

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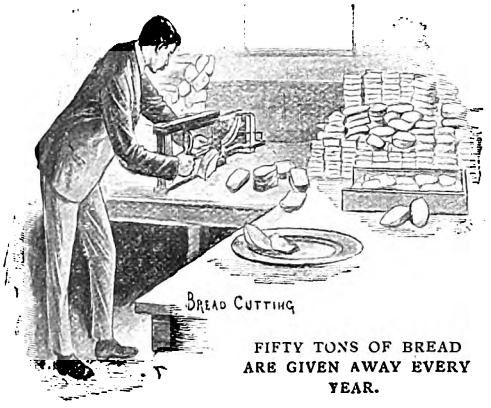

FIFTY TONS OF BREAD ARE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.

has since allowed of this number being increased.

Every man on entering receives half a pound of bread and butter, and what is scarcely less appreciated, a good supply of hot water, of which there are 160 gallons ready when the doors open, and this is added to at the rate of sixty-five gallons a minute.

Upstairs there is a hair cutting and shaving department, where many of the new comers are glad to repair, and indulge in a comfort to which they have long been strangers.

Everything is done to make the poor fellows as comfortable as possible, and rules are conspicuous by their absence. No galling restrictions remind the men that they are being housed and fed on charity; they are allowed to smoke and read and chat among themselves as freely as if they were enjoying the privileges of a club.

Those who have been able to purchase a little tea, or to even obtain some tea-leaves, soon have a steaming can of tea brewing.

The kindness and good-fellowship of the poor among themselves is proverbial, and it is seldom that any one of these men sits down to his tea without asking a less fortunate comrade to join him.

At seven o'clock a whistle is blown and an attendant, mounting into the gallery, announces the names of those for whom letters have been received.

Every facility is given to the inmates to write to their friends, stamps and stationery being provided for the purpose.

At nine o'clock all lights are lowered, and the men retire to rest, the attendant making his rounds three times during the night to see that everything is all right and that the temperature of the rooms is maintained at about 60 deg. F.

During the winter evenings concerts are frequently arranged, and over 200 instrumentalists and vocalists have given their services on behalf of this deserving charity in the course of a year.

The question may be asked what is the need for a shelter when the taxpayer provides a refuge in the casual ward. The answer is that the workhouse not only makes a man a pauper but keeps him so, and, apart from the horror with which all respectable men regard it, their reluctance is based on quite other than sentimental grounds. As long as a man seeks shelter in the casual ward it is practically impossible for him to obtain employment. In return for his night's lodging he has to do a day's hard labour at stone breaking or oakum picking, and is not released until nine o'clock on the third day. It is here where the crying injustice comes in, because unless the unskilled labourer can look for his work long before this hour, he stands no chance of obtaining it.

At Medland Hall a very different system prevails. No matter at what time a man wishes to rise he can go to bed without any fear of oversleeping himself, as the attendant will call him at any hour that he names. Many go out as early as one and two o'clock, especially those who work in the docks, when it is absolutely necessary that they should be on the spot a long time before the gates open, as the earliest to arrive are the ones to be selected.

Many of the inmates of Medland Hall only require shelter for a single night, and the average for the year is only twelve nights per man. Some of them have just been discharged from hospital after recovery from a serious accident, and have been vainly seeking for work; others, sailors mostly, are spending a single night in London before sailing away to some remote quarter of the globe on the following day, while others again have just obtained situations but have not the means to live till their first week's money is due.

A large number of those who use the shelter are men past middle life; men who have been skilful workmen in their time, but for whom, though in many cases

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the quality of their work may have little deteriorated, the world seems to have no place.

One of the greatest difficulties which those who have come down in the world experience is in the shabbiness of their clothes. The authorities at the Hall not only offer every facility in the way of repairing boots and worn garments, but give away annually over 1,400 articles of clothing.

One man who was staying at the Hall had received a recommendation to an employer from a friend of the latter's, but the poor fellow looked so dejected and his clothes were so dilapidated, that the gentleman, though disposed to help him by giving him a post as time-keeper at 25s. per week, could not think of employing such a shabby individual about his place. The Hall, however, came to the rescue, and provided him with a complete outfit—hat, boots, jacket, vest, trousers, collar, tie, and shirt, and on calling again he was at once engaged. During the first week of his employment he was provided with food and shelter at the Hall.

Skilled workmen are often unable to obtain work because their tools are in pawn. The manager of the Hall frequently redeems the pledges on the condition that the men will refund the money out of their earnings, a trust which is seldom abused. Not only are the weak and ailing looked after and tenderly cared for in the sick ward, but surgical appliances, wooden legs and wooden arms have been presented to those needing them, and with the aid of these artificial limbs, many a poor cripple has been enabled to earn a living for himself, which would have been otherwise impossible.

The amount of bread which is given away annually is fifty tons; last year there were over 160,000 admissions to the shelter, this representing between 14 and 15,000 different men whom the Hall benefited; 26,000 odd were turned away for the lack of room, and probably if the accommodation of the Hall were doubled there would still be as great a number seeking vainly for admission, as, when late comers see a large crowd waiting outside the doors, they think there is no chance for them and go away.

And what is the cost of this splendid work among the homeless men of London? It works out at less than 1½d. per head per night, and this trifling sum will give a man a comfortable bed and a sufficiency of food.

It is an appalling fact that there are more homeless men in London than homeless dogs, and coroners' inquests constantly reveal cases of death from starvation. And let this fact be borne in mind, it is not the worthless vagrant who is the victim, for to him the resource of stealing is always open, and even if unsuccessful and detected, he is at least provided with food and shelter at the expense of the nation, and far better cared for than that greatest of criminals the unfortunate pauper.

That honest men should be allowed to die of sheer want in our streets is a national scandal, and until our Poor Laws are put on a better footing, it is an imperative duty that liberal support should be given to such institutions as Medland Hall, which, though they have accomplished splendid work, have been only able to touch on the fringe of a great problem.

ARTHUR WELBY.

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His Heart's Desire.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

MESSIRE ODO RIGAULT, Lord Archbishop of Rouen in the days of King Louis the Ninth, one day set forth, with a sumptuous train, to visit his suffragan, the Bishop of Evreux. Odo was splendidly mounted; the sunshine glittered on the superb dresses and rich caparisons of his followers, as their horses caracoled along the highway that ran beside the foot of Mont St. Cathérine, for they had left Rouen by its western gate.

There could be no doubt that Messire Odo Rigault was the richest personage in the fair province of Normandy; no one else had such revenues; no one else owned so many rich estates, so many lucrative dairy-farms, so many mills and fishponds; the wines in his vast cellars were renowned for their excellence. There seemed, in fact, no end to his wealth; and yet as he rode along beside the lovely Seine, surrounded by his gorgeous suite, Messire the Lord Archbishop sighed heavily, and his face looked full of care.

Each time the *cortège* came in sight of one of the numerous fortresses of the Norman barons of that period, the prelate's face lengthened, he sighed yet more heavily, and his chin dropped lower on his chest.

"Yes," he thought, "they all have their impregnable strongholds, each one of them can defy me, while I do not even possess a castle; I have only a few houses, which could not hold out against the attack of an army of women. What is the use of my wealth? It may be taken from me any day! I cannot secure it in a fortress which could withstand a siege of the English barbarians, or the attacks of my own robber knights and nobles."

It was a fact that the Archbishop did not possess a single stronghold; he had more than once seen a castle which he fancied would serve his purpose, but even though he had offered a large price for it, the owner invariably refused to sell it to him. Odo had become so absorbed in these moody meditations that he had not observed the gathering clouds. Suddenly a forked flash of blue lightning shot across his path; a deafening clap of thunder followed, and then came torrents of rain.

The Archbishop's seneschal, Louis de Canteleu, rode up to him.

"My lord must seek shelter," he said; "it is impossible that he can ride on to Evreux in the teeth of this storm; see how the clouds have gathered round us. Ah! what is that?"

As he spoke another vivid flash showed a castle with lofty towers on the brow of the hill beneath which they rode.

The seneschal pointed to it. "See there, your highness; shall I not ride up to yonder castle and ask for shelter in my lord's name?"

"No," the Archbishop said firmly; "it is better to suffer a wetting than to ask the churlish hospitality of a tyrant noble, who will probably refuse us admittance. Let us hasten on to Evreux."

The seneschal looked round at the scowling faces of the attendants; the men were already wet to the skin. He looked up again searchingly at the castle on the height, and his face suddenly cleared.

"Messire may set his mind at rest," the seneschal said, with great reverence. "I did not think we had come so far on our way. This, my lord, is the famous castle of Gaillon, and it belongs to the King. It has been ever a royal fortress."

The Archbishop looked interested. "Is it truly Gaillon?" he said. "I have

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long wished to see this famous fortress; we will go there."

The attendants were greatly cheered by this order, and the seneschal hastened on, and the cavalcade followed so speedily that, before he expected, the prelate found himself arrived at the castle gates.

Suddenly the Archbishop felt greatly troubled; he was impatient to see this strong castle; yet something whispered him that it would be wise to keep away from Gaillon.

The ancient building was a dark, sombre fortress, erected for strength rather than for show; its exterior was grim and unattractive.

The Governor of Gaillon received the Archbishop of Rouen with all fitting reverence, and expressed his satisfaction that so distinguished a guest should honour the castle with his presence. Blazing fires were quickly kindled in the chief rooms, and an excellent supper was soon placed before the prelate; while his attendants feasted merrily below with the garrison, and dried their soaked clothing.

But, good as the supper was, the Archbishop had little stomach for it; he was seized with so intense a longing to become the Castellan of Gaillon that when he lay down his desire kept sleep from his eyes.

In the morning he asked to be shown over the fortress; he examined the fortifications, and declared himself delighted with their strength; he was delighted, too, with the castle's position on the brow of a hill, which made it on that side impregnable.

It was a cool, grey morning after the storm, and in the soft light Odo looked down on the grey Seine, bordered by silver-leaved willows, and the charming country beyond it. In the distance were the massive towers of King Richard's "Saucy Castle," the famous Château Gaillard, now a French stronghold.

As the Archbishop went through the royal apartments of Gaillon, he saw that though they had once been richly furnished they looked deserted, they smelt close and musty; the tapestries on the walls were faded and moth-eaten, the gilding was everywhere tarnished; everything was going to decay.

"Does the King often come here?" Odo asked the Governor. "Does not Queen Blanche sometimes visit the castle?"

"No, my lord," the Governor answered. "The Queen has never been to Gaillon; his Majesty the King came here just before he embarked on the last crusade, but he only remained one night at Gaillon; since then the royal bedchamber has been locked up."

Odo looked covetously around him; he told himself this castle of Gaillon was exactly what he wished for—his very heart's desire. He had never seen a fortress which so entirely fulfilled his requirements – and placed, too, in the best part of his fair province of Normandy. If the King never came to Gaillon, of what use could the fortress be to him?

He took leave of the Governor; but when he quitted the castle he carried a heavy heart away with him to Evreux; he wished he had never entered the fortress of Gaillon.

II.

One day a royal messenger came spurring at full speed to the palace of Archbishop Odo. He had brought a message from the King: it was a summons to attend King Louis in Paris with as little delay as possible.

Archbishop Odo loved the good King, and he lost no time in presenting himself before him. Louis the Ninth received him with much reverence and affection, and kneeling before him, he asked his blessing. He then commanded all present to withdraw, as he desired to be left alone with the prelate.

"Messire," said the King, "you well know that the ardent wish of my life has been to deliver the sepulchre of our blessed Lord from the hands of the unbelievers; I desire even now to embark on a fresh crusade against the infidels. Alas! how can I do it? I have spent my all; I have emptied the treasury, I have pledged my plate and jewels, I have no means left of raising money. You, my Lord Archbishop, are, I believe, rich in this world's goods. I am told that you possess a store of golden crowns. Will you help the good work? Will you grant me a loan from your treasures? If you will spare me some of them, and thus help the cause, I promise to give you in return anything you desire."

The Archbishop's ears tingled with excitement; he could hardly believe his good fortune.

"Sire," he answered, "I only desire one thing in the whole world, and you

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can give it me; give me the castle of Gaillon, sire, and in return take all that belongs to me."

Now, the Archbishop was considered to be a calm and self-possessed prelate; the King was therefore greatly surprised by the excited manner in which he made this request. He smiled kindly as he answered:

"No, no, holy father; I will not deal so hardly with you; I am not a robber. I will ask you to give me the exact number of crowns I require, and the castle of Gaillon shall henceforward be an appanage of the Archbishops of Rouen."

The Archbishop felt almost beside himself with joy; he threw himself on his knees, and thanked the King with tears streaming down his withered cheeks.

Louis raised him, and bade him be seated; then, turning to him with a smile, "I also have a wish. Does it not seem to you, my Lord Archbishop, that it will surely bring God's blessing on our bargain if you consent to go with me on pilgrimage to the Holy Land?"

At these words Messire Odo Rigault turned very pale; he also looked, in fact, as if he were like to faint.

"Alas! I am too old, my liege. Consider, I beseech you, the fatigue of such a journey?"

"You will not refuse me, my lord, for Christ's sake?" the King said.

The Archbishop sighed heavily. Of what use was the monarch's gift, he asked himself, if, before he took possession of the castle he so greatly coveted, he must undertake this fatiguing and dangerous journey—a journey from which so many of the crusaders had not returned? There was the danger of shipwreck; the risk of being slain or made captive by the Saracens; to say nothing of unpleasant food and hard lodging. It was, however, impossible to refuse the King, who had so generously bestowed on him the coveted castle.

"Sire," he answered, "your wish is my law. I will accompany your Majesty; may a double blessing rest on our joint efforts against the infidels."

"That is well spoken," said the saintly King, "Your presence in our host, my lord, will infallibly bring a blessing with it."

. . . .

Very soon after this interview King Louis and Archbishop Odo set forth on their journey to the Holy Land; but alas! they both failed to reach it. The fleet sailed to Tunis, where they found the plague raging, and where, as everyone knows, good King Louis died. His successor, Philip the Third, considered it was more prudent to return to France with the troops the plague had spared.

Odo Rigault had loved King Louis, and had greatly admired his many virtues, yet he found himself rejoicing in the prospect of a far speedier return to France than had seemed possible when he left its shores. At last, he told himself, he should take possession of his castle, the coveted Gaillon; the very chamber which had formerly been kept sacred to the King's use would now be his.

He embarked on board the vessel devoted to him and to his suite, but "man proposes;" soon there arose a formidable obstacle between Odo Rigault and his heart's desire.

One night at sea he was awakened by the roar of a frightful tempest; all around him was noise and confusion; the cries of the mariners were almost drowned by the fierce shrieking of the wind, as it rent into fragments the hastily-reefed sails and snapped the stout masts as though they had been dry tree branches; the waves swept over the decks, carrying with them men, spars and rigging, and all that they could whirl away in their furious onslaught.

Odo was not wanting in courage, and he soon gained the deck. Snatching at a rope, he lashed himself to the capstan, and then looked around him. Day was breaking with pale blue lines of light, and he saw that the waves rose higher than the ship, and threatened to carry her down with them into the deep troughs below. The gale did not slacken its fury for an instant; it lashed the waves till they rose still higher. Odo looked round for the rest of the fleet; he could not distinguish a single ship in this frightful turmoil of wind and water. It seemed to him that shipwreck was at hand. He made out the captain in the uncertain light, and hailed him.

"Is there hope, skipper?" he cried. "Can you save the ship?"

Before the answer reached him he caught sight of land; a white point with a grey line of coast seemed almost close; but as he made this discovery the ship groaned and shivered from stem to stern,

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as it struck violently on a rock ; in a few minutes it went to pieces.

For a moment the Archbishop did not know what happened ; then he found himself in the foaming sea, clinging to a fragment of mast and rigging. It seemed to him that he floated thus for hours. Almost all his companions and the sailors had perished, but Odo seemed to bear a charmed life. His strength failed at last, and his mind became confused. He awoke to find that he had been picked up by a fisher boat, which presently landed him on the coast near Petit-port, in the Bessin.

This being the diocese of one of Odo's suffragans, the Bishop of Bayeux, the Archbishop met with much hospitality and reverence from the clergy, who entreated him to remain among them till he had entirely recovered from the fatigue and exposure to which he had been subjected.

The Bishop sent him a pressing invitation to stay with him in Bayeux, but Odo would not be persuaded. He sent to Rouen for all that he required ; his clothing and the insignia of his office had perished in the shipwreck. When his messengers returned, he set forth on his journey.

He could smile now that he was once more on the road to Rouen ; he thought only of the arrangements he must make on his arrival in the capital city for a grand investiture of Gaillon. He intended to take possession of the castle with the most elaborate pomp and ceremony.

III.

It was a lovely morning in early spring. The sun shone brightly on the magnificent procession as it passed out of the western gate of Rouen. First came a large body of well-equipped men-at-arms ; then heralds, pursuivants, and banner-bearers ; the royal banner of France, snowy white except where it was pied with golden fleur-de-lis, came in the centre, followed by the banners of the city of Rouen, those of the Archbishop of Rouen, and after these the banners of the six suffragan dioceses—the Bishoprics of Evreux, of Lisieux, of Bayeux and Avranches, of Séez, and of Coutances. After these came a large body of clergy, the Chapter of the city of Rouen ; deputations representing all the abbeys, convents and communities of the province, with crosses and banners, among which the banner of the Abbot of Jumièges was conspicuous. Then came the Archbishop himself, riding a splendid white charger, and wearing his mitre and pallium. On either side of him rode three of his richly-robed suffragans.

The Archbishop looked radiant ; he conversed affably with his episcopal companions.

"Pardon me, my lord, when I say that you show wonderful energy," said the Bishop of Bayeux, who was said to have hopes of becoming Odo's successor. "Most of us would have required a long rest after the arduous fatigues and sufferings you have undergone, first in your journey to Tunis, and then in the misfortune of your return. The shipwreck in itself must have been terribly exhausting ; yet it seems as if you cannot have taken any adequate rest, for this grand spectacle could not have been quickly conceived and carried out."

The Archbishop bent his head.

"You do me too much honour, my lord of Bayeux ; when you see Gaillon, our lamented Sovereign's magnificent gift to the See of Rouen, you will, I think, say that it is a worthy acquisition, and should be as worthily taken possession of."

The Bishop of Bayeux laughed in his sleeve.

"Foolish old braggart!" he whispered to his neighbour of Coutances. "He is as vainglorious about the matter as he has shown himself covetous ; everyone knows that he pined after the possession of Gaillon as a lovesick girl for her sweetheart."

Meantime the grand procession moved slowly on to Gaillon ; the sunlight glinted on the coats of mail, on the banners, fringes, and embroideries, and on the brilliant caparisons of the horses. It was strange that now, at the acme of gratified desire, amid the murmurs of applause that now and again reached his ears, the Archbishop's heart became heavy. By the time that the procession halted before the gates of Gaillon, all the gay hopes and self-congratulation with which he had set forth had left him.

Waiting for his arrival outside the castle gates was the assemblage of barons he had invited to witness his triumphal entry ; there is no saying in what spirit the said barons had come forth to meet him, but they had certainly looked surprised when they found a strong body of

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men-at-arms, more numerous than their own followers, drawn up before the castle gates.

The barons showed an absence of bravery in their attire and the trappings of their horses; they looked as grim as Gaillon itself did.

When Odo saw their sullen faces, his spirits rose again.

This was what he had hoped for—a foretaste of the subjection in which he meant to hold his rebellious lieges—for every man among them was in some way subjected to his authority.

Odo bent to his saddlebow in courteous greeting as he welcomed the assemblage to "our castle of Gaillon."

The trumpets sounded a flourish, and the people fell back right and left, forming a living lane before the Archbishop. He rode in through the gateway, and realised that at last he was the owner of the fortress.

As he passed in, a loud shout came from the assemblage, and this was echoed by the crowd of well-dressed serving-men standing in the courtyard.

The Archbishop had not once entered the castle since his first visit; he had contented himself with issuing commands to his chamberlain, a cleric of great taste and enterprise. The apartments were to be sumptuously furnished, and to this end no expense was to be spared. When he had dismounted and entered the banqueting hall, the sight that greeted him filled him with delight and pride, and effectually chased away any return of misgivings.

The once dismantled walls were hung with rich blue and green tapestry, and at the upper end of the table, intended for the castellan and his more distinguished guests, were handsomely carved oaken chairs instead of the rough settles at the lower end of the board. The Archbishop's chair, moreover, was blazoned in gold and blue and scarlet with the archiepiscopal arms.

The Archbishop turned and said a few words of thanks to his chamberlain. His satisfaction was complete when an irrepressible burst of applause broke from his immediate followers at the sight of the transformed hall, where scarcely a year before they had seen utter discomfort.

Then the chamberlain proceeded to place the guests in order of precedence round the heavily-laden tables, whereon meats and pasties, boar's head and barbecued fish, with poultry of all kinds, jostled one another with their abundance. The chaplain said a lengthy Latin grace, at the end of which was chanted a Latin verse. Then the trumpets again sounded, and there entered a splendid peacock, borne by the seneschal himself.

This royal dish was carried entirely round both sides of the table, amid renewed bursts of applause from the guests, and was then placed on the board before the giver of the feast. Odo's cellars in the archiepiscopal palace of Rouen had not been spared, and wine flowed like water down the throats of the guests. His health was drunk amid an uproar of praise.

"Long life to the Castellan of Gaillon!" was on every tongue.

It was long before Odo wearied of his triumph; but at last he rose from table and left his guests to continue their orgies. His suffragans followed, and soon took their departure; so did most of the others.

By nightfall all but the Archbishop's special following had quitted the castle.

. . . . .

Meantime Odo had visited every room in the fortress, with increasing pride and satisfaction. The chamberlain had done his work well, he would tell him so to-morrow. To-night, when he had laid aside his cumbrous robes, he commanded to be shown to his bedchamber, the room in which had slept St. Louis, the King.

It was a gloomy-looking chamber, in spite of the care bestowed on renovating it; but Odo had commanded that it should be left as much as possible as it had been when occupied by the King.

There was a fire on the hearth, and candles burnt in the sconces, flaring smokily as blasts of wind found their way in from the clumsily-fastened casements. The Archbishop's heart beat fast with exultation; he was impatient to find himself in the royal bed. He bade his attendants extinguish the candles and depart. He hurried over his devotions and lay down—the desire of his heart was appeased.

"At last," he said, "I am Castellan of Gaillon."

A deep, hollow voice answered him:

"It is I who am the Castellan of Gaillon."

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Next morning Odo Rigault, the Lord Archbishop of Rouen and Castellan of Gaillon, was found dead in his bed.

[THE END.]

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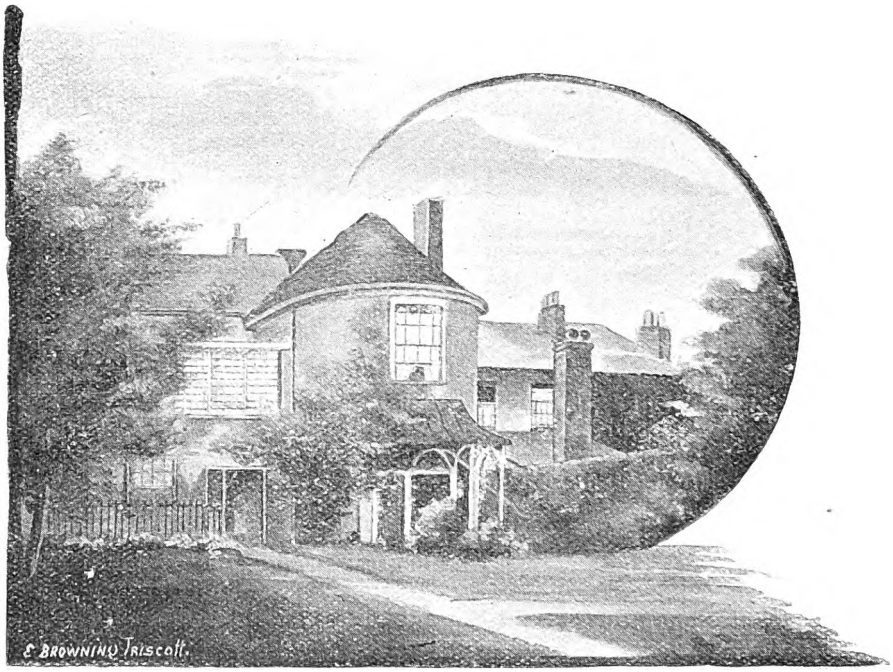

GAINSBOROUGH'S BIRTHPLACE AT SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.

Gainsborough and His Birthplace.

By E. BROWNING TRISCOTT.

THE little East Anglian town of Sudbury, built on the banks of the winding Stour, has the honour of being the birthplace of two eminent men: Simon Theobald, who rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury in times as remote as the thirteenth century; and Gainsborough, the famous painter. The drowsy, venerable town is essentially a place with a past. Its glories, importance, and the heyday of its life, are all of yesterday. Like a hoary-headed veteran, full of years and tired with the labour of life, it is content to spend its autumn in reminiscent musings on its more vigorous past. Looking out on the golden cornfields, the tree-clad slopes, the green meadows dotted with grazing cattle, the silent, weedy river (on which an occasional boat or barge may be seen) it is difficult, if not impossible, to realise that this now peaceful spot was once the scene of wildest strife and struggle. Here, a thousand or more years ago, the Danes and English met in fierce conflict. The neighbourhood of Sudbury, indeed, was the chief battle-ground of the wild, invading hordes who utilised a convenient river to advance their pirate forces, silently and stealthily, into the very heart of England. To-day, scarcely a trace of those fierce times remains: only a few innocent-looking, moated mounds here and there witness with voiceless eloquence to the clash and clang of those other times.

So much for the past. At the present day the once-important Sudbury is merely a quiet little market town: only sixty miles distant indeed, from all the seething turmoil of London, but as seemingly

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remote from the wild whirl of metropolitan existence as if it were situated in another world. Piping times of peace, and, in later years, agricultural depression, have slowly but surely dimmed the venerable township's earlier glories, and to-day there remain only a few quiet streets, some old houses, a few factories, and a weekly market that once did a great trade in corn, to witness pathetically to what has been.

An interesting page in Sudbury's history is the career of Thomas Gainsborough, the famous landscape and portrait painter. He was born in the year 1728, in a picturesque old house in the (then) somewhat dismally-named "Sepulchre" Street. This street took its name from a chapel, said to have been founded by William, Earl of Gloucester, in the twelfth century, and was dedicated, as were many ancient foundations, in honour of the Holy Sepulchre. This chapel has now disappeared, and the street in which it stood has of late years been re-named in honour of the artist. The house, in which nearly two centuries ago the renowned painter first saw the light, still stands; and a picture of it forms one of our illustrations. The large window, immediately over the verandah, is said to be that of the room in which the famous painter was born.

The father of our artist appears to have been a well-to-do Nonconformist of some repute in the town, a manufacturer of woollen clothing, and the holder of a curious, uncheerful monopoly in some especial kind of shroud. He married a Miss Burroughs, sister of the then Vicar of St. Gregory's. In this ancient church, I may state in passing, is still to be seen the decapitated head of Sudbury's other eminent native—Simon Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor in the reign of Richard II. The skull is covered with dried, parchment-like skin, and is toothless—a peculiarity resulting from the unfaithful avarice of a former caretaker, who is said to have sold the Archbishop's

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY GAINSBOROUGH.

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"RUSTIC CHILDREN," BY GAINSBOROUGH.

teeth to curious visitors. Simon Theobald met his death at the hands of Wat Tyler's followers in the peasant revolt of 1381, and his head was exposed on London Bridge for six days. The grim caprice of Fortune presently substituted Wat Tyler's own head for that of the murdered Archbishop, and the latter was conveyed to Sudbury, where it remains to the present day.

The above-mentioned Vicar of St. Gregory's was also Master of the Grammar School, and from him young Gainsborough received some fragments of an education. In accordance with the traditions of clerical households and clerical stock, Mrs. Gainsborough presented her husband with a large family—five sons and four daughters—of whom Thomas was the seventh child. His mother is said to have excelled in flower-painting, and it is presumably from her that her famous son inherited his artistic tastes.

The future portrait painter commenced drawing at a very early age. At ten years old a biographer reports him as having made "some progress in sketching," and at the ripe age of twelve he is spoken of as "a confirmed painter." At school he appears to have chiefly occupied himself in adorning the margins and covers of his own and schoolfellows' books with sketches and caricatures. In this congenial, if not particularly educational occupation, he was encouraged and assisted by his fellow-scholars, who, in return for the amusement thus afforded them, performed for the young caricaturist his neglected school tasks, thus leaving the budding artist leisure wherein to exercise himself in his especial pursuits.

The story of Gainsborough's first portrait is a curious one. At the back of the house in Sepulchre Street extends a large orchard, and amongst the fruit and other kinds of trees with which it is stocked, young Gainsborough spent much of his leisure in making studies for landscape. Early one August morning, when so occupied, he observed a man looking over the orchard fence—his eyes bent longingly on the ripe, luscious fruit of an adjacent pear-tree. Not observing the young artist (who was hidden from view in some kind of a summer-house) this man presently proceeded to scale the fence and to climb the too-tempting tree. On Gainsborough's emerging from his retreat, the trespasser hastily decamped. The painter had, however, meanwhile obtained a rapid sketch of the intruder's face—which drawing proved such an excellent likeness as to easily lead to the man's recognition. "On being sent for," says Fulcher (Gainsborough's fellow-townsman and biographer), "and taxed with felonious intent, he stoutly denied it, till the boy produced the portrait and showed him

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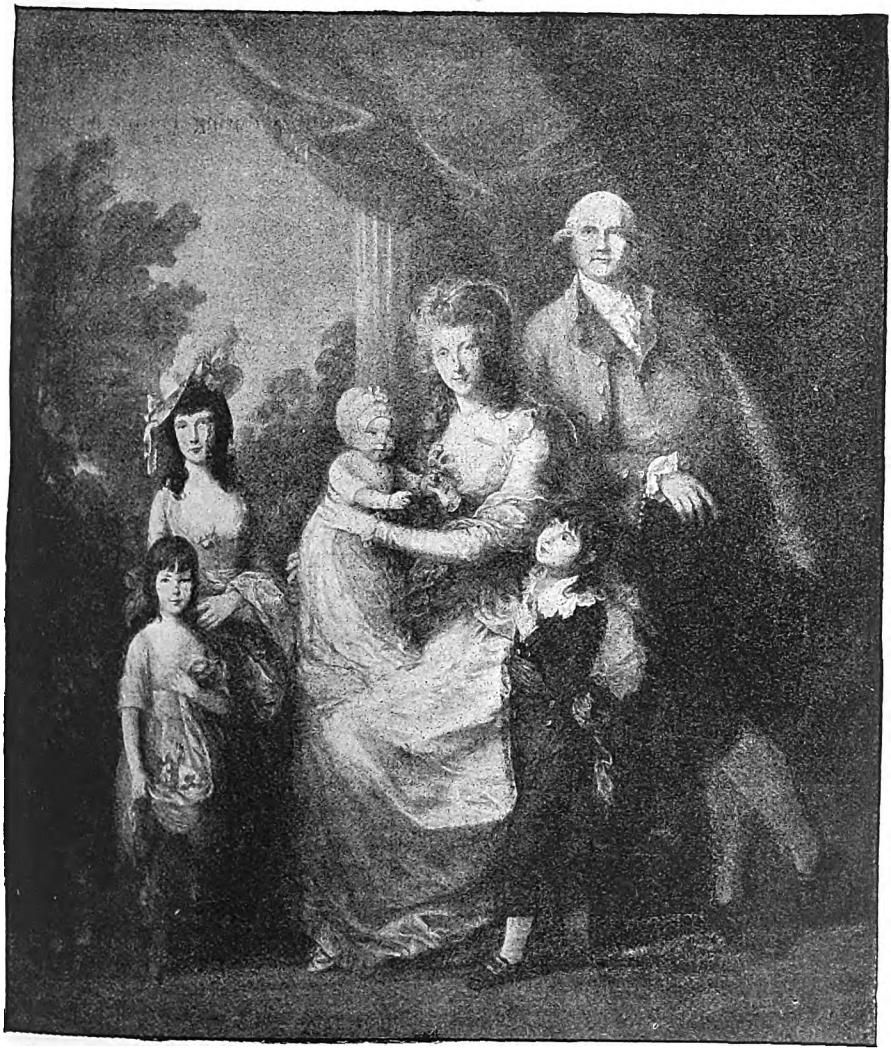
how he looked when about to break the eighth commandment."

At the age of fifteen, Gainsborough was sent to London, and he studied first with Gravelot, an engraver, and later with an artist named Hayman—then an historical painter of some repute. These years spent in London form an unsatisfactory era in Gainsborough's career. In them he learnt little of Art, and much of the undesirable in Life. He also found it extremely difficult to support himself. Most wisely, as the event proved, he decided to turn his back on London and its ways, and to once more seek the quietude and peace of his birthplace.

When only nineteen, Gainsborough married a young girl named Margaret Burr, she being one year more youthful than himself. This lady, about whose parentage there appears to be some mystery, is said to have been extremely pretty; she, moreover, possessed the substantial charm of a life annuity of £200. This sum placed the young couple in comfortable circumstances—first in Friar's Street, Sudbury, where Gainsborough established a studio; and later at Ipswich, whither the painter, in search of wider patronage than he was able to obtain in his native town, presently removed.



"MR. J. BAILLIE, HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN," BY GAINSBOROUGH.

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In Ipswich he remained for about thirteen years, making the while great strides in his art, and procuring for himself and family, if not riches, at least a competence. The city of Bath, with its then great reputation in the world of fashion, next attracted him, and thither, in the year 1760, he removed.

Gainsborough's next and last migration was back to London. Nearly three decades had elapsed since his first visit to the Metropolis; thirty eventful years which had brought to the once-penniless unknown a great name and a great fortune. The grace and elegance of his portraits, their naturalness and delicacy, had obtained for him during his sojourn in Bath commissions from most of the fashionable celebrities of the day.

Greater success, however, was to befall him in London. His work came under the notice of George III., with the result that he received a commission from the Palace. This Royal patronage heralded the flow of a veritable flood of commissions, and, in spite of an amazing facility of execution and untiring industry, the fortunate artist was scarcely able to satisfy the demands of his patrons.

Gainsborough's works of art are very numerous. Reproductions of two well-known pictures—one the portrait of a lady and the other a family group—are among the illustrations of this article. Their characteristics are similar. In both there is the same grace and elegance, the delicacy and unlikeness to contemporary work, that obtained for the artist his great name. Gainsborough studied only from Nature, unguided and untutored, and he arrived at his goal along pathways of intuition rather than instruction: hence much originality, and unlikeness in his work to that of any of his contemporaries; characteristics which, in conjunction with the fidelity of his portraits—only modified by the right degree of flattery—set him easily on the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. The picture of rustic children, belonging I believe, to an earlier part of the artist's career, is inserted here as a specimen of Gainsborough's work outside portraiture. As will be seen, it has a certain charm, but its grace and beauty are inferior to that with which he invested some of his most successful portraits.

The story of the loss and recent finding of one of Gainsborough's most celebrated pictures, that of the Duchess of Devonshire, is so well known that I need not here more than allude to it.

Gainsborough died in 1788, in the sixty-second year of his age. On his death-bed, he sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds (from whom during his life he had had some small estrangement), and in the ear of the President, the dying artist murmured his last curious phrase: "We are all going to Heaven—and Vandyke is of the company." Gainsborough by his own wish was buried at Kew, where a tablet has been erected to his memory.

Reynolds, as is well known, always spoke of the work of his contemporary in terms of the highest admiration. In bringing this paper to a close, I cannot do better than append a brief quotation from Sir Joshua's "Academic Discourses":—

"If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of art, among the very first of that rising name."

E. Browning Triscott.

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The Bag Under the Thatch:

A BLACK COUNTRY STORY.

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

PROLOGUE.

DAN was beginning to think about dinner. Physical signs served him for a watch, or for the position of the sun, which answers that purpose for above-ground workers.

Dan's work lay far beneath the earth's surface, in solitude so profound that a change to the veritable tomb could, one would think, be scarcely perceptible.

Dan laid down his pick, and untied a handkerchief, which enveloped a basin in a fashion that formed a handle by which it might be more conveniently carried; he commenced his meal, his mind happily busy with thoughts that come faster and more clearly to the solitary underground toiler than to dwellers in the sunshine. Inward communings on many a big question led to solutions of problems, correct or not as may be, but satisfactory, at all events, to the man himself. This lonely pondering he felt to be his real life; while the garish Sundays spent above-ground with his family were to him times of exile in a strange land. He loved his family, but somehow he felt nearer to them all in the dark mine than at the bright fireside in the cottage.

Much money he had saved and laid under the thatch of the roof secretly—for he could neither read nor write, and such persons are always secretive and distrustful. This little hoard was lovingly laid by for the rainy day which might overtake his dear ones.

"Zeekial will go to work in a few years more," he pondered, thinking of a pinafored young rascal with rebel curls and unruly manners; "but he wunner rest without a mate, no more than his father did afore him, and he shanner find his father and mother a burden, and maybe he'll want a helping hand himsel'; and Dosha, her will find a mon early, with her pretty face and her taking ways, and her will be fine and surprised that her father can start her a bit."

Suddenly the lamp that Dan had fixed in a hook in the coal roof began to shudder, and went out. Then followed a rumbling sound, which drew nearer. Then came a deafening crash, and Dan threw himself flat down with some instinct of self-preservation, for he knew that above him lay tons of coal, but so lodged that he was not crushed. He passed his hands above and around the little space wherein he lay. His body nearly filled it. He realised the awful fact that he was buried alive, and began to think in a strange, calm way of others he had known who had been so buried, and wondered if this were in truth his grave. Then he prayed that he should soon be missed and searched for, and thought of the money hidden where none could find it if he should not be found. Then the consciousness of the horrible fate—that of slow starvation—that awaited him seemed to take possession of him, and the silence and solitude he had once so loved became a terror. Even the luxury of movement was denied him, or the relief of counting the passing of time. Presently a kindly unconsciousness came—to be followed only by an awful awakening.

Was it to-day or to-morrow? Was it night? and were the day workers gone up?

As unrecorded time dragged its slow length along, fuller realisation of his position came to Dan, and he broke down and wept like a child.

This despairing outburst over, the love of life reasserted itself, and he began his fierce fight against death.

Groping in the darkness for his candles, he counted them with his fingers, and then bit them into small portions. One

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portion he would eat at a time, making as long an interval between that and the next as the pangs of hunger would render possible.

For five mortal days Dan lay in that awful prison. He had come to his last piece of candle, and was now suffering great physical anguish, not only from hunger, but from the cramped position of his body, which he was quite unable to change. Pain alone kept him conscious. A dull despair had taken the place of wild hope and fear, and he had ceased to strain his ears for sounds which never came. The search for him had been given up—he knew it now.

He began to think of his Bible, which had always been read aloud in his cottage on Sundays, and the words came into his failing mind, and clasping his emaciated hands together, he prayed: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

It was then that the sound of a pick broke upon his ear, and with a wild cry he lapsed into unconsciousness.

But this unconsciousness did not last long, and Dan awoke to a new terror. The sound of the pick had become so close. What if at the moment of salvation that instrument of freedom and life should give him his death-blow!

Now his name was being shouted by familiar voices, but Dan found himself utterly powerless to reply. The horror of the thought that his rescuers might go away threw him again into unconsciousness.

The next thing he knew was that God's sweet air was blowing upon him and God's sun dazzling his eyes.

I.

Outside the door of a thatched cottage stood a fine, handsome young man, stripped to the waist for performing his ablutions in a big stone bowl placed upon a pig-sticking bench, convenient for the purpose.

To the splashing of water there came an accompaniment of singing from within the cottage—a sweet, quavering woman's voice, which gave a touch of sadness to the gay melody:—

> The wench was gay,
> The wench was fair,
> And a laugh was in her eye,
> And the roses bloomed bright on her cheek
> When Ben he passed her by.

"Mother," called the man from outside, "just thee feel in my jacket pocket hanging in the washhouse; thee'lt find summat for tea."

And he put his head inside the cottage door, to see the effect of the opening of the parcel on one beloved face.

A woman in a neat wincey gown, with traces of beauty still lingering on her worn face, appeared from an inner room unwrapping a newspaper parcel, which she carried over to the occupant of the chimney corner, displaying the contents, and exclaiming: "Pigs' chitlin's, faither!"

The old man smiled and nodded approval at the face in the doorway.

"Zeekial always thinks of thee, dosner he, faither?" said his wife.

The old man smiled and nodded again.

Presently the "chitlin's" were hissing in a frying-pan, and Zeekial, "cleaned" and "dressed up," was sitting near his father, reading him the day's news.

This was the brightest hour of Dan Rily's day.

Ever since his accident in the mine he had but exchanged one prison for another. He had lost the use of the lower half of his body completely, and had never spoken one word since his rescue. It had been feared that he would be deaf for life, too. But his hearing had returned to him, though defectively. Fifteen years had passed since he had been cut off from all active part in life, and Zeekial was now nineteen, and had been a pit-worker for the last seven years, and Theodosia, his sister, who was a year younger, and had shown great aptitude for her needle, was now earning a small wage assisting the village dressmaker; so things were not going so badly with the little household.

But weary, arduous years had those first few been for Maria Rily after her husband's disablement, and they had left their record in lines upon the patient face. But she had not suffered as Dan had, for as he saw her each Saturday counting over her small earnings, and issuing forth to make her simple purchases, his heart ached well nigh to breaking, and great tears would roll silently down his cheeks, telling the tale his tongue refused to utter.

And when Maria, perceiving this, would steal towards him and kiss his sunken cheek with a brave smile and a cheery

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word, his cup of sorrow seemed full to overflowing. Oh, that he could tell her of the money that would mean so much to her, hidden so effectively, yet so close to her hand!

It was in those hard days that little Dosha, as she was always called, crept close into the father's heart. For the child meekly and silently gave up her playtime, and took upon her small shoulders what she could of the burden her mother had to bear. She washed the dishes, scrubbed and cleaned, and, this done, would seat herself on a wooden stool and mend and knit for the household, till her eyes drooped over the work, and her little rounded chin sank on to her breast.

It was not long before Dosha began to earn a trifle at the houses of rich pit-owners where her mother worked. It was probably what she saw of the better education of the children in these houses that put it into her head to attend free evening classes at a later period at the village school. But this had not been until Zeekial had begun to work in the mine.

At the period we have come to Maria needed to go out to work no more, and the hidden treasure ceased to be such a poignant pain to Dan.

The small round table was set for tea with gaudy crockery—a contribution from Zeekial, bought at Tunstall, a pottery town five miles distant—and the children were ready, together with a plate of pikelets.

"Mun us wait for Dosha?" Zeekial inquired.

"It's no good, I'm fearing," said Maria; "her's busy making mourning, and her may be late."

There had been, a few days before, one of those terrible accidents in a mine—not the one in which Zeekial worked, however—and many lives had been lost by choke-damp.

"Oh! if it's only the work as is keeping her, it don't so much matter," said Zeekial; "it's when her stays out with that Robbins as I gets agate."

"He don't seem such a bad sort of fellow, no more for that," observed the mother quietly, as she poured out the tea.

"But," flashed out Zeekial, "her's a stroke above a jagger! He's a queer chap is Robbins; he says he conner live without God's sun, and as how to work in the pit is like working in hell, and he walks along by his horse reading a poetry book all the way to the pit bank, and when he's got his load he comes back reading just the same, and all the other jaggers a-picking fun at him! If Dosha hadner gone to those evening classes her would never have met him there, and he wouldner have walked with her."

The object of these remarks was at that moment having his tea in the small upper room which he rented in a collier's cottage, for regular home he had none. His father's death from the falling of coal in the cutting where he was walking on his way to work happened on the day of Tom Robbins's birth, and his mother's frail life, proving unequal to the shock, had flickered out; and neither her eyes nor her husband's ever looked upon the bonny boy who would so much have gladdened their hearts. Hence Tom received his first impressions of life in the workhouse, and realised what failure and success meant at a very early period. Success he could study only in the abstract, however, but it was real to his mind, as was the failure he saw in all its ugly nakedness.

He elected to be a jagger because he must at least earn food and lodging, and because in the long, slow procession of jaggers he could read and improve himself, for no mental effort was required to walk at a horse's head on a straight, plain road; and his book was never out of his hand except while he loaded his cart and had it weighed.

While Tom partook of his tea he had still a book before him. It was Henry's first Latin book, and he was repeating over "Sum, fui, esse" between his hastily swallowed mouthfuls. Just behind him hung a primitive bookcase containing many treasured volumes, chiefly obtained at a second-hand shop at Newcastle, whither he journeyed most Saturdays to look at the books when he had no money to buy them. On his shelf were Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bacon's "Essays," Locke "On the Understanding," Boswell's "Johnson," Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"—this latter, alas! in French, of which, as yet, Tom knew nothing—and Dekker's Plays, of which he knew a great deal, and which probably accounted somewhat for his great susceptibility to beauty in women.

But at this time there was but one woman in Tom's world, and she had

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quantities of wavy red hair, bright blue eyes, and a sweet oval face with a sprinkle of freckles upon it. She had two dimples, which were seldom seen, because they only appeared when she laughed, and she laughed rarely, though she smiled often.

As seven o'clock drew near, Tom put away his book and changed his coat, brushed his thick hair from his broad high forehead, took his hat and went out.

He was bound for the school, and the most direct road was not that which led past Dan Rily's cottage. It was that, however, which he chose; and to catch a glimpse of the light in Dan's cottage window five minutes sooner he crossed the Chapel Field, which was a desolate stretch of land, covered with worked-out mines half full of water. No chapel was there, but a heap of overgrown masonry told where one had once been. There would have been danger to the uninitiated in crossing this field in the twilight, but Tom could have found his way in the dark.

Just at the moment of climbing over the stile that led into Coalpit Lane Tom saw a slight figure dimly visible in the half light. His heart beat fast—but faster a moment later, when two voices in low conversation fell on his ear. He strained his eyes. Yes, there was the figure of a man too. He stood a moment and listened. Dosha's voice was one, and the other was, without doubt, that of Will Weaver, the pupil teacher at the school.

Tom stood still for a few moments to let them get ahead of him, and then walked slowly on, all the elation gone out of his heart, and a feeling of strong resentment against both Will Weaver and Dosha—especially against Dosha, for she, at least, knew what he meant to tell her some day when he should no longer be a jagger.

After awhile Tom quickened his steps, and was soon in sight of the light in Dan's window—but it had lost its interest for him. He strode past the cottage and on to the school.

II.

In a large room, containing rows of desks and an ugly pulpit, a grey-headed man, dressed in a shabby frock-coat, sat, most evenings, at a table with books and papers about him, and a huge pile of copper money at his elbow.

A sickly oil lamp which hung from the ceiling over his head but inadequately lit the long columns of figures he was engaged in checking. This was his usual occupation till his evening pupils arrived.

This room was used for both the boys and girls of the village to be taught in on week-days, and on Sundays it was used as a Dissenting meeting-house. The room immediately under it was the infant school.

The schoolmaster had started evening classes for the collier lads who wanted to get further education, and girls were admitted too. He made no charge for this instruction. He felt he was a sort of reformer—a pioneer of learning, and it was a great delight to him to impart knowledge.

His school was under Government, and it was only by the success of his scholars that he could get a "grant." Hence he worked very hard, with the aid of pupil teachers, to work up the raw material, in the shape of unruly children, before inspection day. *This* was work for bread. But the evening classes were a labour for love.

Amos Carlton was a bachelor, and his sister Harriet kept house for him. But, as she usually dropped asleep over her knitting in the early evening, Amos would have had a dull time but for his evening classes.

When Tom Robbins arrived at the school on this evening he was late, and he could hear, as he mounted the staircase leading to the upper room, the schoolmaster explaining the use of the accusative with the infinitive to his Latin class.

Tom took his seat quietly, not to interrupt Mr. Carlton, who was standing at the side of a blackboard, on which a passage of Latin was written in chalk.

Tom found himself seated next to a good-looking young woman, mistress of the infant school, and quite the most advanced student who attended the classes.

It was noticeable that Mr. Carlton generally lectured at her, and if she were absent he lectured at Tom. All the class looked upon Miss O'Grady as a miraculous being. She had been trained at Glasgow, and appeared in the village a person not at all to be understood.

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She had dainty, ladylike ways, made no friends, and yet did not hesitate to take advantage of the teaching of Mr. Carlton, even though it meant the company of collier lads for a few hours every week. Of course there were elementary classes on some evenings, which she did not attend, and on those evenings something seemed lacking. Her bright Irish blue eyes, brimming over with intelligence, her clever answers to questions, and her great earnestness were very inspiring.

They missed, too, her pleasant "Good-night all," with which she always left. And their "Good-night, miss," albeit sheepish, had much of admiration in it.

After the class was over, which would be after nine o'clock, Tom remained behind to show Mr. Carlton a ballad he had written, and to obtain his criticism.

The two sat down at the schoolmaster's table, where still lay the books, papers, and bag of school-pence.

"You will sing some day, my lad," the schoolmaster commented, as he finished reading the verses.

"Sing!" exclaimed Tom—"why, I can't even sing a hymn!"

Mr. Carlton smiled.

"I mean," he said, "that some day you will write good verse; but you must study your English well. Never allow yourself to fall into dialect, even with your fellow-workmen; they are sure to laugh at you, but never mind that!"

Tom flushed with pleasure.

Then the schoolmaster went through the ballad, pointing out the faults, and encouraging the young aspirant, and finally took from a drawer in his table an old collection of sonnets and handed it to the young man, telling him to study them well.

After this he placed the bag of money in the drawer and locked it, and cleared away his books and papers, and Tom said good-night.

III.

Miss O'Grady had barely reached home that night and seated herself to partake of the supper her landlady had put ready for her, before there was a knock at her door. Her sitting-room door opened upon the street.

It was no other than Dosha Rily, with a parcel from Miss Gill, the dressmaker.

Miss O'Grady glanced at the girl's face as she stood in the lamplight, and noticed that she was very pale.

"Sit down," she said kindly; "you look tired out, you must have a cup of my hot cocoa."

Theodosia's eyes filled at these friendly words, and she took the cup from the schoolmistress's hand with a grateful smile and "Thee art very good, miss!"

"You have been overworked, I expect," went on Miss O'Grady, as she cut the string of her parcel. "This dress could have waited."

"O miss, it wasner thy dress!" Dosha hastened to explain; "that were welly done afore the mourning came in, and I dunner mind work, but I'm a bit put about to-night. I met someone coming here, and we had a few words."

It was the last thing in Dosha's mind to be communicative, but the kind Irish face seemed to draw the admission from her.

But having said this, the flood-gates were open. Dosha had always had a great admiration for this "foreigner," as any stranger was called in this out-of-the-way village. There was something magnetic about her, too.

"He wur coming from the class, and he seed me, and set agate of me, because he said I wur going with Will Weaver; and I told him I wasner tied to *him*, and wasner likely to be."

And with this the pretty dressmaker fell to weeping.

"Don't cry about him, foolish girl, if you don't want him to be anything to you," said the schoolmistress cheerfully.

"Nay, miss, but I didner mean it, and now he wull never have nowt to do with me," broke out Dosha passionately.

"Oh! if that is all," said Miss O'Grady consolingly, "it will all come right; but if you care for this man, you should not walk out with anyone else, should you now?"

"I didner, miss," cried Dosha indignantly. "Will Weaver wur coming my road, that wur all, and he walked alongside of me till I took my road and he hisen. He wur just talking about the classes, that wur all, sure and certain, miss. I wouldner walk out with no one but Tom Robbins."

"It is Tom Robbins, is it, Dosha?" said Miss O'Grady, with a real show of interest. "Well, Mr. Carlton says that

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young man will gain a position for himself some day, though he is only a jagger to-day; and, Dosha, you are wise to attend the classes and improve yourself, for his sake. Why don't you try to speak correctly, as he does? It would please him, and you do know how to talk properly, I know."

"Oh, I canner for shame, miss; if I wur away from here I would, but, miss, they all picks fun of Tom, and they would of me—and I canner do it. But I mun be going; it's late, and poor faither wunner go to bed afore I come."

When the door was closed behind her Dosha hurried along the dark road, feeling altogether more cheerful for her chat with Miss O'Grady. Presently she was conscious of footsteps following her, and in a moment more an arm was round her waist. "Dosha, dear, you didn't mean it, did you?" pleaded Tom's voice.

"Nay, Tom, I didner," came in a choked voice.

"Don't cry, my little wench," said Tom tenderly.

"I isner," said Dosha, sobbing violently.

"Look here, Dosha, I don't know what I'm aiming at but to get education as yet; but I want to get out of this and be something some day, and whatever comes to me I want to share with you. I love you so much I can't bear another man to speak to you, and when I saw you with Will Weaver——"

Here Dosha broke in with an explanation.

"I thought you were never coming out of Miss O'Grady's," said Tom when she had finished, "and that perhaps you guessed I should be waiting for you and stayed on purpose—but it's all right now, isn't it, dear?"

By this time they had reached Dan's cottage, and at the door Tom gave Dosha his first kiss.

When Dosha opened the cottage door her face still wore the blush that kiss had called forth, and it was observed by both her parents and brother—the two former with a tender anxiety, the latter with a heavy frown.

The girl closed the door and flew to her father's chair, kissing his wrinkled forehead with an unusual tenderness.

"Didst thee come home with that jagger chap?" inquired Zeekial roughly.

"And what if I did!" replied his sister defiantly. "It isner thy business."

"Then, my wench, I'll make it mine, so I've told thee! The next time I catch thee with him I'll give him a hiding as he'll not get over in a hurry."

The poor dumb father raised his wasted hand imploringly.

"Oh, dunner get agate with her," broke in the mother.

"Mother," said Zeekial firmly, "I mun look after the wench, her faither canner, and that Tom Robbins is next door to an innocent—he'll do naught of no good. He's everlasting reading rubbish instead of looking to make a man of himself, and our Dosha isn't going to be roped up to no jagger!"

As is the way with girls, Dosha began to cry, whereupon Zeekial, who hated what he termed "screiking," opened the door which closed in the stairs and departed to bed without a good-night.

When he was gone the girl dried her eyes and took off her hat in silence, while her mother, who was herself surreptitously applying the corner of her apron to her eyes, busied herself in getting supper for her daughter.

"Dunner thee mind, my wench," she said, as she placed a chair for the tired girl. "Thee hast always been a good wench, and I wouldn't stand in thy light, though I did think thee could have chose higher than a jagger."

"O mother!" cried Dosha, "he isner what Zeekial thinks. He'll do summat fine with his book learning some day; the schoolmaister said as much. Thee wait and see."

She sat down near her father, and he smiled and stroked her hair.

Presently the rain pelted down in torrents, and footsteps were heard overhead. A moment more, and Zeekial's head appeared at the door. "Give me a bowl, mother," he called; "the rain is pouring down on to my bed. I'm going to 'play' to-morrow, and I'll put a new thatch on this roof—it hasner been done since father did it."

At these words a curious excitement spread over the old man's face.

True to his word, Zeekial borrowed a ladder and set about mending the thatch next day.

A beautiful morning had followed the rain, and Mrs. Rily sat outside on the pig-bench to peel her potatoes and talk with her son. Presently he called to her:

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"Mother, if here isner a bag full of summat!"

Mrs. Rily sprang to her feet.

"O Zeekial, it must be money! I always thought as faither had hid some and couldner tell us where."

"It's money right enough," said Zeekial, "and we can find it now as we've no need for it."

Tears came into the woman's eyes as her son descended the ladder, for she thought of those days of struggle when this money could have done so much for her.

Zeekial placed the bag in his mother's hand, and she rushed with it into the cottage, holding it up before her husband.

The old man held out his hand for it, and tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks—he, too, was thinking how much this money could have done for that patient, uncomplaining wife of his in those hard days when the children were small.

. . . . . .

The following evening Zeekial came home from the pit, his eyes ablaze, and, ignoring the bowl of water standing ready for him outside, sat down, black as he was, and scowled. Dosha, who had come home early on this day, cast furtive glances at him, not daring to speak. His father and mother stared at him, waiting. Something had happened.

After a few moments Zeekial broke out:

"There's a nice blâte about the village, I can tell you," he began. "That book-reading jagger is a *thief!*"

Dosha uttered a cry and sank down on a stool at her father's feet—the stool where she had sat and sewn as a child.

"Yea, a thief!" went on Zeekial, "and everyone is blâting about it! After evening school last night Tom Robbins stayed behind with the schoolmaister, and the schoolmaister turned a bit bad, and he asked Tom Robbins to lock up his desk for him and see him home. And the bag of school pence is stole, and Tom, he's the thief; and the schoolmaister, he's a ruined man if he can't make up that money before committee day. The schoolmaister says Tom never did take the money—but who did if he didner?"

Dosha sobbed, and her mother stared blankly from one to another. At last her eyes fastened on her husband, and she saw he was pointing to a little corner cupboard with a trembling hand.

She understood him, and took the newly-found bag of money from an old teapot and gave it to him. He dropped it into Dosha's lap.

"Ah! thee can maybe save the schoolmaister with that there money," laughed Zeekial scornfully, "but thee canner make that blackguard no thief."

At that moment the "blackguard" himself stood in the doorway, and making straight for his sweetheart, took her hands in his.

"Dosha, my girl, I was afraid this story might have reached you, and I went round to Miss Gill's, and she told me you had gone home, so I came."

"And out thee goes!" cried Zeekial savagely—"a jagger wur bad enough—but a thief——"

"Wait a bit," broke in Tom, facing his accuser, but not relinquishing Dosha's hand. "The schoolmaster found that he had put the school money into the bag he sometimes takes to school with books in it—it had never been in the desk at all that day. He did it without knowing it, not being well."

Zeekial looked at Tom for a moment, then thrust out a grimy hand.

"Thee can take Dosha," he said; "it is the only amend I con make thee."

And it was enough.

[THE END.]

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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER NINE.

How to Meet Emergencies; Sudden Illnesses.

SOME months ago, while enjoying the comfort of tea at home with my family, the bell rang furiously and a dishevelled housemaid cried: "Come, please, at once! Baby is taken so queer!"

When I arrived a cursory glance through the room revealed a dozen women of ages varying from twenty-five to fifty, and the young mother, the centre of an anxious group, holding in her arms a child in the throes of convulsions. To plunge the baby in a warm bath, 92 deg. Fahrenheit, and put cold water to its head were the work of a moment, and I said to myself: "I wonder why in the world not one of these women knew what to do!"

An attack of this sort may be the forerunner of very grave disease, and, as such, indicates a severe type of the malady. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, even pneumonia and dysentery, are sometimes ushered in. Dentition is accompanied by convulsions, especially in children of a nervous temperament; and often from overloading the stomach a sensitive child may be thus afflicted.

The convulsion, whether arising independently or as a precursor of another disease, is usually preceded by some characteristic symptoms. The mother, if she have the habit of observing her child with care, will notice irritability, restlessness, drowsiness and a sort of staring expression of the eyes, and she wonders why John or Harry, Ruth or Jane has changed so much. The truth is, the little one simply feels uncomfortable and does not know exactly what is the matter, and the convulsion may come like a streak of lightning out of a clear sky, and may even follow a little disturbance caused by the mother's ill-temper or a nurse's hasty word. The indications are unmistakable.

There is a peculiar fixed, staring expression, a cry pitched very high and seeming to have no reason in it, the thumbs are drawn toward the palm of the hand, the toes are rigidly fixed, and consciousness is lost; the body seems rigid, breathing irregular, face at first pale, then livid and congested. This lasts what seems half a lifetime to the loving mother, but is but a minute, then all the muscles of the body alternately relax and contract, and a froth oozes from the lips. The breathing is very irregular, and occasionally the little one catches the tongue between the teeth and with the foam that exudes from the lips some little blood may come. An attack of this sort is not necessarily grave, but it should certainly cause the mother to send at the earliest possible moment for her doctor, although the best of the work can be done long before the doctor comes, and it is my privilege to suggest some of the simpler treatment which can be attended to in the meantime.

Get some hot water as quickly as possible, sprinkle a little mustard in it, and be careful the water is not too hot, for fear of accident. Remember 90 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit is about right: better begin with 90 degrees, and gradually increase. Cold cloths should be placed on the head, and this should be kept up with the bath, for about ten minutes, or until the child shows symptons of recovering consciousness; then have it gently wiped, rolled in a warm blanket, and put to bed.

It is always safe to use some little emetic like salt and water; and if the pulse seems weak, rub wrists and ankles briskly to stimulate the circulation.

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In the early part of my life, I had a very grave experience with a child who was never able to eat a potato. One or two meals of baked or boiled potato would be quite sufficient to set the little fellow in convulsions. The frantic attempts of the family to save him from what seemed to them imminent death annoyed me very seriously, since the whole difficulty could have been avoided had only some care been taken in regard to the child's diet.

So much for convulsions. The next cause for anxiety is the colic. When a baby, apparently in perfect health, wakes from sleep with wild cries, the first thought of the mother is, "Surely baby is hungry," and her first impulse is to supply needed nourishment. I would most earnestly beg that no one would be so unwise as to supply food to the poor little stomach which is protesting by pain against some cause for discomfort. Baby may be thirsty; therefore, give him a drink. Baby may be cold; warm his feet and bowels. But if these simple remedies do not avail, then unbutton his clothing and look at his abdomen, and if you have a case of colic you will see a swollen and sometimes knotted condition of the intestines underneath the abdominal walls.

This knotted condition is due to the accumulation of gas, caused by imperfect digestion, and as the hand presses on the abdomen the pain is relieved. Baby naturally draws his legs up when in pain; then, because this gives him no comfort, he sticks them out again; and so kicks and throws himself about and emits short, sharp, piercing screams, and the little face indicates extreme suffering. Hands and feet may be very cold, and common-sense would suggest that an extra heat should be applied; so place the baby on its abdomen, let the toes come as near as possible to the fire, rub the back gently, placing the tips of the fingers towards the sides, kneading the abdomen from behind toward the navel.

A half-teaspoonful of hot and slightly-sweetened water will be a comfort to the little sufferer, and when the child is tired of lying on its face, turn it only toward the right side, but rarely to the left or on its back, because a person lying on the left side or on the back increases the tension of the abdomen.

Our grandmothers used catnip tea and fennel-seed tea, but the real advantages derived from these concoctions is really from the quantity of heat given internally to supplement external warmth.

The third source of anxiety and deadly terror to the mother is the sudden barking cough, which comes usually in the "wee sma'" hours of the night, and suggests some disturbance of the respiratory organs. This is a veritable bugbear, and presents itself in two forms. One mild and seldom fatal, which is usually preceded by a slight cold with hoarseness, and is caused by an accumulation which flows freely during the day from the nose, but at night stuffs up the breathing apparatus. There is some little inflammation of the larynx and the throat, and a little fever, and the child seems almost smothering, catching its breath in expiration. This mild form is called catarrhal croup, is much more frequent, and the mother or nurse can do a great deal to give the child comfort and mitigate the severity of the attack. A comfortable hot bath and a little vaseline rubbed over nose and chest, or the old-fashioned remedy of goose grease used as a lubricant of the external parts, will be very valuable. If the physician is near at hand, the mother needs no suggestion as to remedies, and may use simply the hot bath and external applications; but if by any chance she lives out of town, and the symptoms seem very grave, then an allopathic physician would administer syrup of squills or ipecac in quantities sufficient to cause vomiting, and a homeopathic physician would order aconite and spongia in alternation, or heparsulphur, given in small doses.

The second most alarming form of croup is called true, or membraneous, croup, and is due to the obstruction of the air passages by a membrane. There is little hoarseness, some fever, and a sort of depression during respiration. The real difference between these two forms can only be discovered by the most careful examination. A mother will hardly be able to differentiate between the sharp, barking cough of the simple catarrhal croup and the crowing sound, as the air comes through the narrowest passage, which tells the doctor that his case is at its inception beyond his aid.

In all cases of croup no time should be lost in sending for a doctor.

Next month I shall deal with "How to Meet Emergencies in the Case of Accidents."

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Some time ago in a wearied mood I spoke of the difficulty of making bricks without straw—that is, hammering away month after month, year after year, on behalf of the poor cripples of London without helps or hints from members of the League—while at the same time I expressed the conviction that if my good-hearted friends were only aware of the difficulty they would gladly come to my help. One friend has promptly verified my prophecy. Her letter is a most touching one, with the additional advantage of fairly representing the condition of hundreds upon hundreds of the poor little "prisoners of God" in the great city. She says—

DEAR SIR,—In looking over the children's corner of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE I note your wish that members of the Crutch-and-Kindness League would give some of their experiences with their crippled charges; it may interest you to have some particulars of my own girl, Ellen A——, of ——, Canning Town. When I applied for membership I mentioned that being an adult I was willing to take an older boy or girl, so Ellen was given me, and I much regret that I did not know of the League earlier, having been a member only since April last.

Poor Ellen! hers is a sad life; twenty-one years old, unable to read or write, as she has been feeble-minded since her babyhood. She cannot do anything for herself, needs as much attention as a little child, and can only walk with someone holding her, or by dragging herself along by means of the wall. It is spinal disease that has gripped her, never to loose its hold in this life. Her mother writes me for her, and has given me a great insight into their life. They are as poor as can be, I think; Mrs. A. has been a widow four years and all she has to depend on is shirt work, and such miserably paid work it is! She gets the shirts—only rough ones—made at a shop. On each shirt she makes five button holes, sews on five buttons, and overcasts all the corners, and for this she gets *one farthing*—threepence per dozen shirts! If she has enough work for a week, sitting very closely, the utmost she can earn is five shillings, and out of this has 2s. weekly rent to pay for one back room, leaving only 3s. at the most for everything else for herself and Ellen.

I have read in newspapers of "sweating.' Is not this a sample of it? Imagine making 1,200 button-holes, and sewing on as many buttons, all for 5s. It is horrible. Yet she often does not earn even that amount; it was but sevenpence one week, being Bank Holiday week, when the shopkeeper had gone to Brighton for several days, and there was no work to be given out till next week. Mrs. A. says she cannot do any other work, such as charing, because she has rheumatism badly in hands and feet. Thanks to some kind friends, I have been able to help them in a small measure, but my means are so limited that I cannot do all I would. Ellen has some small pleasures now and then; a married sister, who lives near, takes her out occasionally—a ride by tram to Victoria Park if there are any coppers to spare, and sometimes they have the loan of an invalid chair from a lady. Through the kindness, too, of the Ragged School Union, Ellen is promised a day's outing, with her sister to take care of her, and is looking forward to it most eagerly.

All these particulars I have gathered by degrees, and really I am surprised how they like to hear from me, and it gives me as much pleasure to receive Mrs. A's. letters; I always enclose means to reply. Her other children are older and all married, and too poor to help her much. I know what large demands there are on the Ragged School Union's funds, but I should be so glad if a little assistance could be given to these two poor things. Mrs. A. told me a lady visitor had given them some articles of clothing a short time ago. I could tell you much more but am afraid of taking up too much of your time, only I must add that I became acquainted with the Crutch and Kindness League through a volume of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE borrowed from the Free Library here.

I am lame myself, but can get about.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
"M. W. M."

In the above most graphic and pathetic letter I have suppressed names and addresses though the sympathetic writer has given them

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fully, her own number in the League being 5,010.

The drift of her letter brings to my mind a scene of which I was an eye-witness. My attention had been called to a girl in an almost identical state of helplessness to that of the one about whom this kindly correspondent has written. During several years I visited her, making what little alleviations in her sad lot I could. Though utterly limp and helpless, she had grown a handsome girl to look at, with abundance of fair hair, plump features, a beautiful complexion, and large, soft blue eyes. Her mother was a widow, and the two rooms were inhabited by this girl, her mother, grandmother, uncle, and aunt. The uncle was a carman with Pickford, the women folk did washing and charing, as they could. All were perfectly steady and self-respecting, though very poor. One day I was sent for to come quickly, because the grandmother was taken seriously ill. I jumped on my bicycle, and in a few minutes was in the house. What a scene! On the bed in one room was the grandmother, a big woman, laboriously breathing her last. Near the window the uncle was bending over his wife, who had fainted, while in another corner of the room, on the floor, lay the helpless girl huddled in a swoon, while her mother kept running in and out doing her best to attend to all, occasionally wiping the brow of the dying. How little most people know of the circumstances under which the crippled poor live their lives!—yet there are many kind hearts who would be only too glad to do what they could to alleviate their sufferings, and I am grateful to think that the Crutch-and-Kindness League has done something to bring together the sufferers and willing helpers.

The comparative rarity with which a cripple is seen in the streets of London may well take the reader aback as he learns that there are no less that 6,000 *poor* crippled children in London alone, hundreds of whom never get beyond the walls of their little room, except on sad excursions to and from the hospital. What the League aims at is to bring a little sunshine into the lot of these unhappy children in a manner within the reach of all sympathetic hearts, no matter where they are situated. It only asks that, once a month at least, each member should write a letter, or send some illustrated magazine or toy, ribbon, or such-like token of friendly interest, to the cripple child put into his or her care, with all particulars for this purpose. Anything beyond this is entirely at the member's own power or discretion—but the League does not ask for more. This kindness, it will be seen, can be done by all, young or old, rich or poor, far-off or near; accordingly the membership of the League now extends to almost every part of the world.

And oh! the joy of these poor lonesome things at the visit from the postman with a letter all to themselves, and how the thrill cheers them, by memory and anticipation, till the next letter or paper arrives! With such an opportunity laid before them the invalid and the infirm can find outlet for their sympathy and the young and strong can be trained in kindness,

All further particulars may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobalds-road, London, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Violet M. Walker, Harrow; Mrs. Robert Evans, Wales; Mrs. Darke, Kingston; Miss Leeson, Croydon; Mrs. Everett, New South Wales; Miss Carr, Malton; Miss Rosser, Kempston; Miss Gilpin, Yorkshire; Miss Sweet, Romford; Mrs O'Neal, Liscard; Mr. H. Barfoot, Radstock; Miss A. Miles, Hove; Miss Wallace, Barry; Miss Breitback, E. Dulwich; Miss Field, Bath; Mr. Howard Batstone, Bath; Miss Daisy Deane, Barbados; Miss Hardy, C.E. Girls, Hull; Miss Hardy, C.E. Boys, Hull; Miss M. Singleton Lewis, Wales; Mrs. Gittens, Sheffield; Miss H. M. Chadbourne, Enfield; Miss Elsie Bronard, Guernsey; Miss H. J. Scott, Herne Hill; Miss Dora Champion, Natal; Miss Alice Ashman, care of Miss Footit, Woodford Green; Miss Hettie Hutchinson, Boscombe; Miss Drue Sinclair, Windermere; Miss Mary Kathleen Topham, Kilburn; Miss Amy Barfield, Kilburn; Miss Winnie Hurrell, Walthamstow; Miss Bishop, Brixton; Mrs. Arthur C. Franklin, Natal.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"MY PETS."

Of several contributions sent in on this theme I have space for only three—which are fair specimens, however, of all the others. A very kindly little picture this one makes :—

Parsonage Farm, Chisledon, Swindon.

We have got 1 dog and 2 cats. The dog is called Ben, and the cats Tabicia and Alleluia. Ben and Tabicia used to play together, and the dog would drag the cat about by the tail, and then he would jump on him, and pretend to bite him, when the cat would give him a rap on the nose with his paw. I used to come out every morning at the same time and out of the same door to give them some milk, and they would all 3 be there waiting for me. The other, named Alleluia, always comes with me if I climb a tree.

MARY NOELLE WALKER (*Age 11¾ years*).

How well this next shows the kindly feeling created by having the care of pets:—

MY DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I have not written to you before, but I thought that I should like to try the competition on "The best story about a pet." I have a lovely puss called "Tiger;" he is the most sensible cat I ever saw, and when you speak to him he always mews back as if in answer to what you have said to him. We call him Tiger because he is so big and beautifully striped all down his back and sides and legs; he weighs about eleven and a half pounds, and is about seven or eight years old. He comes up to bed at night, and sleeps there all the night till you get up in the morning, and when you go down to breakfast he comes and begs so beautifully for something to eat, that you really cannot refuse to give him anything. And when the dinner, tea, and supper bells ring he always comes in. We have moved to another house for three months and he will not stay here, at the present he is at the other house. I could say a lot more about him but I might say too much owing to shortness of space.

I remain, your sincerely,

GEORGINA MARY JOAN JACKSON (*Age 11½ years*).

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The following is very rich and racy, and has been reckoned the best of the batch. To the writer, accordingly, the prize has been awarded. Another encouragement to my young friends not to be cast down by one or two failures, but to try, try, and try again.

OUR RABBIT.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I was very pleased and surprised to see my letter in print and seeing that there is another competition I thought I would write again. We have had a great number of pets, but the one I am going to write about is a rabbit. He was quite white, with bright pink eyes, and at first we called him Snowball, but it was too long and we generally called him Bunnie. We were all very fond of him and father made him a hutch, but he was very seldom in it. He used to run about either in the house or garden.

When he went into the garden we knew there was trouble in store, but, for all that, we let him go out. When he was out, before you could turn round, he was making a hole under the fence and making the best of his way through into the next-door garden. We have a large garden, and he used to run so quickly that he nearly always got where he wanted to. We used to have most exciting chases after him. At the bottom of our garden are the grounds of a private lunatic asylum, and one day he got into these grounds somehow (*how* he could, I don't know, as they are bounded by a stone wall), and we, not knowing he was there, thought he was lost, for he did not come back until a couple of days later in the arms of the gardener, who wanted to know if it was ours. We were all very pleased to see him, and he never went *there* again.

Sometimes he used to go two gardens off and then there was trouble. The gentleman who owned the garden had some lovely roses growing there, and our naughty rabbit used to go and spoil them and trample over the other flowers. All our neighbours knew our rabbit, and it was quite a household word. One gentleman threatened to chain it up, another to make a pie of it, and sundry other awful threats, but these did not affect our rabbit. But the greatest fun of all was catching him to put him back in his hutch. If we had friends they used to assist us until we were all tired and quite helpless with laughter. In and out of the raspberry canes, behind the lilac bushes, and my brother used to scramble in among the bushes and send him out from that secure retreat, and so sometimes he even went next door where the chase was carried on by fresh pursuers, for there was a houseful of girls and boys there, and great was the noise with laughing and tumbling over one another. When at last we did catch the truant he looked so innocent and fat, that we used to go off in fresh fits of laughter, and so sometimes he used to get away again, after all. We used to have to throw a cloth over him, for he was so slippery that we could not just catch hold of him with our hands for he would slip out of them again, and it was a most comical sight to see us frantically waving and throwing cloths and aprons, etc., about. In the winter we used to let him run about the house and he used to run up and down the stairs like a kitten. Sometimes in the night we children were frightened by hearing a funny tapping and scraping kind of noise. It was the incorrigible rabbit tapping in a peculiar way with his hind legs, for he could get into our rooms, as we always had the doors open. Another good joke was to see him fighting the cat. He used to stand, or half sit, on his hind legs, and very rapidly beat up and down with his front paws, so that the cat could not reach him and had to retreat. The cat was quite afraid of him. Sometimes he used to jump on mother's lap, just like a kitten. He was frightfully spoilt, and he used to eat everything we had, and would even drink tea and milk.

At last he got so fat that he died, and that was the end of our dear old rabbit. We have had a great number of pets, among others we have had canaries, tortoises, dogs, mice, and cats innumerable. We have two cats now, a mother and her son. The mother does not know her son, as she has been living elsewhere, and the two have dreadful fights.—Yours sincerely,

CONNIE FOOT (*Aged* 14).

14, Melody-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

You youngsters all see visions and dream dreams, and have quite a familiar acquaintance with fairies. Some of you, too, hope to be authors one day. Very good! I want you to try your pen now by writing me a fairy tale, not longer than 200 words, all out of your own head! Can you do it? Try! The next competition then will be :—

"MY FAIRY TALE."

Write on one side of the paper only, give name, address, and age (under 16), and send on or before the 20th of this month to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, The Crescent, The Grove, Denmark Hill, London, S.E., and I shall give a handsome book for the best story.

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Over 400 men have been settled in Canada.

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Many are crippled, epileptic, infirm.

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Contributions should be sent to Rev. Arthur E. Gregory, The Children's Home, Bonner Rd., N.E.

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WHAT IS THE

Crutch & Kindness League?

It is part of the RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, *which was founded nearly 60 years ago by the good Earl of Shaftesbury.*

The Society has a Register of over **6,000 Crippled, Maimed, and Suffering Children.** This is the **CRUTCH,** and the **KINDNESS** is asked for from the readers of *Temple Magazine.* **Money,** of course, is needed for Holidays, Surgical Instruments, Apprenticeships, Mail Carts, Boots, Clothing, Beef Tea, and Dainties of all kinds. Toys and Dolls are also in great request.

The Society has many other branches of Christ-like work amongst the poor children of the London slums. The Council ask for help.

Will YOU lend a hand?

All contributions and parcels should be sent to the Secretary—

Mr. JOHN KIRK,

Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society,

32, John Street, Theobalds Road, LONDON, W.C.

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After eight years' earnest pleading, a further **£10,000,** or **200,000 shillings,** still urgently needed to give **relief** to hundreds of aged, destitute, and afflicted victims of the great "Liberator" fraud, who were taught and trained in habits of temperance and thrift by their trusted leaders, only to find themselves suddenly robbed of their life-savings, and driven to face the dreaded workhouse, in spite of all their praiseworthy endeavours to make some provision for their old age.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 2.

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Photo by Alice Hughes.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A DAINTY TEA-GOWN.

There are all sorts of pretty notions in the heads of the leading dressmakers for fashioning dainty tea-gowns and tea-jackets, morning-robes and dressing-gowns for autumn and winter wear. One of the prettiest of these is carried out in a pale ivory-white cashmere. The gown, as shown

in the sketch, is full and flowing, and quite loose about the bodice, yet gathered into the figure about the waistline by means of tuckings set on at regular intervals. Through these tuckings a black velvet waistband is slid, forming the trimming. This belt is made of ribbon velvet, and can be tied into a large sash knot in the centre of the back. The sleeves are cut in a very large bell, and edged with handsome steel embroidery. Above the embroidery are set lines of insertion, through which are run narrow velvet ribbons to correspond with the waistband. The neck arrangement is prettiest of all, for it is fashioned in the fichu style of soft cream-coloured *mousseline de soie,* it being caught round the shoulders and edged with embroidery to match that used upon the sleeves. Again, the pretty lace trimming is inserted with a narrow black baby ribbon, while this is finished with a very full rosette and tags at the bend of the figure of the same black velvet. This gown is cut in a low V-shape, but it would be quite possible to fill it in with a dainty tucked chemisette of white chiffon or muslin. Such a gown need not be lined unless extra warmth is desired.

THE QUEEN AS A NURSE.

An interesting reference is made to King Edward and his Royal Consort in the memoirs and letters of Sir James Paget which have just been published. When the King, then Prince of Wales, was attacked by typhoid in 1871, Sir James was called to a consultation on a point of surgery with the physicians in attendance, and in a letter to his wife he says: "The Princess is the sweetest nurse you ever saw. She would do everything if she were allowed, and all with the gentlest and most loving ways. And the Prince's patience and courtesy make me very ashamed of my recollections of my illnesses, and especially the last."

First, our passions are like travellers, making a brief stay, then like guests visiting us day by day, until at last they become our masters, holding us beneath their sway.

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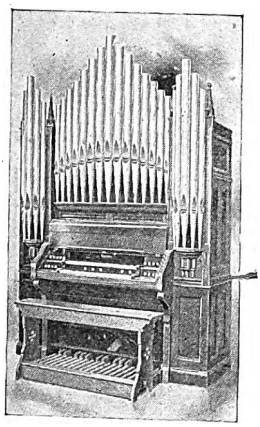

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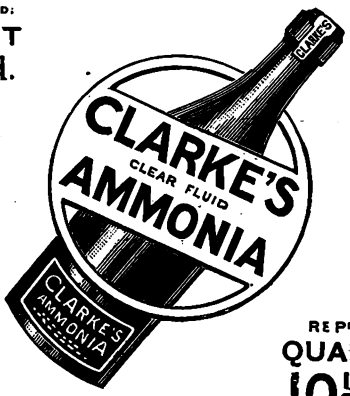

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Women at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century.

By MRS. HIRST ALEXANDER.

WHAT women are to-day in this Twentieth Century is the result of the evolutionary work begun before the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, but only made strikingly manifest during the last fifty years.

Let the aims of women be ever increasingly high, as have been those of their predecessors, in progress, and the record of the century into which we have just entered will be one of such headway and uplifting of human kind—women and their co-partners, men—as the world has never yet seen.

Women are awakening everywhere to the high work lying to their hands in the near future; work that shall go to the building up of whole, healthy, pure bodies to be the temples of whole, healthy, pure souls, work that shall raise mankind to a loftier and more spiritual plane of life than the race has yet attained to, work that shall be an instrument, under God's guidance, in His own divine evolution of eternal order out of original chaos, such supreme order and sublime purpose as we yet have caught but a glimpse of—a faint streak in the dawn of that day which shall reveal the Omnipotent's transcendent intent and design towards us His creatures.

Many are the forms in which this new spirit in woman is pressing towards its ends. In matters domestic, educational, professional, industrial, philanthropical, and political, there has been of late times a great shaking among the dry bones of old custom and thought.

MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK,
Through whose efforts Nursing became a recognised Profession.
Photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.

In a short sketch of this kind it is only possible to indicate a few of the multifarious avenues of progress up which women of the present period are steadily advancing and achieving places for themselves in the world's ascent of which their grandmothers never dreamed.

In domestic science they start the twentieth century under most favourable auspices. Housekeeping schools and training schools of cookery and domestic

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economy are scattered all over England, while technical education in domestic science, including the care and management of children, as well as the various branches of general housewifery and sewing—in fact, everything that goes to fit girls for the duties of home life as mothers of families, as helpers at home, or for domestic service—is taught in nearly every public school in the United Kingdom; and the acceptance of domestic sciences by the Board of Education at Whitehall, and by the Technical Education Committees of country and city councils is all due to a woman, Miss Fanny Calder, of Liverpool, who devoted the last quarter of the nineteenth century to this great work—the development and application of domestic science in the homes of the people.

MISS ADA CROSSLEY.
Photo by Langfier.

The noted Australian contralto.

MISS ROSE SCOTT,
One of the leading workers for the Enfranchisement of Women in Australia.
Photo by Newman, Sydney.

MRS. AYRTON,
The only woman member of the Society of Electrical Engineers.
Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

The teaching of these vital and primary sciences is a new career for educated women, sufficiently remunerative to be attractive and in which hundreds are now employed. But a still greater innovation of the day is the influx of ladies into domestic service. For these and for gentlewomen trained as children's nurses there is great demand.

Mrs. Walter Ward (*née* Emily Lord) has made the training of the latter her special work in her Norland Institute, Pembridge Square, which she founded and has financed from the beginning. Mrs. Ward has recognised, as have other workers in the same line, that there are refined women who, though not suited for the higher education or a strictly professional life, yet, needing to earn their livelihood, can, when properly equipped, follow a vocation useful and interesting as children's nurses, in which they are immeasurably superior to the ordinary nurse.

In the Norland Institute the students go through a course of hygienic hospital and probationary training, and are made to feel that their daily life in the presence of the children must be an example to

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MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE,
The first to demonstrate the possibilities of Agriculture as a career for Women.
Photo by Lombardi & Co.

their young charges during the earliest years of child-life—thus introducing into houses a high standard of moral conduct.

The public's appreciation of the Norland Institute's nurses is demonstrated by the fact that close on two thousand nurses were applied for in four years. The whole of the profits of the Institute have from the beginning been devoted by its founder to the paying off cost of furniture, etc., and to the benefit of the nurses, the money being place in the hands of trustees. Mrs. Ward is also founder of the Norland Place School, the Norland Workrooms, and is President of the Fröbel Society.

Sick nursing claims to be the pioneer, as it must always be one of the best and highest, of professions for women. It claims that the example of its nurses has undoubtedly led other women to undertake public work as Guardians of the Poor, Members of School Boards, and in other capacities in which their knowledge of domestic details has proved to be of incalculable advantage to everyone concerned. It is a production of the Victorian Era, our late beloved Queen herself, her Royal daughters, and Queen Alexandra being most powerful factors in the fostering and developing of the art of nursing and in placing its practical benefits at the service of the poor in their own homes. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, in the third year of her late Majesty's accession, was the real pioneer of nursing in England, Miss Florence Nightingale instituting Army Nursing during the Crimean War.

To Mrs. Bedford Fenwick it was reserved to gather together and consolidate the vast body of qualified nurses into a skilled order and incorporate them by the ancient form of Royal Charter, it being the first woman's profession so recognised. It was in 1887 that Mrs. Fenwick took the initiative in this important movement, and finally through many difficulties she founded the British Nurses' Association, which issued its first register of trained nurses in 1891. Queen Victoria conferred on the Society the title of "Royal," and two years later granted to it a Royal Charter.

This enthusiastic architect of her profession has also formed an International Council of Nurses for the purpose of providing a means of communication between the nurses of all countries and of conference on all questions relating to

MRS. C. C. STOPES,
One of the pioneer workers who opened the Universities to Women.
Photo by W. & D. Downey.

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their work. Her own nursing career is of the most distinguished character. Her medals and honours are innumerable and she wears the Cross (Hon. Associate) of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. She was made Inspector of Nursing (by request of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Greece) of the Ecole Militaire Hospital at Athens in 1897, and was awarded the Commemorative Medal and Diploma of the Greek Red Cross in 1899. Mrs. Fenwick is the Editor of the *Nursing Record*, and has been for many years a frequent contributor to well-known journals on themes connected with her noble profession.

The Higher Education of Women and the opening to them of the Universities is another advance in the position of women, Mrs. C. Carmichael Stopes is one of that brave body of ladies associated with the movement that led to the opening of those colleges of learning to women, becoming herself one of the earliest female students in the University classes of her native Edinburgh. Her sympathies with her sisters are intense, but as she believes that no true or permanent advancement in their condition can take place until they are enfranchised, she considers that the securing of the suffrage should be the first effort of women who think, and who desire the welfare of their sex. Finding that they are disfranchised, not because they are incapable, but because the judges in the case of Chorlton *v.* Lings in 1868, decided that they never had a vote and could not claim it by precedent, Mrs. Stopes set to work on the field of history, and in her "British Freewomen and their Historical Privileges" showed in opposition to the judges' opinion that they not only had possessed the right in the past but had exercised it. She is the authoress of several books of research on the sixteenth century and on Shakespeare, his contemporaries, etc.

MISS EMMA BROOKE,
A noted fiction writer, who has also devoted herself to the study of social problems.
Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

In Miss Emma Brooke, the novelist and essay writer, we have another instance of one whose life and character were strongly affected by the "Movement for the higher education of Women," which opened the doors of the University of Cambridge to her when she was a young girl. She was one of the eight "Pioneer Students" of Newnham College, Cambridge, and, therefore, one of the first women who tasted the delight and supreme advantage of University education within the precincts of a University town. But a second strong influence came into her life—the renewed outburst of Socialism, its modern and enlightened phase, which occurred in the eighties. Miss Brooke became a member of the Fabian Society, and was until lately on its executive. The present period finds her a noted fiction-writer, a student of economics, a member of their London school, a strong advocate of special legislation for women and a tabulator of the factory laws of European countries relating to hours of labour of women and young children. And yet she is not a champion of so called "Woman's Movements," believing, as she does, that no social problem can be treated apart from other social problems without one-sidedness and mischief, and that all alterations and ameliorations in the lot of her sex, which are necessary, are more likely to come naturally and in due course through the gradual processes that better the whole race of man. In this, of course, she is opposed to many progressive women.

But while the dawn of the new century breaks upon woman's intellect cultivated to its utmost capabilities without let or hindrance, it shows also their physical education at a high pitch of perfection—their bodies are cared for as well as their minds. The British College of Physical Education subjects its students to thorough test examinations, so that properly qualified instructors shall be sent forth to aid in the building up of well-developed healthy human frames, and the popular recreations of the day, lawn tennis, golf, hockey, skating rinks, mountain climbing, boating

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and bicycling all go to the splendid physical unfoldment which is so striking a feature of the all-round education of young women of the current era.

The Misses Beatrice and Evelyn Bear, principals of the Alexandra House Gymnasium and Training College for Gymnastic Teachers, Kensington Gore, are two of the leading representatives of the Art of Physical Culture in London. They are both members of the British College of Physical Education, the former being on its examining body. Besides the usual curriculum of drill, general gymnastics, and fencing, the Misses Bear pay special attention to exercises by which growth of nasal obstructions is prevented, narrow chests are expanded, and a most beneficial effect obtained over the general health. Remedial work is another important branch, Miss Bear giving recently, by request, a demonstration to members of the medical profession of her method of treating lateral curvature of the spine.

The injustice of withholding University degrees from women, as is the case with the older Universities, is evidenced in the fact that there are now 450 medical women in Great Britain, India, China, and other parts where they have settled abroad. Many hold official positions in hospitals under the County Council, School Board, and under Government. But medical science has by no means absorbed the whole of feminine scientific genius. In this year of grace, 1901, ladies are largely engaged in astronomy, bacteriology, botany, chemistry, geography, geology, mathematics, physiology, psychology, and zoology. Many are occupied as lecturers on these abstruse subjects. Mrs. Thompson (Miss Robertson, M.A., Dublin) is Assistant Examiner in Physics in the Royal University of Ireland, and there are numerous women museum curators and assistants.

But as yet there is only one lady member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers—Mrs. Ayrton. Born at Portsea, and educated at Girton, where she took honours in Mathematics, in 1884 she turned her attention to elec-

THE MISSES BEAR,
Two leading Representatives of the art of Physical Culture.
Photo by E. W. Evans, 24, Church Street, W.

MRS. HOSTER,
Who trains women as private secretaries to Members of Parliament and other responsible positions.
Photo by Warschawski, St. Leonards.

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tricity, entering Finsbury College as a special student, and soon afterwards married Professor Ayrton, President of the Physical Science Section at the British Association. She has published a book embodying the results of her husband's and her own researches on the electric arc, and at the International Congress of Electricians in Paris made an important communication on the luminous intensity of the electric arc with continuous current, showing how the best results could be obtained. In conjunction with it Mrs. Ayrton exhibited a series of very beautiful experiments in the Ecole Supérieure d'Electricité. In June last this clever scientist read a paper on "The Mechanism of the Electric Arc" before the Royal Society.

In music, the rôle of Musical Bachelors counts 26 women graduates since 1892. Of Musical Doctors there are two—H. M. Queen Alexandra (Hon.), R. U. I., and Miss Annie W. Patterson, R. U. I. Ladies appear in large numbers as prize, scholarship, and exhibition winners at the various Colleges of Music.

Among the Queens of Song, a fresh variety has appeared within the last few years. The dawn of the century thickens with the new song-birds from over the seas. They are here and still they come—these daughters of the Empire—from far-off Australia, whose climate and soil seem prolific of beautiful voices of a quality full, rich, and round.

Among the first flight of these charming vocalists is Miss Ada Crossley, the renowned contralto—"Our Ada," as the Australians proudly and affectionately call her. She lives in the hearts of the people of her native land, who have testified publicly to her art, her great worth, her personal amiability and large-heartedness, and if ever she returns she is assured by them of the gladdest of welcomes. But the motherland has recognised her powers, from its late Sovereign downwards, and will not let her go. The beautiful jewels presented to Miss Crossley by Princess Henry of Battenberg on behalf of her Royal Mother are precious mementos to the young Australian of her appearances before Queen Victoria at Balmoral, but the gracious and laudatory words spoken to her by Her late Majesty (a splendid but critical listener) are till more pri'ed.

Forty years or so ago technical training for women was almost unheard of, but *nous avons changé tout cela.* The first adult book-keeping class for women was started in 1860, the first shorthand class in 1872 by the same pioneer society, and in 1885 the second typing office for women was established by its help. Now the day of the amateur and untrained worker is over, and far more is demanded of women secretaries and clerks than in the time when the first few positions were experimentally thrown open to them. The immense advance in education has laid the best of all foundations for the definite technical training now absolutely requisite to both women and men in order to succeed in any profession or business they may take up. Even the day of the Board School girl, who was first in the field, is fast passing away. A thorough education, with refinement, allied with the traditions of gentle breeding and a knowledge of literature and languages such as have been the possessions of the class of women who have more lately offered themselves, are opening up posts which would ever have remained closed to the semi-educated and rougher class of workers.

Among the ladies who have had the raising of their profession completely at heart and who have conscientiously striven towards their high ideals, is Mrs. Hoster, who has organised large typewriting, shorthand and translating offices in the City, where for the last seven years she has, with a competent staff of assistants, successfully devoted a large portion of her time to the training of gentlewomen for a professional career, giving particular attention to the training of secretaries for members of Parliament and others. With all is combined an all-round business education embracing commercial correspondence in foreign languages, preparation for the National Union of Typists' Examinations, etc. From her centre of the Typewriting World in Telegraph Street, Mrs. Hoster sends out qualified operators to solicitors, merchants, bankers, authors, financial houses, stock-brokers, members of the dramatic profession, &c. This clear-headed lady is an enthusiast in her profession and speaks of it as one "eminently qualified for people of education, erudition, and observation in every station of life." She is a god-daughter of Lady Battersea and to the latter's unfailing kindness and encouragement largely attributes her success.

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Thanks to the increase of wisdom and the gradual stamping out of the old obstructive prejudices and narrow-minded conventionalities, there are many useful and profitable industrial occupations into which ladies can now enter without losing caste.

For the rise of Agriculture as a career for gentlewomen England is primarily indebted to Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the well-known writer and talented daughter of the late Dr. George Harley, F.R.S., of whose biography she is the authoress. The origin of Mrs. Tweedie's taking up the subject of agriculture as a calling for women was one of those curious coincidences which so often, though small in themselves, alter the whole trend of a person's life. She was at a large dinner party in Copenhagen when the health was drunk of the two ladies representing the country which has made Denmark rich.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Tweedie, "I mean," replied the host, "that a quarter of a century ago Denmark was a very poor country, but since we have begun to manufacture butter and export it to England we have got richer every day, and as that export is yearly increasing by enormous leaps and bounds we are reaping a proportionate reward."

These words struck the lady as strange. She pondered over the subject, and finally decided to stay two or three days longer in Copenhagen in order to visit some of the creameries, for six years ago two hundred creameries were already in full swing, and co-operation was universal. The results of her enquiries appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, where they evoked so much comment that they were finally published as a pamphlet, entitled—"Danish *versus* English Butter-Making," which was ultimately quoted in the House of Commons.

MISS VIOLET BROOK-HUNT,
"The Soldier's Friend."
Photograph by M. Jacolette.

MISS IRMA DREYFUS,
A French lady who is now engaged in a scheme to get Australian products introduced into France.

MRS. WALTER WARD,
Who trains ladies as Children's Nurses.
Photograph by Adolphus Tear, Bayswater.

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After she suggested the taking up of agriculture by women as a profession, Lady Warwick's hostel at Reading was founded on very much the lines laid down in the pamphlet.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie is a great traveller, and has given to the world her experiences and impressions in her much-read books, "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," "A Winter Jaunt in Norway," "Through Finland in a Cart," etc. Her new book, "Mexico as I Saw It," about to be published, is said to be her most ambitious work, and is to be illustrated by innumerable water colour sketches executed by herself. She was present at the latest Aztec excavations, the most interesting ever made in Mexico, and was the guest of many of the grandees of that beautiful country. This adventurous lady is a constant writer to London magazines, and recently contributed an excellently well-informed article to the *Fortnightly Review* on the Tehuantepec Railway and its far-reaching possibilities on the world's commerce.

In works of philanthropy women take a foremost place. They have struck out many novel and felicitous methods of work in women's settlements, working girls and boys' clubs, girls' friendly societies, "Happy Evening Associations," and numerous other organisations.

Miss Violet Brook-Hunt began her club work almost before she was out of the schoolroom, among the men and boys of her grandfather's estate in Gloucestershire, eventually starting in Gloucester itself the Gordon Wanderers, "a self-supporting club for young artisans." Coming to London three years ago Miss Brook-Hunt found many of her "old boys" in the Guards and at once became anxious to do something for the soldiers. Early last year she went to the seat of war in South Africa and was one of those distinguished women who worked hardest for the men at the front. She organised soldiers' institutes, convalescent camps, and superintended on the very spot arrangements for the supply of proper food, comforts, and hospital appliances to the brave men fighting amid unforeseen hardships and difficulties. She moved her camp, as the armies advanced, from Nauwpoort to Bloemfontein and then to Pretoria, at which latter it is recorded that the clergyman on his rounds would be announced by the orderly in these terms: "Any desperate cases for the Chaplain in here?" whilst Miss Brook-Hunt was heralded by "Anyone in here like to see a dear blessed angel of a lady?" She has since given her experiences in her book "A Woman's Memories of the War," and also in a boys' publication entitled "The Story of Lord Roberts's Campaigns," and is also the author of several other popular volumes. Her interests are multiform, embracing university extension, political work, and emigration.

The present time sees women's enfranchisement accomplished in several important parts of the Empire. Soon, it is believed, the Commonwealth of Australia will make it universal throughout its states. In England the most intelligent and far-seeing women are working quietly, doggedly, and persistently for it, as they have done for nearly thirty years.

One of the most active operators in the cause is Miss Helen Blackburn, whose services spread almost continuously through the past twenty-five years, and whose great editorial gifts, in the *Englishwoman's Review* and her various well-known handbooks, have all been exercised in the uplifting and helping forward of her sex.

In King Edward's "Dominions over the Seas" Miss Rose Scott stands out as one of the greatest champions of woman's suffrage—a colossal worker, a charming platform speaker, and, at the same time, she is one of the most winning and popular personages in Sydney Society.

There is no space left to do more than glance at the evidences of women's steady advance all over the civilised world. One instance only can be cited of the growing good fellowship and sisterhood which are beginning to bind the nations together.

Miss Irma Dreyfus is a French lady who has popularised the literature of her country in Melbourne by a series of interesting lectures extending over two years.

She lately left her temporarily adopted land, where she had resided several years and learned to love its people, and is now in her native Paris engaged in a scheme to get Australian products introduced into France, to the combined advantage, as she considers, of both countries. Whether she will succeed or not remains to be proved, but all honour is due to the international goodwill of which Miss Irma Dreyfus is a New Century representative.

MARY HIRST ALEXANDER.

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The Castle by the Sea.

By L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Daddy's Boy," "Wild Kitty," "The Cleverest Woman in England," "An Adventuress," "The Way of a Woman," etc.

MY aunt, Lady Denbigh, lived in an old castle on the Norfolk coast. The region which surrounded her house was most remote and desolate. It was ten miles from any town and five from the nearest railway station. There was always supposed to be a great mystery about the castle itself and about the lady who lived there. The castle was built on a great crag and hung nearly over the sea. It was very old, had a tower which was said to be haunted, and numerous rooms with small windows.

I had heard of my aunt's castle and the strange, eccentric life she lived there all my days, but I never went to see her until I was nearly twenty years of age. Lady Denbigh had been a widow for the last fifteen years, her husband, Sir Archibald Denbigh, having died about five years after their marriage. From time to time I heard my father, a very matter-of-fact, shrewd lawyer, speak of my aunt, Lady Denbigh. He told me she was a great beauty in her day, but was always more or less eccentric, and had a strong, imperious will which nothing seemed able to break.

I was nearly twenty, was a strong, hearty girl, my schooldays were over, and I did not exactly know what to make of my future life, when on a certain morning I received an invitation from Aunt Caroline to spend Christmas with her at Castle Denbigh. I could not help starting when I read the letter. I crossed the room and laid it by my father's plate. He read it, also, looked up at me, and said in his brief, somewhat stern way:

"You will go. She would not send for you if she did not specially want you. You will go and you will be kind to her. I will send you to-morrow with Mitchell."

Mitchell was my maid, and I depended a good deal on her services.

"Mitchell will stay with me, of course, while I am there?" I said.

"I do not think so. Your aunt will not permit a strange servant inside the castle, but she can take you to the gates. Now then, my dear, buy anything you want and be ready to start to-morrow morning."

The next day I started on my journey. I arrived at the nearest railway station late in the afternoon. A carriage with a pair of somewhat shaggy white horses and a very old coachman had been sent to meet me. Mitchell and I went towards the neat brougham, but the old servant who was holding the door open looked dubious when he saw the maid.

"This person cannot come to the castle," he said. "Perhaps you know that, Miss Watson?"

"Very well," I answered. "But I should like Mitchell to accompany me on my drive. You can take her back again to the railway station."

"There seems no sense in taking her all this long drive for nothing," answered the man, "and my horses are not accustomed to so much exercise. Perhaps, miss, you would say good-bye to your servant now. I believe that is your aunt's wish."

I felt a little annoyed for a moment, then I said, turning to Mitchell:

"I suppose there is no help for it, Mitchell. Good-bye. I will let you know when I am returning to town."

I shook hands with her—she had been my maid for many years—and felt a slight sinking of heart as I saw her vanish into the railway station.

The drive was a long one and the day specially cold. There was a high

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melancholy wind and constant sleet showers. A gale was blowing full in from the sea, and I saw the breakers, and noticed the rocky coast some time before I arrived at Castle Denbigh.

At last we drew up outside some heavy iron gates. The footman jumped down and rang the bell. I heard bars being withdrawn from within and the gates were flung open. The carriage crossed a portcullis into a square courtyard, and finally drew up outside a deep porch. This part of the house was sheltered, but I must honestly confess I never saw a more dismal or forbidding-looking abode. The bell which hung outside the front door was rusty, as if it were seldom used. The footman gave it a violent tug. Footsteps were heard shuffling along the stone hall, and a moment later the door was opened, and a man-servant in rusty livery motioned me to enter. He took me to a small room on one side of the hall, and said that I should receive attention immediately. I wondered what this could mean. I was bitterly cold, and my excitement and pleasure of the day before had all vanished.

In the course of a very few minutes a respectable, middle-aged, sweet-faced woman appeared. She said that she was Lady Denbigh's maid, that her name was Harrison, that she had instructions to do all that I required, and she now begged of me to allow her to take me at once to my room.

Cold and shivering, I followed her across the stone-flagged hall. By right there ought to have been a huge fire in the empty grate, and many bright lamps ought to have made the place cheerful. There was only one lamp, which gave the faintest light, and as I stumbled up the stairs I could scarcely see my way. When we reached the first landing Harrison turned to her left and a moment later flung open a door and introduced me to as cosy and bright-looking a bedroom as I had ever seen. The fire was blazing merrily in the grate, and a little snowy bed stood in a corner near. There were plenty of lighted candles on the dressing-table and also on the mantelpiece, and I saw through an open door another room which was also lit by a fire and was cheerful with light.

"Who sleeps there?" I asked of the maid.

"I do, miss," answered Harrison; "at least," she corrected herself, "I am to sleep in that room while you are at the castle. My mistress wishes it. She thinks you may feel a little nervous at night."

"But why should I feel nervous at night?" I asked.

"I don't suppose you will, miss, but being accustomed to London you may feel the change. We are used to this gloomy old house and don't mind it a bit, but there's no doubt when the wind is high that terrible sounds come through the keyholes. My mistress and I both thought you would like to have me near, miss, and, of course, you need not keep the door open between the two rooms unless you wish."

"I shall be delighted to have you near me," I replied, "and I certainly will keep the door open. I am most grateful. It is extremely thoughtful of you, Harrison, to have done this."

"It was my mistress's thought, not mine," said the woman. "Now shall I unpack your trunk, miss, and may I remove your hat and jacket? Tea will be brought to you here in a moment."

"But when am I to see Lady Denbigh?"

"She will see you in the banqueting hall at dinner."

"Not till then?" I cried. "She is my father's own sister, my very own aunt, and I have never seen her in the whole course of my life."

"She will meet you at dinner, miss, and in the meantime I have no doubt you will like to rest by your fire."

Harrison now took my keys and quickly and deftly unpacked my trunk. This was soon done. She then, after uttering a few commonplaces with regard to my future comfort, left the room.

"Your tea will be brought to you," she said as she was going. "My mistress dines at half-past seven, and the dinner-gong rings at seven. I will come back to you at seven, miss, to help you to dress for dinner."

I made no reply to this, and Harrison left the room, closing the door after her. I sat in my cosy chair by the fire feeling comforted and rested. In a few moments I heard a knock. I said "Come in," and another servant, old, but very pleasant-looking, entered, bearing a tray on which was the most exquisitely-chased silver tea-service I had ever seen. She drew a

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little table near the fire, put the tray on it, did not utter a word, and left the room.

I fell to with a will, for I was thoroughly hungry. After satisfying my young appetite I still continued to sit by the fire, wishing heartily I had a book or magazine to look through. I was almost falling into a doze when something roused me and made me very wide awake indeed. I heard a laugh in the passage outside, and there was a sound about that laugh which caused my heart to stand still and then to throb wildly. It was high and cracked, without a scrap of real merriment in it. Peal after peal sounded just outside my door, and then I heard steps going quickly down the corridor and a voice said:

"Light! light! candle-light and fire-light—good!"

Immediately afterwards the steps receded, and I heard the laughter getting fainter as whoever the individual might be hastened away.

I felt myself suddenly quite cold, and I knew that I was trembling. My first impulse was to run to my door and turn the key in the lock, my next was to go to the door of Harrison's room and see if it were open. To my surprise it was locked. I was locked in between Harrison's room and my own. Nothing could be brighter than the appearance of the two rooms, for even the furniture was modern. I tried to reason with myself that there was nothing extraordinary in the laugh and the queer words when I heard a knock at the door.

"Who is there?" I inquired.

"Me, miss," answered Harrison.

I opened the door and she came in.

"I am so very glad to see you, Harrison," I said. "Do you know that I have been terribly frightened?"

"Frightened, miss?" she answered. Her face assumed a guarded expression. It lost some of its comeliness and became reserved and almost motionless, like a face carved in stone. "What frightened you, miss?" she repeated again.

I told her about the laugh.

"Such a queer, cracked laugh," I said, "and such strange words. What queer person is in the house, Harrison?"

She did not speak at all for a moment, then she said, in a tone of assumed carelessness:

"It may have been one of the servants. We keep a great many servants at the castle, it is one of my mistress's fads. Don't think anything more about that laugh, miss. We live so much out of the world that perhaps we are not quite like the people you are accustomed to see. Shall I dress you for dinner now?"

"Please do," I answered, and as I said the words I resolved to accept Harrison's explanation and not to be frightened any more.

You will soon get accustomed to our funny ways at the castle," the old servant went on, "and there is one thing to comfort you: although we are all queer, you are as safe here as you would be in the heart of London. You may feel nervous, but you have no cause to be. Now I think miss, your toilet is quite finished, and if I may be permitted to say it, you look very sweet. I will take you to the banqueting hall where Lady Denbigh is waiting to receive you."

"I wore white and I knew that I looked pretty and girlish. I followed Harrison through the old house. It was now lit in all directions with many candles. I crossed the wide hall which still struck me as very cold, and waited for Harrison to throw open the great folding doors of the room where Lady Denbigh waited for me.

"Miss Watson, your ladyship," she said, at the pitch of a high voice, and then I slowly entered the room, which was bright with firelight and had numbers of wax candles reflecting a soft radiance everywhere.

In the centre of the room stood a tall lady. She was dressed in a bygone fashion and wore her fair hair over a pillow. Her hair was so white that I thought at first it was powdered, but I saw afterwards that this was its natural color. She had very dark eyes and her eyebrows were delicate and beautifully arched. She came slowly forward when I appeared, kissed me on each cheek and said gently:

"Welcome to Castle Denbigh, Sally."

I started when she said Sally, and looked into her face and said:

"Thank you, Aunt Caroline, I am glad to meet you at last."

"Let me examine your face," she said. She took my hand and led me where the light of many candles fell full on my face.

"Tender and young," she remarked; "a very soft face too, but I think I read firmness in those lips and courage in those eyes. I believe you will do what I want

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you to do. My dear Sally, I have not sent for you just for a freak or whim. I have sent for you because I want you, because I intend if possible to lay a great and heavy burden on you ; but now let us eat. Time enough to tell you what I really want to-morrow."

Two servants in livery now appeared and stood, one behind Aunt Caroline's chair and the other behind mine. Our chairs were drawn back from the table and we seated ourselves. The dinner proceeded in solemn majesty. It was not a very sumptuous repast, but it was served on lovely china, and the plate was solid and massive.

During the meal Aunt Caroline hardly talked at all. I tried to keep up a girlish chatter, which she only responded to by occasionally bending her stately neck. Her eyes had a far-away look, and I do not think she heard me.

I expected her to inquire after my father, but she did not do so. She did not ask me any questions whatsoever. At last the servants withdrew, the dessert was placed on the table, and I bent forward and took one of her jewelled hands in mine.

"Whether you like it or not, I am glad to see you," I said.

"Like it?" she answered. "Yes, I am pleased that you are glad to see me."

As she said the words I looked at her more attentively. For the first time I noticed the glassy look in her eyes, and the extreme and painful thinness of her face. It was so haggard and worn that as I looked close at her I wondered that I had ever thought her beautiful. I saw now that it was her stateliness which had impressed me, and also a fearful sort of resolution in her eyes, more to be dreaded than admired.

I rose to my feet.

"May I go to bed?" I said ; "I begin to feel very sleepy."

"Do so," she answered. "I wish you to have a good night ; I have much to talk to you about to-morrow and my time is short. Go to rest, my dear Sally. I will see you after breakfast."

"Where?" I asked. "Here?"

"No, in my boudoir. Go, I also am tired."

She waved her hand ; I was about to turn away when she suddenly drew me close to her, looked again into my eyes, and, to my astonishment, pressed a kiss between my eyebrows.

"There is courage in your face," she said. "I believe you will do what I want you to do."

I went upstairs. Harrison was waiting for me.

"You look tired, miss," she said.

"I am very sleepy," I answered.

"I am glad of that, miss. May I undress you and see you into bed?"

"You need not do that," I replied. "If you will just take down my hair and put my dress away, I shall require nothing more."

"I should like to see you into bed this first night, miss," she answered.

I made no response, I felt dreadfully tired. I had never been so downright sleepy before. Soon I was lying between the snowy sheets. I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

"Are you coming to bed soon, Harrison?" I asked.

"I will come bye-and-bye," she replied, "but I must see my mistress into bed first. You will be sound asleep long before I come. You will not be lonely, miss."

I was conscious of a drowsy wish that she would come at once, but before I had time to give it utterance I was in the land of dreams. I slept very soundly for what must have been many hours. When I awoke I found that all my sleepiness had vanished. At first I could not remember where I was. I sat up in bed. I heard a low rustling sound in the next room. It startled me for a moment, but then I remembered to my satisfaction that Harrison was sleeping there. I lay down once again on my pillow, and, with contented eyes and a delicious feeling of rest all over me, looked round the room.

It was a very bright little room papered with modern paper, and furnished in modern style. I was so glad that Aunt Caroline had put me here, and had allowed Harrison to look after me. The fire was burning brightly, there was a fire also in Harrison's room, and the flames flickered on both ceilings as I watched them from my own cosy bed. Again I heard that slight rustling. Was Harrison awake? Had she been long in bed?

I had put my watch under my pillow and I took it out now and examined the hour. It was between two and three o'clock. The house was very still. The

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wind which had howled on my first arrival had now subsided, and there only came a fitful moan from the sea at long intervals.

Once again I heard that queer sound.

"Harrison!" I said.

There was no answer, but the noise stopped immediately. For a time there was perfect stillness. I really cannot think when I first began to get frightened, but by slow degrees I felt that the stillness, following that faint movement in the next room, was oppressive. Was Harrison in bed, or was she sitting over her fire? Suddenly I remembered the laugh. The moment I thought of it, my heart began to beat in a quick, irregular fashion. I could not sit still any longer; I must investigate that rustling sound. Very softly I pulled down the bedclothes, put one foot out of bed, and craned my neck forward, for by so doing I could look right into Harrison's room, the door, as I have said, being wide open. Seated by the fire was a figure; the figure was bending towards the flames, the head was bent forward, the elbows rested on the knees, the hands partly covered the face.

"Harrison!" I said, in a whisper. "Harrison!" but the next moment I got quickly into bed. I lay there feeling faint and cold—cold as though I were struck by the hand of death, for the figure bending over the fire was not Harrison. It was the figure of a man—a man who must naturally have been of huge stature, but who was now bent with age or weakness or infirmity. Good Heavens! Who was the man in Harrison's room?

There is a certain queer action which fear has over the human heart. For a mad moment it overpowers, then the nerves become more or less steady. In brave people—and I hope and trust I belong to that class—such, at least, is the case. I knew that if I did not exercise self-control, if I showed any alarm, that figure would rise from its position by the fire and come towards me. I must be canny, brave, calm. My very life depended on this. Suddenly I heard a sound which caused that deathly coldness once more to sweep over me. It was a low and yet cracked laugh. The laugh came at intervals. It was very abrupt and very awful, bursting on the ear without warning, and dying to utter stillness as suddenly. This laugh came now several times, then the figure stretched itself with a mighty yawn, rose to its feet, and, raising both hands towards the ceiling, said, aloud: "Light, light; firelight—good!"

Who was this being? Was there a madman in the old house? Was it a burglar? Was it a ghost? Oh, the agony in my heart! I had an insane wish to rush to the door between the two rooms, to bang the door to and lock it; and then I saw that the key was on Harrison's side, and that I could not possibly achieve my purpose before the huge figure interrupted me. Once again I heard the laugh, and once again the words: "Light; firelight—good!" Then from where I lay in my bed I saw the figure move its position. I watched it strike a match, and then go solemnly from candle to candle lighting one after the other. I counted the candles as they were lit. There were two on the mantlepiece, two on the chest of drawers, two on an old-fashioned bureau. There were six candles in all.

Having lit them, the figure looked towards my room.

"Firelight—good!" I heard him murmur, and then he shambled slowly towards the door which divided the bedrooms. He entered my room, he looked straight at the fire, walked in its direction, and sat down near it. He had not yet seen me. He sat by my fire, resting his elbows again on his knees and pressing his hands to his face. I saw him watch the flames, and I heard him laugh and utter the words: "Firelight — good!" Then I heard him say, with a sort of childish murmur: "I want more light." And he went into the other room and brought back a lighted candle and slowly lit all my candles, two on the mantelpiece, two on the chest of drawers, two on the old bureau, and two more on the dressing-table. In this ever-increasing light I watched him with a queer fascination. My terror was so great that I wondered I did not die on the spot. Suddenly he turned his face full towards me. I saw that in figure he was terribly bent, that his hair hung white over his forehead, that his beard was unkempt and long, and his hands were much distorted. All of a sudden he saw me in my white bed. He strained his bloodshot eyes to look at me, then with the candle which he had last lit in his hand he slowly approached the bed. He did not come quickly, but he came perceptibly nearer each moment. All of a sudden I heard him utter his queer,

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wild laugh, and the next instant he made a mad rush towards me.

I do not remember anything more, My nerves had given out. Blessed unconsciousness had come to my relief. When I came to myself Harrison was bending over me. There was a strong smell of vinegar in the room. She was bathing my forehead and pushing back the hair from my brow.

"There, there," she said, "you are all right. Nothing has hurt you."

I gazed at her. The horrid memory of what I had endured came back to me and I burst into tears.

"I am glad you are crying," said Harrison; "and nothing happened, nothing at all."

"But who was it?" I gasped. "Who was in the room?"

"My child, I can never forgive myself," said Harrison. "But he is so cunning, more cunning than words can say. He did not hurt you, dear. I arrived in time. We won't talk of him now, you shall hear all in the morning. Now I am going to sit in a chair by your side and you must sleep."

But I could not sleep although I lay still and did not utter a sound. Towards morning Harrison herself dropped into a doze, but I lay wide awake. As soon as the first faint dawn stole in under the blind I stretched out my hand and touched Harrison.

"I must go home to-day," I said.

"Oh, no, Miss Sally," she answered.

"I must, Harrison; I have not nerve for it, for the horror of this house."

"You will see my mistress after breakfast, dearie. She will explain things."

I did not make any answer, but my mind was fully made up. I was neither strong nor brave; I was only a timid girl, and I could not stay another night in that awful house.

Harrison lit my fire and brought my breakfast and helped me to dress, and when I had eaten a very little, for I was too shaken to do more, she took my hand and led me to Aunt Caroline's boudoir. It was in the furthest wing of the old castle, and hung right over the sea. The waves were so high that morning that they almost drowned Aunt Caroline's voice as she came very slowly forward and kissed me.

"You got a fright last night, little Sally," she said, "and I am terribly grieved."

"Oh, Aunt Caroline," I answered, "I am not at all brave nor plucky. I must go away. I do not know what you want me to do, but I cannot do it."

"You want to go away," she repeated, and her poor face got so white that, in spite of the agony I had lived through, I pitied her.

"What is it?" I said.

"I will tell you," she answered. "The world thinks, even your father believes, that my husband is dead. All the world believes me to be a widow, and in truth I am a widow, and yet my husband lives. You saw him. He came into your room last night."

"That fearful maniac your husband?" I cried.

"Yes. But he was not a maniac always. He was beautiful and grand in body and mind, but his mind went, it went very slowly, and he himself knew that it was going; but he had such a horror of being locked up in an asylum that I promised him, whatever happened, that should never be the case. I told him that when he lost all self-control I would shelter him myself, and my servants would be good to him; and for eighteen years, little Sally, I have lived here acting as keeper to my own husband, and all the world thinks that he is dead. He has his own suite of apartments downstairs in the basement, and I have never known him before do what he did last night. Harrison came to me suddenly in the night, for I was taken ill, and she forgot to lock the door behind her, and so you got the terrible fright which nearly killed you."

"I am terribly sorry for you, Aunt Caroline," I said after a pause, "and, of course, I will never tell anyone what you have confided to me. But why did you bring me here? What did you want me to do?"

She was silent for a moment, then she said slowly:

"I sent for you because report told me that you were a strong girl, strong in mind as well as body, and I knew myself that, being my niece, you come of a strong race. My child, I am about to die. I shall not live many more weeks, and after my death the world will rush in here and they will find my poor husband and take him away. Even now he has lucid intervals, and he will know that he has been put into an asylum, and they will break

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that heart which he still, notwithstanding his madness, possesses."

"But what can I do?" I asked.

"I wanted you to make me a promise that you would come here and take my place. You would shield him as I have shielded him. It would be only for a little time, a year or two at the most, for he cannot live much longer, and Harrison and the other servants would have been faithful."

"But I cannot do it," I said, and then I sobbed and fell on my knees and took her hands and covered them with kisses. "It is not in me," I replied. "I am bitterly sorry, but it is not in me."

She did not say any more, or press me further, and that day I went home.

When I returned to my father he was much surprised, but when he questioned me I only said:

"There is a mystery, and I must not tell it to you."

From that hour, however, my heart began to ache terribly for Aunt Caroline, and day after day I reproached myself for being a coward, and hated myself so much that I lost pleasure in my ordinary occupations.

At last, when a fortnight had gone by, I woke one morning having made up my mind to go back to the castle by the sea. I would go there and tell Aunt Caroline that I would do what she wanted. I would stay there and guard her secret. Courage would be given me for the miserable work. Harrison and the other servants would help me.

I ran downstairs to breakfast. Father was holding an open letter in his hand.

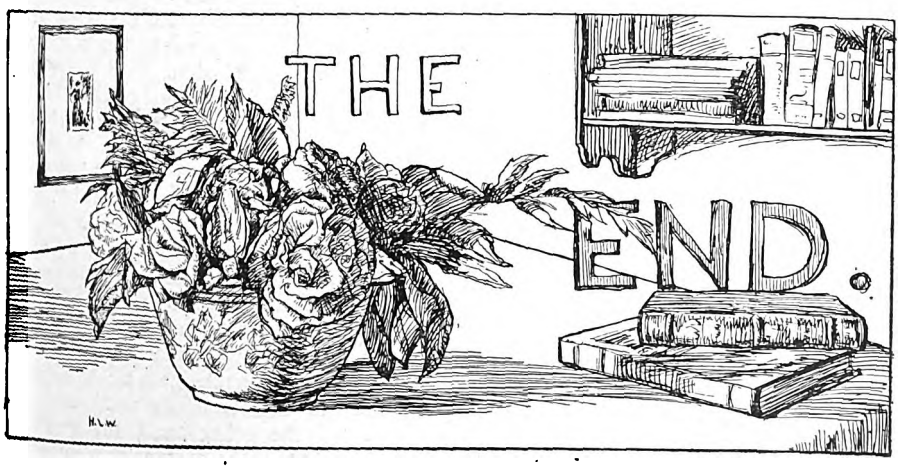
"I am going back to Castle Denbigh to-day," I said. I burst out the words quickly.

"Castle Denbigh, Sally!" replied my father, "What do you mean?"

"I ——"

"Your Aunt Caroline is dead. I have just had a letter to announce her death. I must go there, but you cannot go."

Then I rushed to my father's side and flung my arms round his neck and told him, yes, I told him poor Aunt Caroline's secret, and I begged of him, oh, so hard, not to send that poor lunatic to an asylum; and I promised, if necessary, to go and live there in order to save appearances as long as the madman lived himself. Father was very good to me and terribly astonished, but he said what I wished for was impossible. He went himself that day to the castle, and he inquired into matters and found the fearful story was true. Father was a very matter-of-fact man, and perhaps he would not have minded poor Aunt Caroline's passionate desire that her husband should not be put under ordinary restraint, but he did listen to my pleadings. He kept some keepers at the castle, and allowed the servants to stay, and while Sir Archibald lived he was taken care of. But he did not survive his wife three months. The last words he was heard to utter were: "Light, more light—good!"



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W. P. FRITH, R.A.

A CHAT WITH THE VETERAN ARTIST.

By A. FREDERIC WHITE.

THE popular imagination has seldom been so deeply stirred by a picture as when those wonderful studies in modern life, Frith's "Derby Day" and his "Railway Station," were first exhibited. Their appeal was universal, alike to the artist and art lover, and to a far larger class, who, while little able to appreciate artistic excellence for itself, were held by the deep human interest, the tragedy, the pathos, the wonderful representation of real life and familiar scenes, presented by the hand of a master.

Mr. Frith was the first of the great painters of the Victorian age who dared in his larger works to abandon the heroics of art, and to adorn with his genius some everyday theme. Perhaps he was the only artist of the time who could afford to do so, for he had a strong leaning towards such subjects, of which he very early gave evidence. When still an art student he evinced a taste (unaccountable his master called it) for sketching all the out-of-the-way and eccentric characters whom he met on his rambles instead of devoting his whole time to the study of those classical models, which in the words of his instructor "had received the approbation of ages."

W. Powell Frith was born on January 9th, 1819, at the little Yorkshire village of Aldfield, and when the future painter was seven years old the family removed to Harrogate, where his father became the proprietor of a large rambling old inn called "The Dragon." Mr. Frith senior was a man of considerable, though uncultivated, artistic tastes, and his hobby was to collect pictures and engravings, many of which had no great merit as works of art. One evening, when young Frith was twelve years old, he was sitting idly turning over some of these treasures when his eye fell upon the figure of a dog which he thought he would like to try and copy. Mr. Frith often says that he believes his chief motive in making the attempt was to provide a reasonable excuse for being allowed to sit up a little later than usual. "But," he adds, "if I have a doubt as to what prompted me to my first work, I have none whatever as to what induced me to undertake the second. I received sixpence for the dog, with the promise of a similar reward for another effort."

After that he constantly amused himself by drawing, and the practice thus gained would have been excellent if his copies had not often been made from bad Dutch prints. But his father, a shrewd man, who had a real love for art, discerned the signs of genuine ability in these first crude attempts, and when he was fifteen years old proposed to put his son to an art school, with a view to his becoming a painter by profession.

Strange to say young Frith did not at all take to the idea. His youthful ambition was to become an auctioneer, "because it looked so easy," he afterwards confessed. But Mr. Frith, senior, was too far-seeing to allow his son's chances to be ruined by what he divined to be a mere whim, and he made a compact with the boy that if, after showing his drawings to an artist friend of his acquaintance in London, the latter decided they were worthless, he would apprentice him to Oxenham, the auctioneer, while if, on the other hand, the great man thought there were signs of talent in them, he should be immediately entered at an

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art school. The result was highly creditable to the discernment of Mr. Frith's friend, and some brother artists whom he consulted, and young Frith became a member of the academy of Mr. Sass, a celebrated teacher of that day.

In due time he entered the Royal Academy Schools, and passed through the usual course with great credit.

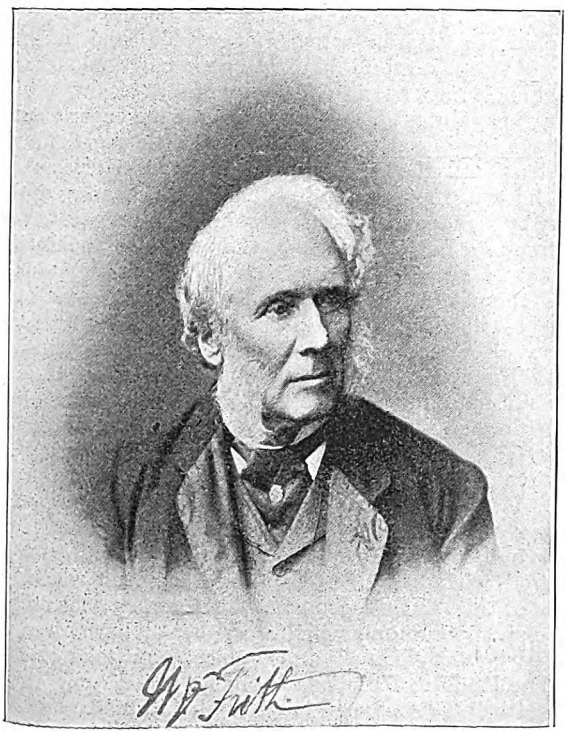
His first commission was to paint the likeness of an old gentleman who had seen some of his portrait work, and who offered him £5 for a head, life size. He accompanied his patron to his Lincolnshire home, and the result of his work being highly satisfactory, commissions flowed in upon him from the neighbouring farmers. For some time he was very busy in perpetuating the fair features of the rustic beauties in the neighbourhood, but this pleasant occupation came to an end, and he was forced to return to London, where he learned how hard it is for an unknown artist to make his way, though by dint of great perseverance he gradually began to see his way to make a living by his brush.

He exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-one, the subject being taken from "Twelfth Night," "Malvolio, cross-gartered, appearing before Olivia." Other pictures followed, of which the subjects were selected from the pages of Shakespeare, Scott, Sterne, "The Spectator," and Goldsmith. His first decided success was a picture inspired by "The Vicar of Wakefield," which was honoured by a place on the line, and at the age of five-and-twenty his "Village Pastor," taken from the "Deserted Village," secured his election as Associate of the Royal Academy, a rare honour for so young a man.

From that time forward Mr. Frith's career was a series of almost unbroken successes, and he received his diploma of R.A. in 1853, at the age of thirty-four. One of the most famous of his earlier pictures was "The Coming of Age" of which most people have seen an engraving.

Mr. Frith had long wished to deal with a modern life subject but was prevented from attempting it by the fear that it would be doomed to failure owing to the unpicturesque character of modern dress. But a visit to Ramsgate in the summer of 1851 inspired him with a great desire to depict a scene so full of character and incident as the famous sands presented, and he was engaged upon the picture almost before he was aware of the great task to which his, at first, random sketches had committed him.

The picture, begun in the autumn of 1851, was finished by the end of 1853, and appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1854. Its popularity was so great that it drew crowds of people to the Exhibition who would not have thought of visiting it in the ordinary way, and its absolute truth and accuracy of detail, its admirable character-drawing and fine artistic treatment were acclaimed by all. The picture was bought by the Queen, and is now at Osborne. "The



MR. W. P. FRITH, R.A.,
The Great Painter of Modern Life Subjects.
Photograph by Window & Grove.

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Derby Day," which was exhibited in 1858, and "The Railway Station" in 1862 were yet more decisive triumphs, and so crowned the painter's reputation that the name of W. P. Frith became a household word. No less than 21,850 people in seven weeks paid for admission to see "The Railway Station."

"The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," painted for the Queen and exhibited in 1865, won for the successful artist still further laurels; it is a splendid piece of work, a most lifelike and convincing representation of the historic scene which took place in St. George's Chapel.

Among Mr. Frith's most famous pictures of a later date were the two fine series "The Road to Ruin" and "The Race for Wealth," both of which are forcibly and dramatically conceived and, as showing the evils of gambling and mammonism, have done a great amount of good, and Mr. Frith has received many letters from clergymen and others telling him how effective they have found them in impressing their hearers with the inevitable consequences of these vices.

Mr. Frith lives in a rambling and picturesque old house in St. John's Wood. When the writer paid the veteran artist a visit a week or two ago he found him hard at work in his studio at a half-finished picture, for the painter of "The Derby Day" despite his eighty-two years, does not intend to leave all the work to younger men, and he was represented in this year's Academy by a charming picture entitled "The Intercepted Letter."

"I don't know what I should do without painting," he remarked. "I read a good deal, but I get tired of reading, and even now I spend most of my time painting. But what have you come to talk to the old man about? You want to hear something about the painting of my pictures? Well, I think we had better come and have a look at the engravings, and then I shall be better able to tell you something of their history."

The walls of the hall and right up the staircase are covered with beautiful engravings of some of Mr. Frith's most famous works, conspicuous among which were the celebrated "Derby Day" and the two series, "The Road to Ruin," and "The Race for Wealth." There were also three beautiful sketches of London street scenes entitled "Morning," "Noon," and "Night," which never came to the maturity of finished pictures, although Mr. Frith was offered £10,000 for the series. "I have often had some difficulty in making people believe that this sum was offered to me," he said, "but it is quite true. I had to abandon them because of the commission which I received from the Queen to paint the 'Marriage of the Prince of Wales.'"

Passing into an adjoining room, reproductions of the great artist's work were again in evidence on every hand. The first picture that caught my eye was "The Ramsgate Sands," and Mr. Frith told me the story of how a summer holiday spent at Ramsgate led him to attempt his first great modern life subject. "I was attracted by the great variety of character on the sands," said Mr. Frith. "There were pretty groups of ladies, reading and idling and working, and unconsciously forming themselves into very paintable positions, besides the motley host of fruitsellers, gingerbeer vendors, and beach performers, and I soon fell to sketching separate groups. Then followed a sketch in which all the separate details were combined, and so with many doubts as to the wisdom of engaging in a task of such magnitude, and at the time so novel, I became fairly embarked on the work.

"Many of my brother Academicians thought the experiment a bold one, and others little short of audacious, and some very acrid criticisms came to my ears. One R.A., hearing of the picture, then in course of progress, remarked: 'Doing the people on the sands at Ramsgate, is he? Well, thank goodness I didn't vote for him. I never could see much in his pictures, but I didn't think he would descend to such a cockney business as that. This comes of electing these young fellows too hastily.'

"I was one of the hanging Committee that year, and hung my picture in a conspicuous place, though in fear and trembling that my colleagues might not at all coincide with my estimate of its worth, and order its removal. But the only comment which I received was from the Secretary, who drily remarked: 'Well, Frith, you have given yourself a first-rate place, now take care what pictures you hang round your own or you will certainly kill it.'"

"What suggested to you the painting of 'The Derby Day'?" "I was with some friends at Hampton Court, and was

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walking with one of the ladies about the course when the idea suddenly struck me what a splendid picture a race-course scene would make, not the actual racing but the people who flocked to the spectacle. I mentioned it to my companion but she thought the idea was absurd, and could not possibly be carried out owing to the immense number of figures which would enter into the composition. I was doubtful about it myself, but at last I summoned up courage and made the preliminary sketch, and from that after many months of incessant work grew the finished picture.

"The scenes at the race-course in those days were very different from what they are now. Gambling booths were dotted all about the place, and thieves and swindlers of every description reaped a rich harvest from the unsuspecting gulls whom they made their prey.

"Fortune-telling gypsies, thimble-rig cheats often dressed as clergymen, showmen surrounded by little gaping crowds, vendors of favours and light refreshments, mingled among the cream of beauty and fashion, and formed a scene so motley and full of character as to offer splendid scope for an artist."

"Did you find much difficulty in procuring models?"

"My friends were very kind both in sitting for me themselves and procuring models for me, though of course the greatest difficulty was in securing suitable prototypes for the low-class figures, the innumerable army of pickpockets, gamblers, pedlars, and their dupes.

"I got into trouble with one of my lady sitters.

"She was very handsome and sat admirably, but I failed miserably in my attempts to reproduce the charm of her features, and after repeated endeavours decided to erase the figure and substitute the likeness of one of my daughters in its place.

"When my fair sitter came again I fully expected a scene and was not disappointed. She was an actress by profession, and an excellent one too, but on this occasion she surpassed herself by her intensity of passion which would certainly have brought down the house had it been displayed on the stage.

"I felt that my kind friend had ample justification for her anger, and was sincerely sorry for the annoyance which I was forced to cause her, for the imperfect likeness was right in the "eye" of the picture and would have been a serious blot in my work had I allowed it to remain, so I listened in silence and with the greatest contrition to a torrent of well-deserved abuse.

"If she had given place to something better, she said she would not have minded, but to be displaced—rubbed out for such a baby-faced chit—it was intolerable.

"At length the lady's anger cooled somewhat, and I was able to enter into explanations, and I believe that she afterwards forgave me, as she accepted a copy of the engraving.

"Another of my lady sitters, from whom I sought some little sympathy on the occurrence, explaining that if I had failed to the same extent with her portrait as I did in the case of Miss H—— I should have rubbed out the figure without hesitation, replied, 'Would you? Then I would without hesitation have put my parasol through your picture, and if Miss H—— had served you right she would have done the same.'

"'The Derby Day' occupied me for fifteen months, and appeared in the Exhibition of 1858. When Queen Victoria came to the private view with Prince Albert, she went round the Exhibition accompanied, according to custom, by the President only, and whenever she wished to speak to any of the other Academicians she would send for them. Instead of following her usual custom of viewing the pictures one after another, as they appeared in the catalogue, she went to mine first, and I received a summons to attend her Majesty.

"She was very complimentary, and Prince Albert surprised me by his deep and accurate knowledge of the principles of art. He went right through the picture with me, telling me by what process I arrived at certain results, and pointing out some faults, and making admirable suggestions. When the picture came out of the Exhibition I adopted several of them, and in every case with great benefit to the picture.

"One of the little Princes in the Royal party, after looking at the picture, exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, I never saw so many people together before.' 'Nonsense,' replied the Queen, 'You have often seen many more.' 'But not

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in a picture, mamma,' said the young Prince."

Mr. Frith's famous picture attracted such crowds that the work was in serious danger from its too zealous admirers; those in front stood only a few inches away from the canvas, while the numbers behind in their eagerness to obtain a view kept on pushing them forward. A policeman was at length set to guard the picture, but it soon became evident that not one, but a posse of constables was necessary to restrain the ardour of these enthusiastic people.

The owner (Mr. Jacob Bell, who subsequently bequeathed the picture to the nation) therefore urged the authorities to protect it with a rail, but the latter were unwilling to single out any work by such a striking mark of popularity. Only once since the foundation of the Academy had such a step been necessary, and that was over thirty years before when Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners" was exhibited, and the envy which rankled in the breasts of his brother Academicians was so marked as to deter the Academy from rashly repeating the experiment.

However, it became so evident that the picture would be inevitably ruined that permission was granted and "The Derby Day" received a rare and well-merited honour which added to its already great reputation. I noticed a very beautiful portrait of Charles Dickens in his study, and asked Mr. Frith to tell me some of his reminiscences of the great novelist.

"It was Dickens's great friend, John Forster," replied Mr. Frith, "who called on me and asked me to undertake the portrait. He had broached the subject some years before, but Dickens had then just begun to grow a moustache which concealed his very fine and expressive mouth. We waited and waited till the fashion would change and the razor should have done its work, but nothing of the kind happened, and a beard was added to the moustache. Fearing lest whiskers should complete the work of

"A FLOWER SELLER."

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

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concealment it was decided to commence the portrait at once.

"Dickens's taste in dress was very curious. When he came to my studio he was wearing a large sky blue overcoat, with bright red cuffs. I protested that I could not manage the overcoat, and Dickens, with great docility agreed to abandon this favourite article of apparel, remarking, in explanation of its gaudy appearance, that he was very fond of colour. In order to fill in the background I went to his house at Tavistock Hill, and represented him sitting in his study.

"At that time he was engaged upon the first chapter of "A Tale of Two Cities," and he used to allow me to read his MS. every morning. I often sat and watched him at his work. He seemed to have a great deal of trouble over it, and not to be at all satisfied with what he had written. He would get up and pace the room, pulling his beard and making the most distressing faces.

"I never met anyone more kind and courteous, and once I put his urbanity to a severe test. He had not long commenced his public readings from his works, and when I went to hear him I was much disappointed with the way in which he delivered Sam Weller's pungent witticisms, which seemed hardly in accordance with the true conception of the character of the immortal 'Sam.' He would drop his voice and seem almost ashamed of the smart sayings and retorts of his humble hero. With great trepidation I ventured to mention my views on this point, and Dickens, though he said not a word in reply, listened attentively, and I thought I noticed the ghost of a smile on his lips.

"I was rather relieved, for I had always heard that he was not a man to brook correction and I fully expected an explosion for my temerity, but none came, and I afterwards heard that the great author had not disdained to take my humble advice. A friend of mine whom I had warned that he would be disappointed in the rendering of Sam Weller, came to me in great indignation to know what I meant. 'For,' said he, 'those sayings came from Dickens like pistol shots.'"

With reference to the picture of the "Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales," Mr. Frith said "The picture was painted by command of the Queen.

"I had previously prevailed on Her Majesty to excuse me from painting the marriage scene of the Princess Royal to the Crown Prince of Prussia, being then in the midst of the 'Derby Day,' and it was impossible for me to again urge a similar plea, although I had to abandon a very valuable contract for the London street scenes in order to undertake it.

"Landseer said to me that he would not undertake the task for all the money in the world, but I was now well accustomed to large compositions, and did not hesitate on that account.

"The Queen gave me several sittings, and I always found her most kind and gracious. She would chat to me while she sat at some work as freely as if I had been a member of her family, and I began to feel so much at home in her presence that I was afraid I might forget where I was."

"Will you tell me something about the other royalties who sat for you?"

"Little Prince William, now the German Emperor, was one. He appears in the picture dressed as a little Scotch boy, but I am afraid that the likeness is not a very good one, for I found him a fine handful.

"He was accompanied by his governess, a German baroness, but we could do nothing with him. He would not keep still a moment.

"At last I hit upon a good plan, as I thought, to keep the mischievous young Prince quiet. The picture was ten feet long, and I ruled off a portion of one corner of the canvas about a foot square on which to paint a picture himself, cautioning him to keep strictly within the prescribed limits. I provided him with paints and brushes and went quietly on with my own work. All of a sudden I was startled by an exclamation of horror from the Baroness, and turning round, saw the cause of her consternation. The young Turk had been calmly wiping the wet brushes on his face, which was lined with streaks of brilliant vermilion, blue and green. The Baroness was in a great state of mind lest the Crown Princess might enter at any moment, and see her son in all his war paint. 'Oh! I will soon remove that,' I said, and taking a cloth soaked in a little turpentine was quickly removing the paint when I was stopped by a piercing scream, followed by a smart blow from the little fist of the young royalty. It was followed by kicks and howls, the latter so lusty that they

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threatened every moment to bring his mother into the room.

"It appears that the turpentine had found out a small scratch or cut, and no doubt made it very painful.

"The young Prince never forgave me for the ill-timed application, and was naughtier than ever when he came to see me again, so that I did not succeed in getting anything like a satisfactory likeness.

"A rather amusing incident took place in connection with the portraits of the Bishop of Oxford, 'Soapy Sam' as he was dubbed, and Lord Chancellor Westbury.

"The two were anything but good friends, having fallen out in the House of Lords upon some question long since forgotten.

"The Lord Chancellor, amongst other injurious expressions, referred to the Bishop as 'The Saponaceous Prelate,' and the Bishop retorted that if the Noble Lord had no respect for himself he begged he would respect the assembly in which he found himself.

"I knew how these men disliked each other, and I could not resist playing off a little joke against them.

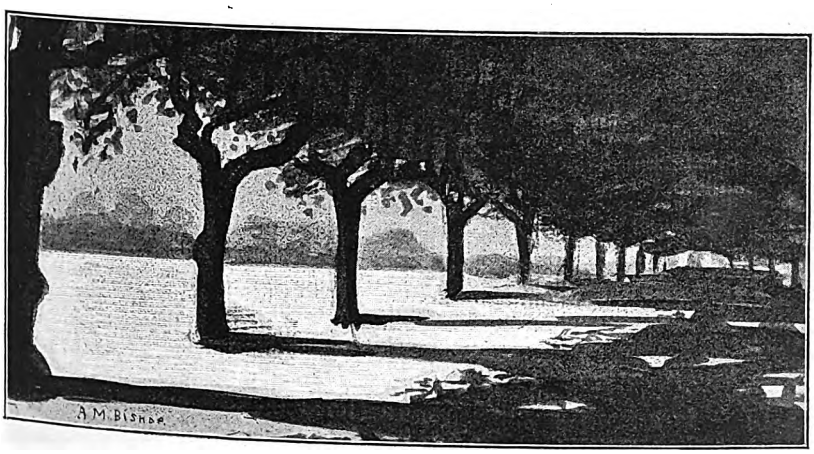
"I said casually to Lord Westbury when he came to see me, 'I have just finished the portrait of the Bishop of Oxford, the Prelate of the Garter.'

"'Ah, Sam of Oxford,' remarked his lordship, airily, 'I should like to see it.' I took him to the picture, and pointed to the likeness. 'Here is the Bishop, my lord.' 'Oh!' replied his lordship in icy tones, 'I should never have thought it possible to produce a tolerably agreeable face, and yet preserve the slightest resemblance to the Bishop of Oxford.'

"I thought to myself, 'I will just hear what the Bishop has got to say about you,' and so when the prelate came, I said to him, 'I have had a sitting with the Lord Chancellor since you have been here, and found him very pleasant and amusing' (which indeed he was, for he had a wonderful fund of anecdote). 'Indeed!' replied the Bishop, sarcastically, and went up to the picture. 'Wicked! Wicked! Wicked!' was his brief comment, after a moment's careful scrutiny.

"When the picture was finished the Queen honoured me with a visit at my house, and expressed herself satisfied with the work which appeared in the Exhibition of 1865. From its subject it was necessarily very popular, and it was found necessary to protect it with a rail."

A. FREDERIC WHITE.



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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A Series of Articles by Dr. JULIA HOLMES SMITH.

No. 10.—How to Meet Emergencies: Accidents.

ONE would hardly think it necessary to discuss the subject of accidents in the nursery, but the care of the child until certainly ten years of age necessarily involves knowledge on the part of the mother or the nurse as to how to meet the possible emergencies.

A very small baby can fall from bed or cradle or chair, and except the temporary discomfort from the contact with the floor there is no bruise and no accident worth noticing to the bones; but after there has been a firmness acquired by the bony structure and a decided activity in the muscular fibre, there are bruises and broken bones, and this is the time when the mother and the nurse ought to know what to do in the meantime, and, indeed, for all time, because the successful treatment of the bruise, or the cut, or the sprain, or even the broken limb, may decide the question as to whether the boy or the girl may come into manhood or womanhood perfectly formed or half made up.

When the little one falls and sustains a bruise, some old-fashioned remedies are about as good as anything that can be suggested by the physician or the surgeon. When soft, muscular tissue comes in contact with a hard substance there is a rupture of the tiny blood vessels, and the blood oozes out in the surrounding tissues, and the result is black, green and blue discolorations which we associate with bruises. Nature immediately commences to restore all these vessels, and really no external application is of any good except to protect the part and allow Dame Nature to do her work. This is true of any wound, and the idea that such and such a thing is a healing substance is really a mistake; but naturally one is eager to do something for the little sufferer, and our grandmothers were not far wrong when upon a bruise they bound a bit of fresh beefsteak, or brown paper soaked in vinegar, or a bit of cotton saturated with diluted arnica. The swelling goes down, and there is relief to pain, and Dame Nature is helped in her work. The pressure of such an application promotes the re-absorption of the blood, and some of these applications effect a deadening of sensation to the wound.

When there has been a real cut, with profuse bleeding, plunge the part in as hot water as can be borne, and then take a bit of absolutely clean cotton or linen, place upon it a little vaseline, or lard even, and hold the edges of the wound together, and bind it as tightly as possible. Thus the office of the court-plaster or adhesive-plaster is replaced by what is certainly to be found in every farmer's family. I have known good results to be obtained from binding spiders' webs upon cuts.

It seems hardly worth while, in this connection, to speak of broken bones; but it has happened once in my experience that the child was saved from a great deal of suffering by the prompt action of his mother. He was riding in the woods one day, miles away from the house of any physician, and falling from his horse broke one of the bones of his arm. The mother coolly cut open his jacket, brought the two bits of bone together, and putting the child in the floor of the chaise, laid the arm upon the seat, thus holding it entirely straight, until she reached the surgeon's office, when it could be set.

Children are very apt to travel about on tours of investigation, and one of the various means of deciding whether or not a thing is valuable is by the taste; hence, it is not unusual for them to swallow buttons, fruit-stones, thimbles, and even a shilling has been known to pass through a child's intestines. The first thing to do is to be sure that the thing has been swallowed. Then give an ordinary cathartic, syrup of rhubarb or castor oil, with which encourage the child to eat plentifully of mashed potatoes, thick mush, or any other article of food which will fill up the intestines, and so force the obstructing article through.

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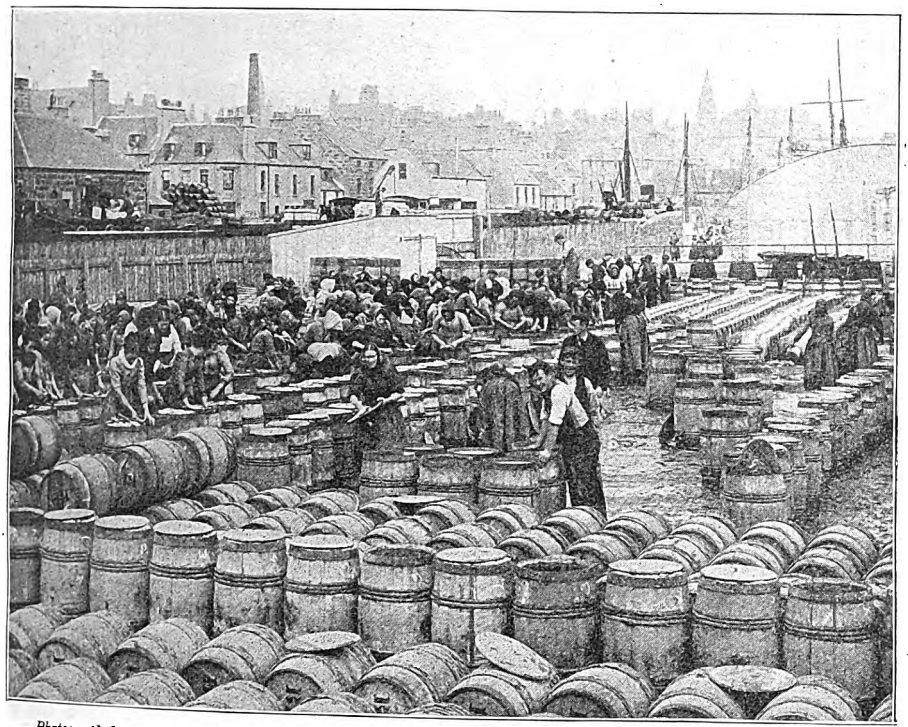

Photograph by IN A CURING YARD. *Norrie, Fraserburgh.*

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL MISSION TO FISHER FOLK.

By AUDREY WINTER.

An almost romantic interest is taken by most people in the lives of fishing folk, wherever they may be found. The reason is, no doubt, that the fisherman's life is often a hard struggle between nature and humanity. Nature in her grandest and wildest moods frequently opposes man as he attempts to breast the waves and gain the treasure of the sea for food. And then in thinking of the fishers of to-day our thoughts go back to the days of One who chose for His intimate friends the men who caught fish on the sea of Galilee. Fisher folk were chosen to be the founders of the Church, and it was by their instrumentality that many received the Christian faith. Whether we recognise it or not, this probably has something to do with the keen desire many have to know more of the fisher's life and its perils and hardships, and the very fact that some of the Apostles were humble fisher folk has invested that calling with a dignity that not many other trades or professions can possess.

The Scottish Mission whose story I am trying to tell does its interesting work amongst the men, women, and girls who live chiefly in the Western Isles, in Orkney and Shetland, and along the East coast of Scotland. Stornoway, in the island of Lewis, is the headquarters on the West coast, and there the Rev.

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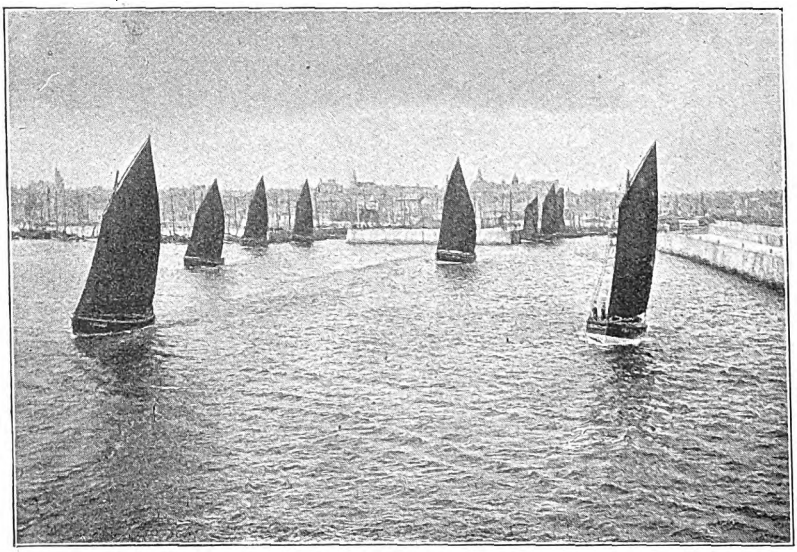
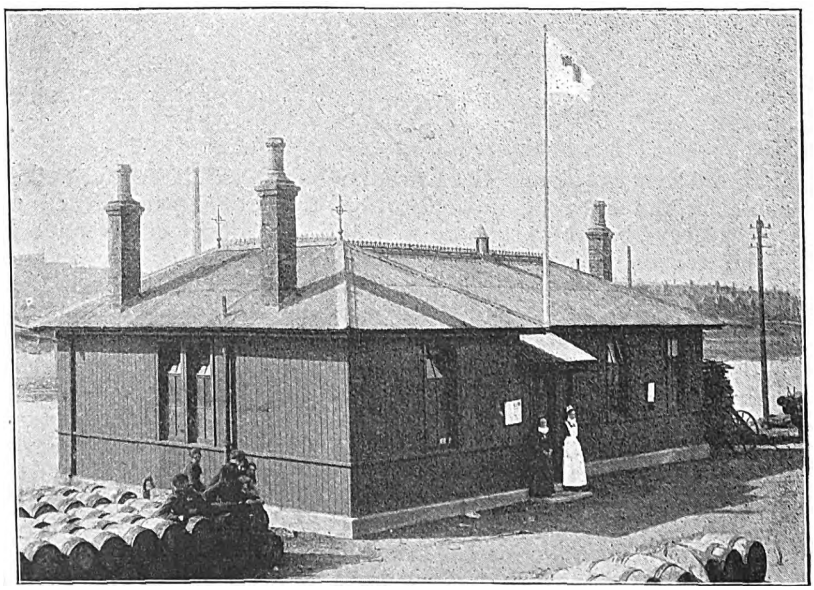


Photograph by OFF TO THE FISHERIES. *Norrie, Fraserburgh.*

J. W. M. Wedderburn has devoted himself to the fishermen and their families, visiting the men on board their boats in the harbour, and welcoming them to the Institute where they can write their letters, read the papers and enjoy a quiet chat with one another. Mr. Wedderburn has a mission boat in which he can sail about the harbour at his convenience. During the cod-fishing season in February the capacity of the little Institute is taxed to the uttermost. Rough weather often keeps the boats in the harbour for days, and the men spend a great deal of their time on shore. A good number attend the services in church, and some of the Dutch fishermen (who go for the herring fishing in May) are delighted at being able to sing their Dutch hymns in the church after the evening service.

During the summer the work is very different from that of the winter. When May comes round the herring fishing begins. Then the fishing boats go in tremendous numbers, and the curers appear, bringing with them many girls from all parts who gut and cure and pack the fish. A large number of boats go to Barra and Castlebay, but the next important fishing is at Stromness. During the May season the boats in the Hebrides often number 600 and there are about 4,000 fishermen to look after.



THE DISPENSARY AT ABERDEEN.

The Orkney season begins about a week later than Stornoway. At Stromness is an excellent institute with a mission nurse in charge, and the clergyman visits the herring boats and trawling vessels in the harbour. Balta Sound and Lerwick are the chief fishing centres in the Shetland Isles and there are usually many hundreds of girls and boats

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at each port. Before the Stromness fishing is completely over, large shoals of fish begin to appear at Balta Sound, in Unst, the most northerly isle in the Shetland group. There crowds of fisher people assemble for the month of June and part of July. During the recent season there were no less than ten thousand. The girls live in wooden huts on the curers' yards and the fishermen on board their boats.

A terrible enemy to the fishers often appears in the Shetland seas. Huge shoals of dogfish devour the herring, and in so doing destroy the nets, cutting them to shreds. A whole set of nets, worth thirty or forty pounds, may be destroyed in one night, and, as no boat carries more than two sets, this damage is often a serious matter.

The Lerwick season follows close on, and by the middle of July the ports on the east coast of Scotland are hard at work. Fraserburgh, Peterhead and Aberdeen have their season simultaneously. Then later in the year, during September, October and November, the herring and the boats may be found on the English coast. Scarborough, Yarmouth,

THE FISHERMEN SUFFER MUCH FROM CUTS AND OTHER INJURIES.

REV. J. W. M. WEDDERBURN,
Head of the West Coast Mission.

Lowestoft, Grimsby and Hull follow in succession, Hull being last of all, and not ending till January. Again, in April, the fishing commences, Islay and Stornoway taking the lead.

During all these months the fishermen and girls have no settled home. The men generally live in their boats, and the girls are in lodgings in the various ports. The villages of Sutherland and Ross give their share of men and girls; numbers have their homes in the little fishing centres on the Moray Firth. Some come from Stornoway and the Western Highlands, while many girls from Berwickshire are to be found amongst the 20,000 employed in the work. Of late years, because the fishing has been so bad in Scotland, more curing has been done in the English ports. Now about 5,000 Scotch girls are to be found in the English fishing centres through the herring season.

Mr. Wedderburn follows the fishers and the fish. He visits Fraserburgh, Peterhead, and Aberdeen, and then it is time for him to be in England. At Sun-

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derland he has found Stornoway folk, and last year at Scarborough he was amongst 300 Scotch boats. Grimsby and Yarmouth are then touched, and it is good to know that the clergy of all places are friendly to their Scotch brother and allow him to celebrate the Holy Communion and also preach to the fisher folk who may be present at other services.

Photo by Hardie, Aberdeen.
MISS CECIL DOUGLAS.

His work is naturally confined to the spiritual side of life, and he gets into touch chiefly with the men. But there is other work to be done. Both men and girls require attention, not only to their souls, but to their bodies. The men suffer terribly from salt water boils and poisoned fingers, which make it impossible for them to continue their work without some medical aid. The girls, too, suffer badly from cuts and sores caused by dressing the fish. As the men and girls are only season visitors there is, naturally, no dispensary accommodation for them in any place. So the Church in Scotland has taken the matter in hand, and it provides them with rooms in which to take recreation, and where their sore hands and bad wounds may be dressed, free of expense, by trained nurses, who give their time willingly and gladly to the tiring work of the season. And this is not all. Visits are paid by these ladies to the girls' lodgings, and

MISS ARMSTRONG,
A Trained Nurse, who follows the Fishing Boats from Port to Port as they work South.
Photo by Bennett, Worcester.

MISS DOUGLAS,
Daughter of the Bishop of Argyll, and Head of Aberdeen Branch.
Photo by MacMahon, Inverness.

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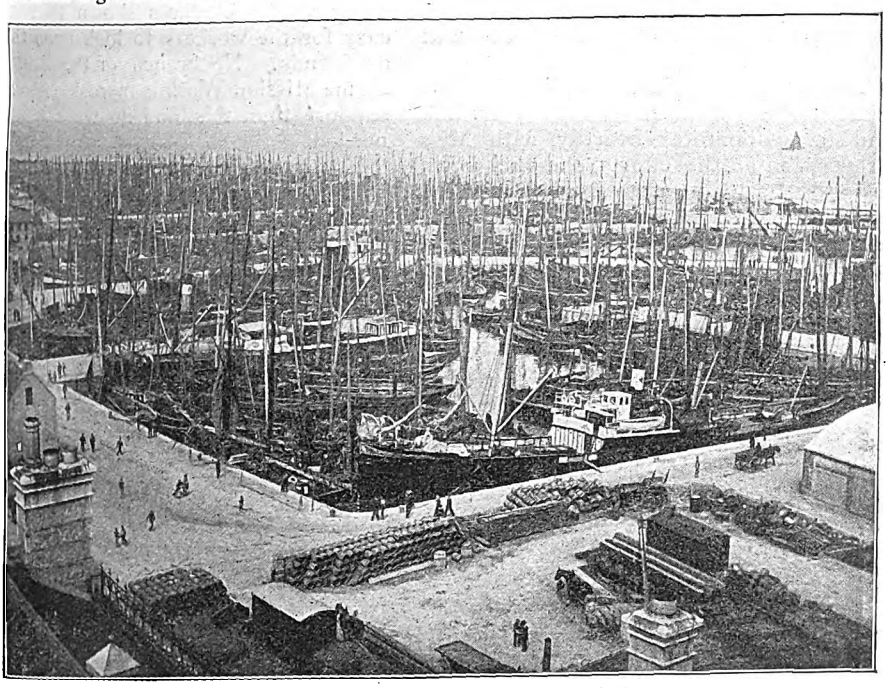
in every way they try to help them, and to make them feel that they have friends who love them and take an interest in them during their long absence from home.

In truth the girls need a friend. They have no home life in these towns. They are obliged to live, eat, sleep, and do all their own work in a room which has no domestic convenience. As many as from six to twelve girls make their home in one room during the fishing season, and though they try to make their bare white-washed walls bright with coloured prints, they do not succeed in giving it a home-like appearance, for their whole furniture consists of beds and the boxes or "kists" which contain their garments and other necessaries of life. The girls welcome the lady visitor gratefully, and more often than not wish her farewell by saying "Haste ye back." They also keenly appreciate the rooms provided for them, where they can write letters, knit, sing, play games, and read papers and magazines, as well as receive treatment for any ailment they may have.

This particular part of the work was started in the diocese of Argyll some twelve years ago. The Bishop of Argyll, who takes a great interest in the lives of seafaring men, sent one of the deaconesses in his diocese to Stornoway to work amongst the girls. In about a couple of seasons, another lady worker went to Stornoway, at the request of the Bishop of Aberdeen, to gather particulars of the work with a view to doing something similar in the fishing stations in the Aberdeen diocese. The work at Fraserburgh was then started, and Sister Mary Ellen, the head, has been there each year since. She is well known amongst the curers and fisher people, and the former appreciate heartily the work she does amongst their employees.

Day after day both men and girls throng the room with hands to be dressed, and occasionally she will be asked to go on board a boat in the harbour to do some necessary dressings to a suffering fisherman. The room there is open on Sundays also. In the afternoon there is a class for the fisher children, who accompany their parents in the season, and also a Bible Class for the grown-up girls. At night, after the churches are closed, the room is open to men. That they appreciate it is evidenced by the numbers who go there, and they love to sing hymns from some well-known source. Moody and Sankey's are the favourites, and it



THE FISHING FLEET IN FRASERBURGH HARBOUR.
Photo by Norrie, Fraserburgh.

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is good to hear their fine voices rolling out some well-known tune.

The six important fishing stations of Stromness, Balta Sound, Lerwick, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, and Aberdeen, are all in the diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney, and the Bishop takes the keenest personal interest in the work among the fisher-people. In Shetland he has sometimes held an open-air service for them, only protected by a pile of herring barrels from a gale of wind. He is well-known at all the fishing stations, and his sympathy and encouragement are greatly valued by the mission workers.

Sometimes it happens that one lady may be able to visit several stations. During the recent summer, Miss Armstrong, a fully trained and experienced nurse, carried on the work with great success at Stromness, Balta Sound and Lerwick, leaving one port for the other at the end of the respective seasons.

Miss Treweek, who is a permanent worker among the fisher people, carries on a most valuable work amongst the people in their own homes during the winter. Her chief charges are the girls who spend a great part of the winter in mending the nets. Miss Treweek goes with them as mission nurse to Stornoway for the spring fishing, and then works for the remainder of the season at Peterhead.

The Rector of Peterhead is also an energetic worker among the fisher folk and he co-operates heartily with Miss Treweek in all the efforts she puts forth. A really beautiful Church Hall is placed at her disposal throughout the season and there she provides for the recreation of men and girls and attends to their cuts and sores.

The work at Aberdeen was started in 1893 and is under the personal supervision of Miss Douglas, daughter of the Bishop, who also acts as Honorary Secretary for the mission nurses at the other centres of work in the diocese. On the south side of the large harbour at Aberdeen and in the midst of the curing yards stands a one-storied building flying a white flag bearing a red cross. That is the dispensary on Point Law to which the men and girls go when they want friends. There is a large room, bright with pictures, tables containing books and magazines with plenty of space for letter writing too.

The amount of work done may be gathered from the fact that at Point Law alone during the recent eight weeks' season no less than 350 patients have been under treatment. In the earlier days of the dispensary Miss Cecil Douglas, another daughter of the Bishop, who is also a trained nurse, was one of the principal workers, assisting there for several seasons, and she now often lends a helping hand.

One pleasing feature of the mission is that the work is done voluntarily. The ladies who go year after year have nothing but their bare expenses. The labour is freely given, and, more, it is often given during the holiday time when they might be enjoying a thorough rest. But the work is exceedingly fascinating; it grows on one. The people respond so freely to the kindness shown that it is easy for the workers to look upon them as friends. No branch of the Scottish Home Mission Work is more deserving of support than this, and no work is more needed.

The growing numbers of Scotch girls in England year by year make it necessary that some such efforts should be made in the English ports. It is with pleasure that one realises that an English committee has been formed in order to do similar work amongst them when they visit the southern part of the island. Everyone must wish the effort hearty success.

AUDREY WINTER.

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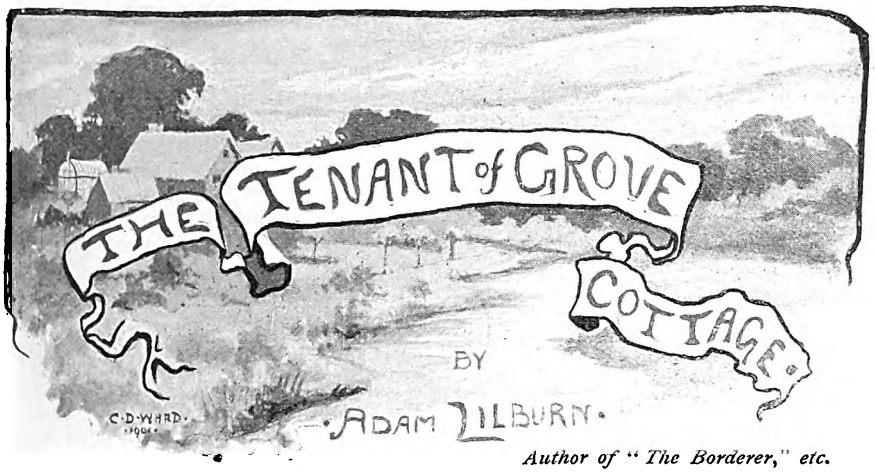

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nora Shelley, Mr. Pattinson's young ward, walking out with her uncle from his country cottage one day, discovers the dead body of a stranger who has been stabbed in Dredman's Lane. The knife with which he was stabbed belongs to Mr. Pattinson himself. He explains that he used it to cut his shrubs with, and left it in a place where it might easily have been stolen. Suspicion falls upon the village ne'er-do-well, Jerry Gobey, who is found in possession of the dead man's purse.

CHAPTER VII.

A PHILOSOPHER'S QUEER PETS.

WHEN Nora returned to the house she discovered its blind mistress sitting alone in the breakfast-room, in the same attitude and with almost the same placid expression upon her sweet old face as when the girl had left her an hour previously. This seemed strange, since it was certain that her son had informed her ere this of the tragic episode which had darkened the autumn sky; at least to the young and impressionable girl.

The experiences of youth are so strange and wonderful to itself that it cannot but marvel at the quiet manner in which they are accepted by age. It is to them impossible to realise that the old have grown so accustomed to the rapid changes afforded by life's kaleidoscope that they have ceased to marvel at them. "Naught may endure but mutability," the poet says, and the aged accept this statement even though they may sigh over it.

"Yes, dearie," said the old lady, in her even voice, when Nora showed surprise at her calmness. "It's very dreadful to think that there are people in the world wicked enough to kill a poor old gentleman for the sake of his purse or his watch! But, as my Dan says, it doesn't make the crime any the more dreadful that it's taken place at our very door instead of in Whitechapel."

A touch of impatience brought a frown to the girl's brow.

"Well, I don't know. It seems worse to me, somehow—oh, it's no use, I can't and won't philosophise about it like Uncle Dan—it's too cold-blooded altogether. If you'd seen what I did——"

She stopped suddenly. She was impulsive, but not devoid of consideration for others, and she felt certain that the words on her lips would horrify her old friend.

Her guardian had set her a splendid example of self-restraint. For, let him say what he liked, his nerves must have sustained a severe shock. He had gone through worse things than she had on

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that day. No unpleasant detail had been spared him. He had been obliged to remain while the doctor made an examination of the body. Yet he had returned home from the dreadful scene and managed to successfully conceal every trace of emotion while devoting himself to the task of soothing his mother and dispelling her fears.

And in this he had succeeded to perfection. Fortunately his influence was paramount with her. She accepted his statements with the unquestioning faith of a child. So, when he unfolded the painful story, he did so in a way that robbed it of half its horrors. His bald narration was absolutely common-place and devoid of interest.

But of this the girl, of course, knew nothing. Only she did know that he would despise her if she allowed her feelings to undo the effect of his work.

"Where is Uncle Dan?" she asked at length. "Surely he hasn't been obliged to go to town to-day!"

The mother shook her head. "No, no! Trust my Dan for thinking of everybody," she said, with a simple pride. "It wouldn't have been kind if he had gone away to-day and left us two alone. He knew we'd be nervous after what had happened, so he sent off a telegram to cancel all his business engagements."

Nora drew a breath of relief. Nervous? Well might they be nervous when murder lurked so near. And such murder! Cold-blooded, treacherous, cowardly. Murder that struck at a defenceless old man from behind, and then crept back to its hiding-place, satiated for the time being with blood. It was indeed well for two weak women, at such a time, to have a man at hand to defend them in case of need. And, moreover, a man like Daniel Pattinson: cool, calm, resolute, alive to every danger, equal to every emergency.

"Dan's not far off, dearie. If you want him, you'll find him in the big greenhouse among his pretty flowers. He's taken his whistle to play to his pets. It's a queer taste he has for them nasty toads and creepy things, but after all I s'pose God made 'em, same as prettier creatures, an' Dan do seem to take to them kindly. But, Nora, if 'tisn't too much to ask of 'ee, I'd like a chapter before 'ee go."

"What shall I read?"

"Oh, somethin' hopeful and comfortin'! That one about green pastures an' still waters. It do bring back to me the home in the sweet smellin' west-country, an' the fields I used to walk in long ago."

The girl drew a stool close to the old lady's feet, and sitting there read the exquisite poetry of the Hebrew prophet in her low, musical voice.

When she finished she lingered a little, settling Mrs. Pattinson's cushions, straightening the knitting that would be a tangled web again before evening, but served meanwhile to occupy the poor awkward hands. Not yet had the blind woman gained the skill common to those afflicted in like manner; her deprivation of sight was the result of an attack of rheumatism, and had come upon her quite suddenly the year before. The knitting was a lucky inspiration of Nora's, for until then time had dragged heavily.

Nora was unsettled and restless, and her usual avocations lacked interest. She wandered in and out of the house, finally reaching the greenhouse, where she stood peering through the glass door. This same greenhouse was an imposing, domed erection, which Mr. Pattinson had had built from his own design. He wanted it to house his auriculas, of which he had a superb collection. He was immensely proud of them, especially of a peculiar lemon and green fringed variety which he had raised from seed. Through a dread of losing the distinction conferred upon him by being the sole owner of this wonderful auricula, he would not allow his gardener to enter the greenhouse during his absence, and attended to the watering of the plants himself.

Besides the auriculas, however, the place was inhabited by some curious creatures, not nearly so much to the taste of Nora. In fact, it was really the repulsion she felt for them that caused her hesitation upon the threshold.

She could not understand her guardian's peculiar taste. He actually appeared to relish the presence of various specimens of the batrachian and reptilian order: keeping tame toads and scaly lizards amongst his auriculas, ostensibly because they waged war upon the aphides which are such pests in greenhouses, but really, as the girl declared, because he positively liked the society of the nasty slimy things.

As she peered through the glass door she discovered him seated on a rustic bench, composed of tree roots twisted into a fantastic form, from whence he was

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IT WAS A CURIOUS SIGHT TO WATCH THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN CONTENTEDLY PLAYING TO HIS STRANGE PETS.

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sending forth strange and sweet strains from a somewhat primitive musical instrument; in fact, from a common tin whistle, such as street boys delight in.

He greeted the girl with a beaming smile, removing the whistle for a moment and revealing white gleaming teeth, whose beauty was marred by their being slightly pointed.

"Come, my child," he exclaimed, in a soft, caressing voice. "Come and make one of our happy party! But take care lest you scare away that little friend of mine in the corner," and he pointed to a small grey lizard of that common species occasionally met with about the fireholes of greenhouses. This creature kept protruding and drawing back its head from a hole in the wall, as alternately drawn by the music and repelled by its own timidity. It was a curious sight to watch the middle-aged man with his bland and pleasant expression sitting there contentedly playing to his strange pets. Much as Nora admired the simplicity of mind that could find pleasure in such a pursuit, she always experienced a feeling of annoyance when she found him engaged in it. There was something altogether too childish in it to please her. A tin whistle was the instrument of abject street minstrels; and toads were repulsive playfellows.

Nevertheless, after she had stood listening for a few minutes, her prejudice was apt take wings and fly away. For the music exercised a peculiar fascination over her senses. It was no ordinary strain that proceeded from the silly-looking tin tube. In vain she rebelled against the charm, and attempted to tear herself away. The commonplace reality receded and she lost herself in a dream of idyllic sweetness.

She thought of Pan piping amongst the reeds and the creatures that have their dwelling in the river deeps rising to the surface to listen; the slimy water-snakes wriggling out from the mud, the great, bloated frogs crouching upon the leaves of water-lilies.

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees in the bells of thyme,
The birds in the myrtle bushes,
The cicala above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Timolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Nora quoted the Hymn of Pan to herself as she listened to the weird music. Though surely nothing could be more unlike the great god with his horns and hoofs, and pointed ears, than this benevolent-looking man in coloured spectacles. Upon one of his shoulders the tamest of the toads squatted, and the other two crouched at a short distance, apparently listening to the music.

"See the poor little thing," he continued. "It is shy, so shy and constitutionally afraid of man, that it will take all my patience and kindness to render it tame. Now, Billy, here, my prince of toadkins, has ever so much more confidence in my affection."

Immediately the weird strain ceased the girl again grew contemptuous of the childish pastime.

"How can you, Uncle Dan? The lizard—well perhaps that—though reptiles aren't quite nice, not even those pretty little green lizards that peer out of the crumbling walls in Italy—but toads! Ugh! Just nasty, slimy, ugly toads—it's incomprehensible to me how anyone can endure them."

"Shame on you, Nora," returned Mr. Pattinson, playfully. "What right have you to despise the plainest and humblest of creatures? Remember how the Ancient Mariner blessed unaware the slimy things of the deep, and through that involuntary blessing rid himself of his horrible burden. Besides, do you know that toads are most interesting? They are the enigmas of natural history. We know shamefully little of their peculiarities. Some scientists laugh at the idea of their entombment for centuries in the hearts of rocks, but who knows for certain? For my part, I believe them to be philosophers. I like to think of them as philosophers, and that conviction forms the strongest link between us; for I, too, in my humble way, am a philosopher."

"Indeed, you are nothing of the kind! Philosophers are odious monsters who persist in viewing humanity from an entirely imaginary eminence, formed by their own sense of superiority!"

Mr. Pattinson laughed, in a noiseless fashion peculiar to him.

"Just as you persist in viewing my pets, Nora. I wonder wherein lies our superiority to what we choose to consider the lower organisms? Take my little friend, the lizard, yonder, for example. Nature is far kinder to him than to man—pre-

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sumably his superior. You may destroy almost any part of his little frame, and then only give him the chance of contact with mother earth, and the missing part will soon be reproduced as perfect as ever. Even its eyes, those wonderfully delicate organs, are renewable. Just think of it! No need have they for doctors to patch and mend, as is the case with us and our own wretched, perishable bodies, and yet we have the insolence to despise them. Can we grow new legs and arms when accident deprives us of those we are born with? No, indeed. But then, after all, even doctors must live."

"All the same, I can't endure to touch a toad," persisted the girl; "and as for your philosophy, I laugh it to scorn. It's only skin deep at the best. You won't make me believe you've no affection for humanity. Why are you always doing things for people if you don't love them?"

"Feminine logic," he murmured. 'Deductions rapid and inaccurate! Humanity cries loudly for everything it wants. Its cries are clamorous and persistent. I find them very disturbing. Pleasant sounds are as necessary to me as pleasant sights; so, after all, you see selfishness rather than philanthropy may prompt my actions, and——"

"I don't believe it. I prefer to imagine you actuated by the higher motive. We know you, we two women who live with you. Even now"—here she hesitated for a moment, and continued with a perceptible effort—"I know you are trying to cheat yourself with that stupid philosophy to help you to endure the pain of the tragedy we know of. Yes, Mr. Philosopher, I've found you out," and she shook her finger at him.

He blew one shrill long note and smiled.

"Well, well, I'll not be so foolish as to contradict you when you express such a perfectly delightful belief in my goodness. It's quite refreshing to find oneself credited with so much tenderness by two such women as you and my mother. Perhaps, after all, I really am good when I am here with you. You make me what you believe me, and perhaps I do love my fellow-creatures, even though they don't move me to any passionate sympathy with their aims and ambitions. But, see, the little, wild, shy creature over yonder is eager for more music. Soon the frosts of winter will chill his slow blood, and he will fall into a long, long sleep, to awaken only with the spring. And don't you think that privilege of his is to be envied? To sleep while the sun is away. Ah, that were indeed happiness, for what is life without sunshine?"

Again he raised his pipe, and the strange, weird music came forth from it, while Nora listened, in reluctant yet enchanted silence along with the toads and the lizard.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE PURSE.

Encouraged by the discovery he had made, the policeman went up to the door of the house, and giving it a slight push found it, rather to his surprise, yield to his touch. Clearly the wretched criminal felt himself secure as yet from pursuit. In truth, there was almost the boldness of innocence about this unfastened door, this carelessly displayed plunder. It was, Pawson decided, insolently audacious.

It was evident that Jerry Gobey underestimated the powers of the man he had to deal with. He didn't quite know Pawson; or so Pawson thought, with a touch of temper.

"I declare if it isn't all along of them blooming detective stories," he said to himself. "Things is come to a pretty pass when even a beauty like Jerry Gobey reads all about us in the Sunday papers and sets us down for fools. Never mind, it'll be all the worse for you in the end, my fine fellow!"

Advancing to the slovenly breakfast-table he stood looking down at the purse. It presented a sodden appearance, as though it had lain for some time in water, and a few flakes of green slime or duckweed clung about the clasps. He took it up and discovered it to be wet and limp.

"Oho, my man," he muttered, "you've been a-trying to do away with it, have you? but on second thoughts you decided to bury or burn it instead of letting it lie in the water. Earth's safer than water, and nobody ever digs in such a wilderness of a garden. But I've been too many for you this time."

Suddenly as he spoke someone came behind and made a grab at the purse. But the policeman was accustomed to such proceedings and merely tightened his own grasp.

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"I say, look 'ere. That's mine! Wotcher mean by touchin' another chap's proputty? You bloomin' coppers thinks yer little tin gods, but I'll let yer know yer can't sneak into a bloke's house an' take wot isn't yourn, all the syme."

"So this nice purse is your property, Jerry Gobey? It's a spicy sort of a concern to put into one of your ragged pockets."

Jerry Gobey glanced at him furtively. The man was a miserable, dirty, ragged creature, with the brand of prison stamped upon him from close-cropped head to slow-dragging heel. Nevertheless, his face was devoid of the principal characteristics of the habitual criminal—the criminal whose lawless instincts are hereditary, the outcome of generations of shifty and uncleanly ancestors. His eyes were timorous rather than crafty, his mouth weak, and his chin receding, and there was more of defiant desperation than of brutality in his whole expression.

Even while attempting to play at bravado with the village constable a wholesome terror of the law was on him, and his ill-fitting courage shrivelled beneath the calm, unintelligent gaze of Pawson, as a sheet of paper shrivels beneath a flame.

"I say, you copper, wotcher a-drivin' at? There ain't nothin' agin' me just now, not as I knows on."

"Oh, ain't there just?" returned Pawson, drily. "Look here, Jerry Gobey, don't you go for to try that innercent lay on me, for it won't wash, and so I tell you straight. For instance, where did you get this tasty article? A real Russian leather one," continued the policeman, holding it to his nose, "and silver clasps, no less. I suppose you'll tell me you found it, eh?"

A vague alarm was the cause of Jerry's hesitation before answering. He was so accustomed to be cornered and browbeat that it behoved him to be cautious, though the question be ever so simple. The policeman, irritated by his apparent evasion, laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Come now, you needn't take the trouble to invent any lies," said Pawson, "and don't you think to fool me, either, for I know more about you than you'll like to have told in court. Where did you get that purse?"

Jerry wriggled like an eel beneath the ungentle grasp of the policeman, but though he contrived to slip from under it, he made no further attempt at escape.

"Wotcher a-drivin' at?" he repeated, sulkily. "I dunno, but ye've hit it fust time. Yus, I did find that purse. But wot's the good of tellin' you. Ye'll say it's lies, I s'pose?"

"You didn't happen to find it where it was never lost—in a gentleman's pocket, for instance?"

Jerry gave one startled glance, then his face hardened to the immobility of a mask.

"No, I just didn't," he exclaimed. "But wot's the use of tellin' the truth when ye won't believe it?"

"Well, let's hear yer fairy tales, anyway? Daresay they'll be as amusing as some o' those in the papers."

"I wasn't paid to amuse coppers! An' ye've always had a down on me, Pawson, ever since I can remember, though Lord knows why, for I never done nothin' agin you that I knows on. Dunno wot I was borned for. Even if I 'ave a bit o' luck it turns out rotten bad jest cos it happens to me. Look 'ere, 'twas like this: I was down at the bottom of the garden close to the water early this morning, watchin' the minners swimmin' in an' out o' the shadders, when I sees somethin' a-shinin' between two big stones right down at the bottom of a deep pool. Fust I thought it was on'y a bit o' tin-top of a sardine-box, or suchlike—but I puts down my arm—you can see for yourself how wet the sleeve still is—an' fished the bloomin' purse up. But I might ha' knowed it'd bring me bad luck. Everything does. They used to call me 'unlucky Jerry' when I was a youngster, an' the name seems to stick along with the bad luck."

He snivelled, and rubbed his sleeve across his eyes. But the constable was not to be influenced by any display of emotion. So Jerry rubbed his eyes again and continued:

"It was no such great shakes, either, for there was precious little in it, on'y 'arf a quid, two bob, an' a tanner. 'Ere they are. I haven't 'ad time to melt them yet."

He produced the various sums named from portions of his ragged garments which an ordinary person would have deemed eminently unsafe for storage. Pawson looked with unconcealed disgust

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at the coins lying in the dirty palm. Was it for this paltry sum that a man had been done to death?

"Was that all?" he asked, sharply. "Did the purse contain nothing besides?"

Jerry turned to the table and picked up a card. "This was in it," he replied, "an it give me the nyme an' address, sure enough. The leather's strong, an' it's hardly even damp. If you'd a-given me time I'd a-brought it to the police-station an' seen as if the gent as owned it wouldn't have spared a poor devil like me a sixpence."

The constable glanced at the card. It contained the same address as was written within the hat of the murdered man.

"Very likely. But, you see, I will save you the trouble. You're sure that's all?"

"That's all! I 'aven't 'ad no time to spend it, I tells yer. More's the pity, for I 'spose now ye've got it ye mean to keep it."

"Yes, you may rely on that," and Pawson pocketed the purse as he spoke. "But, look here, if you haven't spent any money, how've you managed to get such a spread?" and he pointed to the untidy fragments on the table.

"Why, yes'day mornin' a young lady, her as lives over yonder, she gave me a sixpence. She walked into me for a lazy vagabond, but she gave me sixpence all the same. An' Meg Sanders, her as has a shop in the village, she's always been good to me, she has 'cos she knowed my mother, so when I crep' up there yes'day she give me a loaf for the sixpence, an' some cheese, an' tea an' sugar into the bargain."

"Do you want to make me believe that you've not been up Dredman's Lane since yesterday morning?"

"Well, no more I have. Wot's there to go for? They all look at a pore chap as if he was a mad dog 'cos he's done time. Dashed if I know wot I come back 'ere for at all. Seems like as if one allers does the most unlucky thing for onesel'."

"You've certainly done the worst possible thing for yourself this journey, my lad," returned the policeman, grimly, "and now you've got to come along with me to the station. I haven't a warrant, but it won't do to wait for that with such a slippery customer as you to deal with."

"Me? Got to go along of you to the police-station? Wot then, along of the purse? I tell yer I found it honest enough."

"You can tell what story you please to the magistrates."

"But wot's it all about?" cried the wretched man, drawing back from the arresting hand. "You can't take me in custody for nothing at all, only pickin' a purse out of the stream?"

"Oh, can't I though? Not if the original owner has met with a cruel death at the hands of some scoundrel or other? Jerry Gobey, I take you into custody on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of a gentleman whose dead body was discovered in Dredman's Lane early this morning. That there purse is sufficiently good circumstantial evidence to warrant your arrest, so don't you make any mistake!"

The wretched Jerry gasped but offered no resistance, as Pawson, brimful of the dignity of office, rolled out his inflated periods.

"O Lord!" cried the prisoner, despairingly. "It's all along with the rest. I might have knowed that no good luck was like to come my way. An' as for you, Pawson, you bloomin' copper, you've had a down on me all my life, an' now I s'pose you'll not be content till the rope's round my neck. I dunno wot I was born for?"

"To be hanged, it seems," returned Pawson, as he slipped on the handcuffs.

CHAPTER IX.

"WILFUL MURDER."

The inquest upon the body found in Dredman's Lane took place the following day. It was identified by a gentleman who proved to be a clerk in the firm of Carlton and Co., City merchants, of Stag lane, Eastcheap, as that of his chief employer, Mr. John Carlton.

Beyond the identification of the body, however, the witness could throw no light on the matter. So far as he knew, Mr. Carlton was not likely to have had any business to bring him to that locality, but he must just state that he was not familiar with the private affairs of his employer. Mr. Carlton was extremely reserved, and never spoke of his own doings, except when required so to do in the course of business.

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When the clerk concluded, his place was immediately taken by Mr. Pattinson, the tenant of Grove Cottage, who gave his evidence in a clear and concise manner, worthy of commendation. He described the finding of the body of the murdered man in the lane by himself and ward while taking a morning walk to the village. Jack Ditton, the milk boy, followed with corroborative testimony. It was not judged necessary to call Miss Shelley at this stage of the proceedings.

The most curious item of evidence was that relating to the weapon by means of which the murder had been committed. Mr. Pattinson, without a moment's hesitation, identified this as one that had—up to the time of the murder—been in common use in his own household. It was to all appearance an ordinary white-handled carving-knife, rendered sharp by much use; but the witness pointed out a small figure cut on the handle representing a stag's head with spreading antlers —evidently a trade-mark of some firm of cutlers. The set of knives to which it belonged had been in his possession for a period of at least ten years.

When asked if he could in any way account for its presence where it had been discovered—namely, in the fatal wound—Mr. Pattinson declared that he could only surmise that the person who had committed the crime had seen it in his garden and stolen it from thence. Yes; he had been using it himself in order to prune some branches of willow at the bottom of the garden, finding it sharp and well adapted for this purpose; but, having been suddenly called away, had left it on a seat, and forgotten all about it until he was horrified by discovering it upon the table in the police station where Dr. Hawthorn had laid it, after withdrawing it from the wound.

The coroner proceeded to question the witness minutely concerning this statement, and Mr. Pattinson appeared eager to give him all possible information.

Had he ever—prior to the occasion spoken of—noticed that the knife was sharp?

No, he couldn't say he had. It was simply because the one he generally used for pruning purposes had just proved too blunt, that he looked about for a more suitable instrument and found the other just within the open window of the breakfast-room, where his housemaid had left it.

Would it be possible for any person, in want of such a weapon, to see him place it upon the garden seat; and subsequently contrive to secure and conceal it without observation by the inmates of the house?

Yes; he thought it quite possible! There was, close to the seat, a gap in the hedge through which anyone so disposed could easily scramble.

Outside the garden, a rough path led along the bank of the stream; therefore — the seat being upon a slight eminence—the knife might easily be perceived by anyone secreted at the time amongst the bushes, and, given a fitting opportunity, there would be no difficulty about the matter.

JERRY WRIGGLED LIKE AN EEL BENEATH THE UNGENTLE GRASP OF THE POLICEMAN

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The doctor's evidence proved conclusively that the deceased met his death by murder, not suicide. The wound could not possibly have been self-inflicted. In his opinion the crime had been committed by some person thoroughly conversant with the laws of anatomy, for the stab had been so dealt as to pierce a vital part and to cause instant death.

After this, the coroner recalled Henry Ashton, the clerk who had identified the body. Questioned as to the habits of his employer, Ashton displayed a reticence highly commendable to everyone present with the exception of the coroner, who was an irascible man and one accustomed to carry matters with a high hand.

The latter therefore commenced to harass the witness with questions irrelevant to the case, which were answered with evident reluctance.

Yes; it was true that Mr. Carlton had lived alone in chambers in Chancery Lane ever since Mr. Herbert—that is young Mr. Carlton—left the country.

Yes; he believed that father and son had quarrelled, and that it was owing to this that the young man went off to Australia. Did he know the cause of the quarrel? No. Mr. Carlton had told him nothing. Had he no means of knowing? Well, the fact was he never attempted to pry into what did not concern him. The private affairs of the head of the firm did not affect the routine of clerical work.

How then had he become acquainted with the fact at all? Why, only through Mr. Carlton ceasing to mention his son's name, although previously he had been exceedingly anxious that Mr. Herbert should become a member of the firm.

Yes! Mr. Carlton was a widower. His married life had been of brief duration, for his wife had died a year after they were married, died in giving birth to a boy—the present representative of the firm.

Questioned as to the financial position of the firm at the time of the murder, the clerk hesitated before answering. Upon pressure he admitted that matters were not in a satisfactory condition, and that he knew Mr. Carlton had been forced to borrow large sums at a heavy rate of interest, in order to meet his liabilities.

Such things were quite usual with firms whose trading was of at all a speculative character, but Mr. Carlton seemed more affected by his position than the facts of the case seemed to warrant. His temper and spirits were alike uncertain, during the past few months, and he was alternately depressed and elated without apparent cause.

The coroner, who was annoyed by the dry concise manner of this witness, and had apparently taken a dislike to him, treated him brusquely; indeed, almost with rudeness. In place of thanking him for the information which had been given so reluctantly and under such pressure, the coroner immediately pooh-poohed it as foolish and irrelevant.

Had there been any question of suicide it might have been important for the jury to hear of Mr. Carlton's embarrassments; but as it was obviously impossible for a person to stab himself in the back in the manner so clearly described by the medical witness, Mr. Carlton's state of mind prior to his death was entirely unimportant, and, in his estimation, had better have been withheld.

Ashton, the clerk, returned no answer to this taunt, although his dry parchment-like skin flushed a dusky red. He merely bowed and stood aside, waiting with admirable self-control and attentive patience for the verdict.

There was no hesitation about this on the part of the jury. It was brought in "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Then followed an unofficial announcement to the effect that one of the village constables had just made an arrest on suspicion, and that further developments might be expected shortly.

As Henry Ashton, the clerk to the murdered man, was hurrying off to catch the first train back to town, intent upon commencing the necessary preparations for his master's funeral, he was stopped by the gentleman who had been the principal witness as to the finding of the body.

"Mr.—ah, pardon me, but I didn't catch your name."

The other paused with evident reluctance.

"Ashton's my name," he said, shortly; "you were close beside me in court."

"Yes, but either I was inattentive, or a little hard of hearing at the moment. But I wish very much to speak to you. I didn't quite like the way you were treated. This is a most painful affair, Mr. Ashton, most painful to all of us. I can see you feel it deeply, and I honour you for the

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affection you so evidently feel for your late employer."

Ashton seemed restless, and shifted the black bag—without which it seems impossible for a self-respecting clerk to travel—from one hand to the other.

"Surely it's not so astonishing that one should lament the loss of a good master, after more than twenty years' association?" he returned, rather stiffly; "but really I must ask you to excuse me, sir, for there's a great deal to do, and I want to catch this train."

Mr. Pattinson pulled out his watch. "You can spare me ten minutes, and still catch it easily," he said; "and perhaps I may be able to assist you, if you will only allow me. Although a complete stranger to poor Mr. Carlton, I feel in some degree linked with the tragedy of his death, because I was almost the first on the spot afterwards. It seemed to bring murder close to my threshold."

The clerk—a dry, wizened man of forty—did not respond to this display of emotion. Years of City life had gradually enveloped him in an armour of suspicion and propriety. He was smarting under a sense of undeserved contempt, and sore at the manner in which his reluctantly-given evidence had been thrust aside as unnecessary and irrelevant. He had his own idea of its importance, and held to this in spite of the animadversions of the wooden-headed coroner.

Besides all this, and putting aside all personal annoyance, he was more moved by the death of his employer than he cared to admit. The careless sympathy of this intrusive stranger touched him upon the raw, and struck him as ill-timed and unreal.

But he had to deal with a man of wonderful tact and strange intuitions; so his resentment was easily detected and met.

"Pray forgive me, Mr. Ashton," said the benevolent-looking stranger. "Not for worlds would I intrude upon your private sorrow. I merely want to assure you that if you should be landed in any monetary difficulty—and from what you said just now, I infer that such a thing is possible—I will take it as a personal favour if you will apply to me."

"Thank you; but I don't fancy such an extreme measure will be necessary," returned the other, "for I've already written to Mr. Carlton, junior, who, unfortunately, is abroad at present. He would, I know, be extremely averse to any such idea."

"But, pardon me; it is not idle curiosity makes me ask the question. Is the young man in a position that will permit of him discharging any debt you may contract in his name?"

"Yes. I have reason to believe that Mr. Herbert is doing extremely well," replied Ashton, briefly. He was evidently unwilling to afford his questioner any more precise information.

The latter shot a quick glance at his prim face from behind the coloured glasses.

"I fancy you know more about the relations betwixt father and son than you were inclined to admit at the inquest," exclaimed Mr. Pattinson. The clerk returned his look coldly.

"I don't see why you should jump to such a conclusion," he replied. "Nor do I see the necessity of admitting your conclusion to be correct. In any case, it's time I went to the train, so you must just excuse me," and without further ado he hurried off.

Mr. Pattinson gazed after him thoughtfully. "A man of character," he murmured. "Dry, cool, unimpressionable, and absolutely honest; one would prefer this Mr. Ashton for a friend rather than a foe. Down at the bottom of his exact, precise, orderly mind is a deep and abiding sense of loyalty towards his late employer. He is, in that respect, a model clerk. He doesn't merely carry that virtue in his black bag to be laid aside on reaching home along with his high hat and frock coat. Such an attachment is as rare as valuable nowadays. I'm quite sure my confidential clerk cherishes no such feeling towards me. Far from it. He studies me in a more impersonal fashion than I do my toads. Pooh! What does it matter? He does my work fairly well, even though he squirms at it occasionally, and I pay him his wages. Anything further is not in the bond; only if he gets too curious and knowing he must certainly go."

Mr. Pattinson did not talk much about the inquest at home that evening; but after his mother had retired Nora lingered behind.

"What was the poor gentleman's name, Uncle Dan? I don't think you told us," she inquired casually.

Mr. Pattinson told her, and was rather surprised at the effect produced by the

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information. She started, and the colour mounted to her cheeks.

"Why, Nora, what's the matter? Are you familiar with the name?"

"Ye-e-es; but it can't be the same. I once met a young—— Someone of the name, I mean, but it's years ago and——No. It can't have any real connection with him—with the one I knew."

The girl exhibited a confusion that aroused a certain degree of curiosity in the gentleman's mind, and he questioned her closely, but without eliciting any further information. She was generally frank to a fault, but in this instance evidently preferred to keep her own counsel. Some odd and unusual feeling of shyness had always hitherto prevented her mentioning the adventure associated with the name of Carlton; and even now—when her guardian said that a letter, signed Bertie Carlton, and presumably written by the son of the dead man, had been found in one of the latter's pockets—she bit her lip and kept silence.

But she was restless and unlike herself, and soon, with a hasty good-night, ran upstairs to her room.

Here she immediately took off her pretty frock and put on a dainty dressing-gown, loosened her long, dusky tresses, and sat down by the open window.

Faint odours of dying flowers crept up from below, and a cool air fanned her hot cheeks. Suddenly, as she looked out upon the dark garden, she recognised that the winter was closed at hand. There was a suggestion of death and decay in the air—of fleeting summer and the long sleep of the earth—that saddened her, so she closed the window, though she still sat and gazed up to the stars.

Then a handsome, haggard face rose before her mental vision.

"Perhaps he's dead, too," she mused. "And yet somehow I don't believe it! I fancy we're fated to meet again some day—somewhere. But not, I hope, through a tragedy. Surely fate would be kinder to us than that? I do wonder where he is and what he's doing just at this minute? I'm sure he won't be thinking of the silly little girl who spoke to him that day. How ashamed I feel now of the part I played. And yet, after all, what is there

SHE GAZED CRITICALLY AT HER OWN REFLECTION.

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to be ashamed of? I'd do the same to-morrow! He was horrid just at first, poor fellow; and no wonder, either. How could anyone be nice when they were starving? Oh, it makes me feel sick only to think of it; and then, well then he was quite different after. But I oughtn't to have allowed him to kiss my hand. It was stupid and sentimental; and I hate sentiment—at least, most people's! I was a silly little thing in those days. Life seemed so dull, so prosaic. And about that adventure there seemed a suggestion—the merest suggestion, you know—of poetry. And, well, I suppose I always loved romance down in my heart, though I wouldn't confess it!"

Here she laughed at herself, and going to the looking-glass began to plait her long hair. Then her eyes fell upon the window and the still undrawn blind.

"Yes, indeed, I must shut you out, you dear, bright stars," she exclaimed, ruefully, "although there's no one to overlook me save the ghosts over at the Bungalow."

When she had drawn the blind she lighted the two candles standing on either side of the mirror and gazed critically at her own reflection.

And a very pleasing one it was. The white robe, with its dainty ruffles of lace and pink ribbons, threw up the richness of her brunette tints, and the warm darkness of her hair and eyes. And when she smiled—as how could she fail to smile at the pretty picture?—the mischievous dimple that lurked in her right cheek crept out and added a touch of witchery to the reflection.

"Well, there's one comfort, my dear," she said to her shadow in the glass, "you've not lost your looks during the last few years. In fact, I believe you've rather improved than otherwise since that eventful day on the bridge. I wonder what he'll think of you now, if ever he should turn up again? Oh, me, it's very weak of me, but I do wish he may! He had fine eyes, though they did look gloomy at first. But really, I must be as silly as ever, or I wouldn't be sitting here admiring myself and talking nonsense, instead of going to bed like a sensible girl. And after such a frightful day, too! But perhaps that's just why! I was impatient with poor old Uncle Dan for seeking consolation in his toads and his tin whistle, and, behold, I'm quite as frivolous in turn. Heigho! We all want happiness in some form or other, and grumble because we can't command it at will. Well, well, good-night, Nora," and here she blew a kiss to her counterpart in the mirror. "Try to imagine the moon's made of green cheese, and very indigestible at that, and then you won't cry for it any longer. And try to go to sleep and awake in a more sensible frame of mind in the morning. But all the same, he *had* nice eyes, and the adventure was romantic. So there!"

CHAPTER X.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS.

Time passed, and the remains of the murdered man were laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery beside those of the girl-wife to whom he had remained faithful through so many years. Ashton, the clerk, was his sole mourner, for he had no relative save the son who was across the seas.

Jerry Gobey was brought before the magistrates in due course, and committed for trial at the coming assizes.

The solicitor who had undertaken his defence found him a very difficult subject to deal with. Half-a-dozen times he appeared on the point of making some admission, but invariably thought better of it at the last moment. Mr. Ryder, the solicitor, lost patience.

"Really, you ought to be frank with me," he exclaimed. "How do you expect me to do anything for your defence if you will persist in withholding evidence bearing upon the case?"

"Who's a-witholdin' of evidence?" returned the prisoner, regarding the solicitor suspiciously. "I never said nothin' agen' nobody, now did I?"

"No, indeed! That's exactly what I'm complaining of. I feel quite convinced in my own mind that you could throw a good deal of light upon the proceedings that took place on the eventful night if you would only open your mouth. It's an exceedingly ill-advised proceeding, your silence, I can assure you! I wonder if you quite realise how strong the circumstantial evidence against you is? Many a man has been hung upon less."

The solicitor thought to frighten Jerry into speaking out, and certainly an expression of deadly terror crept over the poor wretch's face, while his hands went

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up to his neck involuntarily. But in a moment he pulled himself together, and the defiance returned stronger than ever. "Better even that than sneak on a pal," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Ryder's ears were of the quickest.

"Ah! There's someone else involved, is there?" he asked sharply.

"I never said nothin' about nobody," repeated the prisoner.

And he was on his guard for the remainder of the interview. The solicitor had had considerable experience amongst the criminal classes, and was thoroughly convinced that this special one with whom he had to deal was shielding someone, or, at any rate, withholding important evidence from some mistaken feeling of loyalty. Such things were by no means unusual amongst criminals. And he knew sufficient to make him despair of getting the truth from Jerry Gobey. His was exactly the sort of weak yet dogged nature that would prefer death to disloyalty. The only alternative, therefore, was for his solicitor to advertise for such person or persons as might be in a position to throw any light upon Gobey's movements during the night of the murder. Accordingly, a carefully worded advertisement was despatched to such of the newspapers as were at all likely to be read by any friend of the prisoner. Mr. Ryder did not hope much from this move, but it was all he could do.

The trial took place a month after this, and the same witnesses appeared as at the inquest. Miss Shelley was called upon this time, but her evidence, given with traces of emotion, merely corroborated that of the other two witnesses who were present at the finding of the body. One point in her evidence, however, told in favour of the prisoner. His counsel, a smart young barrister employed by Mr. Ryder, asked whether at any time on the day preceding the murder the prisoner had appealed to her for assistance, and she had given him sixpence in answer to his appeal? He had stated this to the constable when arrested. She glanced at the prisoner and declared his statement to be correct. The prisoner was the same man who had begged of her in Dredman's-lane.

She was anxious to assist him now, for some subtle instinct assured her he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. How or why her first bad impression of him had given place to a feeling akin to compassion she never could explain. He was degraded and abject in the extreme, but from the moment she saw him standing there in the dock she felt convinced that his plea of "Not guilty" was no mere legal fiction, but the absolute truth.

Her heart sank, therefore, under the clever cross-examination of the prosecuting counsel. He attempted to prove that her evidence told against rather than in favour of the prisoner. It showed conclusively that he had been in the neighbourhood shortly before the murder.

Pawson gave his evidence with commendable brevity. He stated that the prisoner's record was a bad one, even previous to this affair. Gobey had been, in fact, just released from gaol, where he had been for three months on a conviction for felony. Remembering this, and having long had the prisoner under his eye, his suspicions immediately fell upon Jerry. He described his approach to the Bungalow, his discovery of the purse belonging to the murdered man—which said purse had since been identified by Mr. Carlton's clerk—and the prisoner's demeanour at the time of arrest.

The defendant's counsel requested permission to cross-examine this witness; and, his request being granted, proceeded to ask whether the behaviour of the prisoner was unlike that of an innocent man falsely accused.

Well, no, Pawson couldn't exactly say that; but criminals had different ways to other folks. Some of them were artful enough for anything, and contrived to assume airs of innocence that would deceive persons unaccustomed to them. The prisoner's story of the finding of the purse was, to his mind, quite incredible.

Was it not quite as incredible that, having gained possession of it in the manner insinuated by the witness, he should have made no attempt at concealment, but had, instead, claimed it openly, and indeed, tried to snatch it from the hand of the witness, as he had himself averred?

Was it not also a fact that the witness was well known to have conceived a prejudice against the prisoner, and had never missed an occasion of badgering or browbeating him?

The witness coloured up and wiped his forehead while cogitating an answer. But

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the judge came to his rescue, ruling that the question was irrelevant, and that the constable had not, at least in the present instance, exceeded his duty. The evidence upon which he had arrested the prisoner was sufficiently strong. Nevertheless, the barrister had scored a point, and sat down contentedly.

The case, however, still looked pretty black against the prisoner, when a crumpled bit of paper was handed to his solicitor, whose face lightened as he conferred with the counsel. The latter rose and stated that he had an important witness to produce, one who had unexpectedly come forward at the last moment in the prisoner's behalf, and who was in a position to prove conclusively that at the very time the murder had been committed—which according to medical evidence was between the hours of ten and eleven at night—the prisoner was in Dredman's Bungalow with a friend, who had not left him until late the following morning.

Upon hearing this statement the face of the wretched being in the dock was transfigured, and for a moment he grew human.

"That's Bill! Hang me, if that isn't just Bill all over! Jolly glad I am I didn't sneak on him," he muttered to himself.

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHER.

I have seen the sunrise breaking on the shores of distant seas—
I have seen the mists of evening creeping slow across the leas
To the borderland of twilight when the birds were winging home,
And the air was filled with sweetness from the newly-furrowed loam;
But the wondrous tints of evening and the glory of the skies
Cannot move my soul to gladness like a smile from Mother's eyes.

I have heard the chimes of church bells faintly echoing on the breeze—
I have heard the south wind sighing soft and low among the trees
When the moon had bathed the hilltops in a weird and magic glow,
And her wake was traced in silver on the river far below;
But the sweetest strains of music cannot make my heart rejoice
Like the love note low and tender that I hear in Mother's voice.

M. Le Roy Osborne.

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SOVEREIGNS I HAVE MET.

By CHARLES LOWE.
(*Formerly Correspondent of the* TIMES *at Berlin.*)

CROWNED heads have always a natural attraction for everyone—no matter what their politics or social views; for, whatever their personal merits or failings, Sovereigns are at least personages who represent their people, besides being the embodiment of more or less authority over them, and the seat of personal power is ever a centre of popular interest—the greater the power, the greater the interest. Thus it was that when, in the winter of 1878, I went to Berlin as the resident correspondent of the *Times*, I confess that my primary idea was to see—not the old Emperor William I., who was the titular ruler of Germany, but Bismarck, whom I knew to be her real Sovereign; and my curiosity was first gratified in the Reichstag, to which the Iron Chancellor had come express from Varzin with his famous "Christmas card" to the nation, which took the form of an announcement that he now intended to commit the Fatherland to the experiment of a protective tariff.

Soon thereafter, I had an opportunity of seeing the real and the titular Sovereigns of Germany standing face to face at a very grand ceremony in the Royal chapel, the Emperor's golden wedding. The former had advanced from a crowd of courtiers to congratulate his "old master"—"whom I have always," as he once said, "been able to talk over, if not to persuade"—and what a contrast was presented by the two men! Bismarck, in his white Cuirassier uniform and long jack-boots, looked such an embodiment of personal power—physical and intellectual—as the world had, perhaps, never seen before; and it is not too much to say that, by comparison with him, Kaiser William I. was a perfect pigmy—in the stature of his mind at least, as this was impressed upon his otherwise pretty stalwart, but by no means lofty, figure. Bismarck's head required a specially made helmet—the largest in all the German army; that of the Kaiser was the very smallest. But if William I. was deficient in fine intellect, the lack of which made him but as potter's clay in the hands of his Chancellor, he had force of character, shrewd common sense, tenacity of purpose, justice, and great generosity of heart—in fact, like Spenser's hero of the Red Cross, "he was a very perfect, gentle knight"—patient with his foes, and to his friends faithful unto death.

It was the fidelity of William I. to his friends that was the means of enabling me to add another portrait to my gallery of European Sovereigns, in the person of his nephew, Alexander II., the Czar Emancipator of Russia. This was in the autumn of 1879, at Alexandrovo, on Germany's eastern frontier, whither the old Kaiser had secretly repaired to meet his Imperial nephew of Russia, with the object of dissipating the international misunderstanding connected with the results of the Berlin Congress, which threatened to end in another war. By good luck I managed to get wind of the meeting, and to be the only English correspondent present. The details and incidents of the meeting I learnt from a very good friend of mine in the suite of the German Emperor, who came to the railway station to despatch a telegram, and found me a close prisoner in one of the waiting-rooms—I had attracted his attention by rapping on the window—to which I had been roughly consigned on alighting from the train, and revealing my inability to satisfy the demand for my passport. Accordingly, I was at once "interned," and condemned to return to Germany by the next train; but, in the considerable interval which elapsed, I had time to learn all the particulars of the Imperial meeting from my officer friend

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aforesaid, whose intercession with my captors even induced them to "enlarge" me for the remainder of my brief sojourn on Russian soil; so that, under his guidance and protection, I even enjoyed an opportunity of having a good peep from the lawn of the pavilion where they met as their Imperial Majesties sat at meat—their faces suffused with the satisfaction of estranged friends once more reconciled. I thought I had never seen a more thorough-looking gentleman than Alexander II., the Czar Liberator.

My next visit to Russia, also by way of Alexandrovo, was of a very different kind. For no grim, grey-coated, revolver-armed gendarmes durst interfere with me now, seeing that I was bound for Moscow to describe the coronation of Alexander III., whose personal guest I became. What a magnificent personification of will-power over the 120,000,000 of his fellow-men forming his subjects did Alexander, the Moujik Czar, look, as on his snow-white palfrey—the central figure of a gorgeous pageant of Princes and potentates—he paced through the acclaiming streets of Moscow to his palace in the Kremlin on the day of his entry into the ancient capital of Muscovy—the will-power of a Bismarck without his luminous, controlling mind. But of all the pageants of that gorgeously festive time the one which I love by preference to recall was the grand supper banquet in the Kremlin, soon after the triumphal entry, where we grouped ourselves at little tables, with a mixture of social ranks as fortuitous as the dealing out of cards, and where these little tables were in turn made the round of by our Imperial entertainer himself, who, bending his gracious head, solicitously asked us whether we had enough to eat and drink, and whether there was anything else he himself could do for us—such the bounden duty and custom of the mighty Czar of Muscovy on occasions of that kind.

But this was not the only occasion on which I was fated to be flattered with the personal attentions of the Great White Czar. For on the night of his coronation in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin, at which I had the honour to be the sole representative of the English Press—all my less fortunate colleagues having been excluded for want of room—I was so exhausted by the fatigue and excitement of the long day that, after reeling off my last slip of copy for the telegraph office, I threw myself on my bed, dressed just as I was, and never woke till well on into next day—only to discover, on going to my littered writing-table to see what o'clock it was, that my watch had disappeared, together with my pocket-book, containing from £20 to £30 (nominal) worth of very dirty rouble-notes. I searched, and searched, and made sure in every way; but my pocket-book and my watch were hopelessly gone, and I began to feel like Shylock when he fell to exclaiming: "Justice! The law! My ducats and my daughter!"

I need not detail the uproar, the runnings about, the ransackings, and the formal investigations which now ensued, all to no purpose. The very day of my departure had dawned, and I was lying in bed reflecting on the situation, when a knock came to my door, and in there stepped, to my great surprise, a dashing young officer, who, from his *aiguillettes*, I could perceive to be an aide-de-camp—of the Governor-General of Moscow, as it turned out. To my greater astonishment he put his hand into the breast of his tunic, and drawing forth my missing watch and chain, said: "*C'est à vous, monsieur?*" (Is this yours, sir?)

And then my handsome visitor proceeded to explain. A rumour of the theft had got into some of the Russian papers, and even attracted the personal notice of the Czar. The Governor of Moscow was at once communicated with and told that the stolen watch of the *Times* correspondent, who was the guest of his Majesty, must, at all costs, be found. Whereupon the Governor had summoned to his presence some of the most notorious thieves in all Moscow, and threatened them with Siberia unless they succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of the missing watch, for, as being practised robbers themselves, they must be familiar with the methods of their brethren and their methods of disposing of stolen goods. How or where my watch was discovered, or by whom it had been stolen, I never discovered. It was satisfaction enough to get my ticker thus restored to me, and the same day I left Moscow for St. Petersburg with the profound conviction that there are worse forms of government after all than an autocracy, with its rough and ready methods of dealing with crimes such as that of which I had been the victim.

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At St. Petersburg I was treated with much distinction, and enjoyed the guidance of an officer of the Czar's household, who conducted me over all the imperial palaces, and showed me things not generally shown—among others the extraordinary collection of Chinese wall-paintings at the Katherinenhof. I visited the Anitchkoff Palace, on the Newski Prospect, which is the Marlborough House, so to speak, of St. Petersburg. Here Alexander III. had lived while heir apparent, and here his children, including the present ruler of Russia, Nicholas II., had been born. In Moscow, I had seen the little Czarewitch, marvelling much at his astonishing likeness to his cousin, his Doppelgänger, the Duke of Cornwall; and in the Anitchkoff Palace it was explained to me how simply and severely he had been brought up. I saw the simple bedroom to which, no matter how late the Emperor returned home, he always came to cross himself over the cots of their little occupants and kiss their cheeks; and I was taken to their schoolroom, of which the little inmates had tried to relieve the harshness by pasting all over the walls war pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign, cut from the *Graphic* and other illustrated English papers. On several occasions after this I had an opportunity of seeing Nicholas II., among others, at Châlons, in 1897, when I witnessed the grand review organised in his honour by the French. On this occasion he looked dapper enough in his scarlet uniform of the Cossacks of the Guard, which becomes his slight, unsoldierly figure much better than the scarlet tunic and heavy beetling bearskin of his English regiment, the Scots Greys, who had overwhelmed the horsemen of his mighty ancestor at Balaclava; and, indeed, it was a cruel freak of English Court flattery to indue with such a warlike uniform Nicholas II., the unwarlike and Peace-Conference great-grandson of the bellicose Nicholas I.

Yet once the Court of Berlin was guilty of an indiscretion equally great, if far more serious in its consequences. In the year of the Coronation of Alexander III. —1883—I went to Homburg to attend the autumn manœuvres of the 11th Army Corps, which were witnessed by quite a galaxy of sovereigns, including the Kings of Saxony, Servia and Spain; and with the last-named I may be said to have had a vicarious interview, through his Foreign Minister, the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo. From Homburg, on his way home, Alfonso XII.—a little, rickety, shallow, pimpled, effeminate sort of sovereign, but with a fine high spirit in his unsoldierlike body, went to Paris, where he was received with hisses and howls of execration—and all because, at Homburg, he had the effrontery to accept the honorary chiefship of a Prussian cavalry regiment, and become what the Parisians scornfully described as a "roi Uhlan."

Most unfortunately for him, the lancer regiment of which he had become chief happened to be stationed at Strasburg, the capital of one of the conquered provinces, and the impulsive French at once jumped to the conclusion that here was another of M. de Bismarck's studied and gratuitous insults. As a matter of fact, Bismarck had no more to do with this than the man in the moon. It happened that, at this time, there were only two Prussian cavalry regiments vacant of a chief—one of hussars, the other of lancers —and the choice of these had been offered to Alfonso the Brave, who innocently chose the Uhlan one at Strasburg because it chanced to have yellow facings, which would thus suit his own sallow complexion—a proof to me at the time that a political earthquake might possibly spring from a pimply face.

But while on the question of uniforms I may as well allude to the Emperor Frederick III., whose character I had exceptional opportunities of studying. In his showy war paint and fine knightly presence, "Unser Fritz" seemed to be the very *beau idéal* of a soldier. But appearances were never more deceptive. The Crown Prince had little taste and less talent for soldiering, and no one was more aware than he himself that the victories for which the huzzahing public gave him credit were mainly due to his Chief of the Staff, General Blumenthal, as evidenced by the fact that one of the very first things he did on succeeding to the throne was to confer a marshal's *bâton* on the man who had organised for him his triumphs in the field. Frederick III. was a man of generous impulses and noble aspirations, but, like his uncle, Frederick William IV., who very nearly ruined Prussia by his fantastic emotionalism, his mental composition was

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marred by a vein of personal vanity, romanticism and impracticable idealism, which, on the whole, rendered it rather fortunate for his country that his reign was only one of ninety-nine days. William I. was a monarch of character, without much intellect; his son, Frederick III. was a monarch with a good deal of mind, but without much character; while his grandson, William II., as a sovereign inheriting at once the character of his grandfather with the intellect and, above all, the will of his English mother, is beyond question by far the ablest Sovereign who has sat upon the Throne of Prussia since it was vacated by Frederick the Great.

I have said that William II. was indebted to his gifted mother for much of his intellectual outfit, but I may add that he has also inherited some of the sovereign qualities of his English grandmother, our late Queen—especially those which caused even Bismarck to confess, after an hour's interview with her Majesty on the occasion of her visit to Berlin in the spring of 1888 to take farewell of her dying son-in-law, that "Queen Victoria possessed the most statesmanlike mind of all the European Sovereigns he had ever come across," and praise from such a quarter was praise indeed. I had seen Queen Victoria twice, at least, before this in Germany—at Darmstadt, to which her Majesty had gone for the confirmation of her grand-daughters, and the second time for the marriage of one of them to a Russian Grand Duke; and on one of these occasions I chanced to come into contact with John Brown, whose very strong character and personality struck me so forcibly that I ceased to wonder why he had become so great a favourite with his royal mistress, or that the Earl of Beaconsfield, a shrewd judge of means to end, had thought it worth while to conciliate the favour of this highly privileged and very powerful menial.

Another minor German Court, with an English family connection, was Brunswick, to which duty once took me for the purpose of describing the celebration of the Duke's jubilee—"Brunswick's fêted chieftain," as I punningly called him; and on this occasion I learnt from our Ambassador, the late Lord Ampthill, who was full of all sorts of curious gossip, that the Duke had remained single all his life, if not exactly a clerical celibate, because he had vowed never to marry any other woman after having been disappointed in his youthful ambition to wed his own distinguished cousin, our Queen.

Still another German Court with Royal English kinship and connections was that of Saxony—a Court, among other things, held in high account by Americans, who could always manage to get presented there when they found this giddy social distinction impossible of attainment either in London or Berlin. I had a good opportunity of studying the humours and characters of this Court when I went over to it once to describe the investiture of the King of Saxony with the Order of the Garter, by the Duke—then only Earl—of Fife, at the head of a ceremonious train of heralds, pursuivants, and other representative dignitaries; and the very high opinion which I then formed of the character of King Albert made it quite clear to me why, upon his death-bed, the Emperor Frederick had entrusted his son, the present Kaiser, to the special care of the King of Saxony and Grand Duke of Baden, two of the wisest Sovereigns in all the confederated Fatherland.

If Frederick III. might have been described as Kaiser "Toom Tabard"—a phrase which the Scots applied to one of their early kings from the fact of his being all show and little substance—his son and successor may be said to have begun his career as a kind of Kaiser "Tom-tom," seeing that he was for ever beating the big drum at Berlin, and keeping the nerves of all Europe on edge by his perpetual "alarums and excursions." On some of those excursions it was my duty to accompany, or at least to follow, the Tourist Kaiser—above all, to Constantinople, where I was able to add still another to my gallery of Sovereign portraits. The Kaiser determined to see something of the East, but previous to this the East, in the person of the Shah of Persia, had determined to see *him*, and for this purpose, in the summer of 1889, had taken Berlin on his way to London. On this occasion I saw a good deal of the Shah, and heard still more of his curious Oriental ways of life in the Château Bellevue, which had been assigned him as a residence in a remote corner of the Thiergarten.

I saw the Shah again in Scotland. For, chancing to spend my holiday in my native country, I was making a hill-pony

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tour among the Deeside Highlands, and in the course thereof came to Ballater, where his Majesty, after all his feasting in England, was presently expected to enjoy a taste of Scottish hospitality at the hands of Mackenzie of Glenmuick, which being interpreted, as they told me, means the Glen of the Pig's nose. Being known to a member of the Mackenzie family, I was kindly bidden to the grand ball at Glenmuick House, held in a huge marquee on the lawn, and my road companion up the glen was an earl's son, who was then serving as a private in the Cameron Highlanders, furnishing the Queen's Guard of Honour at Ballater. We had rare good fun at the ball—"Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'" being our motto, from "The Holy Fair." But what most of all amused me was to see the Shah go up to a rather ugly old peasant woman, who was standing among the miscellaneous crowd of spectators around the dancing arena, and poke her under the ribs with a squirking sound from his throat, till the poor old thing almost squealed and "skirled." The Shah seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, though it was not a very dignified action on the part of the earthly King of Kings.

Much more grave and dignified in his demeanour than the Shah-in-Shah was the Padishah, who was the next Oriental Sovereign I was to see. For scarcely had I returned to Berlin from witnessing the grand naval review at Spithead in honour of the German Emperor than I was ordered off with him, at an hour's notice, on his Eastern tour to Athens and Constantinople. The Sultan lives the life of a timorous, almost a terrified, recluse; but one day, when, as the guest of his Majesty, I was sitting in the little pavilion just outside the gates of Yildiz Kiosk, sipping his excellent Turkish coffee, tasting his rose-coloured jelly, and smoking his fragrant cigarettes, I had a very good opportunity of observing the Commander of the Faithful, as, accompanied by white-bearded old Osman Pasha, the heroic defender of Plevna, he drove to his customary Friday Selamlik service in his usual mosque, and thereafter passed in review, in presence of the Kaiser, a body of the very finest troops I had ever seen. If the personal character and energy of the Sultan only corresponded to the magnificent fighting material of his subjects, what a factor the Ottoman Empire could yet become in the politics of the world. A played-out dynasty, that of the Sultan, but by no means an effete people! Upon me Abdul Hamid, passing through the lanes of his soldiery to the mosque with the air of a criminal being hurried to execution, made the impression of a terror-stricken phantom – a phantom at the head of one of the finest, if not *the* very finest, army in the world.

At Vienna, on my way home from Stamboul, I had no opportunity of viewing that "Grand Old Man" of European monarchs, the Kaiser Franz Josef. But in the spring of the same year—1889—I had seen and admired him at Berlin, where he came, for the second time only after his defeat by the Prussians at Koniggrätz, to return the German Kaiser's first duty-call of the previous year. This return visit was all the more noteworthy and historical as it gave me occasion for recording that at the manœuvres near Spandau, in honour of his presence, a great surprise was sprung upon him, and upon us all, by the use of smokeless powder for the first time by the German army. The other great innovation in the Prussian army, in the shape of the needle-gun, had been shown to the Austrians with disastrous effect at Sadowa; and at Spandau their Sovereign had now been treated to the first exhibition of the bewildering effects of smokeless powder. But at Sadowa the Austrians and the Prussians had been mortal enemies, and now, at Spandau, they were sworn allies and eternal friends.

The following spring I had again occasion to be in Vienna, where I had an opportunity of seeing the noble Kaiser Franz Josef in a new light—not of a soldier, but of a Samaritan Sovereign. In all the range of public or private spectacles, none is so touching as that of the Easter "Foot-washing" at the Court of Vienna, where the mighty chief of the Hapsburgs, surrounded by all the grandees of his ceremonial Court, the haughtiest in Christendom, stoops to wash the feet of a dozen of the poorest beggar-men in all the Kaiserstadt, and distribute among them basketfuls of food. The function recalls the ministrations of the Founder of Christianity, and forces the Austrian Emperors, like the *sedes stercoraria* of the Popes of Rome, to remember, in the midst of all their pride of earthly power, that after all they are only human.

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And as for the Pope, Leo XIII., whom I had occasion to see when, in January of 1892, I paid a visit to Rome, what shall I say of him? But *is* the Pope a Sovereign! Yes, undoubtedly, and a mighty one too, whom Bismarck, after the Kulturkampf, once addressed as "Sire"! though his kingdom is no longer of this world, and he sits for ever scowling across the valley of the Tiber at the Palace of the Quirinal, where lives the royal ex-propriator of his temporal power. But if the late King Humbert was the natural enemy of "the Paip, that pagan full of pride, who blinded us fu' lang," he was, at the same time, the staunch ally of the Austrian and German Emperors; and of all the scenes of popular enthusiasm which I ever witnessed in Berlin—a scene almost to be compared with the triumphal entry of the German troops after the war with France—perhaps the most frantic was the arrival of the late King of Italy in the summer of 1889, to return the Emperor's visit of the previous year. The son of the Ré Galantuomo, King Humbert had a fine soldierly appearance, with a manner almost as bluff and hearty as that of his father, and in Berlin he was acclaimed to the skies as one of the pillars of the Triple Alliance, the central bulwark of the peace of Europe.

But far more touching, if not so clamorous, was another spectacle which I witnessed in connection with the great Peace Convention at the Hague. This was the entry into her capital of the young and winsome Queen of Holland, who had returned there to greet the representatives of over twenty of the civilised Powers of the world assembled in conference, to devise means of obviating the dangers and alleviating the horrors of war—a conference which may be said to have sat at her feet as an Angel of Peace.

CHARLES LOWE.

THE GREATEST LOVE.

When one has learned love's heaven to resign,
And brave a life grown tragically grey,
Upon the long, unsheltered, rugged way
A light of wondrous sweetness oft doth shine.
What though the soul thou lovest ne'er be thine?
It may be thine to minister some day,
To give thy life, while holding tears at bay;
And in thy heart will bloom a joy divine.
Oh, it were sweet to journey hand in hand
With one of kindred mind, and feel the tie—
Each day's acquaintance adding a new strand—
Grow strong as cables! Yet should fate deny
This happiness, love still! That love is grand,
Which lives to bless when it were sweet to die.

Mary S. Lothrop.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

PROFESSOR W. S. McCORMICK, of Dundee University, who has received the important appointment of Secretary to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, is a native of Galloway, where he was born forty-two years ago. His early and University education was received at Glasgow, and he graduated at the University of that city in 1880. He afterwards proceeded to the Universities of Gottingen and Marburg where his studies served to give him a thorough knowledge of German literature. Italy also was his home for some time, which further broadened his literary conceptions.

From 1884 to 1889 he assisted Professor Nichol in conducting the English Classes in Glasgow University, and for a session he fulfilled the duties of the Professorship in the absence of Professor Nichol. He was also Lecturer in English Literature in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow; Examiner and Lecturer to the University Extension Board. In 1890, in succession to Professor Gilray, he was appointed to fill the Chair of English Literature in University College, Dundee.

PROFESSOR W. S. McCORMICK,
The newly-appointed Secretary to the Carnegie Trust for the Scotch Universities.
Photograph by J. Rodger, St. Andrews.

The management of the gift of £2,000,000, given by Mr. Carnegie to defray the fees of struggling students in Scottish Universities, will be under his control, and from his knowledge of student life he will be able to dispense this magnificent gift with a wise hand.

THE Rev. R. W. Freeman is an ex-President of the Newfoundland Methodist Conference, and his portrait will be

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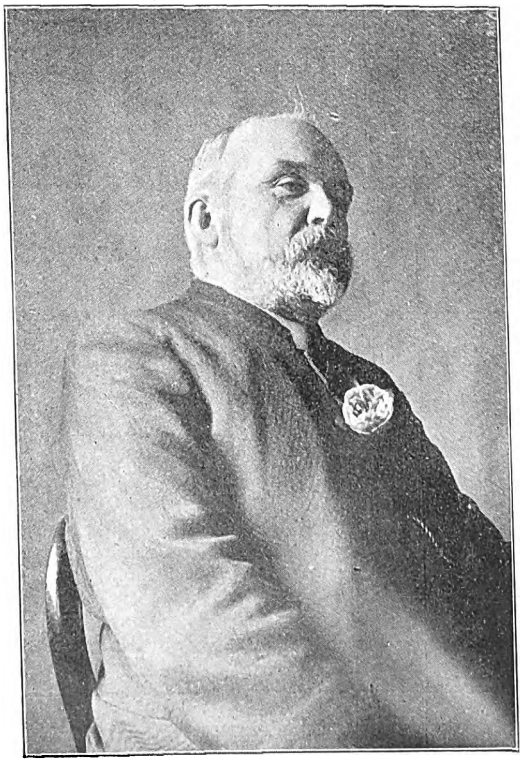
welcomed by his many friends in that colony and in Canada. Though his ministry has been spent in Newfoundland he is a native of this country, having been born in Sheffield in the year 1848. In early life the family removed to the old town of Retford and here his schooling was received. Here too he began his Christian work, being promoted to the position of Sunday-school teacher at the early age of fifteen.

On entering a business career he still served his Church as a local preacher in the Sheffield, Doncaster, Malton, and Rochdale circuits. Feeling called to the work of missions, he offered himself to the Eastern British American Conference, was accepted, and sent to Newfoundland.

Twenty-eight years have been spent in this sphere of toil. His ministry has been owned of God in the prosperity of the churches under his care both spiritually and materially.

As an administrator Mr. Freeman possesses powers of a high order, and he has in consequence been called to fill the highest positions in the Methodist Church of Newfoundland. He has sat on the Board of Missions; has been the delegate to the General Conference; and has filled the chair of the Conference under which he works. Mr. Freeman was elected this year to represent that Conference in the Ecumenical Methodist Conference, held in London in the early part of September.



REV. R. W. FREEMAN,
Ex-President of the Newfoundland Methodist Conference.

MISS ETHELWYN WEAGER is a rising young violinist who has already begun to make her mark in the musical world.

She is only now nineteen years of age but has already made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace concerts as solo-violinist under the ægis of Mr. Manns. Her mother was an accomplished pianist and her father studied singing under Garcia. Miss Weager took to the violin when quite young and at thirteen obtained a scholarship at the London Organ School and International College (Dr. Yorke Trotter, Principal). She was fortunate enough to be placed under Herr Sachse—a professor of the Joachim school.

To use her own words, she soon found that real training was not play, and many a time she approached her lessons with fear and trembling, but came to see, however, that to surmount difficulties as they arise is an essential element in successful study.

Miss Weager always took a keen interest in the Crystal Palace Classical Concerts, and from a child cherished a secret ambition to be able some day to play at one. She remembers when quite young being taken to shake hands with Mr. Manns, who, on learning that she had obtained a scholarship for the violin, gave her a kiss, and told her to work hard and come to him in five years' time. Two years ago she had the temerity to remind him of his request, and to her unbounded delight he said he would hear her privately, at the same time telling her he was inundated with applications, but made it a rule not to entertain any where he was not satisfied that the applicant had received proper technical training in a well-known college. It was arranged that she should play to him Wieniawski's Grande Polonaise—of course without music. She never knew what nervousness meant until that moment. When she had finished playing the violin, however, he came forward and shook hands, and when

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MISS ETHELWYN M. WEAGER,
Who has just made her debut as Solo-Violinist at the Crystal Palace.
Photograph by Reed, 443, Strand, W.C.

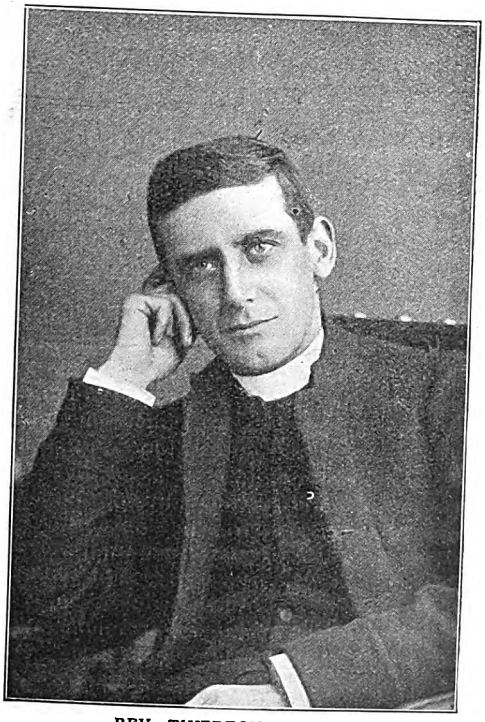
he said he would be pleased to introduce her to the Palace Concerts she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Miss Weager has always cultivated the habit of playing without music, for she thinks you can hardly do justice to a composer otherwise.

THE REV. TIVERTON PREEDY, who is in charge of the All Saints' Mission at Pentonville, is to be congratulated upon the success of his efforts in raising funds to start building a church in which his people can worship together. The old building which was used as a church is now pulled down, and at present three rooms—knocked into one—of the mission house do duty as a church. The old church was formerly a cow shed and some of the inhabitants of the district can remember buying milk at its doors before it was turned into a place of worship. Mr. Preedy is one of those clergymen who, for the love of Christ, choose to live in the slums, give up the society of their compeers and do all in their power to uplift spiritually and socially those who are less fortunate than themselves.

The inhabitants of this densely packed district are mostly of the coster class. Newspaper vendors, flower girls, hawkers of all kinds claim him as their friend, and if ever any of them get into trouble the first person approached is their clergyman friend. The new church when finished will have under it a large room for a club. In it the costers can meet, and there will be mothers' meetings and girls' evenings and other interesting gatherings.

Until the new building is finished Mr. Preedy is working under great disadvantages. He has had to take a small house, next door to the mission house and use its rooms as a meeting place for his people. All who know anything of the difficulties met with in working in such a district must wish Mr. Preedy God-speed in his efforts. That some people do so earnestly was shown by the splendid results of the Mansion House meeting which was held a month or two ago in aid of funds for the mission.



REV. TIVERTON PREEDY,
Head of the All Saints' Mission at Pentonville.
Photograph by W. Gothard, Barnsley.

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TO MRS. RICHMOND, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Rowlandson of Kington St. Michael, near Chippenham, Wilts, belongs the credit of having induced the authorities of Swanley Horticultural College to open a branch for ladies, with the result that a large number are now receiving the best training in a profession which has the advantage of not being overcrowded and in which there are many good and well paid positions to be filled.

All her life Mrs. Richmond has been devoted to the study of horticulture, her father being a keen lover of flowers and of all things pertaining to their culture, and when after her marriage with an officer in H.M.I.A. she went to India with him, her love of the floral part of nature went with her, though she soon found still greater interests to claim her attention.

Here the practically philanthropic side of her character asserted itself, for deeply impressed with the fact that on embracing Christianity, women in the Zenanas are often turned out helpless into the world with no work to do and no place to go to, it occurred to her that if they could be induced to take up Cottage Hospital work—for women and children only—positions as nurses in Zenanas might be found for them, and they would thus be able to earn their own living in a satisfactory manner.

Ill health compelling her return to England, she wrote to the late Queen explaining her ideas on the subject of Cottage Hospitals, and received a kindly acknowledgment, shortly after which the Queen sent for Lady Dufferin (at the time of Lord Dufferin's appointment as Governor General of India), and impressed upon her the necessity of medical help for the women and children of India, this having the gratifying result of the splendid work in Indian Zenanas inaugurated by the Countess of Dufferin.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Richmond had been devoting herself to various philanthropic schemes for the well-being of working girls in Torquay, where she had taken up her abode; while halfpenny dinners for the very poor during the winter months, and Saturday social evenings for the men, also occupied her time.

MRS. RICHMOND.
To her efforts is due the opening of a branch of the Swanley Horticultural College for Ladies.
Photograph by McLanachan, Torquay.

It was when settled in a charming house in Tiverton that Mrs. Richmond determined to make a great effort to get the authorities at Swanley to open a branch for ladies, as she foresaw what an immense opening there was for cultured women in this direction. With great energy she set to work and finally carried her point, the late Empress Frederick readily becoming patron of the new branch. There are now four houses open for ladies at Swanley, and a number have already obtained good and lucrative posts.

SINCE the day that the sons of Australia rallied so promptly and generously to the aid of the Mother Country in South Africa, and since the federation of our Colonies in that great continent and the brilliant visits of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to inaugurate the new Commonwealth, the land of the Southern Cross has bulked largely in the nation's eye. Women do not fight—Heaven be praised!—but very many, in our lands over seas, as here, "Help to make the World Brighter and Better."

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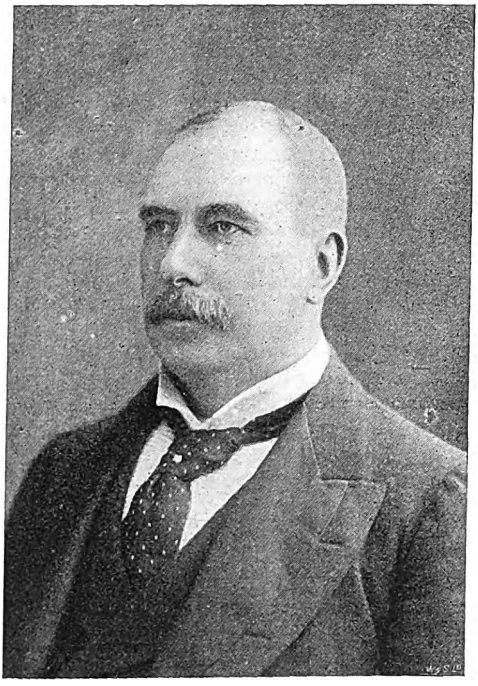
LADY CLARKE,
One of Australia's most beneficent Lady Philanthropists.

Janet Lady Clarke (widow of the late Hon. Sir William J. Clarke, Bart.) who acted as Victoria's delegate at the London International Congress of Women, and who is almost as well known here as in her own Australia, is a staunch supporter of the higher education of women. When the urgent need for a Hostel for Women University Students was felt in Melbourne, Lady Clarke munificently presented £5,000 to the building fund, afterwards subsidising the amount with another £1,000. Thus, with some other subscriptions and public help, the "Janet Clarke Buildings," as the handsome edifice was called, reared at their opening a debt-free head, and the Colony became possessed of an invaluable aid to the higher education of its womankind.

As in all schemes tending to the truest culture of her sex, so in all forms of good work, whether connected with churches or charitable organisations, Lady Clarke has been ever a foremost figure and practical worker and her bright example has been an important factor in keeping in healthy activity the philanthropic side of a large section of the Australian world. With all her public spirit and humanitarian enterprise, this lady has time also to be a leader of society, being an almost colossal entertainer of the best people in Australia and of all the notable and aristocratic visitors (and their name is legion!) to those far-off, but hospitable shores.

TO be at once popular with the rank and file of some 60,000 employés, and a firm disciplinarian; to be boldly enterprising yet shrewdly cautious, is the difficult task which has been successfully accomplished by Mr. Joseph Loftus Wilkinson, the general manager of the Great Western Railway Company. He is a "railway" man in every sense of the word, having risen from the ranks himself; and, passing from one stage in the service to another with the rapidity which marks the man of rare quality, he has filled each position with clever adaptability, until he now directs from his busy office the marvellous web of traffic which is practically "switched" on and off according to his desires.



MR. J. L. WILKINSON,
Manager of the G.W.R., who has taken such an active interest in the families of Reservists in the Company's employ.

Largely to Mr. Wilkinson's influence is due the fact that the Great Western is the most delightful of railways to travel by, for his thoughts are continually bent on improving the service, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that some of his express

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trains are making record long-distance runs. Progress, efficiency, development: these are his watchwords. But there is another side to Mr. Wilkinson's character—his sympathy and kindliness. He has taken a personal interest in the welfare of the families of the many absent reservists who are connected with the Company, and he is ever ready to give ear to reasonable representations from the humblest of the employés.

Believing firmly in the old formula, "a sound mind in a sound body," he encourages the practice of athleticism amongst the staff, being the donor of four challenge cups in the annual competitions. By his influence in this and other directions, Mr. Wilkinson is doing a good work in an unostentatious way. One marvels how he finds time to take a personal interest in comparatively small details when one learns that the G.W.R. earns £30,000 on each and every day of the year, and that the keen eye of its chief executive officer has always to be kept on the proportionately large outgoings in this gigantic concern. Even with all these outlets Mr. Wilkinson's energies are unexhausted, for he is associated with the Veteran Company of the Honorable Artillery Company, and is a Colonel of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, in addition to his membership of the Railway Army Council.

THE ONLOOKER.

THE FALSE LOVE AND THE TRUE.

Oh, an old man sat and blinked i' the sun
And a song o' the sea sang he.
He sang a song of a mariner bold
And his sweetheart so true—the sea.
Sing ho, yo ho, sing hey!
O'er crested billows, thro' dashing spray,
With sails a-bulging she scuds away;
Away, away o'er the waters grey—
Away through the dying day!
Sing ho, sing hey!

Oh, the mariner bold his ain love pressed
To his heart and her sweet lips kissed—
Sweet lips that swore they would e'er be true,
When he sailed away i' the mist.
Sing ho, yo ho, sing hey!
Through the singing tops the wild winds blow,
Into the dank mists the ship doth go,
And the mariner sings as he rolls below,
"My love will be true, I trow!"
Sing hey, yo ho!

Oh, the lassie ashore forgot her man,
But his sweetheart, the sea, proved true.
She lulled him to rest on her heaving breast
And her white arms about him threw.
Sing ho, yo ho, sing hey!
He went to his one true love that day,
At peace in her arms till the last great day,
Less lasting the lassie's peace, they say—
She wed with a lump o' clay!
Sing ho, sing hey!

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THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. KAYE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "A Deadly Foe," "Beyond Recall," "Jacobi's Wife," etc.

MR. and Mrs. Kaye were sitting at the breakfast-table. Three children sat between them, two on one side, one on the other; all three were immaculately clean, and extremely well-behaved. The elder girl, Nellie, who had reached the mature age of seven, kept a watch over Tiny, who was only four; while Jack, who was eight, and occupied the whole of one side of the table, munched his breakfast in solemn silence, knowing that he rendered himself liable to criticism and reproof if he opened his mouth in any other way.

Not that "mummy" reproved him. Jack was well aware, in an undefined way, that she worshipped the ground he trod upon, and that almost everything he did was perfect in her eyes. It was "father" of whom he was afraid; "father" who snarled and scolded, not only at the children, but the dearly beloved mother as well; "father" who was never satisfied, never content, always burdened with a grievance which he did not put into words, and which cast a shadow over the life of the house. Jack was old enough to begin to feel the gloom that settled down when his father was at home; he was not old enough to know exactly what it meant.

Eleanor Kaye knew. She knew that it meant jealousy, more than anything else. Thomas Kaye had always been an intensely jealous man. He had been jealous of her mother, so long as she lived; he was jealous of the children; he was jealous of her friends. He was always finding new causes of complaint against her. It had been so from the day of her marriage up to the present time—nine years of fault-finding and suspicion, nine years of an ever-deepening unhappiness.

She was eighteen when he married her, and at twenty-seven she had lost her bloom, but her slender figure, her sweet eyes, were charmingly youthful. She had dark hair with a natural wave in it, and finely-marked eyebrows above her dark blue eyes. There was something of natural distinction in her appearance, which was probably the reason why people turned so often to look at her when she was in the street. But her husband reproached her for it, and told her with peevish bitterness that she tried to attract attention, and that nobody would look twice at her if she did not "make eyes" at men.

It will be seen from this remark that Mr. Kaye was not a man of much refinement of feeling, or courtesy of manner. Some people who knew him pretty well called him a cad. He had a curiously mean look; he was spare, wizened, withered; a small man, without dignity, with a furtive grey eye, a thin mouth, a long upper lip—traits which had no beauty of their own, and seemed stamped with the impress of a small and sordid mind. He was nearly twenty years older than Eleanor, and looked even more than his age. By profession he was an accountant, and had chambers in town; but his leisure hours were spent at the suburban house, in a row of houses all alike, at Highbury, where he was reputed to be better off than he chose to appear.

It would have been a dull life to Eleanor but for her children. Even they did not always preserve her from feeling it

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monotonous. She wanted a drive sometimes, a concert, a theatre, a dinner-party. These things were not absolutely denied to her, but they came so seldom, and were accompanied by so many disagreeables, that she could hardly regard them as enjoyments. An invitation had just arrived; it was that which had made the breakfast such a silent meal that morning. Mr. Kaye was in a bad temper; and Eleanor had much ado to keep the tears from her eyes. She was glad when the weary meal came to an end, and the children were dismissed from the room. Then her husband looked at her, with the little furtive glance she knew so well.

"I should like to know why you want so much to go to this affair?" he said, pointing with his hand towards the invitation card that lay on the table.

"I don't want to go so very much," said Eleanor, meekly.

"Oh, yes, you do! You needn't tell me that. You're longing to go. You are always wanting to leave your own fireside and gad about town. You find your home very little of a tie to you, I must say."

He shrugged his shoulders and stood up, waiting for a reply, with a face half averted from her. She often wished she could be silent when he made these vague accusations; but she had not the self-command for it. She was obliged to reply.

"I am at home more than most women are, Thomas. I go out very little. I only wanted to go to this party because it is given by my old friend, Mrs. Glayebrook."

"And to meet other old friends, I daresay," he said, with a strange and rather terrible grin—or so it seemed to her in the light of subsequent events. "Other old friends, such as——"

"Don't mention names," she said, suddenly and sharply. "I do not want to meet anyone in particular. Only to have a little change."

"Change!" he repeated. "Change! Oh, well, there is no reason you should not have change. You shall have a change, Eleanor—more change than perhaps you want."

And he looked at her so oddly, so penetratingly, that she felt herself struck with a moment's terror, and wondered what new means of punishment he had thought of, in what new way he meant her to suffer. For she always suffered—he always found some way of punishing her—when she offended him. She had never escaped yet. And she felt sure that he did not mean her to escape this time.

"I will not go to Mrs. Glayebrook's since you do not wish it," she said, trying, perhaps weakly, to propitiate him.

"Oh, go, by all means," he said, "if you feel inclined. Write an acceptance, and if—if Mr. Philip French is there, give him my remembrances. Don't forget."

"Tom, what do you mean?" she cried, a wave of crimson dyeing the pallor of her delicate face. "I know nothing—now—of Mr. French——"

"But I know a good deal," her husband answered, with that curious oblique glance of his, which always confused and irritated her. "I know, for instance, that you were engaged to him before you married me——"

"We were boy and girl together," she murmured, turning pale again as she recognised the venom of his tone.

"Ah, yes, boy and girl." He spoke ambiguously, and with something of a smile. "Well, that is a good while ago, isn't it? It is a pity Mr. French doesn't get married; you may tell him that also if you like, from me."

"I have no concern with Mr. French's affairs, and I shall certainly not give him any such message," said Eleanor.

"You won't? Oh, I fancy you will some day," said her husband. "In the meantime, write and accept Mrs. Glayebrook's invitation."

"For yourself too?"

"Oh, yes, for myself." He laughed aloud, and there was something peculiarly sinister and menacing in his laugh. "Yes, for myself. If you go, I will go—I can safely promise that."

Eleanor looked at him. There was something in his tone which she found it very difficult to understand. "I will not go to Mrs. Glayebrook's at all if you do not wish," she said, gently.

"Don't make rash promises," he answered. "Accept the invitation, I say. You can easily send an excuse when the day comes, if you do not want to go."

He walked out of the room, smiling as he spoke. He had a quiet, cat-like way of moving, which sometimes irritated his wife unreasonably. And that sinister smile of his was not reassuring. She felt almost as if she hated him, while watching him out of the room.

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But she was a conscientious woman, and a good wife, although she did not love her husband. She roused herself next moment, and followed him dutifully into the hall, where she helped him into his light overcoat, handed him his hat and gloves, and opened the front door for him. He liked these little attentions—or, at any rate, he exacted them. The elder children generally came into the hall to wish him good-bye; Eleanor had trained them to do it as part of their duty to their father. Sometimes he took no notice of them at all. But on this occasion he kissed them, and nodded to his wife, with the enigmatic smile which she had already wondered at that morning. She stood at the door for a minute or two to enjoy the soft freshness of the sunshine, and to watch Mr. Kaye down the sidewalk of the terrace in which they lived. When he reached the turning by which he made his way to the railway station, he looked round and waved his hat to the little group upon the steps. It was an unusually gracious action for him, but it was marred, to Eleanor's mind, by the strange smile which she thought she could still distinguish upon his face.

"He's gone; now we can get back to the nursery," said Jack, with a perceptible tone of relief.

"Why did father take his black bag, mummy?" said Nellie.

Eleanor did not know. She had not noticed until that moment that he had held in his left hand a small black bag. She supposed that it contained papers, and said so. Then she went back to the dining-room and wrote her letter to Mrs. Glayebrook—a letter of acceptance for herself and her husband. Afterwards, she busied herself in her usual way, with household tasks, with the children's lessons, with little duties of various kinds; but in the intervals of her occupations, two things constantly recurred to her—the thought of Philip French, and the remembrance of her husband's mystic smile.

She had known Philip French all her life, and had drifted into a girlish attachment for him, to which her parents had speedily put an end. He had no means of his own, they said; he was a more or less penniless artist, who might make a name for himself by and by, but in the meantime had no settled income, no comfortable home. It would be much better if she would agree to marry Mr. Thomas Kaye, who was highly respectable and successful; it would be a great comfort to her father and mother to know that she was so well provided for. She ought to consider their wishes rather than her own.

Eleanor was only a girl. She hardly knew her own mind. She was certainly not very much in love with Philip, and she believed what she was told when her parents said that it was her duty to marry Mr. Kaye. She yielded, and made him a true and dutiful wife, but awoke too late to the knowledge that she had thrown away her chances of happiness. Thomas Kaye was utterly uncongenial to her, and even the birth of her children did not satisfy all the cravings of her heart.

She was a good wife to her husband, and a less carping and suspicious person than Mr. Kaye would have been happy enough with her. But from the very day of her marriage he had shown himself jealous, exacting, distrustful; he had sly ways of spying upon her actions, reading her private letters, examining her boxes, as if he always expected her to be deceiving him. It was his constant suspiciousness that had alienated Eleanor more than anything else. And of late it had so much increased that she sometimes felt her life a burden to her.

Philip French was nothing to her now. She had no thought that was disloyal to her husband. But she had been pleased to meet him again—pleased to talk of old times, of books and pictures; she had looked forward to seeing him at Mrs. Glayebrooke's house. But what was the use of meeting him, she thought to herself, if it was only to occasion each time sneers and unpleasantness from her husband?

She dragged herself through the duties of the day rather wearily. For some reason she looked forward with a kind of dread to the dinner-hour.

What new insult would Thomas Kaye have invented to heap upon her head? She knew that he meant to punish her—and for almost the first time in her experience she dreaded the punishment. Her nerve was going; she felt as if very little would make her sit down and cry like a frightened child.

The dinner-hour came, but Mr. Kaye did not arrive. In an hour's time the cook grew impatient, and Eleanor anxious.

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Another hour, and yet there was no sign of him. And then Eleanor began to wonder whether this were not the form of punishment that he had chosen for her—silence, absence, mystery, anxiety—things that would wear her spirit and subdue her courage, that—if she had loved him—might break her heart. But as the night went on a more pressing and real anxiety took possession of her; surely some harm had happened to him or he would have returned by this time. She sat up all night, and the early dawn found her still watching, but he never came.

She sent for his friends next morning, and made inquiries at his office in the City; but there everything was at a standstill, and nothing at all was known. And as he did not reappear she took the usual methods of search for those who are missing. She advertised, offered a reward for information, consulted detectives, but without success. Blank silence, absolute ignorance, was all that resulted from her search.

Her friend, Mrs. Glayebrook, came often to see her, and was a little surprised by Eleanor's manner at this time, which seemed to her curiously cold and reserved. She was not broken down by grief, as Annie Glayebrook said that she would have been under similar circumstances. She grew thin and pallid, but she did not weep, she did not lament, and the settled gravity of her face expressed resignation rather than despair.

"I can't think how you bear up as you do, Eleanor," said Mrs. Glayebrook almost reproachfully.

"I must bear up for the sake of the children," said Eleanor.

"Oh, yes, I know. But it is so terribly sad. It quite spoilt my enjoyment yesterday evening; you know we had that party, and you and your husband ought to have been there——"

"Ah, yes, I remember," said Mrs. Kaye. She thought of the morning on which she had accepted the invitation, and of her husband's words to her: "If you go, I will go. I can safely promise that." And then he had laughed aloud. What had he meant? "It is nearly three weeks ago now," she said, thinking aloud.

"Yes, my poor dear. Eleanor, my husband thinks—thinks I ought to warn you; he says it looks as if there had been foul play."

"I do not think so," said Eleanor very calmly.

"You don't think so? But why, dear? For if he had met with no mishap he would have been back by this time.

Eleanor was silent for a moment. "Perhaps so" she said at last, and made no other answer. But the more she thought of the matter, the more she became convinced that her husband's disappearance had not been unintentional; that he had planned to leave her; and that his anger with her had taken this form—an inexplicable absence which would leave her to contend with all sorts of difficulties both for the children and for herself.

She felt curiously little anxiety on his account. If he were, as she imagined, living in some other part of the world, she was sure that he had managed to preserve an independence for himself. Perhaps he had a private fund—a banking account of which nobody else knew anything. She was confident in his power of looking after himself.

In the meantime she was much hampered for lack of money. Philip French would gladly have provided her with as much as she wanted; but she refused to accept his aid. The Glayebrooks came to her assistance until such time as her husband's affairs could be settled; for, as months rolled by, it became more and more an understood thing that he was dead, and that Eleanor was practically a widow. The Law Courts empowered her to act for him, and entitled her to the use of such moneys as were forthcoming; but for some time she was much perplexed and distressed, scarcely knowing what she ought to do or how she ought to live, and heartily wishful that this new and strange kind of independence had never come to her. But she still believed that Thomas Kaye was living, and that he would one day return. And after all, she knew him better than anybody else, and was more likely than anyone to judge correctly of his motives.

So ten years came and went; but nothing was heard of Thomas Kaye.

II.

Ten years brought Eleanor to the age of thirty-seven, and to Philip French's mind she was handsomer then than she had been at eighteen.

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She was slender and graceful still, and her face wore a look of serenity which had been a stranger to it in her younger days. Ten years of peace, untroubled by the fault-finding of a suspicious husband, had brought back the bloom to her cheek, the light to her eyes. Her children adored her; she had many friends; and her home, although much smaller than it used to be, was always dainty and well kept. In spite of the almost tragic story which lingered about her name, she was a happier woman than she had been when Thomas Kaye was master of the house.

Philip, with the grey threads in his hair, and the look of quiet, purposeful patience on his face, told her so one day.

She looked remorseful. "Oh," she said lingeringly, "I did not know that I was so—unfeeling."

"You are not unfeeling—only natural," he said.

"I often think of—of him," she answered, in a wistful kind of way.

"I am sure you do. I meant no unkind reflection, Eleanor. But it is ten years since he disappeared; it would not be right that you should mourn him for ever."

"Mourn him?" she said, rather doubtfully.

"I don't think there can be any reason to believe that he is still living," said Mr. French. "We should have heard of him by this time if he were still alive."

She was silent, but something in her look, in the turn of her head, showed him that she did not agree. Nevertheless, he went on desperately.

"Eleanor, we are no longer young. Our lives are slipping away like a dream, and we have not tasted what is best and brightest. At least, I have not; and you too, I believe, did not know all the happiness you might have done. Forgive me if I speak too frankly. I only want to put it to you—why should we not snatch a little satisfaction, a little happiness, for ourselves, before we are too old to enjoy it?"

"I am happy enough," she said, with a little trembling in her voice; "I have my children. And you, Philip, you are successful, and rich, and honoured; you have your satisfactions."

"Very poor ones. I have wanted another kind all my life. Eleanor, you know how I have loved you——"

"Oh, hush, Philip! I am a married woman; you forget——"

"You do not really think," he said, turning upon her suddenly, "that that man is alive?"

She dropped her eyes. "I have never been able to believe," she answered, "that he is dead."

"But consider; if he is living, he must have knowingly deserted you. Is that possible? He always seemed attached to you—and the children."

"I know he did. I can't talk about it. It is only my feeling—a very foolish feeling, I dare say—that he is still alive."

"Alive—in a lunatic asylum, then!"

"Even if he were in a lunatic asylum, my marriage with him would not be dissolved."

"Not legally; but surely, Eleanor, after all these years—and as everyone believes that he is dead—you are justified——"

"I could not do it!" she answered breathlessly. "I should feel as if he were living—watching me—as if I were committing a crime. It is impossible."

"You have no reason for this feeling?"

"None."

"You have not heard of him or from him since he went away ten years ago?"

"No."

"Then, dear Eleanor, believe me it is simply your nerves that are at fault. This feeling of yours comes from brooding over the past. You are perfectly at liberty to marry."

"And suppose he came back?"

"After ten years?"

"He might do so. One hears of stranger things. No, Philip; unless I know that he is dead, I cannot consider myself free."

"You refuse to make my life happy, Eleanor?"

"I cannot help it. You must be happy without me."

"That is so difficult—in fact, so impossible," he said, "that I have made up my mind to a complete change in my life, if you refuse me absolutely. I shall not stay in England; I shall travel in the East, and perhaps arrange to live there. I have long had a fancy for the rose-gardens of Damascus. And I want to see India."

It was on her lips to say "O Philip, do not go!" but she restrained herself. Why should he not go? If he still wanted to marry her, and she thought it right to refuse, would it not be far better that he should go away from her, to some

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land where he might learn to forget the woman that he had loved for nearly twenty years. She was touched by his faithfulness. She even went so far as to acknowledge to herself that she might have loved him had she been quite free, as she had loved him in her girlish days; but she dismissed the possibility hastily from her mind, not thinking it right so much as to look it in the face. No second marriage could come under consideration until she knew whether Thomas Kaye was alive or dead. And perhaps she would never know.

She had never mentioned to any living soul the words that had passed between her husband and herself on the day when he had left his home. It seemed to her that the words that he had spoken veiled a threat which had been carried out. She had had "a change," more of a change than she wanted, certainly; and possibly he had intended the change to be brought about by his absence. His temporary absence, she imagined. It hardly seemed possible that he had intended it to last ten years. Probably he had met with an accident, or been prevented in some way from returning. It might be even that he was dead. But it always seemed to Eleanor that he must be alive; she could not believe that the furtive grey eyes were closed for ever, or that the mean, stooping little figure was laid at rest beneath the green sods of a grave.

She sent Philip away from her, and he started almost at once for India, much to the regret of her children, who adored him, and to whom he had been everything that it was in the power of man to be, as guide, philosopher, and friend. Mrs. Glayebrook and others who were in the secret blamed Mrs. Kaye unreservedly; they said that she was fostering a morbid scrupulousness, that Thomas Kaye was undoubtedly dead, and she need have no objection to the thought of a second marriage. But Eleanor said nothing, and held on the even tenor of her way without explanation. She did not even say to Mrs. Glayebrook as much as she had said to Philip French. But for weeks after his departure she was obsessed by a new sense of her husband's nearness; and she would not have been in the least surprised, when she walked into the drawing-room, to find him quietly seated in the most comfortable chair, with the *Times* newspaper in his hand.

She grew nervous, and she did not quite know why. The least thing gave her a shock—what the servant called a "turn." She was discomposed when the cook complained of a "queer old man" who hung about the house at twilight; and when Jack, now a handsome lad of eighteen, asked if she thought he meant to rob and murder them in their beds, "O Jack, don't talk of such horrible things," she said.

"Dear old mummy, my talking won't bring it about," said Jack, but he patted his mother's hand affectionately, and changed the subject to that of golf.

But when something unexpected actually happened, Eleanor's nervousness disappeared.

She was pottering about in her pretty little suburban garden one afternoon in May, when she saw a shabbily dressed woman standing at the gate, looking at her. Mrs. Kaye went up to her at once. "Good afternoon. Do you want anything?" she asked courteously.

"Only a message, ma'am," said the woman. "My lodger says he'd be much obliged if you would come and see him."

"Your lodger? Who is he?"

"I was to say that you wouldn't know his name, ma'am, but that it was after ten years. What he meant by that I can't tell; but those were his words."

"Why did he not come himself?" said Mrs. Kaye quietly, although her hands were beginning to tremble.

"Oh, he's too ill for that, ma'am. He's in bed."

"I will come with you," said Eleanor. "Is it far away?"

The answer startled her. "Not two streets off, ma'am. Number 12, Mead Road."

Eleanor was ready; her bonnet was on her head, and her gloves were in her pocket. It did not occur to her to doubt the validity of the message or to hesitate before penetrating into a strange house in a mean little street with a shabby woman whom she did not know. It seemed to her only that her hour of doom had come.

They walked rapidly down the two streets—Mead Road was not five minutes' walk from Eleanor's house—and reached a red-brick tenement, with small, ugly windows and an unpainted door—a singularly sordid-looking abode. "Does he live here?" said Eleanor, stopping short and

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gazing at the house with a kind of horror in her tone.

The woman seemed offended. "Me and my husband have done for him this five years, ma'am," she answered, And Eleanor said no more.

Up the narrow, rickety stairs she went, and into a little bedroom beneath the roof; not scrupulously clean, and certainly not beautiful. On a wooden bedstead, covered with a coloured quilt, a man was lying; Eleanor noticed instinctively that his head was covered with grey hair, and that his hands were yellow and claw-like. When she stood by his bedside she ventured to look at his face, and saw that the features were those of Thomas Kaye.

"Tom!" she said faintly.

"Oh, you know me, do you?" he asked, in a voice that had grown coarse and common, she thought, as well as weak. "I wasn't sure whether you would recognise me again."

"Oh, yes; I should know you anywhere," she breathed.

And yet—he was a good deal changed. The lower part of his face was covered by stiff bristles of rough grey hair; the complexion was yellow, like parchment, and the features seemed to have enlarged; but the eyes were the same—the little grey, furtive eyes, with their look of suspicion and mistrust. Eleanor could not have been mistaken in those eyes.

"Then, if you know me," said Thomas Kaye, querulously, "why don't you kiss your lawful husband? For I've been true to you, you know, whatever you've been to me."

Almost mechanically, Eleanor stooped down and kissed the withered cheek. Then, as if the action gave her freedom of speech, she said quickly,

"Do you call it being true to me to leave me all these years?"

"I have not left you. I have been close to you all the time."

"But I did not know that!"

"I did not mean you to know. I was close to you in the old house, and soon after you removed to your present abode I came to Mead Road. I have seen you almost every day."

Eleanor caught her breath. "Thomas, why did you do it?"

"I wanted to see what you would do," he answered quietly. "I expected to hear of your marriage to French before this time——"

"So that you might step in and denounce us at the last moment?"

"I am not sure," he said, in a deliberative tone. "No, perhaps I might have let the thing slide. I have grown used to this kind of life; I should not have wanted to change it."

"But the wrong-doing," said Eleanor. "You would have let me commit bigamy without protest?"

"It would not have been wrong-doing if you did not know. Of course, if I had once let it pass, I should have kept to my intention."

"But, Thomas, did it not strike you that I was suffering? Did you not think of the suspense, the anxiety, the terrible agony of ignorance that I had to undergo? Did you think that all this would not trouble me? Did you not know that it would nearly break my heart?"

She spoke rapidly, with vehemence, and yet in a low tone. Thomas Kaye listened to her, with his eyes wide open, and a ghost of his old, furtive smile upon his face.

"I knew," he said at last, in a grating voice, "and I was glad. I wanted to punish you."

"For what? I had done my best to be a good wife to you. I had nothing to reproach myself with. You were unjust."

"No, I was not unjust," he said, rolling his head from side to side upon the pillow. "I knew very well what I was about. You never cared for me. You never loved me. You loved that other man—Philip French."

"Indeed, indeed you are wrong, Thomas. I never loved Philip French. I have been true to you in word, and thought, and deed."

"All the same," he said obstinately, closing his eyes so that he should not see her agitated face, "you would have loved Philip French better than you loved me—if you had had the chance."

"I do not know why you sent for me," said Eleanor, now bitterly hurt, "if you only want to insult me by your suspicions."

"I don't insult you," he said, opening his eyes. "I only want you to hear the truth. Sit down beside me, and talk sensibly. I shall not be here very long."

His meaning did not dawn upon her all at once. "You are coming—home?" she said, slowly and with some difficulty.

He smiled, keeping his eyes upon her. "No, my dear, I am not coming home. Don't you see that I am dying?"

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"Oh, no!' she said, shocked by his tone. "Not dying, Thomas; only ill. We will get a doctor and see what can be done for you."

"A doctor can't do anything for me. I've worn myself out. I shall last a day or two longer, and that is all."

"What have you been doing all these years, Tom?" she said, putting her hand on his and trying to speak tenderly.

"Watching you," he answered unexpectedly.

She drew back. "Watching me?"

"Yes. Watching you day and night, looking at you when you went shopping, following you down the street, peeping in at your garden gate, counting your visitors. I could tell you how many acquaintances you had, how often they came to see you, almost how much money you spent and what kind of dinners you ate. I knew the smallest details of your life."

"But why—why——"

"I knew more about you in that way than I should have known if we had lived together. I wanted to know. I wanted to understand you, that was all."

"It makes things no clearer for me," said Eleanor.

"Then I will make them clearer. First tell me one thing, and speak the truth. You say you did not love French. But he loved you?"

"I am proud to say that he did love me."

"Then why has he gone away?"

"He asked me to marry him, and I refused. I considered myself your wife still."

"He had not made love to you all these years?"

"Never!"

"And now he has gone away?"

"Yes, to India."

"Ah!" he said, with a low-breathed sigh of satisfaction. "Then I was justified in what I did."

"How?"

"I wanted to prove to myself that you were a good woman. I could not be sure. If you had sent him away before I would have come back to you. I vowed to myself that I would never come back while he was hanging about. And I never did."

"You call that justifiable?" said Eleanor, rising in indignation.

"You were my wife," he said doggedly. "I chose to prove you—to try you. What's ten years, after all? Only a little shave out of a long life. When I was convinced of the truth, one way or the other, I meant to declare myself—either to come back to you or to divorce you. If this wretched illness had not overtaken me I should have come back to you to-morrow."

"Do you think I would have received you again as my husband when you had suspected and deserted me for ten years?"

"Oh, yes. You would have done your duty. You always did—I will acknowledge that now," he answered. "I have gained my end."

"But at what a price! A miserable life for yourself—and for me——"

"I have not been miserable," he said. "Neither have you, on the whole. I had invested money for myself under another name; I have always lived very comfortably. I have left my savings to you, Eleanor—to my true and faithful wife—there's a testimony to your character! You'll find the will in my desk when I am gone."

She turned away from him. She felt as if she could not bear to listen to another word.

"Are you going?" he said placidly. "Well, perhaps you had better. I am a little tired. Give me a kiss before you go, Eleanor, and come again to-morrow."

She hesitated. Should she kiss him or not? Should she forgive him his cruelty, his distrust, his long suspicion of her? She almost refused. Then she looked at his yellow face, his grey hairs, his sunken eyes, and a great pity surged into her heart. After all, he was dying; and in spite of what he said, he had had a most wretched, a most miserable life. She stooped and kissed him, soberly and gently, upon the forehead.

And she was glad that she had done so. For when she visited the house next morning he was dead.

Mrs. Glayebrook sent a long letter to Philip shortly afterwards. And it is said that he is already on his way home from India. Eleanor will not refuse him now.

[THE END.]

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A PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Miss Alice Hughes and Her Artistic Work.

By REGINALD TURNER.

PHOTOGRAPHERS of Royalty are many, but in some important respects Miss Alice Hughes holds a unique position.

There are two kinds of photographs of Royalty taken—those for public and those for private use. Anybody can go into a photographer's shop and buy the likeness of the King or Queen, or other members of the Royal Family for the small sum of a shilling or eighteenpence, but there are photos of Royalty that no money can purchase, and those by Miss Alice Hughes come under this category. When Royalties desire to present a photograph to their private friends you may be sure it is not one that everybody can buy. Such a gift would confer pleasure neither to the donor nor to the recipient.

Although Miss Hughes has taken many photos of the Queen not one was ever published, and the same applies to other Royal ladies; and, indeed, all Miss Hughes' commissions are private. She never advertises, and if at any time you have occasion to ascertain her address in the directory, avoid the list of photographers, for you will not find it there. "Once you advertise in this way," said Miss Hughes, "it gives anybody and everybody the right to invade the privacy of your home — advertisement canvassers, insurance agents, and the like, at once look upon you as their legitimate prey." To anyone who has

OUR FUTURE KING, AND HIS BROTHER AND SISTER, PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF CORNWALL.
Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C

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had the pleasure of visiting Miss Hughes the idea of an advertisement canvasser in possession of her lovely drawing-room seems in the last degree grotesque. And yet, for all that, No. 52, Gower-street is a busy place. Miss Hughes pays quite a fabulous sum away per week in salaries; though I am not at liberty to state the figure. Her wonderful success is due to a combination of several factors—social opportunities, natural inherited talent, perseverance, and capital.

Her father, Mr. Edward Hughes, is a portrait painter who in the pursuit of his art has been brought into life-long contact with Royalty and the best families of England. Since the death of his wife, which took place when the subject of this sketch was quite a child, Mr. Hughes has moved but little outside his immediate circle. Very early domestic cares and responsibilities devolved upon the shoulders of the girl, but amid her multifarious household duties she yet found time to be a frequent companion to her father in his studio, and it was a source of never-failing delight to her to watch the forms of beautiful patrician women grow upon the canvas.

MRS. WILLIE GRENFELL AND HER TWO SONS.
Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

Her artistic soul longed for like expression and found it—in the camera. Probably she would have preferred the brush, for even now at the apex of success she has been heard to deny that photography is an art, though the products of her studio are an eloquent witness against such an opinion.

Like thousands of others, Miss Hughes amused herself with the camera, with no idea of making it more than a plaything, when someone suggested that she should try her hand at reproducing her father's pictures as a useful outlet for her energy. She made the attempt, and with such happy results that Mr. Hughes at once recognised her special aptitude.

She was encouraged to take direct from life, and no doubt visitors to the studio afforded her many opportunities. A course of regular study at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, gave her the required technique. Her progress was more than usually rapid and when she was ready she found a splendid connection to her hand in her father's *clientèle* and their friends. But if Miss Hughes at this early stage of her career had opportunities that might well be envied, it must not be overlooked that, where much is given, much also is required. Her sitters were all people of the higher social class who may be credited with the possession of very critical tastes. In short, the standard set her was a high one, but she reached it. Owing to her father's connection she soon had the honour of photographing Royalty, to whom she became a private photographer; but on her experiences in that capacity Miss Hughes is not to be drawn.

"When once the Royal family take you up they stick to you," she remarked, "as long as you behave yourself, but directly you forget your place you lose their favour. No lady-in-waiting or responsible Court official will divulge any information concerning Royalty, and I have to be equally careful."

"Then how is it Miss Hughes that so many personal anecdotes of Royalties find their way into print?"

"Oh, through servants, undoubtedly,

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and a very large proportion have but slender foundation. Not long ago a Royal princess expressed her annoyance at some of the things that were published, her principal grievance being that they contained so little truth."

MRS. G. CORNWALLIS WEST.
Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

This much, however, Miss Hughes vouchsafes. All the Royal ladies are ideal sitters, and are most appreciative of the work when done. "But not all my subjects are as considerate as Royalty. Some are very unreasonable. Rich women who are really plain, but who have fallen a prey to flatterers, are almost impossible to satisfy, for although my endeavour is to bring out all that is good in a face, and to soften down non-agreeable traits, my camera speaks the truth. When I fail to do what I consider a successful portrait I return the cheque. This, fortunately for me, does not often happen.

"Another class of people who are very troublesome are those who know a little about photography and think they know a very great deal. Generally the complaint is that the portrait is

MRS. RUPERT BECKETT.
Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

H.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS AND BABY.
Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

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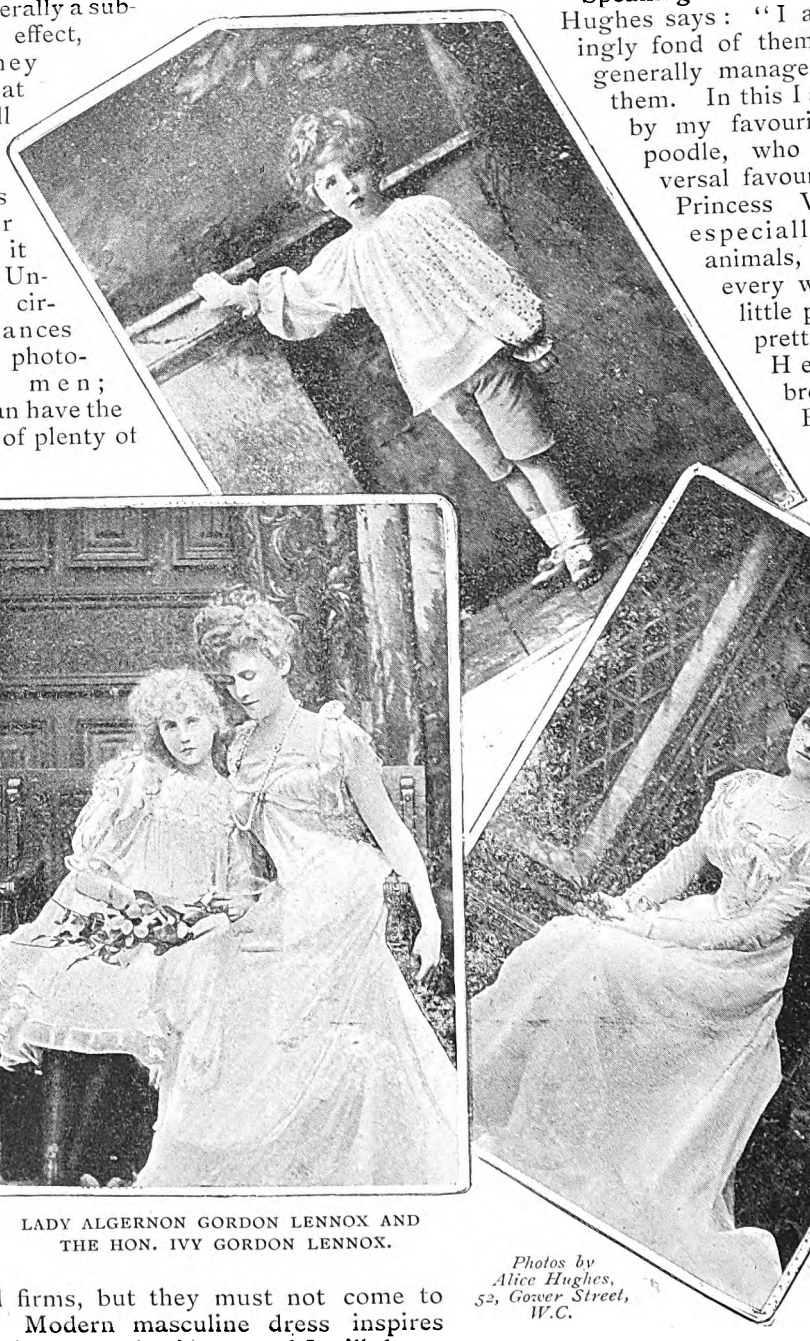
not sharp all over. It that is all they want they can get it at any shop in the Euston-road for a shilling. But, as I tell them, that is not what they pay me for. This has generally a subduing effect, and they think that after all they had perhaps better leave it to me. Under no circumstances do I photograph men; they can have the choice of plenty of good firms, but they must not come to me. Modern masculine dress inspires me with no enthusiasm, and I will do no work in which I cannot take an interest."

"Have you ever taken photos under circumstances of unusual difficulty?"

"I cannot say that I have, because all my sitters, with the exception of the Queen, visit me here, and sometimes Royal ladies drop in very unexpectedly."

Speaking of children Miss Hughes says: "I am exceedingly fond of them, and can generally manage to interest them. In this I am assisted by my favourite Maltese poodle, who is a universal favourite. Little Princess Victoria is especially fond of animals, and is in every way a sweet little person, with pretty blue eyes. Her little brother Prince Edward is not an ideal sitter, and not unfrequently requires tactful handling. One of his most successful portraits, in which he wears an almost angelic expression,



MASTER ANTHONY EDEN.

LADY ALGERNON GORDON LENNOX AND THE HON. IVY GORDON LENNOX.

LADY DICKSON POYNDER.

Photos by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

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was the result of an appeal to his chivalrous feelings. 'You are now a man, Prince Edward,' said I, 'and must be a good boy and take care of your baby sister. Will you be a good boy?' 'Yes,' he replied readily, and indeed he was during that sitting."

Miss Hughes has had many a confidential little chat with our future king, but she is not going to divulge state secrets. The soldiers of the King form a subject of which the child is never tired of talking, and Miss Hughes confesses that he knows a good deal more about them than she does herself.

"When I grow up I mean to be a soldier," he told her.

"And what will you do if the soldiers won't obey?"

"I shall put them in the guard room," was the stern reply.

Miss Hughes has to deal with many little foreigners, and one thing that astonishes her is the number of languages some of them can speak.

"I have had a child of six address me in three tongues, but, with the exception of French, I know no language but my own. American children can generally speak French.

"I have photographed a large number of foreign ladies of title—Russian countesses, German, Austrian and Italian."

"Do you find them differ much from our nobility?"

"No, a lady is a lady all the world over. Continental women are seldom so tall as English, and are therefore not so graceful to photograph, but many have very beautifully moulded figures. The other day I "took" the Countess of Montelano, lady in waiting to the Queen of Spain."

"What advantages does photography offer as a profession for women?"

"There is no lack of lady photographers now-a-days," said Miss Hughes, "and I think that they are well able to hold their own against men. But I should not recommend girls to go in for it unless they have artistic talent, and some capital.

"I myself employ a large number of girls, but most of them are engaged in work that requires no high degree of skill, and consequently their salaries are not large, varying from 10s. to £1 per week. The higher positions are generally held by men."

Miss Hughes added that she had not observed much ambition among her girls, though in some cases they showed natural aptitude.

"Do you receive many letters from people wishing to take up photography?"

"I am simply bombarded with them," said Miss Hughes, "and they come from people in all classes of life, but in the great majority of cases the writers have no serious intentions. They seem to think that photography is a thing to be taken up to-day and laid down to-morrow.

"Some few summers ago I was bathing in the sea when, to my astonishment, a lady swam up to me and exclaimed that

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.

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she wished to learn photography, and between the trough of one wave and the crest of another she expected the matter settled. She was a complete stranger to me.

"Oh, and I get some truly extraordinary letters sometimes. Not long ago I received a number of laudatory verses entitled the 'House with the Green Doors.' The front doors of this house are green as you may have noticed."

In conclusion, Miss Hughes said she did not see why women should not do very well at photography: they could acquire the necessary skill. Business capacity was perhaps their weak point. She herself had no liking for figures, and did not suppose that she got as good discounts as she would if she were a man. "But it would not pay me to bother about that when I can spend the time in taking photographs."

"What do you say to having a man to manage the business side?"

"I am afraid it would only make more work for me; you see I should have to look after him, too." And with this quaint remark the interview ended.

Enough has been written to show that Miss Hughes is one of the most remarkable of women workers of the day. She has set an example that ought to stimulate others of her sex to follow in her footsteps, though not necessarily in photography. Nowadays, there are very few spheres closed to women, and few in which success may not be gained by those possessing energy, ability, and strength of purpose.

REGINALD TURNER.

HIGHER DESTINY.

She thought the rain would surely bring
The dear one to her door;
Earth's every little upward thing
A cup of raindrops wore.

She knew he loved their peaceful sound,
And blessed the gleaming gems.
Or laughed to think his forehead crowned
With such cool diadems.

Upon the path she heard them beat,
And whispered low his name;
Sometimes she took them for his feet,
His feet that never came.

She heard them falling in the rills,
And wept for what might be,
Nor caught the music on the hills
Of higher destiny.

Agnes Lee.

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Is Protestantism in Danger?

THE OPINIONS OF NOTED EVANGELICAL DIVINES ON THIS VITAL QUESTION.

REV. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.,
Prebendary of St. Paul's.

In answering the question "Is Protestantism in Danger?" great care must be taken to define the limits of our subject. Are we to speak only of Protestantism in the Established Church of England or of the whole country and its working therein? The Church of Christ is not coterminous with the Church of England, and while there may be, and indeed clearly is, great danger that Protestantism may be crushed out of the Established Church (by the cruel if not criminal neglect of our rulers both in Church and State), there seems no reason to think that the great middle classes of the land and the poor have any strong affection for the Pseudo-Romanism which now prevails so largely among "Society people" and which appears to hold sway in most of our ecclesiastical arrangements. The Church of England may be split to pieces by divisions from within, and the party which regrets "Protestantism" may appear for the moment to triumph when Disestablishment is brought about by their own unfaithfulness to the Reformation, but while wealth and titles may be on their side it seems blessedly certain that the heart of the nation is sound and that either in one form or another the "people" as a whole will cling to the old faith and simple practices inherited from their forefathers, especially when they see the real perils of those false doctrines and practices which, in the fifteenth century, were boldly cast aside by Englishmen, though at the cost of much blood, viz., transubstantiation, confession to a priest and all that is involved in priestly authority. The Church of Christ will be safe, therefore Protestantism (so far as its true meaning is apprehended) must, of course, be equally safe. "Protestantism" could only mean "declaring *at all costs* the gospel of Jesus Christ." But if the Church of England, or any other Protestant Church, deserts the "one foundation," Jesus Christ, whether for Romanising Ritual or for Rationalising Neology, that Church's candlestick will, of course, be removed and people will talk of Protestantism as fallen. Yet, meantime, the Lord reigneth and His arm will prevail. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

H. W. Webb-Peploe

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.,
Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

It is very difficult to answer your question. Romanising doctrines and practices are greatly on the increase in the Church of England, and it is impossible to predict how far this reactionary movement will extend. I have ample evidence that Romanism pure and simple is losing ground all over the world, and in the Church of England my personal impression is that it is very largely a clerical movement, and that at present the immense majority of the laity have no sympathy with the Romanisers. How far, however, the practices of the clergy and the introduction of the Confessional may

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affect the children and young people is the serious problem. On the other hand, we must remember that the great majority of the religious public of England are not members of the Church of England but of the various Free Churches, and they were never more Evangelical and Protestant than they are to-day. The serious evil is the absence of courageous and effective leadership on the part of those members of the Anglican Church who are in sympathy with Scriptural Christianity. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury have done their utmost to pack the highest offices in the Anglican Church with representatives of the Romeward party. The connection with the State and the total absence of the lay element in the governing assemblies of the Established Church have greatly helped Romeward Ritualism. There is no real antidote to the Romanising Priest except the Christian Layman, and until the laity have some voice in the policy and government of the Anglican Church we have no security against the Romeward movement.

H. Price Hughes

REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN, M.A.,
Canon of Norwich.

I have no fear for the Protestantism of the nation. Ritualism has not as yet touched the masses to any considerable extent. Romanism is an anachronism in the Twentieth Century. It is altogether out of harmony with the spirit of our times, and it is admitted by their own statisticians that neither in England nor America is the Roman Church holding her own in proportion to the increase of the population. This is an age in which everything has to submit to criticism, and that which cannot be critically justified will have to be abandoned. But what evidence is there that could satisfy even the most lenient criticism that St. Peter was ever Bishop of Rome at all? And if there is no proof of this one point the whole system falls to the ground, like the baseless fabric of a dream. This being so—in spite of Mr. Carlyle's well-known and uncomplimentary assertion about the inhabitants of these islands—I have too much respect for the common sense of my compatriots to believe that they will be captivated by this strange recrudescence of exploded superstitions. But the question of how far the Protestantism of the Church of England may be regarded as secure is a very different matter; and I confess that I have absolutely no confidence in its being maintained in the future, unless the Church speedily acquires such a measure of autonomy as shall enable her to deal summarily with distinctly Roman innovations, and if necessary with Roman innovators.

W. Hay M. H. Aitken

REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.,
Ex-President of the Congregational Union.

I take a more serious view than many do of the progress of Romish doctrine and practice in England. It is true that the direct efforts of the Papacy are not producing very startling effects, but the Protestantism of this country is being rapidly undermined by Anglican priests. With the exception of the Papal Supremacy and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, I hardly know of any distinctive Romish dogma which is not held and taught in the Established Church, and these exceptions are less pernicious than auricular confession and transubstantiation. Unfortunately, Anglican priests have influence in Society which they do not hesitate to use to the utmost, and their deprivation of this through disestablishment appears to me in the highest degree desirable. If only the laity of the Episcopal Church possessed the power held by their brethren in Nonconformist Churches they would make short work of men who profess to be Protestants while seeking to destroy Protestantism.

Alfred Rowland.

THE HON. AND VERY REV.
W. H. FREMANTLE, D.D.,
Dean of Ripon.

I do not think that there is much danger for Protestantism generally in England. The Nonconformist half of the country is little affected by Ritualism, and even among those attending the

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Church services there is, on the whole, a healthy and independent spirit.

The word Ritualism is somewhat ambiguous. We have to admit that more of order and ornament is often only the natural result of the progress of artistic feeling; and also that cultivated men often are drawn to sacramental ordinances rather than to preaching, without any liking for the clericalist or Roman system.

Ritualism proper seems to imply a belief that the pre-Reformation system of ordinances had some sort of divine sanction. But this idea has been undermined by the better understanding of the New Testament and of the earliest age of the Church, which shows men that our Lord and His Apostles left the Church free to create its organisation and its arrangements for worship, and to change them as need might require, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. If this is held fast, the idea of any obligation to continue the arrangements of the pre-Reformation system falls to the ground; and men will accept cordially the affirmation of the Articles of the Church of England, that every national church has the right to regulate these things for itself. The conviction I speak of may take some time to spread, and to counteract the teaching which has for some forty years been prevalent, but the facts that I have mentioned are generally accepted now by the leading minds, and the contrary teaching cannot fail to be modified. I believe this would appear very soon if facilities were given by law for the formation of parochial Church Councils as proposed in the Bill brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Mellor.

W. H. Fremantle

REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.,

Ex-President of the Baptist Union.

Is Protestantism in danger? Not if we take into consideration the whole world. It is gaining rapidly in France, it is advancing slowly but surely in Italy, Austria, and Spain. It is full of vigour in some parts of the U.S.A., but at home in England it is gravely menaced.

The forces that make against Protestantism are numerous:—

(1) The wide-spread love of pomp and show, of national splendour and of vain aggrandisement, foster those elements in Romanism which pull down manhood and destroy the State.

(2) Another danger to Protestantism is the growing impatience of thought, of earnest individual search for truth and the habit of accepting what is easiest and pleasantest. Protestantism appeals to the intellect as well as to the heart, and demands thinking as well as charity, but the trend of the age is against strenuous thinking and in favour of listless acquiescence in the last thing said or read.

(3) There is also the arrival of the monks and specially the Jesuits from France. This will issue in the quickening of the activities of the Roman Church as a proselytizing agency.

(4) Another peril springs from the capture of the children of Protestants through cheap secondary schools, managed by Romanists. This works stealthily, but most disastrously for Protestantism.

(5) But the chief danger to Protestantism is the same as it has been for the whole of the last half-century, viz: our Anglican Church. This is the lever that has lifted the Roman Church in England. The spread of Ritualism in that Church has led to the despisal of sermons, *i.e.*, of that part of the services of the Church which quickens the intellect, and develops a robust and manly piety. It has substituted show for reality, the external for the inward. It has been the overflowing fountain of Roman ideas and of Roman forces, and though the mischief is not so great as it was, it is still operative over wide areas and in manifold ways.

But Protestantism is eternal. It will conquer. It is conquering. The great Free Churches have the future in their hands. The Methodists rise to 20 millions, the Presbyterians number as many if not more. Congregationalists and Baptists rise towards 10 millions. Even judged by figures we need not fear, and when we remember that all the really progressive peoples are Protestant, and that the truths and forces of Protestantism make character, we may confidently expect victory.

John Clifford

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REV. W. CARLILE,

Hon. Sec. and Founder of the Church Army.

In reply to your question, I believe imperialistic John Bull is now less likely than ever to enthral his empire under the enervating superstitions of an effete Vatican.

As one who has conscientiously come over from Nonconformity myself to the Church, I greatly regret to find that many of the so-called "evangelical" clergymen seem more keen on preaching "justification by faith" than simply lifting up Him who justifies. The letter may kill when the Spirit gives life.

On the other hand, I am astonished to find that the simple Gospel message has so leavened many of the "High," and even the "Broad," that, though under much more esthete externals, there is now to be found the old evangelical basis that revived the Church in the last century.

W. Carlile

REV. SILAS K. HOCKING,

Novelist and Methodist Preacher.

I am in no position to offer first-hand evidence on the question you raise, but from the testimony of those who are in a position to judge, it would appear that such Protestantism as we have in the Church of England is being seriously undermined by Romish teaching and practices. How far this is to be regretted on spiritual and ethical grounds is not for me to say. Time was when Protestantism stood for the ideals of the New Testament in a way that Roman Catholicism did not; but, like all other "isms," Protestantism has yielded to the spirit of the world, and what is needed to-day more than anything else is a new Reformation.

Like the Greek and Romish Churches, the Protestant Church has signally failed to represent the ideals of Jesus Christ. Christianity stands for peace, for brotherhood, for justice, for goodwill toward men, for purity of life and conduct. But he would be a bold man who would say that Protestantism now stands for these things.

The great body of the people have become indifferent to all "isms," not because they have lost faith in Christianity, not that they have lost their reverence for Jesus Christ, not because they have no respect for the high moral teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, but because the Churches have so utterly failed to represent in the world the spirit and teaching of the Nazarine. The Protestant Church just as much as the Catholic Church upholds war, condones the drink-traffic, panders to the rich, encourages class distinctions, and lacks the courage to rebuke sin in high places. The only remedy is to return to Christianity. Men have departed from Christ—from the simple teaching of the New Testament—and so they try to satisfy their hearts and consciences by ceremonialism; by confession, and penance, and all the other vagaries and superstitions of priestism. The growth of Popery is only a symptom of a deeply-rooted disease. When, as a nation, we have recovered our moral sense and given up advocating force as a remedy, and the doing of evil that good may come, we shall discover that Christianity in its unadorned simplicity is quite sufficient to win the hearts of the people. My fear to-day is not for Protestantism but for Christianity.

Silas K. Hocking

THE VEN. JOHN W. DIGGLE, D.D.,

Archdeacon of Westmorland.

I am persuaded that the revival in our age of historical studies and the better cultivation of habits of exact scientific thinking, together with a more intelligent knowledge of the true character of revelation, cannot fail, under the operations of God the Holy Ghost, to replace in time the religion of Christ upon the throne now occupied by Ecclesiasticism.

John W. Diggle

REV. CHARLES MOINET,

Ex-Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England.

I certainly think that the so-called Catholic Revival in the Church of England is making people familiar with a type of doctrine and worship which has much more in common with Rome than with the Reformed Churches, and is thus making

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the transition from the one to the other a much more easy thing than it used to be. Fifty years ago it was a long step from the Anglican to the Roman Communion, but now the step is so short that many take it without much consideration, and without feeling that it involves any appreciable change in their convictions or practices. In consequence the Church of Rome has gained, and will continue to gain, much by the spread of ritualism in the Church of England. For I do not think the ritualistic movement is an ephemeral one. It has succeeded in capturing the Diocesan Training Colleges and the most influential positions in the Universities, and will mould to a large extent the clergy of the future, and through them the mass of Church-going people.

As to the remedy, the most effectual remedy which the Church itself could adopt would be the admission of the laity to their proper place in the administration of its affairs. As to outsiders, I have greater faith in a fuller and more faithful proclamation of the truth than in anything else. For this we need a more earnest and a more efficient and thoroughly trained ministry. English Nonconformity appeals to a limited section of the community, and fails to satisfy many of its own members, owing to the poverty of its teaching, and the want of culture and devoutness in its services. If this were remedied it would not only retain many of those whom it loses, but attract many who are dissatisfied with the condition of things in the Established Church. In this way it would immensely strengthen the cause of truth.

Charles Leonard

REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.,
The Veteran Nonconformist Minister.

I think that the present forward Romeward movement is confined to the one department of the Church which is confined within the higher social class, and includes only a section of these. Those regarded as the middle and lower classes have no sympathy with it. The Nonconformists, who constitute the majority of Christian worshippers and workers in the three kingdoms, are entirely in opposition —or absolutely indifferent. I consider the great mass of the people are absolutely Protestant, and that Parliamentary elections will only show a stronger tide of opposition. The remedy is in the increase of true Evangelical preaching and circulation of the Bible, and such other work as all the various other Churches are engaged in with entire unity. There is not the slightest tendency towards Ritualistic doctrine or practice in any of the Nonconformist clergy.

Newman Hall

REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.,
Hon. Sec. National Council of Evangelical Free Churches.

I have no fear of the present generation, because I am sure that the Church of England as a whole—that is, the laity —is still sound in the Protestant faith; but the danger is the large and apparently increasing number of the clergy who take the anti-Protestant attitude, and the power they have, both directly and through political agitation, to influence, and even in many places to control, the education of the children. When I see the tightening grasp of the High Church clergy upon the schools, I confess I do tremble for the future.

J. Monro Gibson

REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, D.D.,
Founder of the "Children's Homes."

I do not believe that there is any great "Romeward" movement of the mass of English people. The middle and lower classes have never been widely or deeply affected by it. Even the "High Church" movement has, I believe, reached and passed its highest point.

The best ways of meeting such a tendency are, in my judgment: 1. An intense evangelism. 2. A more thorough and scientific use of all Church activities. 3. The cultivation of reverence in worship, especially amongst Noncomformists, and perhaps most of all among Methodists. 4. The teaching of the true doctrine of the Church—as against individualism.

T. Bowman Stephenson

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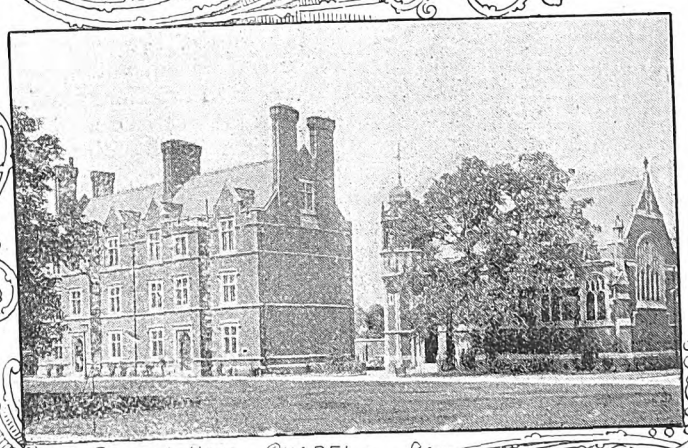
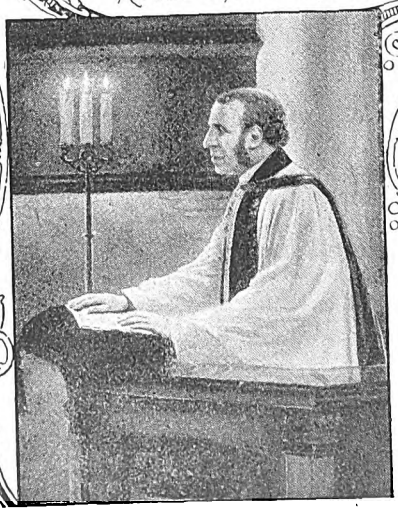
The New Bishop of Durham.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF DR. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE.

By CHARLES SPENCE..





DR. MOULE PREACHING THE ANNUAL SERMON OF THE C.M.S. AT ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

DR. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, who succeeds the late Bishop Westcott in the See of Durham—the "Prince Bishopric," as it has been called from time immemorial—has long been recognised as one of the most zealous and influential leaders in the Church of England and as a tower of strength to the Evangelical party.

The work that he has carried on for nearly twenty years at Ridley Hall, Cambridge — the great school of Evangelical Theology—in training candidates for Holy Orders has been in every way worthy of the martyred saint from whom the hall takes its name.

Ridley Hall men are everywhere noted for their zeal in good works and the deep spirituality of their teaching, for Dr. Moule has this characteristic in common with all great leaders that he can imbue his followers with his own enthusiasm and ideals. The Hall has been a fruitful recruiting centre for the mission field. Dr. Moule's sympathies were from his childhood enlisted on behalf of foreign missions by his father, the Rev. Henry Moule, and in the old country home the achievements of these devoted Christian pioneers were followed with the deepest interest by the Vicar's children, and the calling of a missionary held up before

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them as the noblest of careers. Two of the Bishop's brothers in after years went out as missionaries to China and devoted their lives to the work.

Why Dr. Moule has not long ago been raised to the Bishops' Bench has been a matter for wonder to many people—though it is doubtful whether before his work at Ridley Hall was put on a firm and lasting basis he could have done greater service in the more exalted position.

Though a pronounced Evangelical, and one of the most powerful champions of the Protestant cause, he is a conspicuously fair and courteous opponent, never forgetting to exercise the virtue of Christian charity, while at the same time leaving no doubt as to his own position.

Dr. Moule's relations with Nonconformists are of the most fraternal character, and at the Keswick Conventions he is one of the most familiar figures and always a welcome speaker.

He numbers many eminent Dissenting ministers among his personal friends, and has often been seen in a Nonconformist gathering when one of them is giving the address.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer and Dr. Moule have the warmest appreciation of each other's great qualities, and Mr. Meyer has often given testimony to the value of the doctor's writings.

He once said to Mrs. Moule, "We all owe your husband a great debt for his books." To which the wife replied, "I have seen every one of these books lived."

Dr. Handley Carr Glyn Moule was born in 1841 at Dorchester, his father, the Rev. Henry Moule, being the Vicar of Fordington, and having come to the parish in 1829, twelve years before the birth of his youngest son, Handley. On taking up the work, Mr. Moule had found the religious life of the neighbourhood sadly neglected. There were a few earnest Christian workers in the slums of the town, but the task was too heavy, and the labourers too few for them to make much headway.

To them Mr. Moule came as a most valuable ally, and finding that he could not get the people to come to church he boldly followed the example of John Wesley and took the church to them, preaching in the fields, or wherever he could attract a congregation.

Happily the days of such narrow-minded bigotry as drove Wesley out of the Church were over, though Mr. Moule had to submit to a good deal of unkind criticism. Largely through his instrumentality the Dorchester Races were abolished, and with them many attendant evils which had been sapping the morality of the people.

The Vicar and his wife endeared themselves to all hearts by their practical care for their flock, which took them into the homes of the people at all times, and especially in those of stress and trial. In the terrible cholera epidemics of 1849 and 1854 the only bright spot in that dark time was the devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Moule, who fearlessly visited the sick and dying and helped the poor to the utmost of their means.

The future Bishop and his brothers received their early education from their father, and Handley made rapid progress in English and classical knowledge.

Besides this aptitude for scholastic studies, he displayed considerable talent in music and drawing, pursuits in which he now takes great pleasure, though while reading for his degree his mother made him promise that he would not touch the piano till the ordeal of examination was over.

He was twenty-one years old when he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and very soon began to make his mark. In his second year he became Browne's Medallist, and was placed second in the Classical Tripos of 1864. He next took up the theology course, and gained a first class, which was followed by his election to a fellowship of Trinity. In fact, in scholarship Dr. Moule has shown himself a worthy successor to the learned Bishop Westcott, and the best traditions of the Episcopal Bench in this respect have been well maintained by these two great scholars. For two years Dr. Moule was assistant master at Marlborough, but after taking Holy Orders in 1867, was appointed to a curacy at Fordington, his father's parish; and during his six years' stay succeeded in extending the good work which his father had commenced.

He left Fordington to become Dean of his College, an appointment which he held for four years, from 1873 to 1877. Then again he sought out the old home parish, and took up the work there which he had laid down to fill the high position for which Alma Mater had selected her distinguished son.

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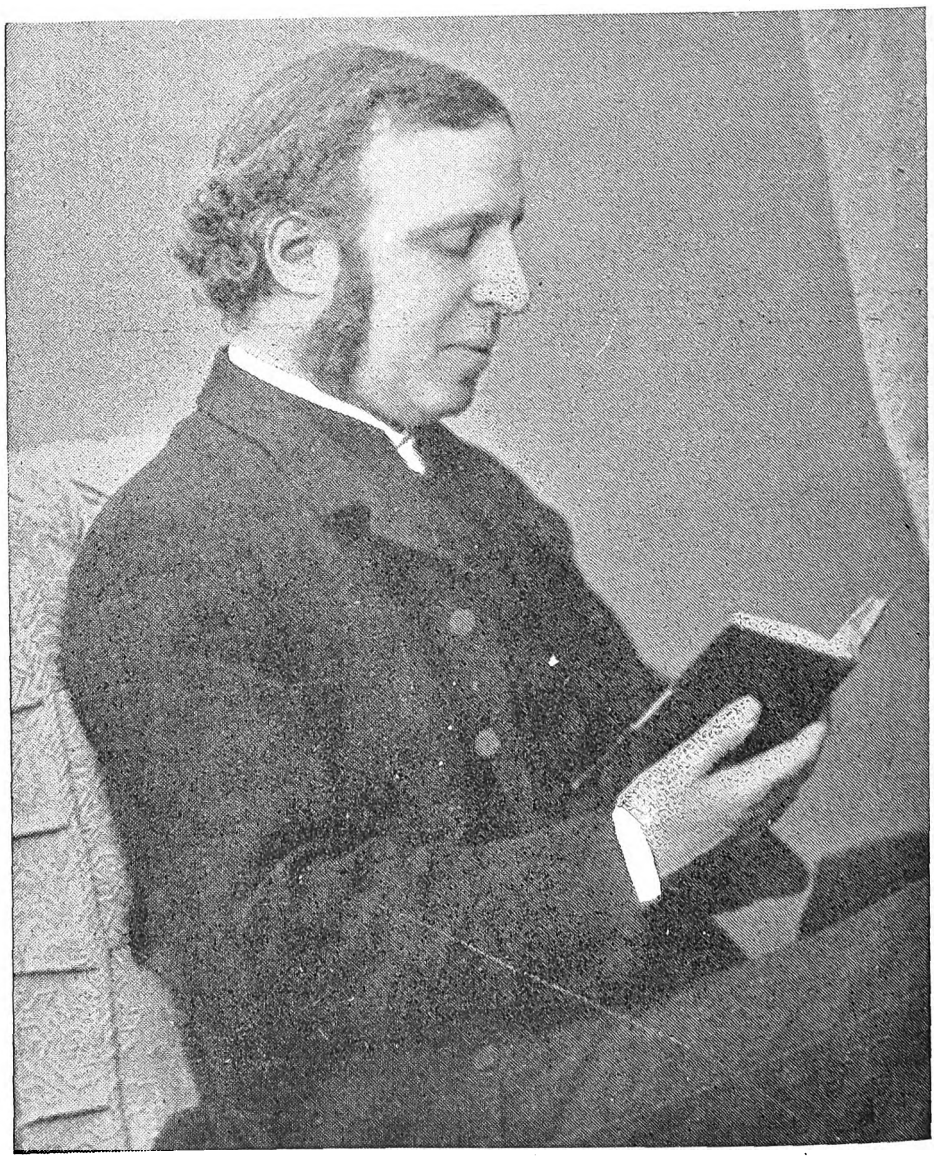
The ministrations of the father were repeated in those of the son. There was the same self-effacing devotion, and the same tender solicitude for the welfare of the flock which made the pastor the most frequent and welcome of visitors in the homes of his people; and the same tenacity to dearly-cherished principles, coupled with a broad-minded tolerance of all who in a different way were trying to serve their Master.

Three more years of devoted service, then Dr. Moule was called to undertake what has up till now been the greatest work of his life, the training of theological students at Ridley Hall, on Evangelical lines.

He went to Cambridge to organise the work in 1880, but the Hall was not actually opened till two years later, and it was during this busy and anxious time that he found a life partner in the daughter of the Rev. C. Boileau Elliott, F.R.S., to whom he was married in 1881.

Dr. Moule is a most eloquent and persuasive preacher, and has been seven



THE RIGHT REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D., BISHOP DESIGNATE OF DURHAM.
Photograph by R H. Lord, Cambridge.

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times elected Select Preacher to the University of Cambridge, and in 1895 was invited to come to Oxford as Select Preacher. He has many times preached on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in which he takes the warmest interest, and record collections have followed his stirring addresses at St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

Dr. Moule is a prolific writer, and many very valuable works on Scriptural Exegesis have come from his pen. He has also published one or two volumes of poetry, and his verse is marked by great sweetness and elegance. The new Bishop is in all respects well equipped for the great task that lies before him; an eloquent preacher, a sound theologian, a great scholar, and born leader of men, he has all the intellectual advantages which make for success, and, greater than these, that full consecration to his Master's work, without which mere intellectual gifts serve but to make their possessors as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

CHARLES SPENCE.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Descend, O Spirit, with higher power descend;
Breathe on the souls of men and purify
Their thoughts and loves, which in mere matter lie;
Some touch of Heaven to their strivings lend;

To earth-bound hopes appoint immortal end;
To death, not less than life, show God is nigh;
Reveal the worlds hidden from human eye,
Where jarring elements harmonious blend.

Our scattered knowledges together bind,
Our freedom consecrate to noble aims,
To music set the visions of the mind,
Give utterance to the truth pure faith proclaims.

Bishop Spalding.

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OLD PHILEMONA.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Author of "Passion, the Plaything," "The Stone Dragon," "Hercules and the Marionettes," etc.

IN front of the cottage lay the rough pasture in which old Philemona Grindlowe kept her cows. The moorland touched it on the north side; eastwards lay the copse of young beeches; southwards a narrow ravine, where a rillock, that leaped from the trough into the garden, gathered together a few springs and prattled over huge stones and luxuriant moss down to the village. Sometimes trout from the river, that bordered the moorland four miles away, mounted to the shallow pools in this gorge, and Michael, Philemona's son, caught them with his hands.

The sun was so hot that the air seemed to tremble. Philemona sat on the stone bench by the door and stitched rapidly at the hem of a white skirt that she was making for a farmer's wife who lived across the heath. Since her husband's death she had eked out the scanty income from the land by taking in plain sewing.

Michael had gone down to the village with the horse and cart to load stone for the new bridge, and save for Philemona the place was quite deserted. There was a glad look on the brown, wrinkled face, and the needle was moved even more deftly than usual. That very morning her boy had confided that he was in love, and the girl whom he had chosen was one whom she had long secretly desired for a daughter-in-law. Her name was Nancy Elyot, and her father was a man of some private means. He was known in the village as being both churlish and miserly, but Nan was very pretty and affectionate, and the best butter maker in the county.

Suddenly the wind brought across the valley a strong aromatic smell, and looking to the further hillside she saw that the gorse was afire. Since Michael had grown up she had always reserved the burning of her own gorse for one of her own tasks; it was easy and pleasant, and she was no longer strong, her back being crooked with a maturity of hard work.

She went into the house to put down her work, and took a brand from the hearth; and, protecting its flickering light with her fingers, she went through the garden and down the rough steps into the field. It was plentifully besprinkled with rich, full-flowered gorse, full to the tip of each spike with inflammable sap. Philemona thrust the brand into the heart of the nearest bush, and in another moment the crackling sound told that it had caught fire.

The smoke was woolly at first, saffron, and grey, and white, and amber, and purple; but soon the flame shot out crimson tongues, and the wind caught the columns and spun them into a veil, and drew it across the heath towards the grotesquely-shapen peaks in the far distance. Bees hummed slowly past on their way to the straw skeps in the garden; a few yellow butterflies rose, half suffocated, from the heated turf. Philemona stood beside each bush like a priestess of old.

The fire leaped forward quickly, leaving the hearts of the bushes black and dead, but the ends of the lower branches and the golden flowers still unscorched. Unluckily, however, the grass was drier than the old woman had thought, and a long ribbon of flame began to run towards the beech copse. She grasped a stick and endeavoured to beat it out, but her efforts were useless, and in a few minutes a tree on the other side of the wall caught fire and burnt like a bundle of torches.

Philemona's heart beat furiously—unless something hindered it at once, the whole plantation would be destroyed. It belonged to Elyot, and the poor woman dreaded lest he should punish Michael for her fault. She climbed to the top of

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the wall and struck wildly at the boughs. As she was doing this Elyot himself appeared, his face very red and angry.

"'Twas a mishap!" Philemona gasped. "I couldna help't."

He did not speak until the fire was extinguished, then he came nearer and shouted furiously:

"If I ketch ye at this game again, ye old tarlock, I'll pack ye off to gaol!"

All Philemona's confusion disappeared, she grew white and rigid. "Neighbour Elyot," she said proudly, "this is na' the way to speak to an old woman. If my lad was here——"

"Be hanged to ye an' yere lad! I were just a-comin' o'er to warn ye as I won't ha' ony goins on o' his, and here I find ye a-burnin' o' my good beeches."

Philemona turned away in silence. Her composure irritated him still further; he leaped over the wall and followed.

"I've long jealoused as yere Mike were after my gal, but he's had no encouragement fro' me; an' this forenoon Nan ha' told me as how he's offered her wedlock. But I vow to Heaven as he shanna ha' her. Whatten's *he* to marry my gal's guineas? Why, there isna' 's much goodness in yere land as'd feed a goose? Yere ony a poor broken-down thing, forced to tak' in sewin', or else go to th' Bastille!"

Philemona turned. "I'll tell my lad," she said, "an' leave it t' him to set right. If he'd ha' been here he wouldna ha' stood yere talk, howiver much he cares for the lass. An' as for my being poor—poverty's no shame when there isna' disgrace an' dishonesty attending 't. Ye go back an' leave me be!"

She climbed the steps again and went into the cottage. After awhile she leant her head on her hands and wept silently, until she heard the shrieking of a cart-wheel in the distance, and knew that her boy was returning. Then she bathed her face in warm water, and prepared the tea, so that by the time all the twists of the road were turned everything was ready.

Michael was a stalwart fellow of twenty-four years; his skin brown with exposure to the sun, his eyes large and brown and soft like his mother's. This afternoon his forehead was covered with beads of perspiration, and his short chestnut curls pressed limply to his head. There was something strikingly ingenuous about him; very few could meet him without acknowledging his fascination. To Philemona he was doubly dear—for his own sake, and for the sake of the dead husband to whom in his early prime he bore a wonderful resemblance.

When the horse was stabled he came up to the cottage; his mother welcomed him at the door.

"Eh, lad, th'art dog tired!" she said; "'t has been o'er hot for thee. All's ready for tea!"

Despite her endeavours to appear cheerful, her voice broke; looking at her, Michael saw that her eyes were red and swollen.

"Whatten's wrong, mother dear?" he cried, putting his arm around her waist. "Nay, till me why'st been cryin'?"

"I were burnin' th' gorse i' th' long close," she said, mournfully, "thou canst see the place—an' th' grass got afire an' lighted one o' Elyot's beeches. An' he came 'long an' called me, an' said as his daughter were none for thee."

A smile crossed the young man's bright face; he was too sure of his love to feel fear.

"Dunna' trouble about it, mother," he said. "Nan'll stick to me, spite o' whativer he does. I knew she were goin' to tell him—I wanted her to, an' I knew likewise as he'd refuse. But time changes a' things, mother, an' we can surely wait. Nan's o' full age i' another year."

"But, lad, 't always seems to me as folk wed early are folk wed best. Drink thy tea an' dunna' wait for me. I amna' thirsty. Howsomever, he used words to thy mother as thou wouldstna' ha' stood."

Michael flushed angrily. "I'd ha' drubbed him sure enough," he said, "though he's but an ailin' man. 'Twere best for him as I werena there."

Philemona's excitement calmed soon, and they began to talk together, just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, of all the news he had heard in the village. Afterwards, when tea was over, and he had gone to milk the kine, she took out her sewing again, and finished it before he came in with the glistening pails that were frothed to the brim.

"I'm thinkin' I'll take this skirt home to-night," she said. "Mrs. Curbar's wantin' it in a day or two. I'll leave you to yere readin'."

She handed from the top shelf of the dresser a dumpy little copy of "The Farmer of Inglewood Forest," which Nancy had lent him a few days before.

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Soon she went upstairs and put on her black straw bonnet and a scarlet shawl, on which yellow monsters revelled, and after kissing Michael fondly she set off for the farm.

Philemona was held in high esteem by the country folk. Mrs. Curbar took her into the best parlour, where the window was full with scarlet and white geraniums in brightly raddled pots, and the furniture covered with soft faded chintz. Two girls were sitting on the settle, talking earnestly in low voices. The younger was the daughter of the house, the other Nancy Elyot herself. Not for the first time did Philemona notice her loveliness. Michael might well be proud of such a sweetheart.

Nancy took her hand timidly, but Philemona leant forward and kissed her, and Nancy's little fingers pressed hers affectionately. Then both the girls left the room, and Mrs. Curbar began to relate how Elyot had been to see her that same afternoon.

"All in a fume he were," she said. "He swore as he'd liefer see her dead than married to yere Mike, an' took an oath as if it were brought to pass he wouldna' leave her a shillin'. I told him as 't were a proper match, an' then he went on 'bout yere place! Soft-yedded miser, that's whatten he is!"

Philemona told of his usage of her, and received her friend's sympathy. After drinking a cup of tea she rose to go. Nancy met her in the garden.

"May I walk on wi' ye, Mrs. Grindlowe?" she said. "I'd like to have a talk."

The old woman was delighted. "Most certainly, my dear," she replied. "I'll be welly proud. I go yere way 's far as the Green Hillocks."

They walked together; Nan began to pour confidences into her ear. "Mike ha' told you all?" she said. "I'll wait till I'm twenty-one quietly, if he'll wait too; indeed, I'd wait all my life—an' father canna cut me off as he reckons, for after all I'm his on'y kith an' kin. He told me to-night as how he'd let ye know his mind, but you mun forgive him. Father's none a bad sort at bottom."

"I'll bear no malice," Philemona said. "I'd forgive onybody for my lad's sake; I'd thought—I—I'd thought for a long time as he were i' love."

Nancy kissed her again; they had reached the Green Hillocks, where the paths diverged.

"'Tis years sin' I lost my mother," she said, "but 'twill be like finding her again. Good night."

It was twilight now. As Philemona walked slowly along the raised pathway she saw a man riding in her direction. The road was narrow, and as the horse seemed rather wild she climbed up into the brushwood. She recognised the man as a rich landowner, who was addicted to drink and gambling. His waistcoat was unfastened and he was bareheaded.

After he had passed her she saw a scarlet book fall from his pocket and lie unheeded on the stones. Her first impulse was to pick it up and run after him, but ere she could descend she saw Elyot coming along the road. He, too, must have seen it fall. He stooped, picked it up, unfastened the strap, and examined the contents; then, after looking around furtively to make sure that none had seen him, he ran towards his house.

Philemona followed him without knowing why, slipping behind the bushes every time he showed any disposition to turn, down a long deep lane lined with full-bloomed hawthorns, whose perfume the cool air dispersed.

He reached a stable which lay at some distance from the homestead, and taking a large key from his pocket he unlocked the door and entered. She peeped in, and finding that he had gone to the further end stole silently after him, and hid herself behind a half-rotten partition, against which stood a large corn-bin. A lantern hung from a nail in the wall; he lighted it, and sitting on the bin commenced, chuckling meanwhile, to spread a number of papers and coins on a shelf.

"Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty," he muttered. "There is notes, by jove; fifty pound each, an' eight o' 'em. Here's a gran' find."

His little grey eyes sparkled brilliantly in the dim light. Philemona saw that his fingers were curved like the claws of a bird of prey. She held her breath, fearful lest the beating of her heart might betray her presence.

"Well, findin's keepin'," she heard him whisper. "Nobody's seen me, an' it's a' mine."

He replaced the money in the pocket-book, meditated for a few moments, then he lifted the lid of the corn-chest and

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burrowed in a corner until he reached the bottom. And there he hid the treasure. As if afraid that even now someone might be seeking him, he closed the lid hastily and went to the door. Before Philemona could move he had locked her in the stable, and was on his way to the house.

At first she was terrified with the thought of being locked up all night in this strange place, but all at once her spirits began to rise.

"It's just Providence," she said, half aloud. "I've got him i' my hands, and I'll make him do 'zactly as I want. Mike 'll happen think as I'm stoppin' a' night wi' Mrs. Curbar—I ha' done't afore—an' so he'll never know. I wunna get afraid nohow. If he's uneasy, to-morrow 'll set him right."

In a stall near the door a lazy mare stood, the sound of its shifting comforted her; through a cross-shaped notch in the wall she could see the moon and stars. Under the manger rats began to play; she could hear their cries, so she climbed to the top of the corn-bin, and sat with her back to the partition.

"Good lack!" she exclaimed laughingly, "won't neighbour Elyot be struck i' th' morn."

She did not sleep, but pondered all night on her son's coming happiness, making delightful visions of the family life he and Nancy would lead, visions in which she nursed pretty bantlings, and had naught to do but look after them.

"Nancy's a beautiful wench. Did ever I hear the like o' th' way she said I'd be her mother! My lad ha' chosen well. She's thrifty, too, I vow, an' I dessay her father'll be none so bad when he's browt to his senses!"

The hours passed quickly. Her excitement prevented her feeling any exhaustion, and when the dawn came cold and grey, and the larks began to rise from the grass outside, she got down, and lifting the lid took out the pocket-book and held it in both hands. The bell of the village church struck four—simultaneously she heard the key turning in the lock. Elyot had risen betimes to count the money again. The door swung open, and she confronted him. He staggered forward, yellow with dread, and leant against the wall.

"Good morrow, neighbour," she said boldly. "It werena' a kind trick, though, to lock me up here a' night!"

He lifted his eyes and began to glare. An indistinct curse fell from his lips.

"Hush," she said, "ye munna talk like thatten! Time enough to do that when yere sent off to gaol."

"Good Heaven! Mrs. Grindlowe, we're old friends. I didna' mean to steal 't. Strike me dead if I werena'goin' to take 't back."

"I dunna believe ye. I'm off to th' constable now."

He sank to his knees. "Ye'll disgrace me for iver!" he screamed. "I ha' allus been a honest man."

"On'y one thing 'll mak' me let ye off. Onyways th' money mun be returned—that o' course—but I'm content to hush 't if ye'll de whatten e'er I wish."

"Ay, I'll do aught," he said, humbly; "an' be grateful, too. I were tempted. Yere Mike shall ha' the lass."

"Honour good?"

"Ay, ay. On'y dunna expose me. I'll swear to 't."

"Well, then, I'll take this book back to th' owner. It'll be cried to-morrow, sure enough, if I don't. Ye can come too, if ye like." He shook his head feebly; she lifted her forefinger and shook it contemptuously. "I've no patience with dishonesty," she added, "I were a-watchin' ye a' th' time."

She passed into the open air.

"Now, if ye go back o' your word, I'll out wi' 't all," she said. "Otherways I'll be silent as th' grave to iverybody i' th' world—e'en to my own lad."

She left him standing there, his lips trembling foolishly, and made straight for the house of the man who had lost the money. On her way she met Michael, who had been seeking her all night. He was haggard and frightened looking. She put her thin arm around his neck and waited in silence.

"Oh, mother, where hast been?" he said.

"Doin' naught wrong, thou mayst well believe," she replied. "Eh, lad, I've news for thee. Old Elyot wunna trouble thee wi' opposition now; thou mayst ha' Nancy."

[THE END.]

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A Beautiful Bible Story.

By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE.

THERE is a story beautiful as it is blessed in Luke viii.—the story of how *nobody* became *somebody*, and how somebody became *everybody*.

First, then, *nobody*. The story opens with a picture of a woman not important enough to have a name. Poor and feeble, she comes before us thrust hither and thither in a crowd. And if you want to be nobody and to know it get into a crowd. Solitude is often the best company — for real and utter loneliness you must be lost in a crowd. But this woman's loneliness was not only in a crowd, it was everywhere. You see, she was a woman; and that of itself was rather a dreadful thing until Jesus came. We read of His disciples that they marvelled that Jesus should talk to a woman. One of their reverend Rabbis had declared that it was better to burn the words of the Law than to teach them to a woman. A woman was forbidden to worship God in the same court as her stately lord and master.

And this woman was enfeebled by twelve long years of sickness. Her very sickness shut her away from intercourse with others, whilst it dragged down all her energy and hope. She was poor, wretchedly poor. "She had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any." Every thought of herself only thrust her further away from help, and shut her up in her dreary loneliness.

The very sympathy of those about her had spent itself; they had grown so used to seeing her as she was that they had ceased to think of her with any tenderness. What is so familiar cannot continue to impress. One who had been ill for twelve years must not expect to be pitied by her neighbours; they had got so used to seeing her ill. If ever she felt that she was nobody, it was certainly to-day. The great Prophet of Nazareth was in the village, passing her very door, and yet she dared not ask Him to heal her. There was Jairus, a man of influence and importance—oh, happy maiden, who had such a father to speak for her! And yet even Jairus had fallen at the Feet of the great Prophet and besought Him to come and lay His Hand upon the little maiden. What room, then, was there for a poor feeble body like her, in the presence of such a One as that?

And there were His disciples—Peter and John and James and Philip and Andrew—she dared not speak to one of them to get their influence, she whom the law pronounced unclean. Yet like a guilty creature she whispered: "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole."

Now forth she ventures into the crowd, but her case is worse than ever. Borne hither and thither by the surging mob, fearing that she will be trampled underfoot of those fierce fellows that press on every side—poor thing, this is no place for her. And as the crowd sweeps past let us stay a moment to think of it all.

How many there are in a like evil case, who seem to have everything against them, who are shut off from all help, look where they will! Around them there are only hindrances, within them weakness, and worse than weakness, alas! Their struggles have left them in despair, they look at one and another, and think how gladly they would change places with them, just as this poor woman looked on Jairus and the disciples. Some people seem to have all the advantages, and some seem to have no chance at all, nothing but failure and disappointment, do what they will.

But now let us turn to the second chapter of our story—*somebody*. We see again this feeble woman, wasted and wearied by being pushed and hustled to

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and fro in the crowd, all unable to hold her own amongst the press. Then suddenly some happy chance brings her close to Jesus. Without a moment's delay, or the opportunity will be lost, she thrusts forth a trembling hand and touches the hem of His garment. Instantly she feels the healing virtue flooding like a tide of new life within her, and she is whole.

But see, Jesus stops, and the host of people stand still. What is it? A hush of wonder falls upon all as the Lord Jesus turns Himself about in the crowd as if looking for someone. Is He not in haste to get to the house of the ruler to heal the little maiden? Why, then, this delay? And now, as all is hushed, He asks: "Who touched Me?"

It was a strange question to ask when on every side the great crowd had been surging about Him. All wondered. The frightened woman stood with downcast eyes, trembling from head to foot, hoping she would be overlooked. She is nothing and nobody; they will not suspect her. Then Peter remonstrates: "Master, the people throng Thee and press Thee, and sayest Thou, 'Who touched Me?'" Jairus, too, must have ventured to look the entreaty that perhaps he shrank from putting into words: "Master, never mind who touched Thee; my little daughter is at the point of death."

But Jesus stands still looking about Him. "Somebody — somebody hath touched Me." So, then, this poor nobody was somebody now; somebody. We do not read the word rightly if we think of it as having any touch of reproof—we do not read it rightly if we think of it as spoken in a tone of mere curious wonder. It was all tenderness. He Who felt the touch read with infallible love all that it meant. "There is a poor trembling soul here afraid to ask for healing. Who is it? Somebody has touched Me." "And when the woman saw that she was not hid she came trembling and falling down before Him, and she declared unto Him for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately." Yes, she is somebody now.

Everybody. We must hurry on, the story is too beautiful to break it here. She is somebody now. Look at her at His Feet, where Jairus had been, she, the poor wasted woman, in the place of the ruler of the synagogue! As they stood, and watched, and listened, they saw Him, the Almighty Prophet, lay His Hands upon her tenderly, and He said: "Daughter"—no more gracious words ever fell from His Lips—"daughter, be of good comfort." It fell like healing balm upon her timid soul. It quieted every whisper of her fear. Well might they marvel at the gracious words which proceeded out of His Mouth. "Be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." Now is it as if she were everybody—thus to have His tender recognition of her, to hear His benediction, to feel His virtue healing her, to have the blessing of His touch and the sweetness of such a name from His Lips, and to go away as into an atmosphere that He has charmed and hallowed. How gladly would all that host change places with her now, and even Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, might well have blessed her, for by that miracle of healing his faith was strengthened to expect the little maiden from the dead. This is what the Lord Jesus Christ has come to do for every one of us—to make nobody into somebody, to take away all the littleness and loneliness and emptiness of life, and to fill it with His love.

I saw it all beautifully illustrated one day. It is some time since that I happened to find wandering aimlessly along the street a lost child of some three years. It was just dazed and bewildered. I spoke to the little one, but it only looked at me with great sorrowful eyes and shook its head. "What is your name?" said I, "and where do you live?" But never a word could I get in reply—only that look of unutterable grief. If there was ever a nobody in the world, here was one! a lost child, unable to tell its name or its home.

I took the child to the house of a friend near by, and telephoned to the police-station. Ah, it was somebody then, as one and another began to ring the bell, and half-a-dozen came in succession to ask questions about it, and all sorts of police arrangements began to be put into use for it. And the excitement spread as they telephoned to another office, and yet another. "Come, little one," said I, "you are somebody now." At length there came a message that a woman had called at the office in great distress about a lost child. It was hers, and she was coming to fetch it. At last I heard a knock at the door, and myself opened it,

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with the child. Then, when the mother took the little one with a great sob, and pressed it to her heart with tearful eyes, and kissed it, and sat down overwhelmed with gladness, that little one was no longer somebody only—to her it was everybody. That is the gospel of God. A love that finds us out one by one, and makes us feel that we are not hid. Live where we may, be what we will, that great love finds us. The love of God is not like the sun in the heavens, a blaze of splendour infinite in its vastness, but far above us; it is like the sun whose warmth and blessing creep into each separate flower, fitting it perfectly, and unfolding its fragrance and glory.

Everything about the Lord Jesus, everything that He said, and everything that He did, and everything that is said of Him reveals to us this separate and individual love. Nothing else can satisfy us. His love must come to each of us by ourselves, fitting into the separate character, helping each in the separate needs, dealing with each in the separate circumstances; responding to *my* heart and giving *me* Himself.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

DREAMS.

Through the busy hours, with a thread of brown,
I weave all day a plain, brown gown;
It is dull and coarse and commonplace,
And the skill of the weaver its chiefest grace.

But, oh, in the realm where I reign a queen,
There is royal purple with silver sheen;
There is cloth of gold with jewels rare—
Oh, the realm of the soul is a realm so fair!

There's a fabric as pure as a snow-white bird;
It is made of the thoughts my soul has heard;
It is chaste and white and soft as spray—
Oh, the realm of dreams that we dream by day!

There's a robe of the deepest crimson glow—
'Twas the blood of my heart that made it so;
The chalice is broken and lies at my feet,
But I drank the dregs and called them sweet.

There's a garment spun of the sunset's gold,
And on dull, grey days, when my heart grows cold
And the shadows deepen and the lights burn low,
I wind about me the golden glow.

Oh, the thread of brown is not what it seems,
For in and out in the mesh of my dreams
It is weaving the fabric of life to-day
That enrobes my soul in its regal array.

Muriel Strode.

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Rev. J. Stockwell Watts and the "Liberator" Relief Fund.

By ROBERT VINCENT.

THOUGH nine years have gone by since the gigantic Liberator swindles spread ruin broadcast through the land—swindles so heartless and despicable that it would be difficult to find their match in the history of the last hundred years—the impression which the disaster has left on the public mind is so vivid that we can hardly realise that it all happened so long ago.

It would ill become us, too, as a Christian nation if the memory of this terrible wrong should be allowed to grow faint while so many of the victims are still suffering all the agonies of want, and, after struggling on bravely since the crash, have now nothing to look to but the workhouse.

Though much has been done to alleviate the distress, it is still widespread, nor is this to be wondered at when we remember that no less than seven millions of money were swallowed up in the crash, and that this enormous sum chiefly represented the life savings of poor, thrifty people, and on whom the blow fell with crushing force.

The disaster was thus all the more pitiable because it involved in financial ruin a most deserving part of the community; people, moreover, whose acquaintance with business was so limited as to make them a helpless prey to unscrupulous speculators, and who had the more reason to trust in the enterprise because it had received the unqualified approval of many of their religious leaders.

REV. J. STOCKWELL WATTS.
Founder and Hon. Secretary of the Fund

All these points served to differentiate their case from that of the ordinary sufferers from company swindles, many of whom embark their money in speculative concerns with a full knowledge of the risk.

Unhappily the public was at first too much inclined to put the Liberator sufferers in this class, for aid was tardy in

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coming. The hour of darkest need was at hand, but where was the man to step into the breach and bring succour to the sufferers?

He was found in a Congregational minister who had for many years worked devotedly among the people of the East End and who came forward to face the gigantic task of relief. This was the Rev. J. Stockwell Watts, the originator of the Liberator Relief Fund, through whose untiring efforts, in the face of much discouragement and some opposition, the great sum of £100,000 has been collected and distributed to the sufferers.

Mr. Watts comes of a clever family, and possesses business abilities which have particularly fitted him for his great task. His brothers have risen to high positions, one being manager of Messrs. Armstrong Mitchell's Shipbuilding Yard, and another, who died many years ago, having been engaged in the Naval Construction Department of the Admiralty and afterwards being appointed Professor of Marine Engineering at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Though equally well equipped, Mr. Stockwell Watts abandoned his chances of making money by entering the ministry in accordance with his mother's dying wish.

His work as a minister at Bethnal Green was very successful, and he attracted large congregations, and did a great amount of good in a district where vigorous Christian effort is much needed.

He first came into notice outside his pastoral work by his wise and courageous action in connection with the "Richard Green" Building Society, in which many of his people were deeply interested, and whom he saved from financial disaster. There had been a serious loss owing to the defalcations of a confidential clerk, and the directors decided to wind up the company.

Mr. Watts, who knew that the concern was otherwise in a very good condition, pointed out in the strongest terms the folly of the proposed course. It would be suicidal, he said, and inevitably entail a much greater loss. He completely won the confidence of the shareholders, and was appointed chairman of the investigating committee, and afterwards a director. The society prospered much under Mr. Watts' able guidance, and, after controlling its fortunes for ten prosperous years, he resigned his post owing to the increasing calls of his pastoral work.

But the experience thus gained of the working of building societies, and of the laws regulating them, afterwards proved invaluable in connection with his work on the Committee which sat to examine the affairs of the Jabez Balfour companies, and his warmest sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the confiding shareholders who had been so grossly swindled.

The task of relief upon which Mr. Watts entered when the great crash came was one which might have damped the spirits of the most sanguine, but though in poor health at the time, Mr. Watts boldly faced the situation and started his Fund, which he took good care should loom largely in the public eye. He secured Royal patronage for the undertaking; enlisted the sympathy of many of the foremost religious leaders of the day, circularised indefatigably, and made the wants of his poor clients widely known through the daily and weekly press.

One hundred thousand pounds was the sum for which he asked, and which he succeeded in raising, but even this has fallen short of the needs of the situation.

Over 3,000 applications for relief have been received, and nearly all have been attended to, some receiving two, three and even five grants. More than half the victims are unmarried women and widows, often feeble and aged and incapable of earning a penny for themselves.

There are 1,486 over sixty years of age, and 824 are seventy years of age and upwards. Of the latter some 500 have been placed beyond the reach of want for the rest of their lives by the investment of a sufficient sum in Government securities.

But, after all that has been done, the work is still incomplete.

There are at least 500 other old men and women who fall just short of the threescore and ten who are quite as much in need, and there are another 200 to 250 who, though not more than sixty, are confirmed invalids.

It is to help these that Mr. Stockwell Watts is endeavouring to raise the necessary funds.

"We have been helping them a long time past," he told the writer, "but we shall not be able to continue the grants

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indefinitely unless the charitable public again come to our aid.

"Some people are beginning to grumble and say that, having asked for £100,000 and obtained it, I ought to remain satisfied, and not increase the demand at a time when people have so many other calls upon them, but I cannot remain satisfied when I see hundreds of helpless people threatened with absolute want through no fault of their own, who, when the grants cease, will have nothing left to them but starvation or the workhouse, and I appeal most earnestly to all religious people to render such a cruel thing as their abandonment impossible. In order to provide for them we require either a capital sum of £20,000 or else £1,600 or £1,700 a year for the next ten years."

Mr. Watts gives some startling facts to show how widespread has been the misery caused by these frauds. The 3,000 odd people on the books of the Fund are living in all parts of the Kingdom in no less than 1,000 separate places.

Innumerable cases of the most pitiable description have come before Mr. Watts, and we can just quote one as showing how disastrously the frauds have affected a most industrious and praiseworthy class of people.

A man and his wife had been in business in London for many years. It was a good business, and on retiring, at the age of sixty, they invested their savings, some £3,600, in the different Balfour companies, under the impression that they were separate undertakings. The smash came, and everything was lost, and the old people bravely resolved to start life again. But they found the business very different from what it had been, and notwithstanding their struggles they went back and back until at last their health broke down. The husband lost his sight, and the wife became a helpless cripple and could do nothing for him, and so at last they were driven to apply to the Fund.

ROBERT VINCENT.

TRUE LOVE.

Safe in love's hand I placed my own
Ere the first buds of June had blown;
  Then, in broad summer fields astray,
  We watched, through sunny days and gray,
At length the fair wild rose full blown.

We lingered till its joy had flown;
And, when its sweets were wayward thrown,
  My pledge unharmed, unsquandered, lay
    Safe in love's hand.

The winds reaped what the winds had sown;
But the brief season had foreshown
  No likeness to love's endless day:
  I trust my troth, and well I may,
Henceforth, through paths unseen, unknown,
    Safe in love's hand.

F. W. Hutt.

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LITERARY JOTTINGS.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

MR. BORLAND, the minister of the classic Vale of Yarrow, has conceived a very novel method of dealing with the vandals who scratch and cut their names in "places of public resort." He has been specially incensed at the way in which James Hogg's monument near St. Mary's Loch is being disfigured, and his plan is to print in the local newspapers the names and addresses of persons who have been guilty of the outrage. It is not a bad idea, but I doubt its effectiveness. People who leave their names behind them in public places are mostly tourists from a distance who never see the local paper.

PROBABLY the most interesting article in the whole of the two supplementary volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is Mr. Sidney Lee's memoir of Mr. George Smith, the publisher of the monumental work. We learn, for instance, that Thackeray's salary as editor of *Cornhill* was £1,000, afterwards increased to £2,000. Besides this, he was paid large sums for his own contributions to the magazine. For example, he had twelve guineas a page for his "Roundabout Papers." Does any monthly editor nowadays receive £2,000 a year? George Henry Lewis was also associated with Smith in the way of giving advice, for which he received £300 a year. The old story of the starting of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is told again. Smith had a terrible fight before establishing the paper. The circulation of the first number was 4,000, but three months after publication the sale was only 613 a day, while the amount received for advertisements was often only £3. Fortunately George Smith was a wealthy man, and he could afford to hold on. In 1873 he became one of the owners of Apollinaris Water, out of which he made an enormous fortune. No doubt he made money as a publisher, but we may safely take it that if it had not been for his success in other business enterprises we should never have had the "Dictionary of National Biography," which he must have seen from the first would never pay its expenses.

IT is amusing to find a simple soul writing to one of the papers to ask why people should pay big sums for first editions of celebrated books when they can get these books in fine modern editions for a modest shilling or two. "When you can buy 'Pickwick' for sixpence," says he, "why should anyone pay, perhaps, £50 for it in its first form?" It must certainly look like an inexplicable problem to the uninitiated. But ask a Dickens collector about it. He will tell you that there are not more than a dozen true first editions of "Pickwick" in existence, and with the collector the element of rarity always counts for a great deal. But there is more than rarity to account for the run after first editions of "Pickwick."

Suppose we enumerate the "points" as these are set down by the collector. Of course the book must be in parts as issued—arrayed in its green cover with the advertisements; the value of the green cover being that it proves the "sporting" complexion at first intended to be imparted to the narrative. Then it is *de rigueur* to possess the various classes of illustrations. There are those by Seymour, who committed suicide after the record number had appeared, and was succeeded by the now forgotten Buss, who was tried and found wanting in two suppressed plates which every first edition must have in order to be regarded as genuine. Buss was followed by the versatile "Phiz," who immediately provided substitutes for the suppressed plates; and then there was a further plate of Seymour's with which Dickens was

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dissatisfied, and which in courteous terms he begged him to withdraw. This plate, if secured, enriches the book enormously. Nor are these the only points. There are still the scarce addresses found in parts 10 and 15, and so often wanting. A "Pickwick" in this state, perfect and clean, would certainly bring £30 at Sotheby's any day, and might, if properly heralded in America, sell for nearly £50. Even the novice can see that it is intrinsically much more valuable than any modern edition of "Pickwick" can ever be. Whether as much can be said for all the other first editions on the bibliomaniac's search list I am not prepared to affirm. I am afraid that in the case of a good many books the first edition hunt is simply a craze.

THE collecting of rare postage stamps, a favourite diversion of boys, is perhaps more reasonable. It has, at any rate, become a great trade, and some extraordinary prices have just been realised in London. A fine unused example of the eighty-one paras Moldavia stamp of 1854 was sold to a private collector for £220, while a Saxony stamp of 1851 ran up to £44. Not improbably we may before long witness the sale of a stamp for something like £1,000, for the very rarest known has not of late come under the hammer. In London there are many shops doing an excellent business in stamps, and in Paris there is a regular bourse held every Thursday and Sunday in a corner of the Champs Elysées where hundreds of men, women and boys congregate with their albums and packages for sale and exchange. It is said that thousands of francs change hands there every market day. The impudence of collectors of autographs is only too notorious, but most previous feats in this line were lately surpassed by a stamp collector in the Leeds district. This gentleman asked a British Consul in South America to send him some old postage stamps, and forwarded the letter preferring the request unstamped and marked "O.H.M.S." That collector will succeed in filling his album!

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
So tender in its shining,
So soft it follows through the night,
The darkest storm-clouds lining.
Though lonely and for years we roam,
Far from the ones who love us,
Yet ever shines the light of home,
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
Through youth and manhood beaming;
And when with age the hair is white,
Clear on in front 'tis gleaming.
It shines from where our dear ones are,
Our hearts in love entwining!
And through the gates of heaven ajar
At last we see it shining!

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

As this most merciful League is carried on in connection with the Ragged School Union, and many of the friends of the poor, maimed bairns—especially those who live abroad—have an impression that the cripples reside in a *school* ("Ragged School") I should like to say a few words about this great organisation.

The good Earl of Shaftesbury gave this name to the Union more than half a century ago, when it really meant a combining of many philanthropic agencies which had been at work for teaching the rough children of the slums, when no School Board was dreamt of, and for otherwise ameliorating the terribly sodden condition of the London poor. Much has changed since then, and changed, let us trust, for the better, but the poor are with us still, and the hooligan—and the poor cripples. So the great organisation of merciful workers goes on under the old name whilst adapting itself to modern methods and needs.

The following statement of last year's work will show, better than many words could, the character of the Union and its responsibilities :—

5,227 children, senior scholars, and adults sent to the country or the seaside for a fortnight; 1,004 cripple children sent to the seaside for two or more weeks; 30,000 children had a day in the country; 48,950 garments supplied to poor children; 3,818 pairs of boots purchased; £2,104 grants to affiliated missions; £661 cases of destitution, Bovril, soup kitchens, free meals, etc., etc.; 351 sufferers assisted with surgical appliances, crutches, etc., to the value of £591 13s. 1d.; 593 faithful service prizes, making a grand total of 32,373; 82 goose clubs with 9,096 members; 5 children placed in permanent homes; 8,800 robin dinners, Christmas and other festivities; 318 entertainments supplied with magic lanterns and slides; 204,000 books, periodicals, etc., circulated, including "In His Name;" 33 engagements by the Cripples' Choir; 36 missionaries, kindergarten teachers, holiday home matrons, assistants, and staff; the Ashley Mission, Bethnal Green; the Battersea Shaftesbury Welcome, and the Battersea Gipsies' Rest are wholly sustained by the Society, as are also the Crutch-and-Kindness League; Sea-Shell and Scrap-Book Mission, Ragged Church and Chapel Union, the Hearts-and-Hands League, and the Guild of the Good Samaritan.

The tale this tells is suggestive enough of what has been accomplished in a single year, but how much more suggestive it becomes as we cast the eye over the following abridged summary of operations conducted in these Ragged School Missions :—

There are 152 separate buildings, 209 Sabbath Afternoon and Evening Schools, with an average attendance of 39,816; 6 Day Schools (940); 41 Week-night Schools (2,369); 43 Industrial Classes (1,721); 179 Institutes, Recreation Classes, etc. (5,703); 15 Boys' Brigades (479); 3,770 Voluntary Teachers. Average attendance on Sundays (3,003); 63 paid teachers; 580 situations found for scholars; 222 scholars became communicants; 170 special religious services (15,800); 221 Bible Classes (3,899); 65 Christian Endeavour Societies (1,986); 110 Mothers' Meetings (7,828); 179 Prayer Meetings (7,973); 138 Bands of Hope (11,598); 76 School Libraries (21,034 vols.); 66 Penny Banks—Amount deposited £8,112 3s. 11½d., balance in hand £2,020 16s. 4¾d.; contributed by members of 43 Clothing Clubs, £1,463 1s. 8½d.

The most careless, casting an eye over such a list of merciful operations will be amazed at so much good being done so quietly and unostentatiously. In the sight of all this it is surely not too much to say that the Ragged School Union is a kind of saving salt amongst the sadly submerged in London.

But the work which lies most at my heart, and, I am grateful to say, at the heart of about 5,000 friends in all parts of the world, is that which is carried on among the *poor*, crippled children, under the name of the Crutch-and-Kindness League. There are more than 6,000 of these poor hapless children in London alone, and their lot is very, very sad and lonesome. Take this, related by Winifred Bertram, as a fair example :—

"You think a great deal, Dan!" said the visitor, as he looked at the little thin suffering face of a London child.

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"Yes," said Dan confidentially, "but most at nights. The court's quiet then, and I don't feel so much that I should like to be out to play with the others all in the sun. And it's all dark except up there in the sky. And the stars come out, such lots of them, for they're not the same, and they don't keep in one place." (Dan announced this as a discovery.) "They keep going on. Sometimes there's four or five of 'em in a bunch, and sometimes three in a row. And then there's one or two brighter than all the others, that don't wink, but keep looking at me so kind and steady like. They make me think of mother, and of our Saviour, and of the children in heaven. And I 'most think I can hear 'm singing up there sometimes." Then after a little pause, he suddenly looked up with a penetrating look and said—

"What becomes of them stars all day long?"

"They are always there," was the reply, "only they are hidden in the sunshine."

Dan nodded as if confirmed in a conviction.

"I thought so," he said; "and that's how it is with heaven, and the Lord, and the children up there. It's just the same as with the stars."

"What do you mean, Dan?" asked the visitor, anxious to bring out the boy's thought.

"Why, they're *always there*," said Dan, in a low, happy voice. "They're always there, looking and smiling on us; only there's too much dazzle for us to see 'em, or hear 'em, and too much noise."

Now who with a heart of compassion can think of children, poor, maimed, quite lonesome too, often by day, and suffering continually, day and night, without wishing, at least, to do something to brighten them up a bit? But many who have the heart have little time, or do not know how they can help. The Crutch-and-Kindness League just meets such cases. All it asks of each member is—to write a wee letter once a month, or if too busy for the letter, to send an old picture-magazine, or some other such pleasing trifle to the little cripple whose name, with all particulars, is given him or her for this purpose. This is the gist of all—but how much the postman's visit means to the wee lonely one! An invalid can do this work, a child can do it, young or old, far-off or near—this is within the reach of all who have the sympathetic heart.

All further particulars may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Mabel Rowe, Eva Earsdale, Janet MacKensie, New Zealand; Mabel Long, Sheffield; Miss Annie Barfett, Devon; C. Moody Esq, Salisbury; Mrs. McAllister, New Zealand; Miss Williams, Staffs.; Miss Theodora Harris, St. Albans; Miss Connie Hickin, Stourbridge; Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Australia; Master P. Glasier, Sandown, I.W.; Miss Foster, Selby; Miss Ethel E. Thomas, Bournemouth; Miss C. A. Robinson, London, W.; Miss Ethel Casson, Miss Maud Casson, Hull; Miss Scrumslan, Nottingham; Mrs. Marie Moss, Hitchin; Miss Wakefield, Northampton; Mrs. Lewis, Cronborough; Miss R. Hedge, Luton; Miss Olive Eldridge, St. Leonards; Miss Murray, S. Australia; Miss Dora Pope, Bicester; Miss M. E. Smith, Hove; Miss May Johnson, Miss Chillingworth, Miss Z. Masterson, Miss Cissie Burrows, Miss N. Walter, Group 90; Miss M. Barnard, Eastbourne; Miss M. Richmond, Redhill; Miss E. A. Jay. Lee; Miss R. H. Fountain, Bath; Mrs. Dudney, Bexley-heath; Miss A. Pinnock, Master Pinnock, Bristol; Miss M. Bolton, Glasgow; Miss Bunn, New Zealand; Miss Jean Lillicrapp, S. Australia; Miss M. Lake, New Zealand; Miss Winifred Burrows, Miss Elizabeth Burrows, Atherton; Miss Clara Sanderland, W. Bromwich; Mr. B. Kingscote, Miss G. Kingscote, Miss M. Kingscote, Llandyssul.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"THE KINDEST OLD LADY OR GENTLEMAN."

Let anyone look back on his very young days, and, at the heart of all else, he is sure to see the figure of some man or woman whom he looked on as "the kindest in the world. Position is nothing; heart is everything to us then; the genial old sailor who used to tell us stories—big "stories" too sometimes, there is reason to fear—or the carrier, always willing to give us a lift—or the blacksmith who gave us the free run of his vice and a file—what a high niche these lowly folk hold in our hearts still! They "liked" us for our own sakes, purely and simply. I have read, twice at least, the two big volumes of the life of Dr. Thomas Chalmers (not altogether from choice, I admit, but rather to please the kindest old lady *I* have ever known), but though I have forgotten as much of the contents as any man, one green little bit always stands out clear—concerning *his* "kind old gentleman." He was but a carpenter, but he let the little laddie have the run of a bench, with a few odd tools and scraps of wood, and here the boy who was afterwards to shape and construct a vast and living church, pottered away, day after day, and learnt to find his fingers. But the heart of the picture, as it comes before me again to-day, was when "Tam's" mother, thinking to reward the old man for his kindness, offered him some money. The look in the old man's face!—so pained and humiliated! "Noo, ma'am, ye've spoilt a'!" A benison on the memory of this bairn-loving man—and on the many and many like him we have all known!

This is a word on behalf of kind *men*, and I put it in because all my young correspondents have written only of kind ladies—though I gave them an option. But the fault is not with the girls, it is with the boys; they too have had their "kindest old gentleman," but they are too lazy to write about him! That's about it, is it not? Well, well!—they have their man too, and are storing up memories now that will, at a later date, come back fresh and green, as many come to me now. Our kindness to the bairns now is only sweetness invested.

The samples I give of the letters sent in are fair specimens of those for which I have no space. The charm of all the descriptions is that these dear old folk have evidently learnt the art of never growing old—which isn't such a "bull" as it looks!

I know an old lady of about 74 years of age; with white hair, and very thin. I like her because she loves me, and I love her. She is very kind, and good, and gentle. She is a very good walker and likes driving very much. She has very good

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sight, and can do needlework beautifully. She is very industrious and always busy at something. She is very particular about manners, and is very neat and tidy herself. Her eyes are brown, and she has a lovely colour in her cheeks. She is altogether a very pretty and dear old lady.

KATHLEEN J. HENDERSON.
(*Age* 12 *years.*)

DEAR SIR,—The kindest old lady that I know is my great "Aunty Goody." Her real name is Sarah, but she used to give us so many "goodies," that by the time I was born it was her regular name. She is now 84 years, and when I went to see her last, I took her in her bath-chair for a walk every day it was fine, and often in the evenings we had games of dominoes and draughts. She is continually giving us presents, old silver, jewelry, and such like things, out of her old stores. A long time ago when I was at the kindergarten I learnt to make baskets, and made her a basket-work fire-screen which she still uses. One day when I was going home, she put into my hand a little pill-box, which she thought would be useful on the journey in case I felt ill. When I opened it, to my surprise I found it full of—threepenny pieces! I must now conclude.—Yours truly,

WILFRID NEWCOMB.
(*Age* 12 *years.*)

DEAR SIR,—I am writing about the kindest old lady I know. She often comes to see us and brings buns and sweets for us children in a little dark purple bag which she always carries to church with her. She always invites us to spend our holidays with her, and a jolly time we have of it. Every Christmas she sends us hampers of good things and some spiffing mince tarts and toys, and never forgets anyone, even to the baby, who is only a mite yet. She is very fond of visiting sick people, and often reads to me and brings me fruit when I am ill. But she is always so afraid of giving us trouble that she never stays very long. I must now stop.

Believe me, sincerely yours,
ANONYMOUS.
(*Age* 15 *years.*)

Elmwood, Moffat, Scotland.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—This is the first time I have entered for any of the competitions in THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, although I always take a great interest in them and enjoy reading the letters sent in. I think the kindest old person I know is one who lives in this town. She is a dear old lady in her 99th year, so has lived during the reigns of five sovereigns. Although so old in years she is still quite young in manners. She takes a great interest in all young folks and can fully enter into the spirit of their fun. Her memory is excellent considering her age, and in fine weather she is still able to walk or drive about. She is not very wealthy, but is ever willing to give to those in worse circumstances than herself. When people call upon her she is never satisfied unless they go away laden with gifts either for themselves or those at home. At Christmas, especially, she gives away a large quantity of presents to rich and poor alike. In some ways, however, she is rather eccentric. Some years ago she had her tombstone erected with a full inscription upon it, only omitting her age and the date of her death.

With much love, and hoping that I am not too old to enter for the competition, believe me ever your interested reader,

ANNA S. MILLER.
(*Age* 15 *years.*)

This has been judged the best, and to the writer, accordingly, a handsome volume has been sent.

The next Competition will be on :—

"HOW I FILL UP MY SPARE TIME."

Everybody has some spare time and some favourite way of using it. Tell me what *you* like to take up in these moments, and why it is so pleasing to you. Write on one side of the paper only, with name, address and age (under 16), and send it not later than the 20th of this month (earlier the better), to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, the Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, London, S.E., and I shall give a beautiful book-prize for the best paper.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

READERS should place their orders early for the ***Special Christmas Number*** of the ***"Temple";*** full of splendid stories and articles by the best writers, profusely illustrated.

Among the contributors are GEO. MANVILLE FENN, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, MARY ANGELA DICKENS, FIONA MACLEOD, LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG, DR. PARKER, etc.

There will be articles on Dickens's London, the Countess of Meath and the Ministering Children's League, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Christmas Amusements, "What Christmas Means to the World," by Dr. Parker, and many other interesting features. See advertisement on page vi.

VOLUME V. of "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE" now ready. See advertisement on page viii.

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Medland Hall,

"A HOME for LOST & STARVING MEN."

The only Free Shelter in London open all the year round.

2,400 Free Beds provided EVERY WEEK.

Last Year's admissions for the night	148,820
Additional supplied with food ..	14,494
Number of different men helped in 1900	12,896
At Sunday Evening Services	29,324

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Over 400 men have been settled in Canada.

A Gift of Two Guineas endows a Bed for Twelve Months.

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Contributions welcomed by Rev. A. Mearns or Mr. E. Wilson Gates (Superintendent of the work) at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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W. DAVID NEWTON, Secretary.

Office: 106, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

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'Liberator' Relief Fund.

After eight years' earnest pleading, a further **£10,000**, or **200,000** shillings, still urgently needed to give **relief** to hundreds of aged, destitute, and afflicted victims of the great "Liberator" fraud, who were taught and trained in habits of temperance and thrift by their trusted leaders, only to find themselves suddenly robbed of their life-savings, and driven to face the dreaded workhouse, in spite of all their praiseworthy endeavours to make some provision for their old age.

Ninety per cent. of these sufferers are members of some section of the **Christian Church.**

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There are **3,014** cases on the Books of the Fund, of whom—

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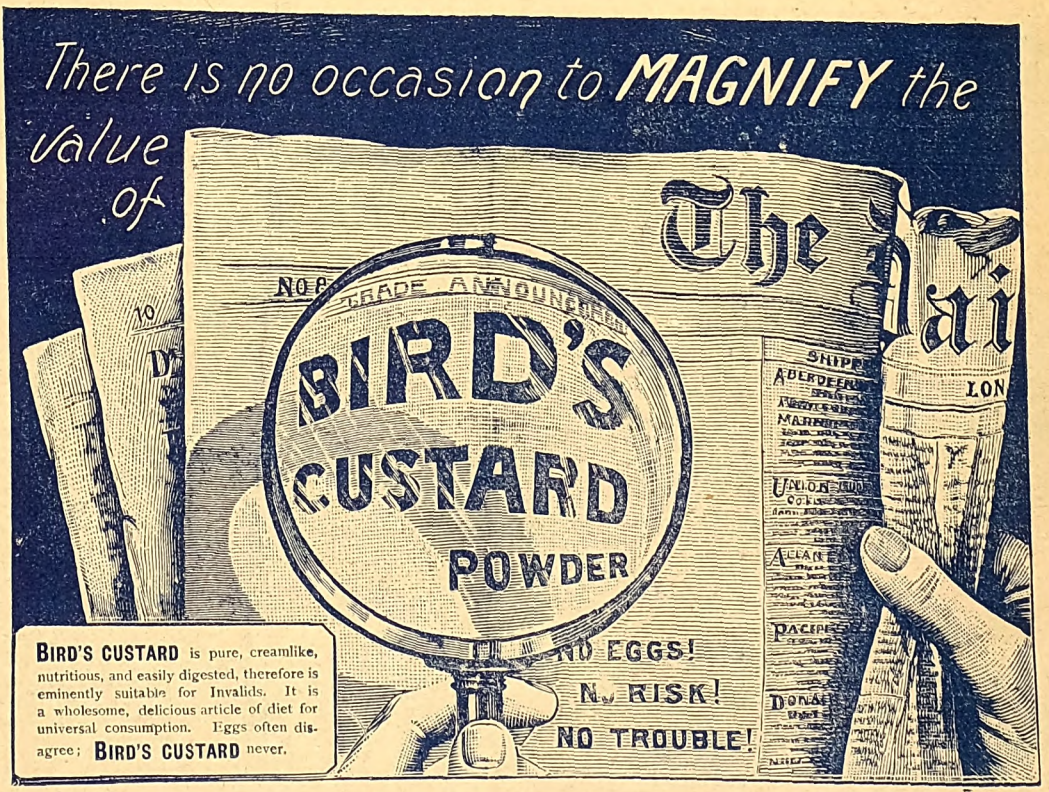

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VOL. 6.—DECEMBER, 1901.—No. 3.

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Christmas Number.

The Slipping of the Christmas Log.
By George Manville Fenn.

What Christmas Means to the World.
By the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

The Ministering Children's League.
By the Countess of Meath.

Girl's Love and a Woman's Heart.
By John Strange Winter.

The Romance of the Christmas Card.
By Arthur Welby.

A Drama in the Snow.
By Fiona Macleod.

Etc., Etc.

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Children's Boots, In sizes from 8 to 10½. **10/6**

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guarantee a success to its wearer. Collarettes, tippets and victorines will be worn during the autumn, independently of coats and mantles; and here, for economical wear, one may strongly recommend skunk fur as hard-wearing, becoming, and distinctly more dressy in appearance than many of the imitations of better furs which one sees used far too frequently. Astrachan, caracul and Persian paw furs also make smart and up-to-date collarettes and muffs. These are also wonderfully wear-resisting furs, so that, although the initial outlay may be a little more than the afore-mentioned skunk, still the results are well worth the extra outlay. Chinchilla may be adopted by those who can afford a second set of less delicate furs; but chinchilla soon loses its silvery effect, and turns a trying and unsatisfactory yellow.

THE DUKE AND THE OLD LADY.

The following paragraph is taken from a private letter received from a Canadian correspondent. The writer, we are told, is the daughter of a well-known public man, and the little incident may be accepted as perfectly true: "There was a big dinner at Government House in the evening, and as there was no time for presentations (the reception was held afterwards at the Government buildings) an old lady sat next to the Duke and never knew it. She told him that she really did not know how to address Royalty, and that she was timid. So the Duke said: 'But you are not frightened of me?' She replied: 'Oh, no, you are such a nice man,' and went on to ask him whether he was married, and if he had any children; and on being told of his family, she said: 'You are too young for that.' The Duke tried to enlighten her, and she even said he reminded her of pictures of the Royal family, to which he replied: 'I am the Queen's grandson,' and yet she did not grasp the fact. Afterwards the hostess came up to the old lady and said everyone was so pleased to see how well she had got on with the Duke. 'But I have not even seen him,' said she. You may imagine her horror on learning what she had done. The Duchess was much amused, and said she would tease her husband about being too young to be married."

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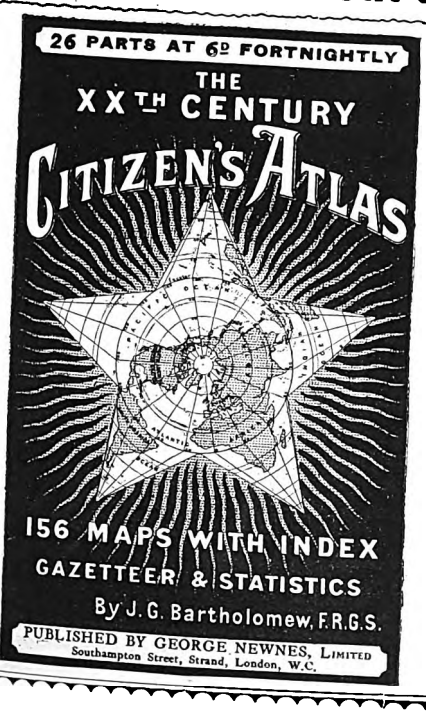

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1 Real Stag-Handled Carving Knife.
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Note.—The Carvers and Steel alone worth 15/-

6 Best White Handled Table Knives.
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6 ,, ,, ,, Tea Spoons.
2 ,, ,, ,, Table ,,

The blades are Genuine Sheffield Steel, and of fine temper and finish. The Handles are specially selected and fitted. The Spoons and Forks are of Pure Nickel Silver, highest quality (and not brass or white metal), and warranted to wear as white as Sterling Silver throughout.

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Perhaps there is nothing else so utterly foolish and unprofitable as a habit of worrying. It saps the nervous energy and robs us of the strength and vitality necessary for the real work of life. It makes existence a burden and weariness, instead of a perpetual joy and blessing, as it should be. Poise and serenity are necessary to the complete development of character and true success. The man who worries is never self-centred, never perfectly balanced, never at his best; for every moment of mental anxiety takes away vitality and push, and robs him of manhood and power. Worrying indicates a lack of confidence in our strength; it shows that we are unbalanced, that we do not lay hold of the universal energy which leaves no doubt, no uncertainty. The man who does not worry, who believes in himself, touches the wires of infinite power. Never doubting, never hesitating, he is constantly reinforced from the God that creates planets and suns. Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.

MAN'S LIKENESS TO MAN.

While it is true that no two persons are alike, it is also true that no two are wholly different. The bond of likeness of man to man is greater than the separateness of unlikeness—for man is made in the image of God. No one has a right to consider himself entirely incapable of forms of evil to which others have fallen a prey. If he has not yet fallen into them, so much the greater his need of gratitude. But he is like those who have so erred in that he is not out of danger. Neither is there any height of spiritual attainment reached by his fellows of which he ought to consider himself incapable. In liabilities and possibilities men are much alike, even though in the end they have differed in degree. It is more essential for the mutual assistance of each to each that men should think more of that which unites them as one in kind, than of that which separates them as diverse either in kind or in degree.

Where there are confusions, and griefs, and fears, and unattained pursuits, and avoidance in vain, and envy and rivalry, can the way of happiness lie there?

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The advertiser has a greater opportunity of selling his goods than a non-advertiser.

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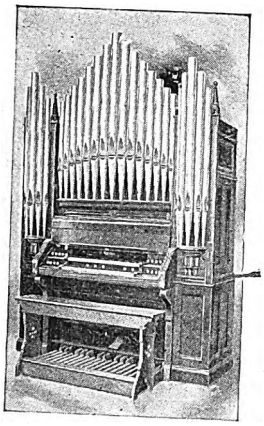

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CLOTH COAT.

The sketch shows a tight-fitting cloth coat, which may match the skirt or be in black, dark grey or dark blue cloth. A sort of dull bottle-green is also in favour, and nearly every shade of red is worn in coats this season. This shape, with the basque added on, is more easily fitted to the figure than those in which the cloth is in one piece from neck to hem. The double-breasted

shape makes it very protective, and the way in which the fur is put on is much safer than that which carries it up into the throat. The hat has patterns of string-coloured lace laid round the velvet brim, and a tuft of dull gold leaves resting on the hair at the left side.

Peonies are to be *the* flower of next year. As a decorative flower, indeed, none other compares with it. The old-fashioned magenta peony was not seductive in colour, but now you can have the flower in colours delicate as a wild rose—pink, white, mauve, purple, white with purple spots—what you will.

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The newest fan is a revival of the old-time Watteau model, and is very small. The designs painted on satin, silk, gauze and lace are the most expensive, but those even on the cheaper fans are often exquisite. The fan has the scene with the figures and flower gardens, green trees and tinted skies painted on its face, and the clouds, trees and greensward reproduced on the back, only omitting the figure and flower beds. Then there is another model—a tiny Watteau medallion set in the midst of most exquisite sprays of mignonette, clusters of violets, with here and there a daintily coloured butterfly or a bespangled bird. An Empire fan in one of the shops was of black, red, white, or dark green gauze, with lace figures and designs over it, outlined with tiny spangles which caught the reflection of the lights and threw out iridescent rays as the fan was waved to and fro. Most costly of all are the weblike affairs of Honiton with a plain medallion in the centre, upon which is exquisitely painted a Watteau scene.

A DUCHESS'S WARDROBE.

Auction sales bring to light queer things. The sale in London of the effects of a Duchess, but recently deceased, showed that distinguished lady to have been a person of much eccentricity in the matter of her wardrobe. Among 1,600 lots offered for sale were 500 lace and other handkerchiefs, 2,000 pairs of gloves, 500 Indian and other shawls, 600 pairs of silk stockings, and dresses of all sorts and descriptions of forty years' fashion. This was all the more strange for the reason that the owner of these things had for thirty years before her death led the life of a reculse, shutting herself up in her house and yet always ordering regularly from her milliner at each change of season the dresses she would have worn if she had been mingling in society. Every three months she was dressed in Court costume, as if going to a regular reception, and would walk in it up and down her own rooms.

A statistician has made a study of the records of shoplifting in this country. Women of the middle and upper classes are, he states, the chief offenders, although it is difficult to credit such a statement. Kleptomania is not always the reason for these thefts, because the shoplifters often hunt in couples, one engaging the attention of the attendant while the other does the thieving. For every man caught at the work there are 300 women.

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EVENING GOWN.

Evening gowns are being much flounced and frilled—oftentimes the said frills being edged with baby velvet or satin ribbon. Young girls may wear such frocks frilled from waist to foot hem, but the matron will frill only the lower half of her skirt, the upper part being "polonaised" with a closely fitting overpiece either of the same

or some richer material. Elbow sleeves for evening wear are, undoubtedly, catching on; while bodices are, if anything, rather less pouched than they were. This is but a slight indication of change, but doubtless it is only a question of time ere we return to the tight Court bodices of former years. There are many figures whom this syle suits admirably, but we may happily hit upon a medium of both styles that shall prove as entrancing as the falling Empire fashions to which we are just now pinning our affections.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing that which never could have been done before, and never can be again.

NOVEL OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

It is almost easier nowadays to say what work women do not do than what they do. St. Neots has in Miss Kate Sibley one of the first lady rate-collectors in Great Britain; Whaplode, near Spalding, in Mrs. Bourne one of the most energetic truant hunters in the kingdom. A few years ago the district councillors of Glyncerrwg appointed Mrs. Evans James Jones as the first lady lamplighter of the United Kingdom, from which it will be gauged that woman's sphere of usefulness has greatly increased during the last few years. If this country cannot emulate Nova Scotia, one of whose daughters has started as a rat-catcher, it can at all events claim the first lady book-maker. The lady in question, until she died a year or two ago, carried on her business in Birmingham, where she had a very numerous *clientèle*. Miss Fanny Shannon, of Mount Carmel, Illinois, is said to be the first lady traveller engaged in the timber trade, but her example has not been followed by her sisters in this country, who can, however, point with pride to the fact that the first lady "cabby" set up in business at Bembridge, Isle of Wight. Quite recently an American woman has set up in the same business, which appears to bring in a good return.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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What Christmas Means to the World.

By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

LET us, as far as possible, carry our minds back to the period immediately preceding the Birth of Christ. We cannot but be conscious that there is a sense of expectancy in the very air. Everyone is sure that something is about to happen that will have a powerful effect upon the conduct and destiny of mankind. A curious feeling is that which precedes a great change. The old course has worked itself out; a desire of change has sprung up in the mind; perhaps the desire is all the more pathetic that the heart cannot explain its urgency, or its dumb aspirations; some such feeling may take possession of the mind in the hour and article of death. Paul had a "desire to depart." What is the meaning of such desire? What is its range? How is it enlarged and strengthened by unknown spiritual ministries? These questions can only be answered by men who have passed through the gate which on one side is blacker than night, and on the other is brighter than all the glory of opening day.

Placing ourselves mentally amongst those who lived in the days of the Birth of Christ, we cannot but share the common expectation. What is going to happen? Who is coming? With what pomp and circumstance will He come? How will the old heavens be rolled together like a scroll? How will the old earth be covered with a new mantle of loveliness? Imagination has its answer ready, but the answer of imagination is always conjectural and speculative, and is often not only reversed but confounded by historical fact. It was pre-eminently so in the case of Jesus Christ. The world was to be changed by the birth of a Babe! Thus we may put it in a literal sense, forgetting the high significance of such a birth, meaning as it does spiritually that man is the gift of God, and that the moment the Babe enters the world the world itself is handed over to a new and perfect redemption.

In asking ourselves what Christmas means to the world we shall lose nothing by getting rid of certain accessories and superstitions which had nothing to do with the original intent and purpose of the Incarnation. Looking at the Incarnation as the Birth of the Man may be the best way of finding our way back and up to original and exhaustive meanings. Christmas now means to us Christ's Birthday. But why this ado about the birthday of a Child? Countless millions of children have been born into the world, thousands are born into it every hour; why should this Child have a pre-eminence so overshadowing in majesty and influence? Why should all other children be baptised in His Name? Why should He represent ideal and even celestial childhood? These questions are founded upon the commonest matters of fact. Whoever Jesus Christ was, His Name to-day is the most potent name in history. For two thousand years no name has had so deep an effect upon human thinking and upon the spread of civilisation. Is the splendour of Christ's majesty fading? Is the energy of Christ's influence declining? Who celebrates the birth of Moses or

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Abraham, of Solomon or Paul? Yet for centuries Courts and Governments, wealth and poverty, destitution and orphanhood, have dated their letters from Bethlehem, and calculated the calendar from the sorrow of the Virgin.

There must be some meaning in all this, and thoughtful men are bound to inquire what that meaning is. John Milton says: "One day there will be a resurrection of great names." England has lately celebrated the millenary of Alfred the Great, and put up a visible memorial of his rulership and large-mindedness. The record is crowded with great names, and yet towering above all is the name of the Bethlehem Child, the Only Begotten of the Father! Not only is this the case as a matter of common fact, but the very greatest men in history take off their crowns, and with rapturous adoration cast them at the Feet of Mary's Child! What is the meaning of this? It is not superstition; it is not sentiment; it is not transient emotion; the temples, the ministers, the abbeys, the cathedrals, and the humblest conventicles, scattered over the face of the whole earth, are so many tributes to this supreme Child of the world.

Is not Christ the highest interpretation and expression of that greatest of mysteries, *Personality?* It is by personality that the world is governed. If we really look into the matter we shall find that it is the lawgiver, rather than the law itself, which rules our civilisation and directs our progress. So far as human laws are concerned Society may be personified as the lawgiver. No law can live that does not represent the current sentiment of the age. Judges tell us that they cannot administer any law which has become a dead letter; that is to say, any law that does not express the current and active sentiment of the time. Thus Society energises its own laws and gives them all the impressiveness and magnetism of living personality. This is one of the most interesting features in the study of Christianity. In quite the largest sense of the words Jesus Christ is still saying to His Church: "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

Those who commune most deeply and continuously with Christ are most assured of His actual presence and personal influence. To them Christ is not set back as a dim figure in the fading centuries; He is the most active and dominating presence of the immediate moment. This is not to be explained in words or made clear to the common reason, but it is not the less a ruling fact in experience, and an inspiring consciousness in the whole development of life. There is more of Christ than in any other man—more of Him, more in Him, more done by Him, more, therefore, done for Him. The supremest motive still is: "The love of Christ constraineth us." We know Christ no longer after the flesh, but for that very reason we may know him more intimately by spiritual perception and appreciation. The Bethlehem Babe is now the Christ of the whole world. In His Name we pray, in His priesthood we confide, in His blessing we are rich, in His service we are blest. No merely book-Christ could have wrought the wonders which are daily accomplished by His realised Personality. He is near the soul, He is in the soul, He rules the soul, He thrills and sanctifies the soul. If we do not realise this happy experience we have not yet come into our full inheritance of grace and truth.

Every day the message of Christmas to the world is, that in Christ only do we realise all that is meant by spiritual *completeness*. "In Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." We are complete in Christ because in Christ all completeness is fulfilled. The believing soul never goes out of Christ for anything essential to growth, culture, inspiration, hope, and vital energy. We have all things in Christ. All things are Christ's; therefore, in having Christ we have all things, in having Christ we have God. Many illustrious teachers and leaders have been efficient and sufficient at various useful points, but Jesus Christ is equally strong along the whole line of His personality and kingship. Nature, as well as grace, culminates in the adorable Saviour. Science and philosophy find their completest expression in Jesus Christ.

The Apostle Paul did not scruple to find all things in Christ. The great expressions of the Pauline epistles cannot be properly construed without investing Christ with everything essential to completeness of life, and character, and service. "By Him were all things created that are in Heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were

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created by Him, and for Him. "To whom, therefore, can we go to make up the deficiencies of Christ? What other teacher, or leader, must be called in to make up that which is lacking in the Son of God? "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things."

It is impossible to construe such words in a way which leaves the faintest trace of deficiency, or incompleteness, in the personality, or priesthood, of Jesus. "He is the Head of the Body, the Church: Who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence." "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." This is the view which the true Christian takes of the completeness of Jesus Christ. To the Christian Jesus is chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. He believes that Jesus Christ upholds all things by the word of His power; and that He is the One Personality which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. This fulness illustrates and confirms the essential doctrine of the ever-enduring Personality and Presence of Jesus Christ.

Christmas sets before us, as it were, pictorially, the very highest and sublimest conception of moral character. Human nature needs such exemplification. Christianity is a grand appeal to the senses, as well as to the spiritual understanding. We are to behold the Lamb of God, look upon Him, watch Him, take special note of the whole expression of His life. Jesus Christ Himself said: "I have given you an example." In the very largest meaning of the term He says to all men to-day: "Follow Me." He embodies His own beatitudes. If we want to know what human nature is at its best we must look at the Son of God. Although there are points at which He stands infinitely above the reach of our ability, although He is nothing less than God, manifest in the flesh, yet there are other points which are imitable, and which, indeed, we are called upon expressly to reproduce, in our own degree, in our personal character. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

The message of Christmas is, Represent Christ. As He was, so are we to be in the world. Some would so learn Christ as to make a mere image of Him, a spectacle to be admired rather than to be copied with disciplinary sternness. "But ye have not so learnt Christ. If so be that ye have heard Him and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus; that ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind." Such passages enable us to testify that Jesus Christ has had the most powerful and gracious effect upon human experience. Every Christian is a miracle of grace. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." Such miracles Jesus Christ is working to-day as certainly as He worked them when He was visible amongst us. "Our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

He does not make His followers better externally and mechanically, so as to present a good appearance to the world. His cleansing is internal, spiritual, complete. We are renewed in the spirit of our mind. A clean heart throbs within us, a right spirit inspires our ways. A great voice is continually sounding in our ears: "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Jesus Christ is reincarnated in the experience of all who truly love and follow Him. "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another. If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you so also do ye." These are not ancient virtues, out-worn moralities, temporary laws that have been superseded by higher legislation. These are to-day's virtues, to-day's crown of glory. "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour." "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." What wonder if a Man Whose personality was so intense, and Whose character was

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so glorious, should continue to be the supreme mind of the civilised world? Jesus Christ is not a suppliant for His life. He does not beg us to continue to respect Him. He works so profoundly that all other workers are ashamed to compare their service with His, and He works so beneficently that the world cannot do without Him. No orchard bears fruit like His, no river is so full of water as the river of life; no smile is so benignant as the light of His countenance. The message of Christmas to the world is a message of goodwill, neighbourliness, brotherhood, fellowship, noble and sweet and helpful. The danger is that men should consider that the message of Christmas is merely ethical. For my own part I have a growing distrust of the word "ethical," because I see it is separated, in many instances, from the spiritual and priestly work which Jesus Christ came into the world to complete and establish. Men are trying to invent a morality. We are now too much governed by programme and schedule and experiment; we do not get back to the foundation truths of redemption by blood, and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. Believe me, the morality which is invented, or carved, or painted, is a very poor respectability, a calculation that works itself out, because it does not go back to eternal counsels and everlasting purposes. The only morality that can endure is the profoundly theological morality that draws its motive, its inspiration, and its sustenance from the Cross of Christ.

JOSEPH PARKER.

SET APART.

Her home, beside a country road,
With loving inward gaze I see—
The shaded, tranquil, fair abode,
Where dwells the friend who prays for me.

Hundreds of miles away, uplift
The roof-slants grey, in clear, sweet air;
And fragrant, wilding grasses drift
Around her door with violets fair.

Long years, the friendly, spotless rooms
Have heard her low-toned words above
The dropping of the rose's blooms
Since last I kissed the face I love.

Friend of my heart! and set apart
By illness from Life's restless ways;
Vestal whose pure refining art
Makes sacred all its common days.

Never by loving thoughts forsook—
A day of any passing year—
Across the limpid leagues we look
Into each other's eyes sincere.

Eliza Woodworth.

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THE SLIPPING OF THE CHRISTMAS LOG.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

SLIP THE FIRST.

IT did seem strange that John Leslie and Frank Eldon, old school-fellows—cricketers in the same eleven, best men in the football team, sergeant and corporal in the local rifles, chums in the true sense of the word—should have become fierce enemies.

Why?

Who upset the bliss in the Garden of Eden?

Eve, of course, and though Beechcroft was not another Garden of Eden, being only the most populous and beautiful village in Hants, woman was there to set things at sixes and sevens—woman in the shape of as sweet, innocent, true-hearted and charming a girl as ever stepped.

It was not Nelly May's fault. Nature made her attractive and light-hearted, and gave her a silvery thrilling voice which when she sang in sweet forgetfulness of being heard, made young men's hearts throb, and on Sundays, when at the Rector's special request she sat with the village choir, brought tears into the eyes of the congregation, and did—the old clergyman declared with a smile—quite as much good as his sermons.

There was the cause of the feud. It was kept quiet and other reasons given, but young men had fought about her, and then dropped out of sight, giving it up as hopeless, everyone owning that either Jack Leslie or Frank Eldon would carry off the prize, while all the time Nelly May's choice was—to be let alone in her natural innocence and happiness, untouched, heart-whole, hardly conscious of the trouble she caused.

Then there came a day when Mrs. May gave a pleasant dancing party at the Manor Farm, and both the favourites for the matrimonial race were there, when twice over Frank Eldon was Nelly's partner, and Jack suffered from pique, thinking the handsome young farmer quite boorish in his neglect.

That night—or, to be correct, next morning—Jack went home half mad with jealousy, for Nelly had hardly spoken to him. Worse still, Frank had taken her in to supper, talked very impressively to her, and the jealous eyes had seen her limpid gaze turned to her companion, watched her smiles, and afterwards heard her merry laughter when the dancing was resumed and Frank was her partner again.

For the happy, light-hearted girl had thoroughly enjoyed the party, and slept afterwards the restful sleep of sweet eighteen without a care.

Frank Eldon went home too after the dance, feeling it very likely that his old companion would be on the look-out for him, and taking care that they should not meet.

The next afternoon Jack Leslie went up to the Manor to pay his call after the dance, found his opportunity of being alone with the sweet maiden he worshipped, and noted at once that she blushed vividly and looked scarlet.

"Proof of her guilt," said Jack's jealous brain—to wit, guilt of liking someone better than himself, after he had spent a year in trying with his eyes to make her see that she was the sole object of his worship.

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Then—was there ever a very young and honest man, true as steel, who was clever at making love? Never.

Perhaps that is too strong. Jack Leslie was not. He was red-hot, too, with jealousy, and there was more anger than tender passion in his words, and in a very short time he had blundered into a rage, brought Frank Eldon's name into the business, and consequently roused the indignant colour to deepen the scarlet in Nelly's cheeks.

There was a good deal said, but afterwards, when Jack went away, all he could recollect of Nelly's indignant words were:

"How dare you speak to me like that! No, Mr. John Leslie, no!"

"And she looked so beautiful, too!" thought Jack, as he walked home. "Hang Frank Eldon! He'd better not come across me! Bah! I'm not going to waste in despair because—— Hang the song! I forget it. Then the game's up. I've lost, but I'm not going to cry for the moon that shines for someone else," and he went home to his mother, the sweet, gentle widow lady whose hushand fell in India, leaving her with a child unborn—Jack.

Mrs. May's party was just at the time when bad news kept on coming from the Cape. The Boers were running rampant in Natal, people at home looked gloomy, and the cry was spreading like a tocsin through the country:

"Volunteers for the front!"

A few days later and Jack Leslie was coming away from the London depôt, where he had been proving to his examiners that he was sound as a bell, well drilled, and a hunting man who could ride like a cowboy, when he suddenly stumbled on Frank Eldon—a sight which made his teeth clench and give him a peculiar spasm of the muscles which turn hands into fists.

Then a peculiar look came into both the young men's eyes, and simultaneously they gave vent to a growl.

"What are you doing here?"

"Been passing for the front," said Jack, bitterly. "Aren't you glad?"

"By George, yes! But I thought—— Here, I say, what does Nelly May say?"

"What!" growled Jack. "Leave her name alone, please. No; what does she say to you?"

"Here, I say!" gasped Frank. "I thought—Look here, you and Nelly——"

His words were checked by his companion.

"Nonsense! She as good as told me she was engaged to you."

"Then she's a miserable little jilt!" cried Frank passionately, and the two young men stood gazing at each other defiantly for a few moments before Jack's face softened.

"Let her be, lad," he said, sadly. "She's a woman, and very young. We've been making fools of ourselves about a frivolous child who doesn't know that a fellow has got a heart. So you're going off?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Yes, as soon as ever they'll ship me."

"But, Jack, old man, I've got no one to care a straw about me. What does the dear old mother say?"

"That it's hard to bear, old fellow, but that I am a soldier's boy, and that as the country calls for her sons to fight, she would not say a word save, 'God bless and bring you safely back.'"

"Amen to that, old man," cried Frank, heartily. "I say, what are you going to do to-day?"

"Loaf about. And you?"

"Ditto."

"Let's go and dine somewhere."

"Agreed."

"I say, going down to Beechcroft again?"

"Some day, perhaps. Are you?"

"No," said Jack, firmly and meaningly. "I don't want to upset the old mater again. We got the parting over sharp. I only want to hear the order—March!"

"Same here."

It came all too soon—to the young men who from that hour had renewed their old comradeship and were inseparable, marching down to the transport to the ringing of joybells and the strains of the bands, and echoing the cheer that followed them from the quay.

The news reached Beechcroft quickly enough, and that night Nelly May's pillow was wet with tears which did not cool her fevered cheeks, for since the day after the party at the Manor, brief as was the time, she had leaped from girl to womanhood, and thoroughly realised the fact that a strong, earnest man who tells a woman he loves her has a heart, and also that she possessed one of her own, which all through that weary night kept on beating, as the poet said, "funeral

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marches to the grave," till she shuddered and seemed to force it to change the tune to "Come back! Come back! Come back!" Once she repeated the words with her lips:

"Come back, Jack dear. I did not know it then, but I do love you. I always have loved you. Come back to me, Jack dear! Oh, come back!"

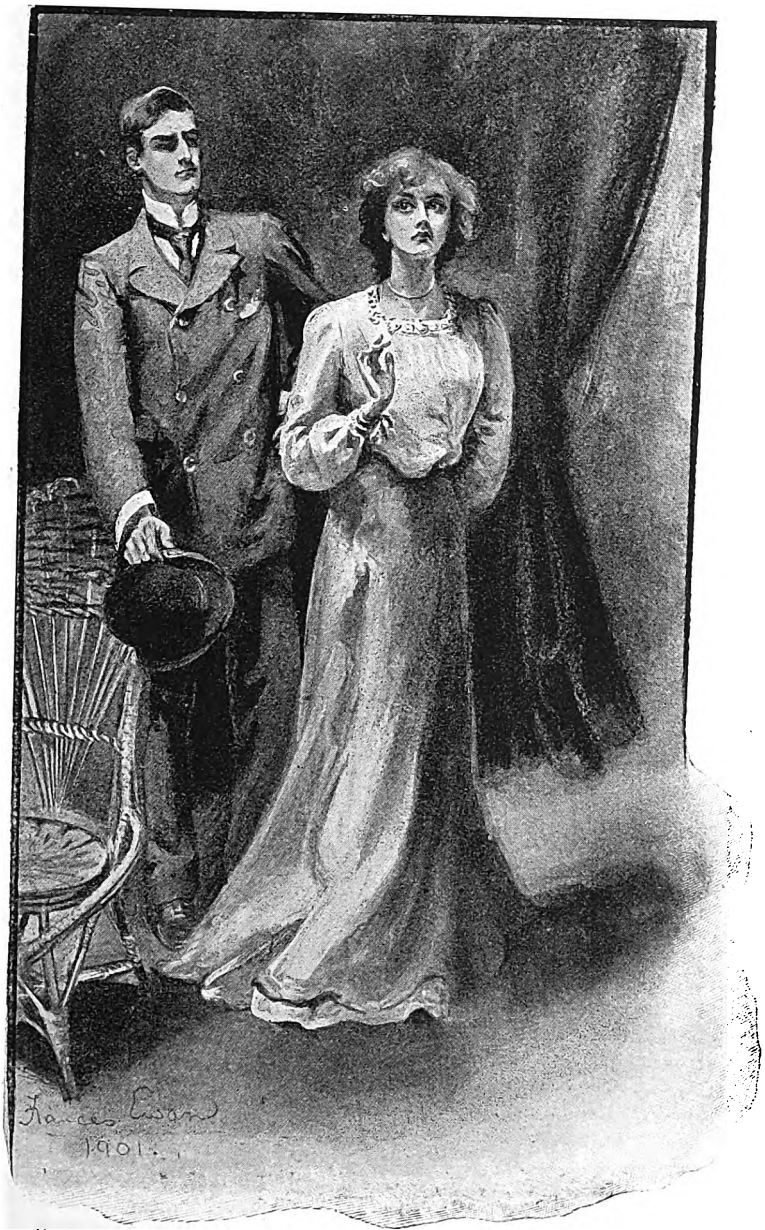
What time Jack Leslie with his comrade—rivals no more—felt the quivering of the great liner whose every portion throbbed as if it were some live thing responding to the efforts of the mighty twin screws inexorably forcing them on to where they were wanted—those two brave young sons of a great nation—to fight for country and for Queen.

SLIP THE SECOND.

The weeks glided on, and Beechcroft heard from time to time that those the Rector termed their young heroes were well to the front in engagement after engagement, and passing unscathed through two of the fiercest encounters, till in one list of casualties after the word "Killed," they read the name of Frank Eldon.

It was two months later that full particulars came to endorse the announcement in a letter from Jack Leslie to his mother, telling how he and Frank rode together with some fifty more right into an ambush. One minute they were cantering along talking about home, the next a perfect hail of bullets was decimating them from some low bushes hard by, and Frank threw up his hands and fell over sideways, right across the pommel of the writer's saddle.

"I managed to keep him there," wrote Jack, "till we were out of danger, but he was quite dead—a bullet through his brain."



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT! NO, MR. JOHN LESLIE, NO!"

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Plenty of news followed, but no more for the cottage.

"My poor brave boy," Mrs. Leslie used to sigh. "He can have no chance to write. He would not forget me, and I must wait."

She waited—waited patiently, and suffering agony, but not alone, for a fair young face was rapidly growing pale, thin, and bearing the anxious looks of a woman as she thirsted feverishly for the news that did not come.

Nelly had shed a few tears when she heard of Frank Eldon's fate, for she had known him from a child; but in that sorrow there was none of the despair which attacked her and laid her prostrate with fever.

It was when the nation was smitten with something like despair at the news of Spion Kop, and in the first lists was the name of John Leslie as missing—later on as dead.

SLIP THE THIRD.

When she recovered Nelly's first walk was to the cottage, and at the first sight of the visitor the stricken widow gave vent to her sorrow, mingled with passionate reproaches against Heaven and the strangely changed girl before her.

What had she done, she cried, that first her husband and then her beloved only child should be taken from her like that?

"It was all your doing," she cried, fiercely. "False-hearted, thoughtless coquette! He would never have gone if you had not trifled with him and cast him off like a broken toy."

"No, no, no," cried Nelly, frantically, as she threw herself upon her knees and clutched at the speaker's dress. "I did not know. Mrs. Leslie—mother! Oh, listen to me. I loved him dearly all the time, but I was young and foolish then. I did not know—I did not know!"

"What, girl! You threw him over for Frank Eldon. My poor boy told me so."

"Poor Jack!" sobbed Nelly. "All a mistake. I never cared for Frank. How can you be so cruel to me when I come to you like this? I did not know till he had gone, but couldn't you see I loved poor Jack with all my heart? I'd have given the world to stop him when it was too late; but he wouldn't forgive my saying 'No.' And he never came to wish me good-bye."

"No. He told me he couldn't after seeing the way in which you returned Frank Eldon's looks."

"Oh, no, no, it was all a mistake. I quite hated Frank Eldon, for it seemed to me then that he was the cause of Jack going. I never cared for Frank a bit. It was all one dreadful, miserable mistake."

"Is this true, Nelly?"

"True!" cried the girl, wildly.

"My poor darling—my poor child!"

The widow held out her arms, and the next moment Nelly was sobbing upon her breast, the two women mingling their tears.

The following Sunday the Rector said a few words in his sermon about the loss the village had sustained in the second of their brave young heroes who had fallen fighting for Queen and country, for he had not noticed that the widowed mother was present and not alone.

Nelly had gone down to the cottage and walked with her to church, sharing her pew.

The words had hardly passed the speaker's lips when there was a wild cry of despair and a slight figure in deep mourning sprang to her feet.

At the same moment there was a piteous moan like the sighing echo of that cry, and Widow Leslie sank back and would have fallen but for Nelly's quick act.

The sight of the mother's pain had come as a reaction, and crushing back her own agony the poor girl bent quickly down to save the suffering mother, helped to recover her and assist her to leave the church, and supported her upon her way home.

SLIP THE FOURTH.

The weary war went on, with its terrible news of wounds, sickness and death, the news which floated over England like a black cloud, from which fell slowly the hot, bitter rain of tears. Ship after ship had departed with its freight of brave fellows who hid their sorrow under a mask and sent back cheer after cheer in answer to those which echoed and re-echoed from the crowd collected to give them a good send-off; the bands played merrily, and all that the pomp and circumstance of war could do to give *éclat* to the proceedings was there. But those

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who cheered, as well as those who cheered back, knew that the whole nation was in mourning, and of those who were played off as to a review many would never return, while more would be fated to join the sad procession of solemn transports bearing the sick, the wounded, and the mutilated who had gone out hale, but never to be the same men again.

Better news, though, had come from time to time to temper the terrible casualty lists, and our country had smiled through its tears as it read of towns relieved and the fierce defeats of the stubborn enemy. "Bravely, nobly done!" were the words on every lip, and cheeks flushed with pride as well as indignation as memories floated up about the depreciatory cry that our soldiers were not what they were in the past.

There was the hope, too, growing, sky-like after a terrible storm, brighter and bluer, for the end of the agonising months seemed to be in view as Christmas came round again; and people were thinking that some of the old festivities would not be out of place.

But there were mourning sufferers still. Several more of the Beechcroft people were still in black, and four of the brave lads who had gone off full of high spirits were back home, two terribly enfeebled by disease, the others suffering still from the effect of their wounds.

Mrs. Leslie sat alone in her chair by the fire, which burnt gloomily as if the crape about the widow's dress put it out of heart; but all at once it sent forth one cheerful flash. For the door opened, and, pale, and looking years older, Nelly May entered the room unannounced. She was always welcome now.

The fire had flashed up and glistened upon the bronze, green, scarlet and pearl of a little bunch of evergreen the girl had brought. But the flash died out again as if the sombre black of another dress was too depressing, and the fire burnt on as if half-quenched.

"You, Nelly dear? I did not think you would come to-day. I thought, being Christmas, you would stay at home."

"They have company," said the girl, with a weary sigh, "and I felt as if I could not bear it."

"But you must go back soon."

"No," said Nelly." "I told them I should spend the day with you."

She rose and crossed to the bunch of evergreens she had brought and softly untied the string, her pale face twitching and her wistful eyes becoming suffused with tears, as in a low, appealing voice she said, softly:

"I brought this—in memory—of—poor, dear—Jack."

A spasm of sobbing choked her utterance, and she dropped the bunch, which fell apart, rustling on to the floor, as its bearer flung herself upon Mrs. Leslie's breast, while the room seemed to grow darker.

"There, there," said the poor girl, disengaging herself and rising to hurriedly dry her eyes, "I came to-day to try and comfort you, and I am only making you unhappy. May I?" she said, with a saddened, deprecating smile. "Poor Jack would have liked to see a little Christmas if he had been here."

Mrs. Leslie slowly bent her head, and then sank back in her chair with her brow in lines, as she piteously watched the nervous, hurried way in which the glistening scarlet and green holly was placed here and there.

At last they two sat by the fire together, very silent and sad, listening to the passers-by, the bells, and the various sounds betokening the happiness of the festive time, till Nelly's heart sank and it seemed to her that the world was very heartless and strange. How could people be happy and rejoice at a time like this?

There was no selfish feeling left in Nelly's breast, and she tried to make her voice sound cheerful as she glanced at the lattice window.

"How soon it turns dark these winter afternoons," she said. "Shall I draw the curtains and light the lamp?"

"No, dear, I like this calm, soft gloom; but it is very grave and sad, Nelly, my child, and I am poor company for one so young as you."

"Mother!" whispered Nelly, reproachfully.

"My darling!" cried the poor woman, with a sob, and she bent forward to draw her visitor to her breast. "There, there, forgive me, dear. Sorrow has made me peevish and fretful, and old and tired before my time. I sit here alone so many hours day after day, too weak to work or do anything but look at the fire and picture all the past till Heaven is kind to me and all dies out in a holy kind of calm; and long afterwards I

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wake up to find that I have been dreaming, and I sit wondering how I can sleep with such sorrow in my heart."

"Yes, yes, I know, I know," said Nelly, gently. "I have often found you lying back looking so peaceful and calm."

"Peaceful and calm, Nelly?"

"Yes, it is the rest sent from above to the weary. It has come to me night after night when I have lain crying and feeling that it is all more than I can bear. For it was my doing, mother. I did not know then how I loved him, and it was all through me——"

"No, no, no, my child. It was all one great mistake, and we must bear it as we should."

The night fell, and Nelly sat in the silence gazing at the thin, worn face framed in the whitened hair standing out like a cameo from the dark red velvet chair. The eyes were closed, the lips parted slightly. So motionless was the sleeper that a momentary chill ran through the girl. But it was the sleep of restfulness, and she sat watching the pain-worn sufferer, hesitating to disturb her.

She turned her face towards the window, where the firelight was playing brightly now, and for a few moments she sat watching the reflected face dimly seen in the panes.

It did not seem strange at first, distant-looking, and misty as it was. Then a strange creeping sensation ran through her. For the shadowy face seemed to approach till it was more and more distinct and at last she realised the fact that it was no reflection of the sleeping woman's countenance, but someone was gazing in.

She shrank back, shivering and chilled so that she could hardly draw breath. She saw that a hand was close to the glass as if to open the casement; but the next instant she saw that a finger was raised as if to warn her not to speak.

Then the firelight was fitfully playing again in the very spot where she had seen the face and nothing more save a rapidly sinking glow.

"Fancy," sighed the trembling girl to herself. "Am I a coward that I conjure up such things as this? I must have been half dreaming, too. And yet it was so—so like—but wasted and worn, and—oh!" she panted, rising quickly to cross the room and softly draw the curtains across the casement, trembling with agitation the while.

Then the icy chill of horror came back—that terrible dread of the supernatural, followed, though, directly by the more natural dread of the real, for she distinctly heard the familiar click of the outer door and the sighing of the wind as it was opened and closed again.

"Some tramp who has seen our loneliness."

The thought flashed through her brain.

What should she do—call for help? No, it would horribly alarm the sleeper. It must be some outcast whom a few shillings would disarm and send away.

There was no time for further thought, for the handle of the door was turning, there was a rustle over the carpet, and there, framed against the outer darkness in the faint glow of the fire stood——the dead?

No, the thin, tall figure of Jack Leslie, in the familiar khaki, the face so worn and changed, and with his erst strong right arm not merely slung, but bandaged and bound to his broad breast, while his forehead as he drew off his slouch hat was seamed with a strange mark extending from the closely-cropped hair of the left temple diagonally to beneath the eye of the other side.

"Jack!" rose to the girl's lips, but no sound came, for the eyes that fixed her there looked fierce and wild, and the dread of the unknown returned. Was it, after all, true that at certain times the dead returned to visit those they had loved in life?

Faint and speechless Nelly gazed at the visitor, with every pulse seeming to cease its action, for the figure glided silently in, solemnly raising one hand as if in warning, and then a hysterical gasp loosened the icy chains which had held the poor girl motionless.

For the eyes were turned from her to the sleeper, the figure sank upon its knees beside the great chair, laid a hand upon her shoulder, to utter one word only—so full of passionate yearning that Nelly, choking with sobs, turned away to drop, dizzy with emotion, in the nearest chair, covering her face with her hands in her mingled joy, misery and despair.

It was no apparition, no spirit of the fancy conjured up after incessant thought—but Jack, the one love of her young heart, come back—wounded, but alive—

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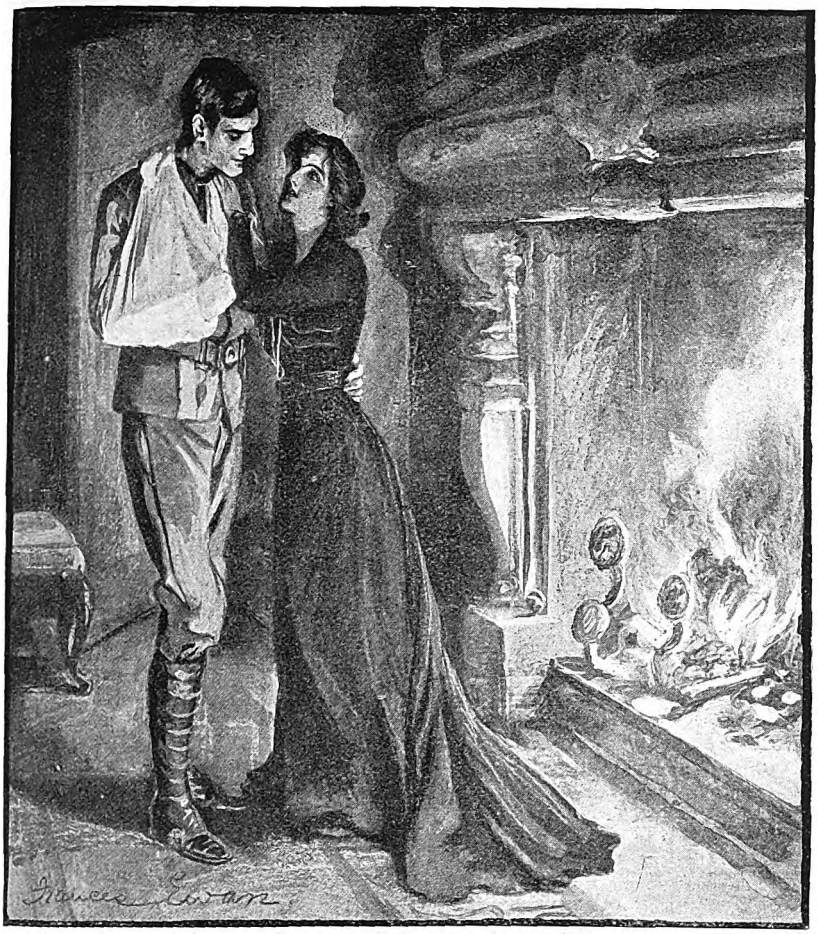

A RUSH OF SPARKS WENT UP THE OLD CHIMNEY WITH A ROAR SUGGESTING TRIUMPH.

and her sorrow had been vain. Come back, but not to her, for she had refused his love and sent him despairing away to return like this.

For her that grave, stern look, the movement of the hand before he turned his back to kneel by the sleeper's chair, and utter that yearning cry :

"Mother!"

It made Nelly's hands drop to her lap and her eyes gazed at the group in horror and dread lest the shock might harm, and she saw through the dimming veil of tears the mother's parted lips, wildly staring eyes and thin white hands clasping the kneeling man's shoulders, holding him off at arm's length before she uttered a wildly hysterical shriek and clasped him to her breast.

"Nelly," she panted at last, "am I mad, or has Heaven heard the widow's cry? Here, quick, girl, quick! Don't you see? The reports were lying! Our darling has come back! Thank God! Thank God!"

She was covering the lost one with her kisses as she spoke, and Nelly stood there alone, with her pulses bounding now, her temples throbbing, and the burning flush gathering in her erst white cheeks; for the widow's words were ringing in her ears, crushing down all sense of joy with a load of despair.

"*Our darling* has come back!"

And he had no further look or word for her.

SLIP THE FIFTH.

The mother's transports had calmed down, and the war-worn soldier had answered all her questions, telling how he had been in the deadly fight at Spion

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Kop, where his right arm was shattered by the bursting of one of the Boer shells, and almost simultaneously, as he lay exposed to the terrific fire, he received a shot from a Mauser rifle which struck him in the cheek beneath the right eye, and, missing that, touched the brow, to plough its way diagonally across the forehead, laying bare the bone to its exit at the left temple.

Jack glanced at Nelly as he quietly and modestly told his tale, and saw her features contract at the same moment that he noted for the first time that she was in deep mourning.

"For poor Frank!" he said to himself, with a sigh. "It was a merciful shot, though, mother," he went on, hastily, as Mrs. Leslie uttered a piteous moan. "I was in agony before, but the bullet stunned me, and I did not get my senses fully back for about a month."

And then he told how he had fallen into kindly hands amongst the Boers, having been missed by the ambulance men and left to die among the stony rifts for three days.

"But it was all like a dream to me, and it is only quite lately that I could think clearly and recall the past. And so I was reported dead, and you have been in misery all this time? Well, I don't think anyone is to blame. Those who find fault have no idea of the horrors and confusion that accompany war."

"But you never wrote, my boy?"

"No, mother," said the young man, with a sad smile. "I did try once, with my left hand, but I gave it up in despair; and even if I had written there was no means of sending my letter. When at last I fell in with a scouting party of our men, and, only half cured, was passed on to the field hospital, I felt still too confused to explain who I was. But there, mother dear, I've come home at last, and you can nurse me back to health."

"My darling!" sobbed the poor woman. Then hastily wiping her eyes and with an exultant look: "Yes, Jack dear. I have you safely now, and we can nurse you back to health."

The young man started at the word *we*, and glanced at Nelly, who met his questioning eyes unmoved, for his every look and word seemed to indicate that his love for her was dead.

"There is no reason why we should not be friends," Jack said to himself; and when, after three or four efforts, all of which had been imploringly checked by Mrs. Leslie, Nelly rose to go, Jack rose too.

"Oh, no," he said, with a quiet, grave courtesy. "I am not such an invalid that I cannot see my dear mother's friend home. It is late and dark. No, no, don't refuse me that pleasure," he added, quickly, in answer to the gesture Nelly made. "But one word or two first," he said. "God bless you, Ellen May, for all your kindness to my poor mother during this dreadful time."

"She has been like my own dear child, Jack," cried Mrs. Leslie; and the young people's eyes met once with the misunderstanding still keeping them apart.

In another minute they were walking side by side towards the Manor.

"Every look shows she is broken-hearted about poor Frank," thought Jack. "She loved him after all."

"He believes me a cruel, heartless coquette," thought Nelly; "and I cannot —I dare not tell him all the truth."

And so they parted with a few blank words, and not so much as a pressure of the hand. Nelly half raised hers again, but Jack did not see the movement, and as he said "Good-night," he added, with a half laugh and a gesture which it was too dark for her to see:

"I can't offer to shake hands. Good-night, Miss May, and, once more, God bless you for your kindness to my mother."

"There! That's the end of a foolish dream," he sighed, as he walked home, little thinking why Nelly could not speak.

But Jack Leslie's mother could. When her son reached the door he found her waiting with it held open, and the moment it was closed and she drew him to the light, looking alert and ten years younger, she stepped quickly behind him to pass her arms about his neck, and her first words whispered into his ear were:

"Jack, darling, have you made it up?"

He groaned, but the words his mother spoke swept the mental blindness from before his eyes, and when at last he sank down in the white bed, for which scores of times during his terrible existence of hardship and suffering he had longed, he found it no bed of rest, but one upon which he lay wakeful, longing for the day.

That came at last, but there were weary hours to pass before he could say again

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all that was in his heart. For the news of his coming to life had spread, and all that morning and late into the afternoon, the house was thronged by friends and neighbours eager to welcome the warrior back.

"I thought we were never to be at peace again," cried Mrs. Leslie, petulantly, after she had almost dismissed the last visitor but one, who had been brought by her own people and left in answer to the widow's prayer, to stand there pale and red by turns, trembling, half choked by her emotion, as Jack's eyes looked so differently at her now.

Mrs. Leslie behaved exactly like a mother would. She declared that she must go and bathe her eyes, for she had cried, she said, till they felt almost blind.

Then only Jack and Nelly were left alone, with the room looking dull and blank; for the big Christmas log that should have burnt on its proper day sat dark, gloomy, and heavily perched at the back of the wide, old-fashioned chimney, and all was very grave and still.

Poor Mrs. Leslie's eyes took a long time bathing, for the water set them weeping again, but they were tears of joy.

There was silence in the gloomy room below, for hearts beat wildly, and the words burning to come could not find utterance.

Then it was that eyes spoke on either side in that grand old language of love which swept every misconception and all reserve away, and lips spoke silently to lips.

Then all at once there was a loud rustling as of something falling and Nelly's arms were snatched away from where they had rested, her face flushed scarlet with what in her innocency she thought was shame, as she turned in the direction from which the noise had come to be greeted by a crackling and roar as the room was lit up by the dancing flames, gold and orange, purple and scarlet-red which were reflected from the china and glass of the corner cabinet, and the partially-curtained window panes.

There was a hiss, a loud report, and another burst of flames apparently dancing with delight, as a rush of sparks went up the old chimney with a roar suggesting triumph, for it was a veritable *feu de joie*.

"It makes one think of Spion Kop, dear," said Jack, smiling, as he tenderly drew Nelly to him again.

"Jack!" she cried, with her eyes dilating and face contracting with horror. "Don't, pray don't talk of that!"

"Why not?" he said, bending forward with a look that seemed to say to a pair of upraised trembling hands: "*Come back! Oh, pray come back!*"

They did, very slowly and softly, and somehow their gentle movements had the effect of making their resting-place speak in a whisper so that the laughing, mocking fire should not hear.

"Not talk of it, dear?" he said.

"No, Jack, dear; it was so horrible."

"Perhaps so," he said. "But it was all very brave and grand. Why, darling, I'd go through it a hundred times for this."

Never mind what *this* was, but the fire literally blazed as Jack said, tenderly:

"Why, little one, you're trembling like a leaf."

"The fire startled me," she whispered.

"And it was only the slipping of the Christmas log."

There was a pause, and then:

"Do I hurt your poor wounded arm, Jack dear?"

"Yes; and it sends love and life thrilling through every vein. Nelly—love—wife—my very own! I never pictured such a Christmas-time as this."

[THE END.]

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THE M.C.L. HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN AT OTTERSHAW—BUILT QUITE CLOSE TO THE COUNTESS'S HOME.

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH AND THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

By LEONARD GRAHAM.

TO band together the children of all classes and many lands in a league of kindness, so that a girdle of love may circle the world—that is truly a beautiful idea, and one that comes to us with especial force at this Christmas season. We delight to dwell on the brotherhood of man, a kinship never recognised before the reign of the Holy Child, whose message of peace and goodwill was first proclaimed to the world by the triumphant voices of the Angelic Host.

But, unhappily, to many this brotherhood is little more than an ideal, an impression which soon fades when the opportunity arises to recognise it in a practical fashion.

It was to root out this widespread spirit of selfishness and encourage the performance of kindly acts, first in the home, then in a wider sphere, that the Ministering Children's League was founded over sixteen years ago by the good and brave Countess of Meath.

The League has gathered together a mighty army of young people, some 40,000 strong, all pledged to do at least one kind act every day, and dwelling not only in the United Kingdom, but in Australia, Canada, and all the British colonies, as well as in America, Germany, France, and other countries.

These children are the members of the Society, but the aid of parents and teachers is invoked to direct their efforts and show them how they can best work for the good of others. Before any local branch is started, the help of the clergyman or minister is first enlisted, and by the aid of Sunday-school teachers and others the children who wish to join are

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brought together, and are soon busily engaged in some philanthropic work. Every branch is free to choose what form of benevolent enterprise seems good to it; and the beneficent operations of the League are probably more diversified than those of any other society in the world.

The influence of these ministering children is felt in many lands, in their own families, and in the homes of the poor. In hundreds of parishes all over the country, and in the Britains beyond the seas, each little band of children, when the principles of the League are properly carried out, is taught to be kind at home, to endeavour to relieve the distress in its own locality by making garments for the poor, by supporting destitute children, and by rendering Christmas a bright and happy time for those who would never have known of its joys, through gifts of various kinds made by the children's own hands. One branch this year sent away twenty-eight poor children to the country, another contributed to the local Church Repair Fund, others have subscribed to send invalids to convalescent homes, and in a hundred other ways they have brought comfort and help to the poor and afflicted.

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH,
Foundress of the Ministering Children's League.
Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn. 14, Pembridge Crescent, W.

This is all local work, but such by no means absorbs the energies of the League. Every kind of religious and philanthropic enterprise benefits by the united efforts of thousands of children. It is, indeed, the "day of small things" when great national charities and religious works such as hospitals, the Indian Famine Fund, home and foreign missions, owe much to their labours.

One of the great objects for which they have worked—an object dearest to the heart of the Foundress, and in which a large number of the English branches are interested—was the establishment of the Homes for Destitute Children at Ottershaw.

These homes were built on Lady Meath's own estate, and are situated quite close to the house, and Lady Meath is constantly in and out of them looking after the welfare of her young charges, for she takes a personal interest in each, and delights to watch the little waifs grow strong and healthy, while their pale cheeks become tanned with the country breezes.

The children all attend the village school, and the elder boys work in the gardens under the superintendence of the head gardener. As they grow up they are sent out to fill useful positions in life, and Lady Meath showed the writer with pride and affection the portraits of her old boys, one of whom is serving his King and country at the front.

In order to provide a sure income for the maintenance of the Homes, the whole estate, including the house which Lord and Lady Meath make their summer residence, has been given by them to the League, and they pay an annual rent for its use. Eventually part of the land will be let off for building purposes, which will provide a good revenue, as the land is valuable.

To mention all that the truly great and noble Countess of Meath has done would be an endless task. She is always doing something for somebody, and that has been the keynote of her life. From her youth she has taken an active part in Church work and in philanthropic undertakings of every description. Besides the Ministering Children's League, she has

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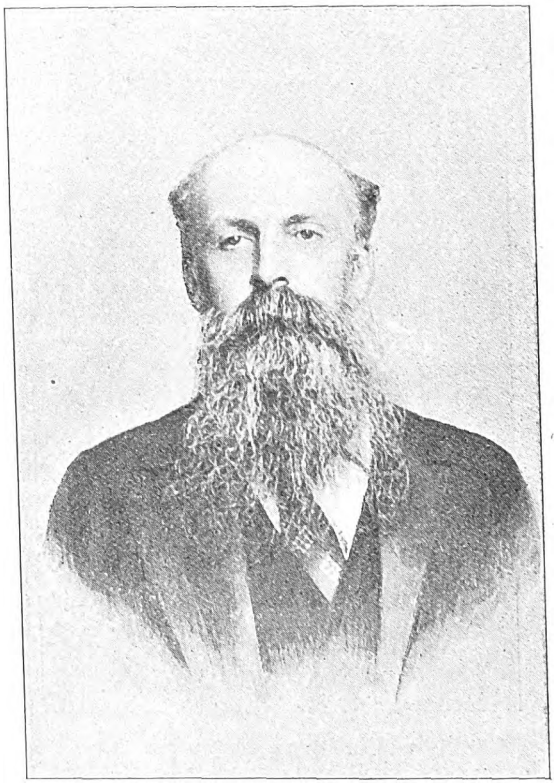
founded the Brabazon Employment Society for giving employment to inmates in workhouses and asylums who have been pronounced by the authorities incapable of doing any work, either from infirmity or mental incapacity, and whose lives used to be a perfect burden to them because they had no means of passing the time. They are instructed by skilled teachers in wood-carving, weaving, and sewing, and many other occupations, and make all kinds of knick-knacks. It is wonderful the skill which they attain, turning out really artistic work, which has been "starred" by the judges at the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition. This good work is being carried on in over two hundred workhouses and institutions. Lady Meath has lately extended this work under a separate organisation with very excellent results to maimed and invalid soldiers returned from the war in South Africa, and she has also founded a society for the purpose of providing trained nurses for workhouse infirmaries.



THE EARL OF MEATH.

Lord Meath is an indefatigable Philanthropic and Social Worker, and is also associated with the Countess in her numerous undertakings.

There only has to be distress, no matter where or among whom, and the sufferers are sure of a champion in Lady Meath. The terrible condition of prisoners in Morocco elicited her warmest sympathies, and only the other day she contributed a powerful article to the *Nineteenth Century* in which she drew public attention to the fearful misery of these unhappy subjects of the Sultan.

Then she has established at Godalming "The Meath Home of Comfort" for epileptics, because the only institution for epileptics in the country was a small home at Liverpool.

Another home of which Lady Meath is the foundress is for girls who have been discharged from the hospitals as incurable, but who with good food, country air, and good nursing often recover. Girls can go there and stay for years.

In London a great need has been met by the establishment of the Brabazon House Home for ladies with limited incomes, who, with their small means, were quite unable to obtain the comforts of a home.

When I paid a visit to Ottershaw a little time ago, Lady Meath showed me round the Children's Homes. They are situated in the midst of a lovely country, standing on a swelling slope and commanding a splendid view of the pine-clad Surrey Hills, which form an amphitheatre encircling green valleys and dark woodlands. The grounds themselves are very extensive, and there is an ample playground for the children provided with swings for the amusement of the little ones.

They all looked very happy and healthy, and welcomed the approach of their benefactress with unmistakeable pleasure. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Lady Meath is constantly among them, taking the greatest interest in their work and play and often putting them through their musical drill herself.

I asked Lady Meath to tell me how she came to form the idea of the Ministering Children's League, and she related the interesting story of its origin and progress.

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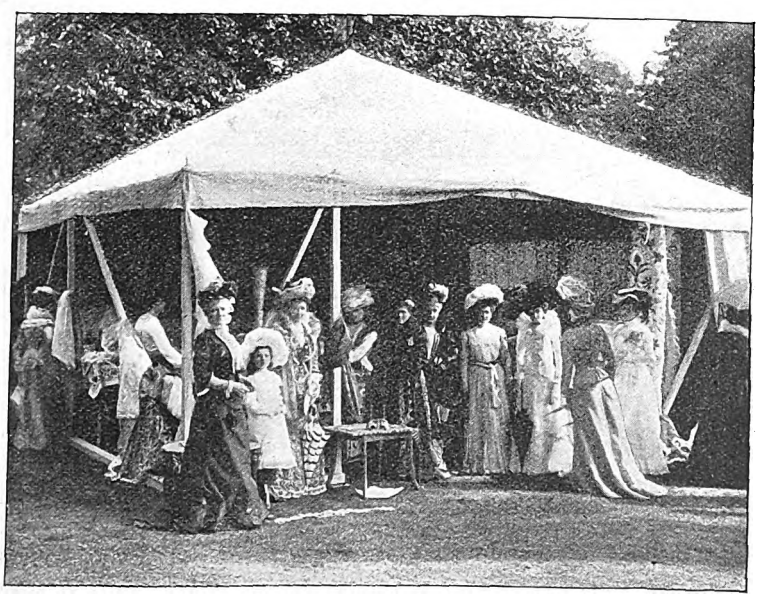
COTTAGE BY THE SEA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

"It began in this way," she said. "I was a worker in the Girls' Friendly Society, and used to go down occasionally of an evening to the East End to attend the meetings of a club for factory girls, but I found it interfered a good deal with home duties. At the same time I could not get anyone to take my place. Do what we would, we could never get enough workers, and though this is especially the case in the East End, I have noticed the same painful lack all over the world and in all sorts of places where you would never think there would be any difficulty in securing helpers.

"This seemed to me the great want, and I thought that if we could train up the children to the performance of at least one kind deed every day, and gradually lead them to take part in Christian work, there would never be wanting thousands of helpers in the future. The League was started in a very small way. The first meeting was held in our house at Lancaster Gate, and Canon Ridgeway, our Vicar, announced it from the pulpit. The children and their parents were invited, and when the day came we had a very earnest little gathering, to whom we explained the idea of the League, which was to teach the children to be unselfish, and to think of others, to be obedient to their parents, and to those over them, and to be kind to



THE RICHMOND FÊTE WHICH LADY MEATH AND LADY LUCK ORGANISED RECENTLY ON BEHALF OF THE M.C.L.
(The Countess and Lady Luck are in the foreground.)

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their brothers and sisters, to servants, and all with whom they came in contact."

"To what do you attribute the wonderful success of the League?"

"I think," replied Lady Meath, "it is because we have so few rules. We don't tie the children down to help anybody or any cause in particular, but just try to get them to help somebody. Every child who joins it has only to repeat each day a short prayer and to pledge him or herself to let no day pass without a deed to crown it. Once the habit of helping others is formed it does not stop there, and the work which our children have done has been a blessing to thousands."

"Was the progress rapid at first?"

"Yes, it began to grow very quickly. The very year in which it was founded it spread to the United States and Canada, owing to Lord Meath and myself visiting America, and now it is as firmly established in the Colonies as it is at home. In Australia it has been taken up with the greatest enthusiasm, and they are very loyal and will not make any changes without consulting us first. I think the Duchess of York, who is our patroness, must have been surprised to receive three different deputations from our children in three different Australian States.

CANON RIDGEWAY,
Who assisted Lady Meath to organise the League.

"It seems wonderful to me that a society started so unostentatiously in a private house, which has since become the central office of the Association, should have found its way into every English-speaking country with the exception of some islands, and that the links of love and sympathy should have been forged, drawing together not only those belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race but also dusky-coloured Hindustani children and even young negroes and Red Indians."

THESE LITTLE ONES OWE THEIR HAPPY TIME TO THE EFFORTS OF OTHER CHILDREN.

"Will you tell me something

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about your travels on behalf of the League?"

"A few winters ago Lord Meath and I went to Teneriffe in search of health, but the climate was found too relaxing, and it ended in our taking a widely-extended tour round the world.

"It was when we were at Bombay that we started the work among non-Christian children, and this branch is known as the League of Kindness. It came about in this way: We had been holding a meeting, and at the close a Hindoo came up and said he wanted to join. This put us in a rather difficult position, because our League is a Christian organisation; but at the same time we felt that it would not be a very Christian act to exclude any who wish to join, and that the only thing to be done was to start an organisation for non-Christians under a different name.

"In the course of our travels we visited Australasia, where the League was heartily welcomed, and many branches formed. It was warmly supported by the New Zealanders, and the remark I heard again and again was, 'It is just the thing that we want for the Colonies.' In Tasmania the people were equally willing to welcome the Society and from there we sailed to Australia, and never in any country have we received more cordial greetings. In Adelaide a 'welcome' meeting was held for us, over which Chief Justice Way presided. The Bishop of Adelaide, now the Bishop of Bath and Wells, was also on the platform, and spoke most warmly in favour of the Society.

"In the United States we held several meetings while travelling across this huge continent, and received much encouragement, especially when we reached the Eastern portion of it. We heard good news of 138 fresh branches being started in the United States since our previous visit, whilst some of the older ones had accomplished remarkable work.

In the United States, besides an immense amount of local work, a church has been founded by a New York branch, and a hospital in Canada, and a chapel by the Red Indians in North Dakota. In India the branches have subscribed to send sickly children to the hills in the summer time, and they have done the same thing in Sydney and Melbourne; and in Western Australia they have founded a hospital for which the Government gave the land. When in Egypt I found that there was no single institution for the blind in the country. Since then the League has started a school for them. We had to get teachers from England, as there was no possibility of procuring them in Egypt or in Syria.

"The school is going on extremely well and the boys are now able to make baskets on their own account. It, moreover, supplies a great need, as hitherto there was no place where you could procure European baskets.

"Altogether," concluded Lady Meath, "the League has founded and supports fifteen different institutions. But the work of the League cannot be measured by the number of institutions founded—it aims much higher, it endeavours to make homes happier by training children to think and work for others, work which, commencing in the home, makes its influence felt all over the world."

The Earl of Meath is associated with his wife in all her good works. He is a well-known writer on social subjects, being the author of "Social Arrows," and joint author of "Social Aims," a book which he wrote in collaboration with the Countess, and he is a frequent contributor to the *Nineteenth Century* and other reviews. He was the first secretary of the Hospital Saturday Fund, Founder and Chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, Chairman of the Young Men's Friendly Society and of the British College of Physical Education, Founder and Chairman of the Lads' Drill Association, and he has done good work on the London County Council. Like Lady Meath, he is indefatigable in good works, and their united efforts have resulted in many practical schemes of philanthropic work of the most far-reaching and widely diverse character.

LEONARD GRAHAM.

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"I STAND BETWEEN YOU AND ALL THE OTHER MEN WITH MONEY," HE SAID.

Girl's Love and a Woman's Heart.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Bootles' Baby," etc.

I.

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet."

EVERYBODY who knew them said that they were an absurdly young couple, and that neither of them ought even to think of getting married for years and years. He was twenty, she two years younger, mere boy and girl, you see. He was something in a newspaper office, with nothing in his position very clearly defined—to the outer world, that is — excepting his salary, which he was just able to live upon and no more. She was scarcely more than a schoolgirl, and although she had been born and bred in an atmosphere wherein everybody works who has brains to work, she had not yet found her *métier*, and was as yet fully occupied in encompassing the difficulties of her first season on a dress allowance of thirty pounds a year.

Her people lived up to every penny that they had; he had no people beyond an antiquated aunt or two and a second cousin somewhere in Scotland, who had never, since presenting him with a silver mug at the time of his christening, taken the very smallest notice of him. Not a very promising pair of young people to take a fancy to each other, not a very promising way of beginning matrimony. Everybody said so, and everybody mostly hits the nail of other people's business right on the head when they take up the hammer of common-sense for the purpose.

Mary Glendower's mother was one of the few who differed from the view taken by everybody.

"Not foolish at all," she said, quite sharply to a dear friend who favoured her with a little wholesome advice on the subject of Mannie's engagement—yes,

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she had always been called Mannie from her cradle, though nobody knew exactly why—"not foolish at all. They're young, of course they're young, but there's nothing particularly foolish in that that I know of. I was married a year before I was Mannie's age, and I've always regretted that Valentine and I didn't marry at once instead of waiting a year to satisfy my parents."

"But Ralph Steer has no position," objected the friend.

"No more he has. Very few young men do have a position at twenty unless they're born to it," retorted Mrs. Glendower, promptly. "But Ralph has got a good start, and there are possibilities. A love affair is an excellent thing to spur a young man on to do what he might never attempt without some incentive. So you needn't condole with either Mannie or me, thank you, Mrs. Stewart; not yet awhile anyway. Mannie will stay at home and learn housekeeping, and by-and-bye you will see—you will see."

Mrs. Glendower's friend went away, feeling that with any other woman in the world she would have felt herself thoroughly snubbed.

As it was, however, she only thought, and said, that Mannie's mother was an arrant fool, and that pretty Mannie had utterly and completely thrown away her chances of making anything like a good and suitable settlement in life.

"And she *is* pretty," declared the recipient of Mrs. Stewart's confidences.

"Yes, Mannie is pretty," Mrs. Stewart admitted, "but it's a fragile, evanescent type of prettiness that won't last."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other, vaguely.

"But you will if you live long enough," retorted Mrs. Stewart. "If she marries she will probably get fat like her mother; if she stays single she'll be lean and hungry like her father."

"Oh, she's her father over again."

"Yes, she takes after him, and, of course, Valentine Glendower owes more than he knows to his looks."

"How so?"

"Well, he is the ideal of an artist in appearance. Silky, yellow hair that falls about his head in waves, long lithe limbs, white shapely hands, neat feet and a charming smile; a soft voice that can whisper a compliment on the spot to every sort and condition of women. Art such as his owes so much to externals. There's nothing in Valentine Glendower, it's all trick—a taking, flashy style, a bit of an old building, a stretch of snow, a cottage interior, something everyday or homely, but always done in a lurid, artificial light which makes most people think themselves clever in liking it and the few who know sick. It's just the same sort of thing that makes some people feel themselves smart to eat caviar or munch olives. And how much of it all does Valentine Glendower owe to his wife's studio teas, her flaming tea-gowns, and her well-stocked buffet to flank the tea-table? Far more than most people suspect or he would like to own to. By the way, did you hear that story about William Brown, the man who runs the art-class at Putney? No? Ah, it was rather funny. You know Valentine Glendower's way of taking himself with absolute seriousness, how difficult it is to get admission to the sacred studio unless all is prepared for a festive occasion and all the rest? Well, one day William Brown took two of his most promising lambs to see Glendower's pictures. 'But, surely, Mr. Glendower,' said one of them, pointing to a canvas, 'surely that effect is false?' 'Yes,' said Glendower, solemnly, 'it is false, but—the lie is beautiful!'"

"How clever," cried Mrs. Manningtree.

"Yes, and how like Valentine Glendower," rejoined her friend.

Still, it was all in the main true enough. Valentine Glendower was a man with a vogue, but not a great artist. He made a good income and spent it. There was no money with which to dower pretty daughters, and, what was more, everybody knew it. So when the Glendowers not only sanctioned but actually encouraged their elder girl's engagement to such a very young man as Ralph Steer, all their world thought and said that they were something more than foolish.

True, the young people themselves were very happy. Ralph Steer went everywhere that the Glendowers went. He gave Mannie a pretty engagement ring, a band of gold with a single diamond set in it like a dew-drop. It did not cost very much, and it looked very pretty on Mannie's slender hand, but it took all Ralph's spare cash for that quarter, leaving him nothing for odds and ends such as come

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into the expenditure of every young man during the course of the year.

"Now, you are never to give me one other bit of jewellery, Ralph," Mannie said, when he had put the ring on her finger, and she had kissed him for it. "Not at least until you are quite, quite well off. I love this"—looking at the ring—"because it makes you mine, but I want no more."

He congratulated himself on her goodness, and on the fact that she loved him for himself and not for what she could get out of him, and he faithfully kept his promise as regarded gifts of a similar kind. But he couldn't pass over her birthday without some little remembrance—what lover could?—or leave her without some little token at Christmas time, or on St. Valentine's Day, or on the anniversary of their betrothal. And so he used to send her a few flowers, or a case of scent, or half-a-dozen pairs of gloves, and, besides these, there were other little expenses connected with his engagement, and so slowly, almost imperceptibly, Ralph Steer got into a very mild and modest form of debt.

It was nothing serious, goodness knows, but when debts get at last to amount to as much as a quarter's income it is useless to think then of launching out into fresh expenses. And so the engagement went, in a kind of way, out of date, and no one who knew the Glendowers ever regarded it as being at all likely to come to any sort of fruition.

In his profession Ralph Steer did not by any means stand still. In his office he was looked upon as a steady young fellow, keen and alert in his work, afraid of nothing, and ready for any and every emergency. Over and over again he was sent away to different parts of the world on special missions, and his pay went up accordingly. But, alas! his debts always seemed to rise to precisely the same level, and the day which would transform Mannie Glendower into Mrs. Steer seemed as far off as ever.

She had other offers and chances. Once, when Ralph had gone to Berlin to do some great function for his paper, Mannie went north to pay a long-promised visit to an old school-fellow, and while she was there a man in the neighbourhood fell in love with her and proposed to her. Of course an explanation followed, and her admirer had no choice but to bow to the inevitable, which he did in the most manly, straightforward fashion.

"I shall never forget you, or cease to regret that I did not see you before the other fellow made his footing secure," he said, "but as I can't have you myself I hope you'll be happy and prosperous all your life."

Mannie Glendower, much touched by the magnanimity of her disappointed lover, confided the story to Ralph Steer when they met again. To her horror, however, he went off into a paroxysm of jealous wrath.

"How dare the follow propose to you," he fumed, "and then patronisingly wish you happiness when he found he couldn't have you!"

"O Ralph," she cried, "why, he didn't even know I was engaged."

"Don't you wear my ring when you're away?" he demanded.

"Ralph!" She was so much hurt that she made no attempt to answer his question.

Ralph Steer went passionately on: "I didn't mean that; but can't you understand how it maddens me to know that other fellows covet the prize I have won and can't take for myself? It's all the fault of my people, fooling away a heap in sending me to Harrow and Oxford when they might have spent it setting me up in business. I may have to keep on for years at this awful journalistic work before I get anything like an income that can keep you as you must be kept. It's heartbreaking—it's—it's—O Mannie, can't you understand how I feel to think I've ruined your life, that I stand between you and all the other men with money who could marry you to-morrow and give you everything you could wish?"

Mannie Glendower had grown white to her very lips. "Ralph," she said, "are you trying to make me understand that you want to be free? If you are don't hesitate, put it more plainly."

He turned and looked at her, then caught her to him with a cry of choking agony. "O Mannie, Mannie, do you *want* to give me up?" he cried, in an exceeding bitter voice.

She put out her hands with a gesture of infinite tenderness and drew his head down to her cheek. "Do I want to throw away my happiness, my life, my soul?" she asked.

He rested his cheek against hers with a relief that was almost pain. "The time

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has been so long, the prospects are so bare," he whispered. "Every time I come here, I feel more and more hopeless of ever being able to give you a home such as you are used to. I feel such a brute to hold you to your promise when I know that the best years of your life are going, and yet—yet I can't give you up, Mannie; I can't bring myself to shut the door on my happiness."

She held him close to her with an ineffable smile of protection and proud pity. "I would rather live in a garret with you, Ralph, than in a palace with any other man that ever I saw," she said softly. "If ever you *want* to give me up, say the word and I will not lift a finger to prevent you or to keep you. But till you do—nothing but your death shall step in between us."

II.

So the bond between Ralph Steer and Mannie Glendower was strengthened, and, as it were, made absolute. From that day there was no further talk between them of giving up, but when Mannie chanced to have another offer of marriage, and this time from one who knew Ralph Steer well, and thought he was treating the girl infamously, she kept the fact in her heart and did not even tell her mother what had happened. To Ralph himself she never breathed so much as a hint.

The years slipped by one after another until Ralph, like Jacob, had served seven years for Mannie. Alas, alas, the day of rejoicing seemed to be as far off as ever, for though Ralph had undeniably got on into a recognised position, he was no better able to keep a wife than he had been in the beginning. Another year went by, and yet another, and then there came a change. For the dogs of war were let loose in Africa, Gordon was at last to be avenged.

Then there was a sending to and fro in the haunts of great newspapers, and Ralph Steer, who had so long been faithful to his first channel of work, suddenly announced that he was leaving.

"You can't possibly leave us just now," said his chief. "I want you to take Wilson's place."

"I'm very sorry," said Ralph, firmly. "I asked you to send me out to the Greek business, and you told me then that I was quite unfitted for the work of a war correspondent. You gave Wilson the place I wanted, though I have worked and waited patiently for it."

"And you're going to the Soudan?"

"For the *Daily Post*," said Ralph, simply.

The chief screwed up his lips, though no sound came from between them. "Well, my dear fellow, I wish you well," he said cordially. "I confess you have surprised me."

So ended Ralph Steer's connection with the office in which he had served his apprenticeship—aye, and his journeyman's time in the often thankless profession of journalism—and his place there knew him no more.

From that time until his departure for the seat of war life was a drive and a bustle for him, and Mannie Glendower saw but little of him. "I have such a heap of things to do and to see to," he said to her one day about a week before he departed. "You mustn't think anything of my not coming. You see I've got a chance now, and everything depends on my making a hit this time. I shall be working for both of us, and you must help me by sparing me all you can."

"But you'll think of me, Ralph," she breathed, a sudden fear catching at her faithful heart.

"Yes, but I shall have to keep even my thoughts for the *Daily Post*," he said, smiling. "I'm going to make a hit this time, Mannie. All these years I've been working away on the *News*, they've been keeping me back, making a hack of me, though I didn't see it. It was that article I did for the *Mask* about the Greek business that got me this billet, and I don't mean to let the chance slip or to disappoint them. 'If you can write like that without having seen it,' the chief said to me, 'you're the man for us when there's anything like service on again. Consider yourself booked when we are sending a war correspondent elsewhere. I only wish we had had you for this Greek campaign.' It's hit or miss this time, Mannie, and I mean it to be hit."

How proud she was of him, how she choked back every qualm of fear, every feeling of regret, so that he might think of her as all that a war correspondent's sweetheart ought to be. If she cried her eyes out, as they say, it was under the safe shelter of the night, and to the safe confidence of her pillow. To the front

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"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?" HE ASKED IN THE SAME ROUGH TONE.

she was calm, serene, almost unmoved, and, when Ralph Steer had actually gone, life in the busy house at Kensington was as unruffled to all outward seeming as is the surface of a pool half-an-hour after a pebble has been dropped into it.

But I used a wrong word when I spoke of life in the Glendower establishment as being unruffled. I should have said that only inasmuch as Mannie's purely personal affairs were concerned. For during the past two or three years things had not gone as well with the popular painter as he could have wished. The market had been a good deal overstocked with rapidly done sketches, bearing a fantastic V.G. in the top left-hand corner. Other favourites had risen up and pushed the older ones somewhat out of place. The world was used to Valentine Glendower, and yet it expected just as much of him as ever.

For crowds had got into a habit of flocking to Mr. Glendower's tea-parties, and where once they had stood wrapped in admiration before his flashy pictures and lurid effects, they now remarked to one another and almost in his presence, that he had made the fatal mistake of going one better too often. Alack-a-day, neither Valentine Glendower nor any other can stay on the crest of the wave for ever!

So life was not as smooth as it had been for the Glendower family, and sometimes hints were thrown out that Mannie had thrown the best years of her life away, and that she would never be able to call back the days that had been laid waste, while Ralph Steer lived the life of a butterfly, and spent every farthing he made on himself. They had all got used to the ring on Mannie's left hand, and saw it as it was, no great matter of a ring, after all. Money was wanted, and wanted badly, for the boys—Gerald, who had gone on the stage, and made about thirty shillings a week, playing an exceedingly minor part which had to be dressed to a couple of thousand a year, and Geoffrey, who was following in his father's footsteps and studying art in the Quartier Latin. Then there was Constance, five years younger than Mannie, and not at all as pretty as Mannie had been. She had to have her chance, and somehow

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Constance did not seem to attract men of any kind. "How can I when there is always Mannie there?" she exclaimed pettishly one day to her mother. "Yes, I know Mannie is engaged, but it's the kind of engagement that makes men feel they're safe in carrying on anyhow."

"I must say that for Mannie, she never carries on," said Mrs. Glendower, in a judicial tone. "Of course, it is a bad thing that Mannie should be engaged so long, and I'm sure nobody feels that more than she does. She never has a penny extra for anything—in fact, I don't believe she spends all her allowance."

"It's a great disadvantage to a girl to have a dowdy elder sister," rapped out Constance. "If one were as lovely as Hebe, the men would only feel that after a bit one will grow like her."

"My dear," said Mrs. Glendower, wisely, "you'll never be half as pretty as Mannie was when she got engaged to Ralph Steer."

"As Mannie was," retorted Constance, tartly.

It need not be imagined that the usual atmosphere of the Glendowers' family was one of bickering and fault-finding. By no means. On the contrary, the force of habit had made it second nature to them all to cling together and be outwardly kind and forbearing one with another. It was only now and then that the deeper feelings came up to the surface and gave themselves expression in such a scrap of conversation as this. But the truth remained the same, the nine long years of waiting, of hoping almost against hope, of continual putting on of time, of pinching, and saving for a far distant day in the future, had made of pretty Mannie a mere dowdy. It is one of the saddest fates that can overtake any pretty woman.

Then a kind of thrill went through the world in which the Glendowers moved, and the name of Ralph Steer was on everyone's lips. For the *Daily Post* had got all the ripest fruit out of the war basket; the *Daily Post* was the most sought after by those who were keenly interested in the war news, and undeniably Ralph Steer was the man of the hour.

After leaving Cairo, Mannie never heard a word from him. "Don't expect me to write," he wrote to her. "Keep your eye on the *D.P.*, and take those letters as written to you. I am going to work for all I'm worth, and I want to be free of every obligation to write so much as a single line outside of the *D.P.* until this campaign is over."

It never occurred to Mannie to read this other than as it showed upon the surface. By right she was daily accorded the first sight of the *Daily Post*, and she read every word of Ralph Steer's with flushed face and beating heart exactly as she would have done had they been autograph letters addressed to herself. Then, when the newspaper had been the round of the household, she cut the war-letters out and pasted them in a small scrap-book which she had bought for the purpose. She was proud, and happy, and satisfied. Ralph had proved himself at last, and she was justified in her choice, she was rewarded for her constancy and for her time of waiting.

Then the war came to a brilliant end, and the home-coming of the wanderer was within measurable distance. Mannie, although the season was past and the Glendowers were taking their holiday in a shanty up the river, went the length of having a new frock in order that she might do honour to her hero. It was a blue frock, soft and clinging in material, just such a stuff as she had worn on the day when he had first asked her to wait for him. Perhaps some thread of romance had helped her choice, some idea that he would remember the past.

She did not wear it, although a whole week went by after it came home. She was saving it for him——

"Come out in the boat-house, Mannie," said the voice of her sister, breaking in upon her thoughts.

"All right," said Mannie.

It was early evening. The Glendowers had just finished dinner; the light had faded almost to darkness. The sisters stepped into the little craft, the younger taking the pair of light sculls while Mannie took the guiding-ropes.

"How lovely it is to-night," said Mannie.

"Shall we stop here a while?" asked Constance.

"Yes, do. Just look at the effect of that streak of moonlight on the water. Father ought to see it."

The younger sister was about to ask whether they had not better go back and fetch their father when a voice from the bank broke in on the stillness.

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"He has made a name that anyone would be proud of," it said.

"Yes, true," answered another speaker. "I suppose he will never look behind him now."

"I don't know. He's engaged, you know; he got entangled when he was very young to the daughter of that man who paints, Valentine Glendower."

Constance Glendower was within a hair's breadth of calling out when Mannie's hand fell like a vice upon her wrist and the fingers of the other hand were laid imperatively upon her lips.

"Oh, what a pity!" one of the voices went on.

"Yes, it is. Such a lot to be mixed up with. And she's such a dowdy, faded creature. I suppose, after waiting for him all these years, he will feel in honour bound that he must marry her."

"Still, it's a pity. Such a mistake when very young men get mixed up with the wrong set."

"Oh, there's nothing against the girl or her people, so far as that goes, but Ralph Steer could marry anybody now. If he could put the time back for her and not for himself, it would be all right. She used to be pretty enough, but she's very much the light of other days now."

The speakers passed on, and then Mannie turned to her sister.

"Let us go home," was all that she said.

"But, Mannie——" Constance flamed out.

"No, don't talk about it. I want to go home," said Mannie.

The next day Mannie's ring was missing from her hand. Constance Glendower's soul fairly raged within her, but she was afraid to speak. She saw by her anxious face that she had passed through a night of agony, and guessed that the ring had gone back to Ralph Steer as a token of freedom. So several days went by. Mannie was outwardly her own quiet self and Constance waited.

But not for long. On the tenth day, towards evening, Ralph Steer came, walking abruptly into the little drawing-room where Constance was playing to herself in the half-light.

"Where's Mannie?" he demanded, roughly, adding not a word of greeting to her.

"I think she's down by the river," Constance replied. Before she could add a word he had swung out by the open French window, down to the bit of walled terrace which guarded the garden from the river's brim.

Yes, Mannie was there, and Ralph Steer went straightway to her holding out a letter and something that twinkled pathetically in the waning light.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked in the same rough tone.

A great light blazed up in Mannie's eyes. "I—I——" she stammered.

"You're not changed?"

"Changed!" her voice rang out glad and triumphant, telling its own story in a single word.

"What does it mean, then?"

"I—I—heard somebody say something, Ralph. I felt it was true. You could marry anybody now," she said. "I was pretty once. I'm old and faded—and—and—dowdy——"

He caught her to him with a fierce, rough tenderness. "Thank God!" he said. "I thought you meant it. It almost killed me. Old—faded—dowdy—bah! you're the woman I love, the woman I've worked for, the woman who waited for me, the woman I've come back to. What a home-coming. Never play that trick on me again. Promise, Mannie, Promise."

[THE END.]

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A Drama in the Snow.

By FIONA MACLEOD.
Author of "The Mountain Lovers, etc."

ON the twelfth day of December, in one of the black years of the "eighties," the snow suddenly came in a compact mass across the North Sea. It was as though a whole continent of Polar vapour had swung southward, upborne by an Arctic tempest, and had been driven with undiminished frontiers against the cliffs of the Scottish coast, from the Ord of Sutherland to the Bowies o' Buchan. The great fall began an hour after mid-day, and almost without warning. The sun had risen clear, though there was a white light in the pale gold which suffused the south-east, and a glaring brightness in the blue even of the zenith. Shortly before noon an almost invisible web was spun northerly. By noon, west, north, and east were grey as an owl's wing.

Then, straight, dense, flake upon flake, so close that not a whirling gnat could have swept betwixt them, the snow-feathers fell. In a brief while the mountains, the hill-slopes, the straths, the glens, every machar, every field, every hidden copse or meadow-hollow, was covered. There was no wind, so there was no drift. The shepherds seldom let their gaze wander long from the north or north-east. If wind were to come, with all that snow unfallen and like to fall, there would be a crying of starving sheep, a belling of forlorn deer, the hill-sorrow everywhere, save for the hoodie-crow and the raven.

That night a long sighing breath came over the hills of Sutherland. For an hour or more there was no augmentation of this ominous sound. Then all at once a vast volume, a flood, an overwhelming sea of tumult resounded hollowly. A dull roaring held the mountains. Long before midnight there were scores of ewes dead on the upper slopes, drowned in dense compact snow. By dawn—if that could be called dawn which was a slight greying of a dusk—hundreds of sheep were dead or dying in the drifts. Already a universal decrescent movement had begun among the deer. In a few hill-byres the wild creatures sought shelter.

The wind sustained its devastating course until noon. For a few hours thereafter it lapsed. The snow, however, never for a moment ceased to fall, nor could any man say that in this or in that hour the downcome was less dense than before, less insistent.

For three days and three nights without a break the white flood poured upon the land. In many places the tallest man could not have held a hand above the surface. Everywhere the folk of the hills and glens were exiles from their fellows. There was not a laird who did not suffer, not a farmer who did not bewail his bitter ill, not a crofter who did not pray to God to be merciful. Sheep perished by hundreds daily. Deer and wild birds were seen in village streets, in farm-steadings, in sheltered graveyards. In Monalee Kirk, up in the wild hills beyond Strathgask, the belling of a stag was heard. The beast was found there a month later, with his horns tangled in the pulpit stairs.

From the third day there were frequent lapses, sometimes long lapses, in the storm. But no thaw came, and intermittently the snow fell, now for an hour or two, now for many hours, occasionally throughout a whole day or night. When two weeks were passed, Christmas was come. It is told to this day, in Sutherland and Ross, how on that Christmas—*am Nollaig-Dhu*, the Black Christmas, as it is still called—not a bell was tolled in any kirk in the hill-country. The kirks were there, but there were no roads, no paths, no wayfarers. The whole land was submerged in a white silence.

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Here and there a few places were slightly favoured. A river-way was feasible now and again ; or a frozen loch was available, with the black ice-path shelved through high walls of snow.

It was thus at Monalee. The folk in the hamlet of Ballingask, at the south end of Loch Monadh, could communicate with their neighbours in Monalee, at the north end. Loch Monadh, though never half a mile broad, and, as a homing crow flies, not more than three miles in length, curves its narrow, tortuous way for seven miles. In the mile and a-half straight between the precipices of Ben Monadh and Maol Gask it is scarcely more than a hundred yards wide.

Christmastide had begun, however, before the men at Ballingask and Monalee cleared a path along the seven-mile reach of the loch. Once the ice-way was made throughout, it was easy for the laddies of the two hamlets to sweep it clear after any sudden fall. Nowhere was the path wider than two yards, and for much of its length a yard width was all that had been made. A skater by night, therefore, and particularly when the mists were abroad, had need to go warily.

Few persons, however, whether on foot or on skates, cared for that long lonely journey. The deathly cold from the walls of snow, from six to ten feet in height, was alone enough to daunt most would-be wayfarers. Moreover, a rumour had spread from croft to croft, from cottage to cottage, that the Grey Woman had been seen more than once, now in the rocky graveyard of Monalee, now on the ice-way on Loch Monadh itself.

No one could give a quite authentic account of the Grey Woman. Some said that she was a spirit, the ghost of a woman who had been foully slain in bygone days ; others, that she was a Cailleach, a witch of the hills ; a few, that she was a demon, allied to the kelpie, a demon born of the snow ; and one or two old people maintained that the ancient wisdom must be right, and that she was the Banamortair of Ben Monadh, the murderess of the hills—to meet whom was to court death by strangulation, or in some other horrible guise. She had not been seen for nearly a generation ; but now she was come again, it was said.

On the night before Christmas, Ulric Cameron thought of this uncanny tale, and not without a shiver. It had been a dark, lowering day, with an occasional slight snowfall, but windless, and heavily oppressive, with a peculiar gloom. Since morning the young man had moved to and fro in silence. There were few other thoughts in his mind save those which turned upon Margaret Ruthven and their love for each other, and how they were that night to meet by the old tower at the lonely north-east end of Loch Monadh.

The more he thought of the maze of love into which they had fallen, the more he feared some mischance in the fulfilment of their plans. That he, the son of Sir Kenneth Cameron, of Achnagair, should mate with the daughter of Alexander Ruthven, the laird of Monalee, might well have seemed an appropriate union, were it not that Achnagair was an impoverished estate, and that General Sir Kenneth Cameron had very limited means beyond his official pay, while "Monalee" was one of the richest commoners in the northern counties. Moreover, the widowed Earl of Mongarry wished to wed Margaret Ruthven, and her father had set his heart on the match, notwithstanding the girl's dislike of their heavy-featured, heavy-handed, and heavy-minded neighbour, a man of more than double her age, and about whose name was an odour of ill deeds. True, this repute belonged rather to his past than to his present ; yet no one, except one so selfish and blinded as Alexander Ruthven, could have wished to see united so fresh and sweet a girl as Margaret and so commonplace a wreck of true manhood as Lord Mongarry.

These, and other circumstances involved, placed Ulric and Margaret in a sufficiently difficult position. But to add to it, there was an unexpected complication. Catherine Ruthven, Margaret's cousin and housemate—as dark as she was fair, and with a proud look on her handsome features that was often mistaken for beauty—happened likewise to love Ulric. Always a repressed, and even a bitter, nature, she had concentrated all her force of will upon the gaining of his love in return. When she perceived that her hopes were in vain, and that Ulric Cameron unquestionably loved Margaret, she did not relinquish her quest, but changed her tactics. For, as she knew, she had one weapon which was all the more likely to be effective from the fact that it was, then at least, invisible to the two whose happiness it menaced. James

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Ruthven, cousin both to her and to Margaret, the son of Robert Ruthven, the minister of Strathgask, also loved Margaret. With this secret knowledge she realised that she might possibly be able to bring about her own ends; for, rightly or wrongly, she was convinced that Margaret cared for, rather than loved, Ulric.

But as spring grew into summer, and summer waned into autumn, what had been kept secret was made clear. To Ulric himself there was no longer any uncertainty. When, at the gathering in the glens at Martinmas, Mr. Ruthven had spoken to him, and added that he would never consent to the marriage, and that Margaret was destined for marriage with Lord Mongarry, he knew well that "Monalee" had been put on his guard by Catherine.

When by midwinter all else had failed he and Margaret had made up their minds to tempt circumstances no longer. They were to meet on Christmas Eve, and then definitely arrange how and when to escape southward together. The endeavour, as Ulric knew, might well prove to be futile, did the snow spell hold. There was no traffic anywhere in the north, and for twenty miles south of Ballingask there was not an available path, save a narrow footpath along which a flight such as they projected would be impracticable.

When the morning of the 24th broke, there were signs of a thaw. Long before noon, however, these had vanished, though the day remained dull and heavy.

Ulric had left Achnagair in the late afternoon, in order to pass his hour or two of suspense at the house of Roy McLean, an ex-keeper on his father's impoverished estate. Roy's cottage was on the loch side, away from the village, and it would be easy to skate thence without being seen of anyone in Ballingask.

In this he felt sure he was successful, when, in the early evening and in a cloudy darkness, he emerged from the comfortable peat-glow of Roy's hearth into the cold blackness. The transient thaw had added to the chill breath of the snow, and the night air was piercingly cold. He was glad, having first slipped on his skates and muttered a good-bye to Roy McLean, and then moved cautiously through the reeds, to glide swiftly along the cleared ice-path which led to the main way across the loch from Ballingask to Monalee.

Although there was no light from moon or star, and the blackness overhead was intense, there was a wan gleam from the snow. Ulric at first could not see the ice at his feet, though he could discern the filmy white walls which closed him in; but as his eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity he found he could see clearly enough to enable him to double his speed.

About a mile and a half from the bend which hid Ballingask he had a bad fall. The way seemed clear, and he was skating with a long swinging glide, when simultaneously he felt a pain above the ankles like a sudden burn and was precipitated head foremost upon the ice.

Half-stunned, he lay for a few moments inert. Then, aching and chilled, he staggered to his feet, and looked for the loose branch or frozen snag which had upset him. Nothing was visible. He was about to move onward, under the impression that his fall was due to some little cleft in the ice, when he remembered the stinging pain. Puzzled, he stopped, slipped a box from his belt-pouch, and lit a match.

A yard or two away lay the broken end of a piece of cord. Clearly, it had been drawn across the path, and must have been fastened securely at either end. Following that which he held, Ulric speedily discovered that it was knotted to a stout alder embedded in the snow. Although he could not find the other half of the cord, a brief examination revealed that on the other side was another stunted tree. He knew now where he was; a little island locally called Heronshaw.

That the cord had been drawn taut, and left in that state for a definite end, was unmistakable. What could this end be, he wondered, and who was the person?

A vague uneasiness possessed him. And yet, he muttered, was it not the most likely thing that the cord had been put there by a poacher, perhaps by a crofter eager to intercept a deer?

However, as the problem was not one to be solved then and there, particularly as there was not a sign of anyone, nor even a trace of the missing part of the cord, Ulric decided to waste no more time. He still felt somewhat dazed and stiff from his bad fall, but motion helped him, and in a brief while he glided along as swiftly and easily as before.

He had skated not more than three or four hundred yards when abruptly he

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lessened his speed, and swung slowly round, to stand poised and intent.

Surely, he thought, that was the sound of skates he had heard, and not far behind him. Now, when he listened, he could hear nothing; and yet could ears so keen and trained as his be mistaken in a sound so peculiar?

For at least three minutes he stood motionless. There was not a sound in the black night. Not even a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the white walls which banked the narrow ice-path in its seven-mile course.

Stooping, he laid his head close to the ice. There was not the faintest vibration.

Convinced at last that he had been mistaken, he slowly moved on his way once more. In a few seconds he was round another bend, and so even a fairly audible sound behind him would now be deadened. Realising this, and that he need no longer listen for what, after all, was probably imaginary, he gave way to his impatience and sped onward.

The third, fourth, and fifth miles were passed; always in the same frozen silence.

It was in the sixth mile that once again Ulric was startled by the sound of following feet—the sound of a skater at no great distance behind.

This time there could be no mistake. True, the bend in the snow-walls that at that moment intervened deadened for a moment the rhythmic sighing sound, but when Ulric stood still and listened intently he could hear the thin crackling vibrate along the sensitive ice.

Who could it be, he wondered? Was it, as was probable, someone bound for Monalee on some urgent errand? or, perchance, was he pursued, and if so, by whom?

While he was still pondering, his strained ears caught the sound of motion beyond him. Yes, another wayfarer was abroad, despite the terrible darkness, in that desolate place; but one who walked, who did not skate. Could it possibly be Margaret? No; they were to meet at a spot called Forest Cross, a short distance to the eastward of Monalee, and some three hundred yards inland from the loch; moreover, yet another hour would elapse before the meeting was due.

Nevertheless, his heart beat when, a vague whiteness in the dark, a woman's figure came stealthily out of the night.

The spot at which he had stopped was at a curve where the rocky wooded shore lay sheer above the water. A great boulder leant forward, so that under its protruded bulk there was shelter. In this cavernous hollow Ulric had lain down, glad to find that, though not a yard from the ice, he would be invisible to any passer-by, while through the tangled mass of frozen reed and bracken he was himself able to see as clearly as the darkness would permit.

When first he caught a shadowy glimpse of a woman's figure he almost betrayed himself. Margaret's name sprang to his lips, and it was with an effort that he checked himself. As it was, a slight sound escaped him.

The woman stopped abruptly. It was impossible to see who she was, or if young or old; scarcely even if tall or short, for she was but a dusky haze against the wan gleam of the snow.

The thought of the terrible Banamortair made him shiver. Was it she indeed, to meet whom was certain death? Rumour had been busy of late with that terrible legend. Had not even Roy McLean that very gloaming alluded to the Grey Woman with credulous awe? Had he not spoken of her as having been seen a month ago by Alpin McRurie, the shepherd, who had been found dead in the snow three days later? And what of the awful fate of Peter Strachan, the blind fiddler? The doctor and the minister at Ballingask declared that the man had perished of an apoplexy, induced by drink and after-exposure; but had he not all the appearance of having been strangled, and, too, had he not boasted that very day that he had heard the Banamortair laughing among the pines of Alltnagask, and that he had laughed back, he not caring a straw for any witch or bogie that ever lived?

Whatever it was, she appeared to have been startled by the sound she had heard. She moved close to a snow-wall, and became almost invisible; the utmost that Ulric could see was a faint shadowy obscurity, scarce distinguishable even to eyes that knew what to look for.

Doubtless she too had now heard the sound of someone rapidly approaching.

The skater came on with a long swinging rhythm that was clearly audible. If, indeed, he did pursue Ulric Cameron, he must have believed he was out of earshot, or else he no longer cared.

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A slight confusion even in the blackness of the night made Ulric peer anxiously this way and that. A few cold flakes on his face made him understand why he could no longer see even the ice-track a yard to two away. The snow had begun to fall again.

Perhaps for the same reason, the skater missed the track at the bend and came into collision with the snow-wall. With a dull thud he fell. Then slowly, and as though in pain, he rose.

Had he caught sight of the Grey Woman, Ulric wondered, for the man now remained perfectly still, and appeared to await someone or something.

It was impossible for Ulric to see anything. In front of the hollow where he lay a momentary wan shimmer passed continuously through the blackness. The snowfall made the darkness doubly, confusedly dark.

At last the new-comer moved slowly forward. In a low voice he asked if anyone were there. There was no answer. Again he spoke. This time his voice struck Ulric as vaguely familiar. Surely, he thought, it was that of James Ruthven!

Abruptly the man gave way, and began to glide rapidly forward; but with still greater suddenness he sprang to one side, with a hoarse cry.

Instinctively Ulric rose. Stealthily he moved out of the bend of the boulder, and stood among the frozen reeds by the ice-edge.

"Is that you, Ulric Cameron?"

Amazed beyond words, Ulric remained silent, stricken speechless. Not only was he thus mysteriously addressed by an invisible speaker, but the voice was that of a woman, and, unless he were dreaming, the voice of Catherine Ruthven!

But if he were bewildered by this unexpected summons, he was still more mystified when a response came, a few yards from where he stood.

"Yes."

That was all. But what did it mean? Who was this who simulated Ulric Cameron, and to what end?

Whether it was that the snowfall had ceased, or that a few stars emitted a faint gleam, it was now possible to see further and with a certain definiteness.

From where he stood Ulric could discern the figure of the man whose following steps had so perturbed him. He could not see who he was, but, bearing in remembrance the voice he had heard, he did not doubt that the skater was James Ruthven. But if so, why had he answered that he was Ulric Cameron?

Again the woman's voice broke the stillness, and again it sounded to him as that of Catherine Ruthven.

"You are going to meet Margaret?"

For a moment Ulric hoped there would be no response, but the next moment a muffled voice spoke.

"Yes."

He caught a momentary shadowy glimpse of the skater as he moved forward. But after that he heard nothing, saw nothing.

Figures, voices, both disappeared as absolutely as though they had never been. At first he listened intently, and strained his eyes to pierce the darkness, but without avail. Once, for a second, he fancied he heard a rustling sound a long distance away. When he listened again it was gone, if it had ever existed.

Minute after minute elapsed; five minutes, ten, twenty. Still there was no sign, not a sound.

Startled by a sudden thought, he lit a match in the hollow of his hand, and glanced at his watch. It was just possible he had slept and dreamt it all. But no; the evidence of the watch disproved any such idea.

Till half an hour had passed he waited with anxious patience. Then, dreading to be late for his perilous appointment with Margaret, he moved on to the ice-path, feeling more assured as soon as he heard the crackle of his skates.

Once only was he alarmed, and that was a few minutes after he had begun to glide steadily forward. For a moment he imagined that someone had moaned—a low dull moan, like that of a deer stricken to death and dying solitary. It was so profoundly dark that he could discern nothing. He stopped, peered about him, even felt here and there along the snow-walls. Nowhere could he find any trace of a creature in the rude hummocks into which the snow had there been thrown.

For the first time he was conscious of genuine fear—fear of he knew not what. Almost before he realised what he was doing he swung forward at full speed.

Flying along the ice as he was, it was difficult for him to perceive any object, even if strongly outlined against the

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snow-wall; but once he shuddered, for he thought he passed the Grey Woman herself!

Thereafter he scarce drew breath till he reached the end of the loch. The few red lights which showed where Monalee clustered comforted him unspeakably. As swiftly as was possible he unfastened his skates, hid them in the cranny of a tree he knew well, and, after some vain searching, having found the path which led to Forest Cross, disappeared into the double darkness of the wood.

With what joy it was that at last he found Margaret in his arms! to know her safely there, and ready to hazard all! What had seemed to be infeasible was now feasible. If they could make their way through the wood from Forest Cross to Meldunn they would emerge upon Loch-na-Roid, across which Roy McLean and one or two friends had, during the last week or more, cleared a path. Five miles upon Loch-na-Roid would bring them to Innerbruay, a village upon the King's highway, now at last open after weeks of isolation.

One question only Ulric had asked, that had surprised Margaret. This was about Catherine. Where was she? Had she any knowledge of this secret meeting? Had she left the house?

To this she could reply only by negatives. So far as she knew, Catherine was at that moment in her room.

. . . . . .

An abrupt ending! Yes. But what need to say more than can be told in a few words?

Ulric and Margaret made their way in safety through the dark wood and the blackness of the night; in safety they reached Innerbruay, and thence to the town where they were made husband and wife. As all who know their story are aware, this runaway match proved to be one of the happy romances of the world. Not only was their own joy assured, but even stern Alexander Ruthven was won to forgiveness—partly, no doubt, because Lord Mongarry consoled himself elsewhere.

But what of the tragedy—what of the tragic drama of that night?

No one knows the exact truth. To this day no one has associated the terrible death of James Ruthven, whose strangled body was found in the snow on Christmas morning, with any human creature; no one, except Ulric Cameron—who knows that Catherine Ruthven will never meet him again, will never again look him in the eyes.

Throughout Strathgask and all that desolate region it is held as irrefutable that James Ruthven was the victim of the Grey Woman, the terrible Banamortair of the hills. He was the third victim, it was averred; so she would not come again for a generation.

That he had been strangled was unmistakable, and that swiftly and surely. But there was not a shadow of evidence against anyone, nor did a breath of suspicion rest on any innocent person. From the southernmost glen watered by Monalee Water to the wild shores of Cape Wrath no other version of his death was accepted than that which attributed the tragedy to the agency of the Grey Woman. Even when, a month or two later Catherine Ruthven left her home abruptly, and was never seen in the neighbourhood again, there was no tongue busy with her name.

Only Ulric Cameron knew that he had seen the Grey Woman in very truth, more terrible in his eyes than any legendary phantom; and only Ulric Cameron knew that the victim of that unforgettable Christmas Eve was meant to be—Ulric Cameron.

By what strange fatality the tragedy had been wrought otherwise than was intended he could never know. Another had paid with his life for possibly an innocent heedlessness; and the murderer was free.

But is there any freedom for one who has taken life in murderous hate? Is there not a more dreadful Nemesis in Time than in the bitter law of man, or in the old Scriptural requirement that a life shall pay for a life? There is a life more terrible than death.

[THE END.]

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Princesses of Wales.

By LAURA A. SMITH.

NO consummation to that world-wide tour round the British dominions by our King's son and his beloved consort could be so fitting, or appeal so strongly to the hearts of the people, as the bestowal on them of the titles of Prince and Princess of Wales.

These titles are regarded with special affection by Britons the world over, because of the loyalty and love which we feel for the royal and gracious pair who so long bore them—our King and Queen.

The name "Princess of Wales" is associated in our minds with all that is brightest and most endearing in the Royal Family, owing to the personal charm of Queen Alexandra, and in the "Princess May," as we knew her in her younger days, we have another Royal lady who has completely won the hearts of the people, and whose popularity as Princess of Wales is assured.

In this connection it is interesting to cast a retrospective glance at those ladies who have borne this title. Strange to say, there have only been seven previous to our present Princess of Wales, and in several cases the dignified position of wife of the Prince of Wales has only been a very temporary distinction, and the lives of three or four of them have been full of sorrow and of tragedy.

The love affairs of that renowned warrior, Edward the Black Prince, seemed to be fated, for extraordinary accidents constantly occurred to

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

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prevent the realisation of any of his matrimonial schemes. Possibly the truth was that he had for several years been passionately in love with his beautiful cousin, Joanna, the Fair Maid o' Kent, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent. This lady had in her infancy been wedded to the Earl of Salisbury, but after her divorce she remained unmarried until she was twenty-five, when, finding that neither King Edward nor his Queen Philippa were likely to consent to her union with their son, she gave her hand to Sir Thomas Holland. Queen Philippa had a very poor opinion of this Kentish beauty, hence her objection to her as a daughter-in-law, and her determined effort to keep the Prince out of the way of her fascinations.

Time went on and still Edward, Prince of Wales, remained a bachelor for the sake of his fair cousin of Kent.

Eventually the King and Queen withdrew their opposition, although Queen Philippa still deemed her unworthy of her son, and also because of the nearness of kin and the Prince's having formed a still stronger relationship with her, according to the laws of the Roman Catholic Church, by becoming sponsor to her two sons, and having held them in his arms at the baptismal font. The marriage was solemnised at Windsor Chapel on October 10th, 1361, after which the King gave over the Duchy of Aquitaine to his son, and he and his long-waited-for bride set off for that territory.

But before long the Black Prince was taken ill in Gascony with a pining decay, and he never lived to come to the throne, whilst his beautiful Princess died of a broken heart. Their only child was Richard II., known as Richard of Bordeaux, the most poetical and musical of kings, born in sunny Provence, and nurtured midst the luxurious surroundings of that beautiful land of the Troubadours. When he married his first Queen, Anne of Bohemia, his mother Joanna, Princess of Wales, had great influence over her, and, indeed, over Richard too, and this influence she used to ensure the safety of Wickliffe, whose convert she was.

The murder of Lord Stafford by Joanna's son (the King's half-brother), John Holland, eventually caused her death. She pleaded vainly with Richard to spare his half-brother, the murderer, and, finally worn out with grief, she died at the Castle of Wallingford.

Anne of Warwick, subsequently the Queen of Richard III., was the second Princess of Wales and one of the most unhappy bearers of the title. Very brief was the wedded life of Anne and Prince Edward of Lancaster, for they were married in the August of 1470 at Angers, and the nineteen-year-old Prince fell at the Battle of Tewkesbury on May 4th, 1471. Under the stately towers of the Abbey there this ill-fated Prince of Wales was buried, and his resting-place marked by a tombstone of grey marble said to have been placed there by Anne. This poor young Prince and Princess of Wales were devoted to each other, and theirs is probably one of the saddest stories of the Plantaganet days.

Anne was the daughter of Anne, Countess of Warwick, and she was one of that unfortunate party of Royal ladies who had to take refuge in the Convent of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, during the reverses of the Lancastrian party. After her mother-in-law, Margaret of Anjou, had been taken to the Tower, the widowed Princess of Wales hid from her abhorred cousin Richard of Gloucester. She disguised herself as a servant, and for nearly two years she lived in a mean house in London, where Richard eventually found her.

Immediately after his discovery he placed her in the Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand. From there she was removed to the Archbishop of York's care, he being her uncle and a good friend to the unfortunate Princess. All this time Anne refused to listen to her cousin, the hated Gloucester, but in 1473 she married him, compelled by his constant persecutions. She went to live at Middleham Castle, where her son Edward was born, the only consolation which this poor lady ever had from this union with her venomous hunchback husband. Many a time, when shut up in this dreary Yorkshire house, did Anne's thoughts turn to her all too brief life with her dearly loved husband Edward, Prince of Wales. Her little son was created Prince of Wales the same day that she and the King were crowned. Later, when the sovereigns were recrowned at York Cathedral Anne walked through the narrow streets of the city holding little Edward by the hand. He wore the demi-crown of the heir apparent.

The death of this idolised child in 1484 was the forerunner of the Queen's own

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end, and she died at Westminster Palace in 1485 in the midst of a terrible eclipse of the sun. "No memorial," says Agnes Strickland, "marks the spot where the broken heart of the hapless Anne of Warwick found rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded into the brief space of thirty-one years."

The first wife of Henry VIII. is not often thought of in the *rôle* of Princess of Wales, but hers perhaps was one of the most interesting tenures of this Royal womanly dignity. Her husband was, of course, Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII. She was the daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon and of Donna Isabel, Queen of Castille, and Erasmus tells us "she was imbued with learning by the care of her illustrious mother from her infant years."

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

In 1497 she was betrothed to the Prince of Wales, the correspondence which was carried on between the lovers being in Latin and under the strict surveillance of the tutors, preceptors, confessors, bishops, lady-governesses and lord-governors, who were on duty at the Alhambra and at Ludlow Castle. The letters were of course much what might be expected from young people of the ages of Katharine and Arthur. Here is a specimen from the latter:—

> have read the sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me from which I easily perceived your most entire love for me. Truly those letters traced by your own hand have so delighted me and made me so cheerful and jocund that I fancied I beheld your Highness and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I feel to see your Highness and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming.

This letter is inscribed "To the most illustrious and excellent Princess the Lady Katharine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, and my most entirely beloved spouse."

It was not until 1501 that the Infanta set off from Grenada for England, where a very loyal reception awaited her amongst the people she was destined later to have as subjects. The King and Prince Arthur set out to meet the bride, and when she got near the plains (probably the Downs) they could see a party of Spanish cavaliers pacing over them in very solemn state. Their errand was to forbid the approach of the bridegroom and his father to the presence of the Infanta, for according to Moorish etiquette she was not to be looked upon by her betrothed until she met him at the altar. There was of course much consternation at this, and King Henry raised objections in true British fashion. Calling those nobles who formed his Privy Council round him, the English Soverign propounded his dilemma to them in spite of the heavy rain which was falling.

In wordy harangue came the Council's opinion, and it was to the effect that the

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Spanish Infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, *he might look at her if he liked.* Leaving the Prince on the Downs the King went to Dogmersfield, where the Infanta was, and great consternation prevailed when he demanded to see her. The Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber, they said, but Henry's answer was, if she were even in her bed he meant to see her, and to speak with her. He succeeded in doing so, but an interpreter had to assist at the interview, which was however most satisfactory.

ANNE, PRINCESS OF WALES.
Bride of Prince Edward of Lancaster, and afterwards Queen of Richard III.

The King sent for the Prince, and after supper the Infanta and her ladies, calling for their minstrels, danced for the amusement of their English guests. Prince Arthur was not able to follow the fantastic terpsichorean measures of the Spanish ladies, but, not to be outdone, he took the Lady Guildford, his sister's governess, and "danced with her right pleasantly and honourably." The Infanta's entry into London was, of course, marked with much rejoicing. She wore a coif of carnation colour, and her rich auburn hair streamed over her shoulders.

The marriage, which took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, was one of the most gorgeous pageants which graced the Court of Henry VII. Edward the Fourth's daughter, the widow of Lord Wells, was her train-bearer, the train being of white satin; indeed the descriptions given in the old Chronicles of the "goodly and *costious* apparel" worn that day are quite bewildering. Strange to say, it was the young Duke of York, afterwards Henry VIII., who led the Infanta from the Bishop's Palace to St. Paul's. The sixteen-year-old bride was inclined to be very sad when her Spanish attendants left her, but King Henry took her to his library where he entertained her with his books, and where he had brought a jeweller from whom she was told to select jewels at her pleasure.

The young Prince and Princess left for Ludlow Castle after the marriage, and here they kept up a miniature Court, modelled on that at Westminster. Ludlow Castle had been repaired by Edward IV. as the Palace of the Princes of Wales, and to serve as the appointed place for meeting his deputies, the Lords Presidents, who held in it the Court of the Marches, for transacting the business of the Principality.

Prince Arthur and his bride were deservedly popular at Ludlow, but their happiness was of short duration, for he died of the plague in 1502.

The troubles of the Princess of Wales seemed to begin from the day she lost her young husband. She came at her mother-in-law's request back to London, in a black velvet lined litter with valances of black cloth, and took up her abode at the country palace of Croydon, her time being divided between here and Arragon House, Twickenham.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.
[The wife, first of Prince Arthur, then of Henry VIII.

Henry VII. soon began to torment her with proposals of marriage with her brother-in-law, the Duke of York, or rather Prince of Wales, as he had then become, the King's real object being to retain the

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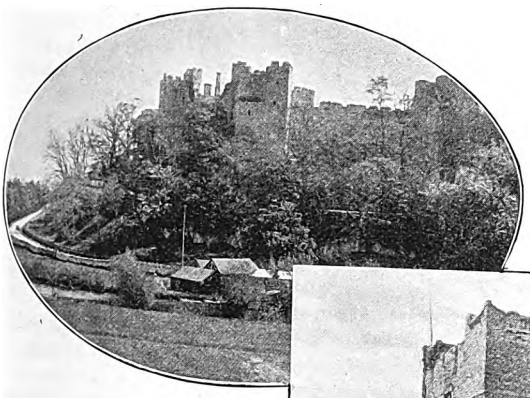
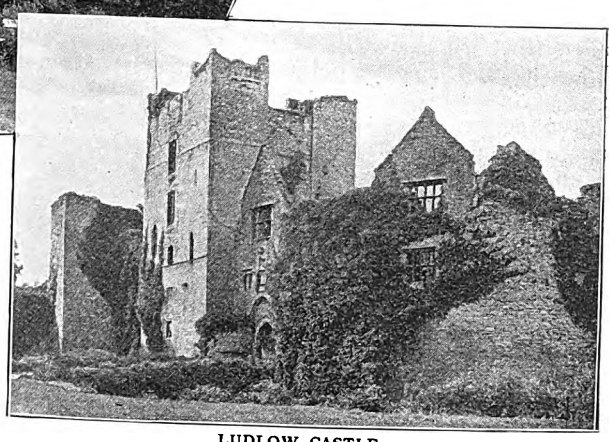
Spanish Princess's marriage portion in the family. The betrothal took place on June 25th, 1504, at the Bishop of Salisbury's house in Fleet-street. Unfortunately for Katharine her mother, Queen Isabel of Castille, died about this time, and she was left between the tender mercies of two crafty potentates, her father Ferdinand, and Henry VII.

She was kept in poverty, often lacking suitable and even necessary clothing; she had no Spanish confessor, and, worst fate of all, the proximity of her home at Twickenham to the river caused her to suffer constantly with the type of malarial fever then prevalent.

Henry VII. declared that Ferdinand had never paid in full the marriage portion agreed upon for the Infanta, and he visited this omission of the father's upon the daughter in the most cowardly way, depriving her of much, and even intercepting her letters to her father and sister. These letters were generally endorsed, "From the Lady Princess of Wales."

Space fails us to continue this sketch of the career of this most interesting Princess of Wales. Her marriage with Henry VIII. and her subsequent career and tragic end as the wife of that monster of infidelity are only too well known. It was certainly an evil day for Katharine when the pomegranite of the South was blended with the roses of York and Lancaster, and the scarlet fruit of the Tudor hawthorn.





LUDLOW CASTLE.
Where the early Princes of Wales held their Court.
Photos by Jones, Son, & Harper, Ludlow.

We have a long interval—200 years—before there is another Princess of Wales to take note of, and then we find her in Caroline of Anspach, the wife of Prince George, afterwards George II., who, as Prince of Wales, was constantly at feud with his father. George I. attributed much of his son's rebellion to the influence of his clever daughter-in-law, who, though the intrigues at this Court would fill volumes, was enabled to steer her course through them. She was undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the Georgian royal ladies, being exceptionally brilliant and witty.

The next Princess of Wales was the daughter of the Elector of Saxony, Frederick II., Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the wife of Prince Frederick, son of George II. and Caroline. Of her Horace Walpole wrote "She has never said a foolish thing, or done a disobliging one since her arrival, though often placed in very difficult situations." Unfortunately, differences between the King and Queen, and her husband, Frederick, Prince of Wales, marred the Court life of this Princess, who had undoubtedly great ascendancy over him, and, had there been less interference at the time, there would probably have been a happier life—short as it was—to record of this Prince and Princess of Wales.

The death of the Prince, from pleurisy and a wound from a blow of a tennis ball, was a great grief to Princess Augusta,

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and she stayed four hours in his room after he had breathed his last before she could be convinced that he was gone. The King was very kind and attentive to his daughter-in-law in her widowed state, but in many ways she frustrated his ambitions concerning her son George, and finally the episode of Lord Bute and her projects for the young Prince of Wales leave but little room to doubt the deceptive course which her Royal Highness assumed.

The Dowager Princess of Wales—as Prince Frederick's widow was always termed—is the only instance of a Princess of Wales having been appointed Regent. She was, of course, subject to the control of a council composed of the Duke of Cumberland and nine other officers of State. She died in February of 1772.

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, PRINCESS OF WALES.
Consort of George IV.

Our King was said to have fallen in love with the sweet face of the Danish Princess from a photograph which was accidentally shown to him. The husband of the Princess of Brunswick, as the consort of George IV. was called, had his first glowing impressions of her beauty verbally depicted for him by the Duke of Clarence. That this marriage proved a most unfortunate one is ever to be regretted but it would seem a little ungracious to revert to that in the course of this paper which has to touch upon so much that is happier.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales and the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick took place in April, 1795, he being thirty-two years of age and she twenty-three.

The Princess sailed from Cuxhaven in the *Juno*, and after a week's voyage she landed at Greenwich Hospital. The carriage was escorted by a small detachment of the Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons, and the fair young stranger met with the heartiest of welcomes all the way from there to St. James's Palace. The Princess was introduced into her apartments overlooking Cleveland Row, and after resting a little while she went to the window, and her appearance was the signal for some enthusiastic cheering on the part of the spectators who had assembled to catch a glimpse of the bride-elect. Presently the Prince of Wales arrived from Carlton House. He was introduced by Lord Malmesbury, but in spite of his usual *savoir faire* and much vaunted manners, the first gentleman in Europe was strangely agitated. He wore the Hussar uniform

PRINCESS AUGUSTA IN HER ROBES AS REGENT.
The only Princess of Wales who held the office.

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and looked remarkably well.

Shortly before 5 o'clock, dinner was served, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Harvey-Aston, Lord Malmesbury and others joining the Royal party. Outside, the crowd still waited patiently, hoping for another sight of the Princess, but the Prince went forward to excuse her on the score of fatigue, and the fear of her taking cold.

The next day the marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the ceremony. Supper at Buckingham House finished the day's proceedings.

AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES.
Wife of Prince Frederick, son of George II.

From the moment of her arrival in England, the Princess of Wales set the fashions. She was very graceful and always beautifully dressed, and all feminine London—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, all feminine England—sought to imitate the modes introduced by the Brunswick Royal lady.

But though life opened for her so auspiciously, the poor Princess was destined to endure years of suffering both as Princess of Wales and Queen Consort, and the indignities to which the unhappy Royal lady was subjected, the calumnies circulated about her, are all so many blots on the pages of English history which nothing can efface.

In her retirement at Shooter's Hill, one of her favourite amusements was gardening, and it may be news to many of our readers to know that Her Royal Highness cultivated numbers of vegetables and much fruit, which she sold to the London markets, the proceeds going towards the various expenses she contracted for her charitable work. The Princess was also a capable performer on the harpsichord and a clever needlewoman. So, in these womanly pursuits the second lady in the land passed her time, and we are brought to the advent of the seventh Princess of Wales—Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie of Denmark.

CAROLINE, WHEN QUEEN OF GEORGE IV.

The English Press and periodical literature have long since exhausted every detail of our Queen's life and personality, but we love to go on reiterating the goodness, the charm of manner, the beautiful presence and the ever-present sympathy of her who will assuredly go down to posterity as the good and beautiful Princess of Wales.

LAURA A. SMITH.

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The Romance of the Christmas Card.

By ARTHUR WELBY.

CHRISTMAS has many allies who do his work right well, but none more true has he than the Christmas card, which carries his message of love to the hearts of millions. It is the glory of the Christmas card that it widens the bounds of the home circle—that magic ring in which the White Robed Enchanter wields his rod of power—and enables us, as we gather round the hearth, to share the joys of Christmas time with others far away.

The custom of sending some slight token or greeting at this season of the year is probably as old as Christmas itself, for the very spirit of the time compels us to stretch out the hand of fellowship to others.

But the Christmas card, as we know it, has an origin easily traceable, and it is not more than fifty-five years ago since the first was designed, and sent forth on its mission of goodwill.

Mr. Adolph Tuck, the head of the famous firm of art publishers, told the writer that twenty years ago he came across the artist who claimed to be its originator and who was, at any rate, the first to see its possibilities. This was Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., who, when quite a young man in 1844, was prompted at Christmas to make a little sketch (which is reproduced with this article) symbolic of the season's joys and festivities and to send it to a friend.

It seemed to give any amount of pleasure, and next year Mr. Dobson determined to follow up the idea on a larger scale, and by having his card lithographed was enabled to send copies to some twenty-five or thirty friends. The delight with which they were received was so great that Mr. Dobson was quick to perceive that he had found out a new pleasure for Christmas, though he could not have foreseen that the card of greeting was destined to become almost as indispensable to the proper celebration of the time as venerable customs which have been handed down for centuries, and which are received with undiminished delight by succeeding generations.

The Christmas tree, always an exotic in this country, was introduced into England somewhere about the same time as the Christmas card,

"UNCERTAIN, COY, AND HARD TO PLEASE."—*Scott.*

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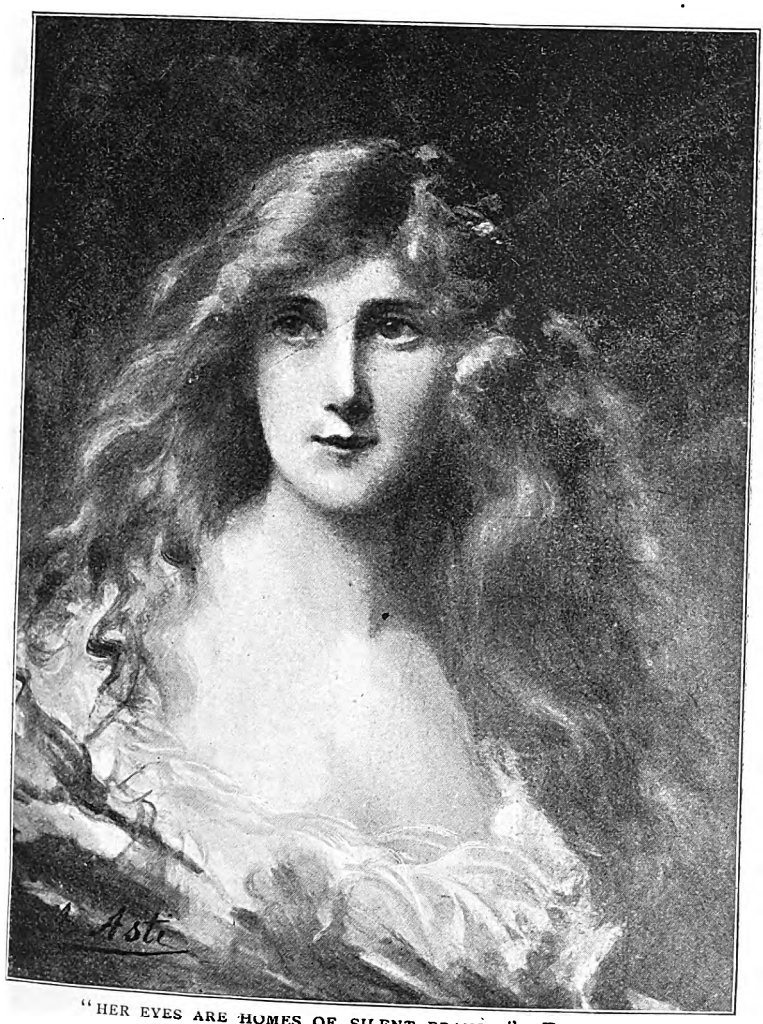

"HER EYES ARE HOMES OF SILENT PRAYER."—*Tennyson.*
By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

but while the latter has continually increased in popularity, the former is now seldom seen.

Once started, the custom of sending Christmas cards soon became well established, but, like every other big thing, it took some decades to become universally popular, though the difference between the output then and now was not more marked than the difference between the cards themselves.

The simple floral design, or rural scene, aggressively Christmas, with its snowclad landscape, and often designed by inferior artists, which gave so much pleasure to our fathers and mothers, has given place to the beautifully and expensively got-up cards of the present day, which are often gems of art, and are as remarkable for their range of subjects as their execution.

Nor is this only true of the elaborate and more highly priced cards which well-to-do people make the medium of their kindly greetings, for even the penny cards present beautiful little pictures, carefully printed in as many as fifteen colours.

The fact is that it pays the publishers to only employ good artists, for the process of colour printing itself is very costly, and the outlay is only wasted on an ill-drawn and inartistically painted picture. A hundred pounds and more is often spent upon a set of cards which are to be sold for a penny each.

In the year 1844, when Mr. Dobson's idea was first taken up, only one colour

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"THE STAG AT EVE HAD DRUNK HIS FILL."—*Scott.*
By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

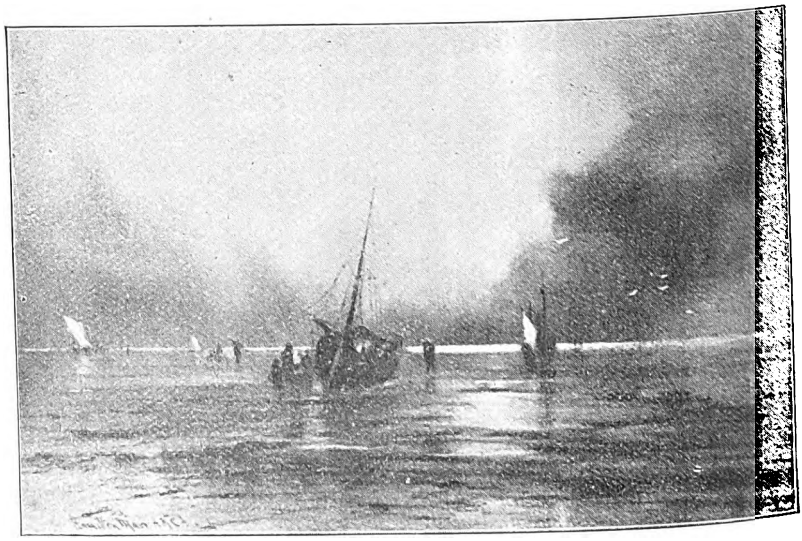
was used in the printing, and for very many years such a thing as a folding card was unknown. The next step was the introduction of the double card, and from that gradually evolved the dainty folding card, which at once took the public taste, and which is now the only kind for which there is much demand.

Besides the innate attractiveness of the idea one of the reasons why the Christmas card has such a vogue has been on account of the enterprise shown by the publishers, and especially by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, who are now, without question the premier firm, and with whose name the greatest triumphs in the evolution of the Christmas card are associated.

They have always anticipated the public want, never allowing people to become tired of the old attractions before they provided new, and continually creating a more critical taste by the increased artistic merit of their productions.

The commencement of what may be termed the national institution of Christmas cards, Mr. Adolph Tuck told the writer, may be dated from 1870, and from that time onward it continued to make enormous strides.

In 1880 Mr. Raphael Tuck, the founder of the firm, hit upon a happy idea which was not only destined to add enormously to the artistic value of their productions, but which drew public attention to the importance which the popular missive had assumed. He instituted a prize competition, for artists, and offered 500 guineas in prizes for the best designs submitted. The results of the competition were magnificent, and the firm became the possessors of many remarkably fine pictures, for besides awarding the prizes they invested another 2,500 guineas in purchasing the best of the works sent in.



"THE TENDER GRACE OF A DAY THAT IS DEAD WILL NEVER COME BACK TO ME."—*Tennyson.*
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It, moreover, did good in other ways, for it opened a wide field for artistic talent, and brought to the front many excellent painters whose names have since become familiar, such as George Clausen, Kate Sadler, Alice Havers, F. E. Wetherbee, Troode, Alice Squire, Rebecca Coleman, Harriet M. Bennet, etc.

The selected pictures were exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and drew crowds which would have done honour to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and the whole thing became the talk of the town.

The judges in the competition were painters and critics of high repute: Sir John Everett Millais, R.A., Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., and H. Stacy Marks, R.A.

The *Saturday Review* published a long article on the Exhibition from the pen of George Augustus Sala, who, using the phrase once applied to a famous poet, opened his account with the words, "Mr. Tuck awoke last Monday to find himself famous." This was literally true, for though his efforts in popularising the Christmas card had hitherto been crowned with great success, yet of the thousands who welcomed this economical but pleasing way of remembering absent friends, very few realised how much talent was being employed in the service of King Christmas.

Two years later Messrs. Tuck instituted their famous Royal Academy series, and among those who accepted commissions we find such names as Sir E. J. Poynter, now President of the Royal Academy, Herbert Sant, Marcus Stone, Geo. Boughton, Yeames, Storey, Horsley, Dendy Sadler, and Dobson the inventor of the Christmas card. "You have come to the right man," the latter remarked to Mr. Tuck, "for it was I who drew the first Christmas card, which was ever sent out," and it was thus that Messrs. Raphael Tuck came to find out to whom they were indebted for the germ idea, which had been evolved by their enterprise into a great national institution.

Sir John Millais was also approached, and asked to contribute designs, and though he was reluctantly compelled to decline owing to pressure of work, Mr. Tuck treasures up the memory of his half-hour interview with the great painter. "He received me most courteously," he told the writer, "but he was at the time overwhelmed with commissions, and was just then engaged on the portrait of Cardinal Manning, whom he kept waiting for ten minutes while he continued talking to me. He said that he heartily sympathised with our mission, and that we were doing an immense amount of good in the art education of the public, for no more effective means could have been devised to bring the best work into the hands of the people, for the Christmas card enters every home. 'I should only be too de-

"SHE . . LAID HIM IN A MANGER."—*Luke* ii., 7.
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lighted to paint for you," he concluded, but I really haven't a moment to spare.'"

Having enlisted the services of eminent painters, it was impossible to print under their pictures the effusions of ordinary rhymers, and Tuck's sought out no less a person than the Poet Laureate himself, Lord Tennyson, whom they offered 1000 guineas for a dozen verses of eight lines

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"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN."—*Isaiah* ix., 6.
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each, or something over ten guineas a line, or a guinea a word, the highest price ever offered for a hundred lines of poetry. Tennyson once received half a guinea a word from *Good Words*, for his well known New Year's poem, commencing—

"I stood on the tower in the wet,
When the Old and the New Year met,"

but even he had never received such an offer before.

The Laureate, however, was not to be tempted by the golden bait, for he probably realised that nothing is more fatal to a poet's success than having to write to order, the reason, doubtless, why official verse is so often such a dismal failure.

There were others, however, of less note, who were willing and able to write verse of high literary merit, which was well worthy to appear in this remarkable series, a series that marked a new era in the history of the Christmas card.

From the reproduction of the works of celebrated living artists the next step was to make the people familiar with some of the world's greatest masterpieces, and the first picture chosen was the Madonna Ansidei, by Raphael, the wonderful work which hangs in the National Gallery and which was purchased by the nation for £70,000.

In order to produce a perfect copy it was necessary to work in front of the picture for about eight or nine weeks. It was printed in twenty-seven colours, and £1,000 was spent in its production. It was the finest piece of work which Tuck's had ever turned out, and they were overwhelmed with letters of congratulation from distinguished people, notably from Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the Marquess of Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, the Custodian of the National Gallery, and from any number of celebrated artists. This picture headed the sales during three seasons.

This was followed by the reproduction of the Madonna di San Sisto, Raphael's greatest work, and said to be the finest picture in the world.

"WHAT PEACEFUL HOURS I ONCE ENJOYED,
HOW SWEET THEIR MEMORY STILL."—*Cowper.*
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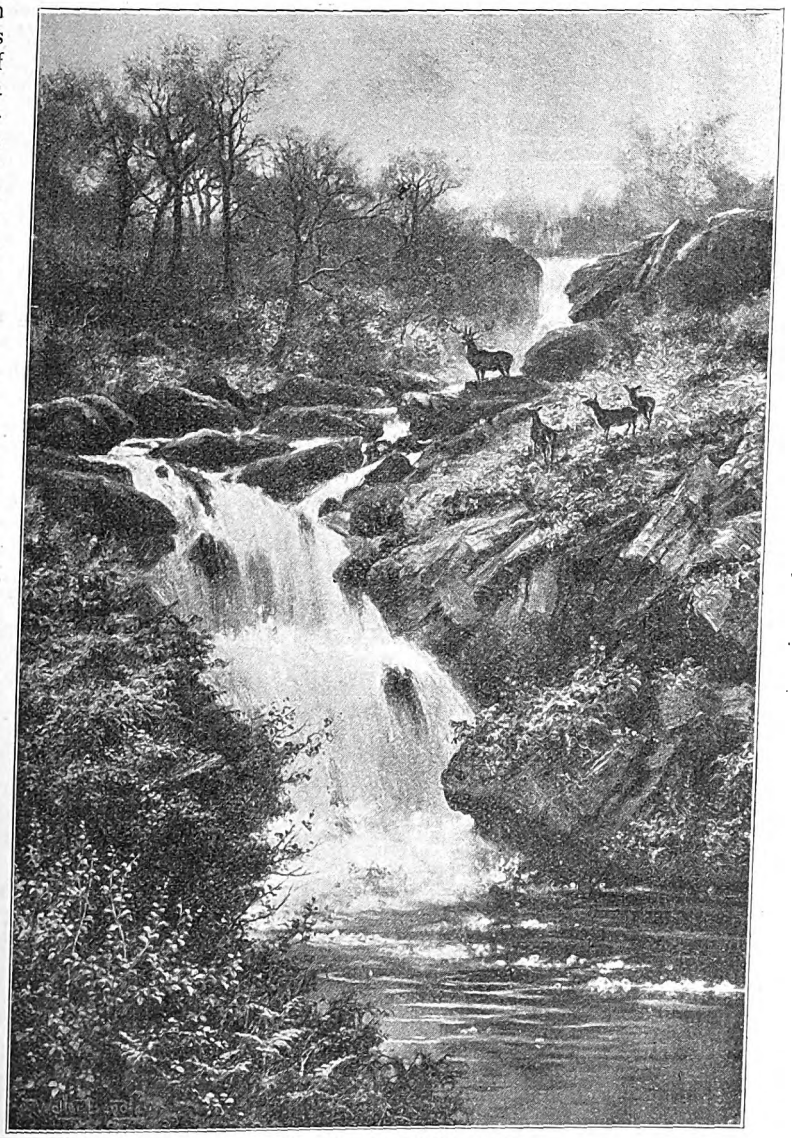
The original is at Dresden, and it is guarded day and night by sentries. The work which has been chosen as the *pièce de resistance* for this year will be another representation of the Madonna and Child, this time by a modern artist. Besides the excellence of the work a special if somewhat pathetic interest attaches to it, because it was specially painted for the late Queen last year.

For many years past, Her late Majesty was graciously pleased to accept, as a gift from the firm, a beautiful hand-painted Christmas card, which was sent to her on the 21st of December, and always promptly acknowledged by telegram and letter. This particular picture was greatly admired by the Queen, and was added to the collection which she had formed of her special favourites.

"We had always thought," said Mr. Tuck, "that these cards were laid aside and forgotten as soon as Christmas was over, but two years ago the Queen's cabinet makers received an order for a special screen for displaying three of the cards which Her Majesty liked best. The screen showed both the back and front of the cards, and always accompanied her Majesty in her journeys from one royal residence to another."

The Royal family were among the first to patronise the Christmas card, and every year they order large quantities to send to their friends, and their example has doubtless helped to establish the custom. It was Queen Alexandra who introduced the Tuck Christmas cards into Russia, when on a visit to her Imperial sister, and from the Court the custom rapidly spread throughout the country, until now it has become almost as firmly



THE HAUNT OF THE WILD DEER.
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"ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARD MEN."—*Luke* ii., 14.
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established there as in England. An idea of the progress which the trade has made in this country will be gained from the fact that when Messrs. Tuck started they sent out only six sets in the first year, which increased to thirty sets in the second, and fifty in the third year, while last season they prepared no less than 1,400 distinct sets, making 3,000 separate designs.

Doubtless the Christmas card has often done much to soften down harsh feeling and remove old bitterness, besides being an assurance of goodwill between friends, and there is one authentic instance in which it led to the sender becoming the recipient of a fortune of £40,000.

A certain gentleman, a doctor, living in Sheffield, had been for many years estranged from his aunt, a maiden lady, who possessed the comfortable sum already mentioned; passing a stationer's shop one day his eye was caught by a Christmas card, which he purchased and sent to his relative, though with very little hope that such a trifle would bring about a reconciliation. Even if he had entertained such an idea, it was speedily dispelled, for the missive never elicited any reply. When, however, the old lady died some time after, he found, much to his surprise, that he was left her sole heir, and he is not so ungrateful as to ascribe his good fortune to any other cause than the happy inspiration which prompted him to make amends for any unkindness by one of Tuck's Christmas cards.

ARTHUR WELBY.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CARD, DRAWN BY MR. W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.
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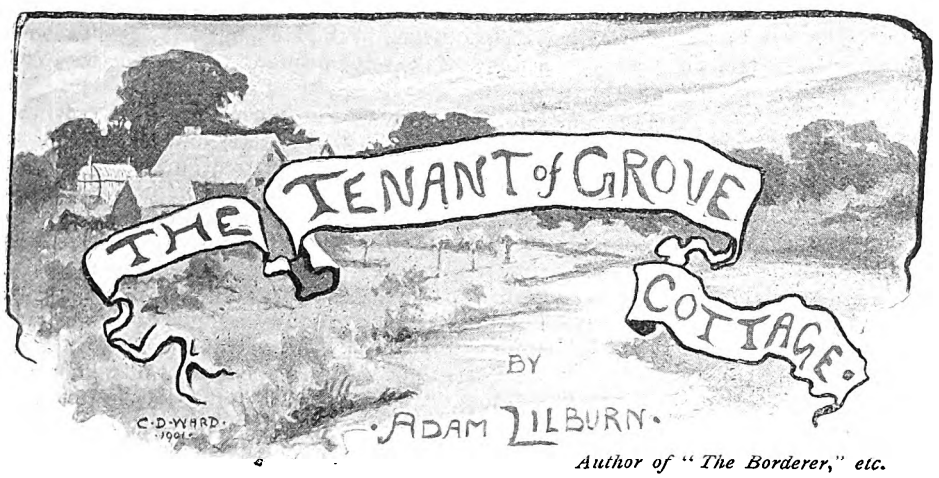

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nora Shelley, Mr. Pattinson's young ward, walking out with her uncle from his country cottage one day, discovers the dead body of a stranger who has been stabbed in Dredman's Lane. The knife with which he was stabbed belongs to Mr. Pattinson himself. He explains that he used it to cut his shrubs with, and left it in a place where it might easily have been stolen. Suspicion falls upon the village ne'er-do-well, Jerry Gobey, who is found in possession of the dead man's purse. He is taken into custody. The murdered man is identified as Mr. John Carlton, of Carlton and Co., merchants, in London. At the trial affairs look black for the prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

JERRY IS ACQUITTED.

THE new witness proved to be an even more disreputable-looking person than the prisoner himself. His garments—dirty and ragged—hung on his gaunt form like rags on a scarecrow, and his looks were both shifty and sullen. He nodded reassuringly towards the prisoner, for which he was immediately reprimanded by the constable standing beside him. When the oath was to be administered, he took hold of the Bible gingerly, as though afraid it might bite, but repeated the oath with a glibness that told its own tale.

"He said that his name was Bill Dawes—leastwise, that was what he'd been called when he was a boy. Yes; he'd had other names since—a few—only he didn't suppose they sinnerfied. Was the prisoner a pal of his? Yes; he wouldn't go for to deny that they'd done time together for the same offence once or twice. What of it? The best of chaps made mistakes sometimes and got into trouble."

Here the counsel for the prosecution interrupted, and inquired whether it was not a waste of time to listen to any statement, however plausible, coming from a source so utterly discreditable? It was quite evident to him that there had been a scheme concocted betwixt the prisoner and witness in order to screen the former, and attempt to prove an *alibi*.

The court here ruled that the witness must be heard, and that the counsel for the prosecution must reserve both question and comment until the close of the evidence. So Bill Dawes continued his statement.

"Upon the night of the murder he visited the prisoner in the tumbledown shanty the latter had chosen for a temporary abode. Jerry had sent him word that it was a safe spot to lay low in; and he, the witness, just happened to be in want of such a place just at that time. No, it wasn't anything very bad. In fact,

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he'd done nothin' himself, on'y had a gent's ticker passed on to him in a crowd; but the coppers was that hard on a chap wot's done time, and they was after him hot and strong. So he thought it best to lay low for a bit, and Jerry wrote that he was lonely, an' would be glad of company. Well, he waited until evening before he went. It was dark before he reached the lane, and he kept along by the hedge under the trees so as nobody should track him. Just as he got to the bend of the lane, he heard voices; and though it was too dark to see very clearly, he made out that there was two men coming towards him. He crept closer to the hedge to allow them to pass without noticin' him."

At this juncture there was a distinct sensation in court, and people held their breath to listen. For this was certainly an unexpected development. If this witness was to be credited, he must have passed the murderer and his victim just before the crime was committed.

"No; he couldn't say he saw them distinctly. It was too dark."

As the counsel on either side harassed him with questions, he grew irritable.

"A chap couldn't help it if his eyes weren't made to see in the dark—could he, now? He wasn't a-shieldin' anyone, for he didn't know who there was to shield. But he wasn't a-goin' to swear away anyone's life either by sayin' as how he could identerfy them when he couldn't. No; nor he hadn't made it all up to clear Jerry either. It was all quite true about the two men—true's death! One was a big tall man, about the size of—well, the policeman yonder—and the other"—he looked round for a comparison, and his eye fell on Mr. Pattinson, who was listening intently—"why he might be about the size of the gentleman—meanin' no offence—the one with the dark spectacles."

Both the objects of comparison started. Pawson got very red, but Mr. Pattinson, recovering himself, smiled blandly.

"No; he couldn't swear to the voices even! There was only one of them talking when they passed him," continued the witness; "but he was in a beast of a wax, and the other seemed half afraid of him. He heard the big man say somethin' about exposing somebody or other; but he didn't pay much attention, for it wasn't his biz'ness. He hurried along the road as soon as he'd passed them, for he knew Jerry was on the look-out for him. Yes: he told Jerry about the quarrel he'd overheard in the lane, but Jerry didn't seem to take much interest. They'd lots to talk about together without that. Jerry had got a bit of supper ready, and they made a night of it. Jerry and him they sat up the most of the night, and then they just rolled up together in a corner under an old blanket, and went to sleep. The sun was up before them two woke. He could swear Jerry never stirred any more than himself until late the next morning. Then he said good-bye, and went out by the back way across the fields to the next village, where he caught a train back to town. That's all he had to tell about that night."

Needless to say, the witness was subjected to a very severe cross-examination by the counsel on both sides. But this did not shake his evidence. And at length the counsel for the prosecution sat down, while his opponent looked triumphant. In vain had it been suggested that the story was a got up one; that, in all probability, the witness had borne a part in the murder himself, or was at least an accessory after the crime. There was no evidence to bear out such a statement.

After long speeches from both sides, the jury retired, and were not very long in coming to an agreement. The foreman stated that their verdict was not guilty. Thereupon the judge congratulated and discharged Jerry Gobey, and he left the court quietly, no demonstrations taking place. His previous character prevented any display of sympathy from the bystanders.

But Jerry was used to that. He expected and received nothing from his fellows but contempt and disfavour.

It was much more interesting to him to find Bill Dawes waiting for him outside. Bill greeted him with a brief nod, that meant more than speech.

"You're a silly fool, Jerry, old man!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "Why ever didn't you tell them before?"

"Wot? Me sneak on a pal? Not if I knows it!"

"Why, they'd have had a rope necktie on you in a brace of shakes if I hadn't a-been readin' a noospaper larst Sunday!"

"Well, an' how's I to know you'd got nothin' again' you jest now? Gorn! You'd a-done the syme by me, if it'd been your show!"

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Bill spat thoughtfully, then his hand travelled slowly to his throat.

"No! Not me! Not when it come to scraggin', I wouldn't," he said, with decision. "There's a plice to draw the line, and that's at a dance on nothin'. But it was plucky of you, I will say that."

A lump rose in Jerry Gobey's throat at this unusual praise from his friend. Jerry worshipped Bill, as a weak nature worships a strong. Bill's example had helped to make him a thief, as Bill's example might—had Bill been a better man—have made him a hero.

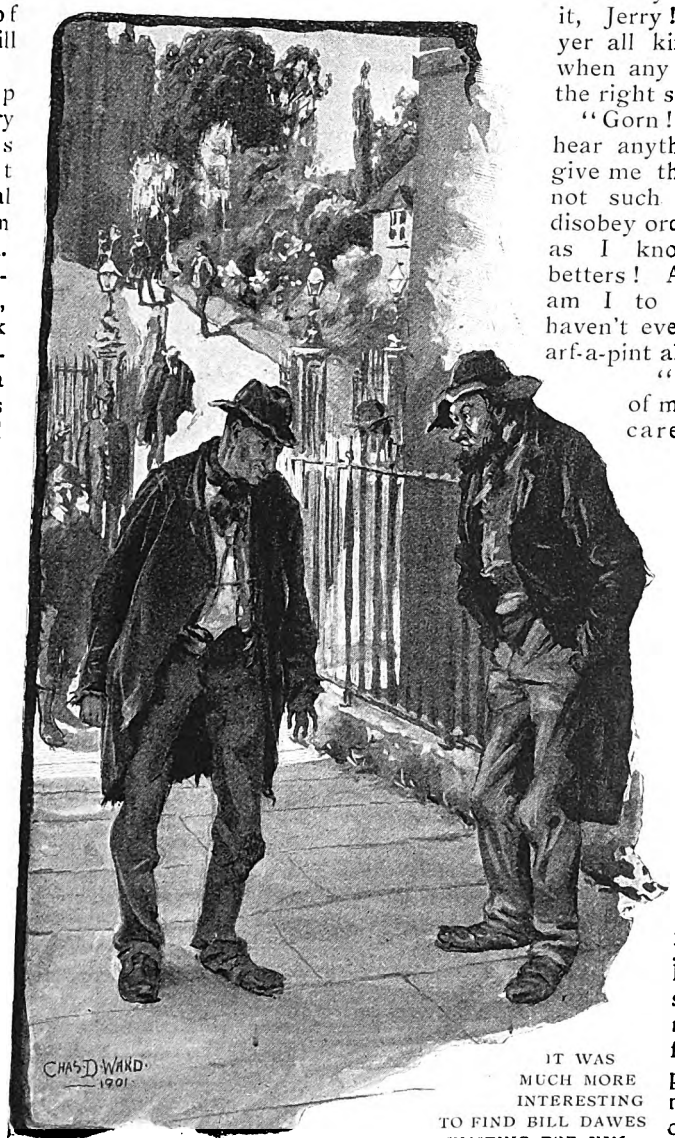
"I say, that there copper didn't like your being let orf," continued Bill. "He looked as savage as they make 'em, when the beak was a-dischargin' of you."

"Oh, Pawson's always had a down on me, an' he'd rather 'a seen me hanged than dance at a weddin'," returned Jerry; "an' he copped me besides, an' looked to be praised for his sharpness. Never mind; p'raps I could have given him a tip, if he'd not bin so beastly sharp. You know wot I mean, Bill."

Bill nodded. "Sometimes them things is worth money. Keep it dark till I've time to think it over. It's always well not to blab all yer knows, 'specially to a bloomin' copper. It's my belief that there's money in wot you an' I have—on'y be sure to hold yer tongue about it, Jerry! You know, yer all kinds of a fool when any bloke gets on the right side of yer."

"Gorn! Nobody shall hear anythink until you give me the word! I'm not such a fool as to disobey orders from them as I knows for my betters! An' now, wot am I to do next? I haven't even the price of arf-a-pint about me!"

"Come along of me, an' I'll tyke care on yer! We'll catch the next train back to town, we will. I've got a bit of brass, or I couldn't have raised the wind to come dahn 'ere and get you off. Jerry, my boy. There are a few good things going round at my place, an' you shall have yer share, old man, just for bein' plucky an' not sneakin' on a pal. Hanged if I know anybody else that 'ud do the syme!"



IT WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTING TO FIND BILL DAWES WAITING FOR HIM.

CHAPTER XII.

HERBERT CARLTON'S RETURN.

On a cold, east-windy, spring day, Herbert Carlton, the son of the man who

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had been murdered in Dredman's-lane, landed from the *Oroya*, feeling lonely and miserable in the extreme.

It is bad enough to return to one's native land when death has thinned the ranks of one's friends and acquaintances during one's absence in strange lands; but to return when there is absolutely no living creature with whom one can claim kinship is an experience more unpleasant still.

Bertie Carlton felt himself a stranger in his native land. He told himself, rather bitterly, that his rough life in the mining districts of Western Australia had unfitted him for cities and civilisation, and that the sooner he dispatched his business in London and returned to Coolgardie, the better. There was no one to welcome his return, no one with whom he could even exchange a friendly greeting.

He could not but admit that this was principally his own fault. And yet not altogether that either, for he had been down to the depths—been one of the submerged tenth, in fact; and if poverty makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, it likewise sunders the closest of relationships. When a man is proud as well as poor, he stands no chance of retaining friends; and Bertie had shunned his as though they had the plague, or he himself had been a leper, obliged to cry: "Unclean! Unclean!"

As he drove through the crowded streets on his way to the hotel he had chosen, he recalled, with a shudder, those bitter days—days when he had tramped hard pavements in a vain search for employment, nursing all the while a hot anger against the father who had habituated him to every luxury, then quarrelled with, and eventually turned him out to starve.

He blamed himself now more than the poor old man who was gone. There had been faults on both sides, no doubt—faults of temper, of obstinacy, of pride. Both had stubborn tempers, both hated to confess themselves wrong. They were too much alike to get on without wrangling, although at heart they loved each other dearly.

Well, now he knew that he was most to blame. He ought to have gone back, begged for pardon, and yielded the point in question. What a conceited, wrong-headed young ass he had been! It was all that confounded Oxford training! He had been foolish enough to imagine that 'Varsity men were privileged to look down upon the rest of humanity from an eminence of supposititious superiority. Idiot! No wonder the poor old dad—irritably conscious of certain defects in a middle-class education of early Victorian time—should have found him intolerable.

Poor old Dad! It made Bertie wild with anger only to think of the troubles that must have pressed so heavily upon the dear old man at the very time of their estrangement. Hemmed in by all kinds of embarrassments, hard pressed for money, unfortunate in speculations, in the hands of a ruthless money-lender, scarcely knowing, in fact, which way to turn; was it at all astonishing that he should have lost patience with the finicking superfine young collegian, who had never known care or heartache, and who yet dared to lay down the law, and talk about the ethics of commercial life with all the assurance of ignorance?

Yes, it was easy to recognise all this now, now when it was too late. Alas! the past was irrevocable. However sorry he might now be for his blunders and insolence he could never undo them; not though he would willingly have bartered away ten years of life for an opportunity of saying: "Father, forgive me, and let us begin all over again."

Then he remembered that but for the crime of some villain whom he hoped to discover in God's own time, that opportunity might still have been afforded him. For the dear old father had been hale and hearty, and might have lived to a good old age but for that murderous knife. Bertie's lips took on a firm line as he vowed to bring the cowardly wretch to justice.

Then he reverted to the quarrel again. Things would never have come to such a pass betwixt father and son had there only been a woman to smooth matters over, and soften their asperities. The young man sighed for the dead young mother whom he had never known. Oh, had she but been spared until her boy reached manhood—manhood with its mistakes and crudities! And the poor father? He had indeed been left desolate. He had lived alone in chambers through so many dreary years, with none to mark his goings out or his comings in, none but a grubby charwoman to tend him when ill, or welcome him after a journey.

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Bertie put himself in his father's place, and realised it all with a shudder. Even the society of his boy was debarred the lonely man. First the child required a woman's care, which he got indifferently from one who advertised in the paper for such motherless children (Bertie always likened her to the mechanical foster-mother of chickens). Then began the demands of education; and finally, the boy expressed a desire to go to one of the Universities. This desire Mr. Carlton acceded to willingly enough, being at the time in a prosperous way of business, and not realising that many young 'Varsity men acquired along with their training a foolish contempt for commerce. The walls of their beloved Alma Mater do not contain all that is worth having, but it requires time and knowledge of a larger world to teach them this fact.

With the thought of woman and her influence came a little sketchy picture of a young girl with frank, pitiful eyes. Involuntarily Bertie touched a small silver coin that dangled from his watch-chain as this picture rose before him. This was the sole memento he possessed of a pretty little romance, the one bit of poetry that had invaded a rather prosaic life.

How vivid was his memory of the day when he gained that sixpence. The hopeless misery of its cold dawn, the railway arch, where he had herded with other miserable starving wretches like himself, passed by him. The despair that quickly grew into antagonism against a cruel and indifferent world—a world the half of which can continue to laugh, and feed, and enjoy itself, while the other half starves; his sudden resolve to make an end of it, to brave the possibilities that lie beyond; then the sudden wonder aroused by the sight of a gleam of kindness in the eyes of that pretty child; the great wonder of her appeal; his first repellant attitude giving place to one of gratitude; the return of hope, and the determination he came to of making one more attempt; and finally the chance that befell him unexpectedly of beginning another life across the sea.

Truly that pretty child had proved a mascotte to him. Tiring of her saucy tricks the jade Fortune had turned a smiling face upon him ever since. He had done fairly well at the gold mines. Not that he had made a colossal fortune, for such fortunes are rare indeed, and mostly exist in the imagination of unfortunate speculators; but he had done sufficiently well to enable him to live for a few years and to devote his energies to the grim object which had drawn him back to his native land.

He had never forgotten the girl who had induced him to try again to open the hard oyster of the world. Where was she? And had she ever cast a thought to the forlorn wretch who had crossed her path so strangely on that cold winter day? He wondered if she would care to hear of his success! Well, at least he intended to let her know of it. It was but fair, if only to encourage her in such deeds of kindness in future. She had given him her address in case he should again be reduced to like straits. Well, then, surely she would not consider it intrusive if he were to seek her out and tell her of his subsequent adventures?

When he had put certain important matters in train he would certainly venture to Chelsea. He longed to satisfy himself that it was no imaginary picture of young beauty and goodness which he had cherished in his heart. He hoped instead that the real girl might surpass the ideal.

He decided to stay at the Inns of Court Hotel, because from there he would have ready access to the City; and in the City lay his present business, which was to make a careful examination into his father's affairs, and, if possible, to gain from this examination some clue to assist him in tracking down the murderer.

After a bath and a good square meal he hailed a hansom and drove to Stag-lane; where, by his express desire, Mr. Ashton, his father's chief clerk, still carried on the business of Carlton and Co.

What melancholy quagmires of debts and difficulties Ashton had waded through since Mr. Carlton's death, no one but himself knew. He never dreamt of divulging them, even to his young master; for there was a certain stubborn pride in the dry and wizened City clerk which prevented him from laying claim to any other reward for the performance of his duty than that afforded by his own conscience. He had been with Carlton and Co. ever since his start in business as a boy of eighteen; and possessed that absolute loyalty to the name and fame of

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the firm he served which is rarer now than pearls of price.

He made no great display of his pleasure at sight of young Carlton when the latter sprang from the hansom and ran upstairs. Merely shook hands in a decorous manner, and hoped the *Oroya* had made a good passage.

"Excellent," returned Bertie, looking absently around and missing sadly the face that had vanished for ever.

His eyes were dim and he turned away, pulling at his moustache. He was rather ashamed of his natural emotion. He remembered how, even as a boy, he had always felt shy and awkward before Ashton, and yet how, in spite of this, he had always liked the man.

But if the clerk displayed little emotion at his young master's return he could not avoid showing some natural pride as he explained the position of the firm at the present moment. The South American crisis has been tided over satisfactorily; trade had revived in quite a marvellous manner; and now if Mr. Herbert wished to take his proper position as head of the firm, and to continue the business, which it would be a thousand pities not to do, he would find it an exceedingly prosperous concern.

Mr. Herbert drummed on the desk with his fingers as he listened carelessly to the precise statements of Ashton. The clerk was obviously disappointed by his lack of interest. The firm was to Ashton his object in life, almost his religion. He could conceive no greater happiness, no grander ambition than to be allowed to build up the reputation of Carlton and Co. until it should stand in the front rank of great commercial houses, known and trusted all over the world.

"Mr. Ashton," said the only living representative of the old name, "you must indeed have had very uphill work during the last few months. I can see quite clearly that our present position is entirely owing to your exertions. I am not such a fool about business affairs as to deprecate your work. But, to be quite candid with you, nature never intended me for commerce, and if I interfere now with your arrangements the probability is that I'll make a mess of it. I want you to enter the firm yourself and count your brains as equivalent to my capital."

"Me, Mr. Herbert? Is it possible that you really wish me to enter the firm of Carlton and Co?" gasped the clerk.

The magnitude of the proposal quite startled him from his prim propriety. It was as though the young man had given him a careless invitation to walk into Buckingham Palace and take up his residence there.

Bertie smiled. "You seem astonished," he said; "I thought it was the sort of thing all long service clerks looked forward to, and surely if ever any man earned the right to be considered eligible for a partnership it is you! Why, the way you have pulled matters round in such a short time is simply marvellous."

"But—but—you mustn't give me all the credit, sir," exclaimed Ashton, honestly reluctant to accept his good fortune. "Things would have come round the same had your poor father lived. These are days of curiously quick ups and downs; and, once the crisis was tided over, matters righted themselves very rapidly."

"All the same, I know how to value a clever business man when I see him. Come, Ashton, you need make no demur about accepting the offer I've made you. I know no more about City business and City ways than a child of ten. Without your experience and advice to guide me, I should inevitably make shipwreck of the whole concern. Candidly, the burden will still be upon your shoulders; for I don't intend to take any active part in the firm at present, though my name and capital may rest in it; and perhaps afterwards—but I will tell you all about that later, for I want you to throw all the light you can upon the matter that lies nearest to my heart at present.

"Sit down and listen to me! The principal reason of my return is to endeavour to bring to justice the cowardly villain who killed my father. Ashton, you know the terms on which we parted—poor old dad and I—and yet I need scarcely tell you of the deep affection there was between us. I was a young fool, an insufferably conceited young idiot, or we would never have quarrelled; but, until that unpleasant blow came, I never dreamt that the chance of making it up would be denied me. Think how cruel it is! He is for ever beyond my reach, beyond the possibility of hearing me tell him of my sorrow, and gaining his forgiveness. Great Heavens, my blood boils when I think of it!"

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And as he spoke, the young fellow rose and began to pace the room, his eyes flashing and his hands clenching themselves involuntarily. "To stab him from behind! That poor old man! Ashton, I shall go mad if I dwell upon the horror of the scene I have conjured up. If ever I come face to face with his murderer, I feel that I must seize him by the throat and strangle him!"

The clerk looked upon him with cold disapproval. "I think you might do better than that, Mr. Herbert."

"Better? What do you mean?"

Ashton raised a lean forefinger, and deliberately drew a line round his throat just above his spotless collar.

Bertie shuddered. There was something in the precise, unemotional tone and the suggestive action, which struck a chill into his heart.

"You are a good hater, Ashton," he said; "and this is, to be sure, an instance where hate is justified! Patience and a waiting game will certainly be best in the end. You must coach me how to proceed."

Again he paced the floor with downbent eyes, while the clerk watched him narrowly.

When he paused, Ashton's look seemed to him full of some deep significance.

"Ashton," he said, earnestly, "I am all in the dark as to my father's private affairs. If you know anything that might possibly be of use to me, for Heaven's sake don't keep it back, even though it might seem to throw discredit on the dead. I don't for a moment mean to insinuate that my father could ever do a dishonourable action; but perhaps in that wish which you have said he once expressed of making amends to me for any seeming harshness, he may have sailed somewhat near the wind—oh, how shall I put it?—perhaps pressed heavily upon some poor, desperate wretch, and so made an enemy?"

"No; Mr. Carlton was, if anything, too lenient with debtors," returned Ashton, deliberately. "The boot was on the other foot, if I may for once use a vulgar phrase. It was someone else who pressed upon him too heavily. He was in the hands of a money-lender, and an unscrupulous one—one of those sharpers who are too numerous in the City, and who are ever ready to take advantage of the sudden necessities of the commercial world."

"How do you know this? Was the money you speak of raised openly, and in the name of the firm?"

"No. Mr. Carlton was too proud to take me or anyone else into his confidence. I imagined he had a good balance at Lloyds', where he kept his private account. The firm, as you know, banks with Johnson's. Of course I was aware of the Mexican crisis, and that we were deeply involved, but I had no idea of the extent of your father's private speculations. It all came upon me as an unpleasant surprise when, at your request, I went

THE DETECTIVE PRODUCED A NOTEBOOK AND PUT BERTIE THROUGH A REGULAR CROSS-EXAMINATION.

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through his books and papers after his death. By the way, when you feel rested and are equal to it, I should like to go through them again with you."

Bertie nodded. "I shall be quite ready for you to-morrow, after a night's sleep! Meantime, you might tell me the name of this shark of a money-lender who harassed my poor father's life during its last months."

"His name is Solomon Bembridge. He calls himself an accountant and bill discounter, but is, in reality, a money-lender of the worst type. His offices are in some court up a dingy alley called Thumb Lane."

"Well, I shall have something to say to him presently! What have you done about this money-lending business since my father's death? Has the firm repudiated the bond?"

"It has never had the chance of doing so," replied the other. "That seems to me the strangest part of the whole affair. According to his own reckoning your father still owed Bembridge a considerable sum, for which, up to the present time, no claim has been sent in. So far as the firm is concerned the transaction might never have taken place; and, indeed, save for the private memorandum I discovered amongst your father's papers, I should myself have known nothing of it."

Young Carlton stared, then laughed rather wildly. "What? It's inconceivable! A money-lender who allows his prey to escape while there is blood left to suck? I am still more curious to see this Solomon Bembridge, this veritable prince of money-lenders."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAUGH OF SOME FOOLISH GIRL.

Acting upon Ashton's advice, Herbert Carlton placed the matter concerning which they had consulted together in the hands of a private detective, reserving, however, the right of assisting the latter in any way he through proper.

Salter, the detective, was a shrewd, businesslike man, whose chief aim in life appeared to be that of divesting himself—physically and mentally—of any signs of astonishment and curiosity. Possibly the wondering faculties had been worn out through too great use, for modern Arabian Nights' entertainments are quite as marvellous as those once told by the Eastern damsel. Salter was the confidant of princes and plebeians alike, but never divulged a secret or boasted of a client. He had all Pawson's contempt for the mere amateur, but prudently concealed it.

"What do you think? Is there much chance of discovering the criminal after so long an interval?" inquired Bertie, slightly depressed by the detective's sphinx-like demeanour.

"Time will show," was the oracular answer.

"I wish Ashton had engaged you before! It seems such a mysterious affair! I can't think of any motive for it. My father was the friend of the poor and the helpless, and I'm quite certain never injured or made an enemy of anyone during the whole of his career."

"It's difficult to tell! Besides, it's not those whom we've injured that hate us most! It's quite as often those we've benefited. They dislike the feeling of obligation, and make haste to forget the debt of gratitude they owe."

"God forbid that ever I should come to your way of thinking," returned the young man, rebelling against so cynical a doctrine; "but it certainly is most strange! And then, again, what business could my father have to take him to such a remote spot as this Dredman's Lane appears to be, at such a time of night? It must have been something urgent; yet, amongst all his papers and memoranda, I can find no hint of such a motive."

"Ah, there, indeed, you put your finger on what I call the hub of the mystery! If we could find that out, the rest would be easy enough. That is the point towards which we must direct our efforts."

"Can you suggest a motive?"

"I never suggest! I wait, and discover the truth! There's a deal too much imagination used in our profession, if you'll allow me to say so, sir! I don't say I haven't some ideas; but I'd rather not commit them to words just yet. Meantime, I'll set one of my best men on the job, and you may rely upon it having our closest attention."

He produced a note-book, and put Bertie through a regular cross-examination as to his father's habits and circumstances. At the mention of the Solomon Bembridge transaction, he pricked up his ears, and gave a low whistle when he

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heard that the bloodsucker—as Bertie called him—had let go of his prey so readily. He shut his note-book and bit at the pencil thoughtfully.

"Do you think that has any bearing on the case?" asked Bertie.

"I'll tell you better in a week," replied the detective; "but if I were you, I wouldn't pursue that design you have of interviewing the money-lender—not just at present, anyway. We must move quietly, and above all, we must avoid giving an alarm. For, if I don't make a mistake, I've heard of this gentleman before, and no good either."

"Well, if I follow your advice, you must keep me informed of everything that occurs," said the young fellow, somewhat reluctantly. "But I'd certainly like to go and give the brute a bit of my mind."

"And give yourself away at the same time! No, my dear Mr. Carlton, you really must not interfere, or I'll not undertake the business. Go down to Hawkstone, if you choose, and see what you can make of the local intellect. I find it about as difficult to get a direct answer from a modern rustic as to get blood from a stone. Fact is, the doubting spirit of the age has invaded the most unlikely places, and agricultural labourers are now quite as sophisticated as any dwellers in the East End!"

Following Salter's counsel Bertie went to the riverside village, though with small faith in his own ability to extract information. He engaged a bedroom at the Greyhound—the quietest-looking of the two inns—and spent the first day in lounging round and questioning the landlord. The latter, being taciturn, referred him to Pawson, the village policeman. It was Pawson's business to deal with criminal cases, and he himself didn't care to have no truck with such, being a quiet and law-abiding innkeeper.

Unfortunately for Bertie's impatient spirit, Pawson was off duty and away at some merry-making; and the policeman who was acting as his deputy had been newly appointed, and knew nothing of the affair.

Bertie chafed at the delay, and grew despondent. The Dredman's Lane Mystery promised to add one to the long list of undiscovered crimes which form the terror of nervous folk when summed up in the columns of the newspapers.

The words of the oracular Salter kept recurring to him. If they could but discover the motive which impelled his father to visit such an unfrequented place at that hour of the night, the key of the mystery would be in their hands. So far as he could learn, the lane only led to an uninhabited bungalow, and to the cottage whose inhabitants had been the horrified discoverers of the crime. These people—consisting of a respected business man and his ward—appeared to have done all in their power to further the efforts of the police.

Then, so far as regards friendly intercourse, Mr. Carlton had few friends or acquaintances—none that were likely to induce him to leave his chambers and meet them in a remote country place at nightfall.

During the course of the evening Bertie turned into the lane, which—since the murder—was less frequented than ever. This fact rather gratified the young fellow in his present state of mind. He wished to visit it alone, and after nightfall. He had dragged a few details from the landlord of the Greyhound, and an old newspaper had afforded him the rest, so that he experienced no difficulty in pitching upon the exact spot where the crime had been committed.

Yes. Here it was that, below the arching branches, the dear old man had walked, all unsuspecting, upon that awful night. Then came that cruel hand from out the dark, and dealt the fatal blow. Here he must have fallen, and here was the gate through which his poor inanimate form had been dragged.

It was all too plain, too vivid in every detail, as the scene rapidly reconstructed itself before him. And yet there was something wanting, something, to see which clearly, he would willingly have bartered many years of his own young life. What he craved was a fuller vision—the form, the face of the villain who had in such a cowardly manner killed his father; who had not spared those poor grey hairs, endeared by death to the son who bemoaned them.

What was the figure like? Was it possible that the miserable outcast, painted in crude colours by the publican, could be guilty of this heinous crime? It seemed probable enough on the face of it!

And yet somehow Bertie was not altogether satisfied to accept the landlord's version of the affair, in spite of his

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assurance that Pawson remained convinced of Jerry Gobey's guilt.

He recalled the cold contempt of Salter for the rural intellect, and thought it quite possible for the local constable to cling to a preconceived notion, despite all evidence against it. He resolved to interview Pawson the following morning, and to judge for himself. But there seemed to Bertie a devilish and studied malignity about the murder alien to such a ragged scarecrow as the landlord depicted in the person of Gobey. Besides, if the wretch had committed the murder for the sake of gain, why content himself with the purse, when the watch and chain were of so much greater value? And all this cogitation threw no light upon the purpose that brought his father here.

After standing for some time lost in thought, the young man continued his steps until he reached the little footbridge. To do this, he passed the side gate leading from the garden of Grove Cottage, but suppressed an inclination to enter it, and, making himself known to the inmates, beseech their assistance in his investigations. But, even with his hand on the latch, he bethought himself of the lateness of the hour. He could scarcely expect to find a welcome there, coming at such a time to perfect strangers and to people who had presumably already suffered great inconvenience from their proximity to the scene of the tragedy.

Nevertheless, he looked in longingly. What a pretty, well-ordered comfortable little nook it was! Its green lawn was studded with clumps of snowdrops and crocuses; its low, wide windows draped with the young verdure of various creepers, its shady trees invited one to rest and to pleasant day-dreams.

But he was out of tune for beauty and homely happiness; and when, quite suddenly, a merry laugh rang out into the night, he started as though he had been stung.

So people could still laugh and be merry, unmindful of the tragic frown life wore behind its grinning mask?

It was the laugh of some foolish girl! Well, after all, why should not youth snatch all the gladness it can? The dull years would soon extinguish in the girl any desire to laugh. It was a sweet laugh, too, not a loud and vacant one.

Yet it jarred! He frowned and walked hastily on, crossed the bridge, and found himself close to Dredman's Bungalow.

Great Heavens! What a contrast was here to the ordered beauty of Grove Cottage!

CHAPTER XIV.

BERTIE MEETS A COLLEGE CHUM.

During all his wanderings in outlandish places, Herbert Carlton had never come across such a picture of desolation as that presented by the uninhabited bungalow, as the moon—piercing at the moment through a bank of cloud—threw its cold light across the neglected garden.

What a contrast to the little place across the water! Here nature surged and rioted in a wild endeavour to throw off the trammels of civilisation, and return to its primary condition. All traces of human occupation were being rapidly obliterated. A tangled mass of greenery enveloped the walls, flung itself across both windows and doorways, climbed the roof, and strangled the chimneys in its tight embrace.

The gate swung loosely on its rusty hinges, and emitted a harsh, creaking sound, while the wind sighed and moaned through the trees, like some evil spirit.

Bertie had not heard the story of the deserted bungalow as yet, but he could understand why it was shunned. It was an ill-looking place enough in daylight, but after dusk it seemed given over to the powers of evil. An odour of decay—of damp and rotting fungus growths—clung around it like some vile miasma; and Bertie shivered where he stood, as this persistent odour rose to his nostrils. There was fever and malaria in every breath, and suddenly he felt impelled to fly the place. At the gate of Grove Cottage he paused again.

Upon one side of the stream a world of melancholy and decay; on the other the fresh, vigorous life that rose from the earth anew each spring-time. In place of miasma, that spoke of fever and ague, here was that eternal fragrance escaping from the bosom of the ever young brown earth; that ineffable fragrance which marks so delightfully the return of sap and blossom. It dispelled the baleful vapours Bertie had inhaled, and dispelled also his aforetime morbid fancies.

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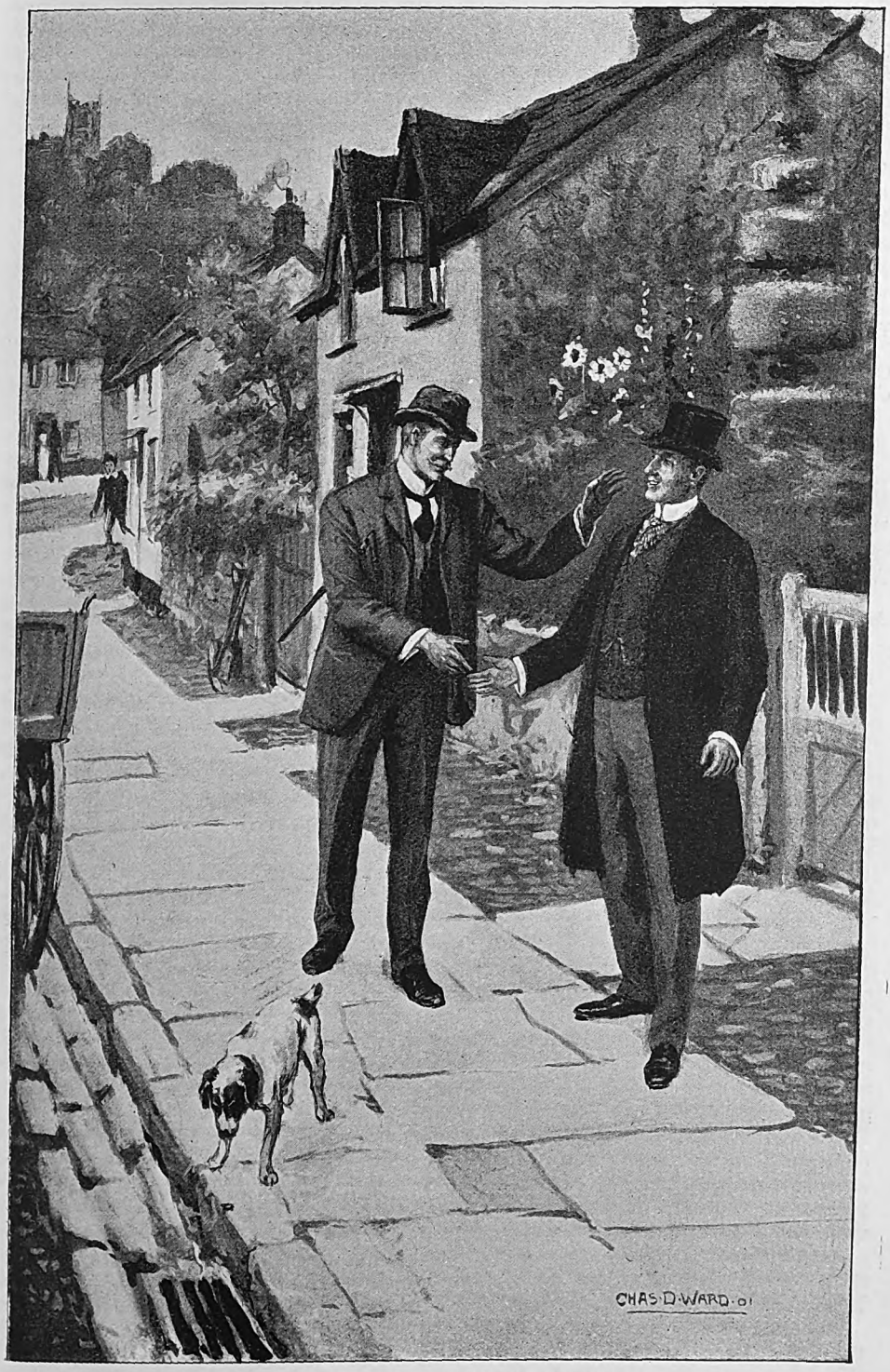

"IT IS JIM HAWTHORNE, THEN?" HE EXCLAIMED.

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No longer did he feel aloof from youth and happiness, no longer did he feel that the sound of innocent mirth would jar upon him. In fact, he now stood lingering at the gate in the hope of hearing that fresh young laugh again.

As though in answer to his desire, the shadow of a slim young form flitted across the window-blind, and a gay, girlish voice sang a snatch of a ballad. It was a pretty air, which he recognised as one by Mendelssohn; and the voice—though not powerful—was sweet and true.

To distant lands, in dreams, I'll wander,
There where thou art,
On snowy heights, whence streamlets yonder
Course down to crystal lakes, I'll ponder
There where thou art.

I'll round the hills with thee be winding,
There where thou art;
Or in the vale fresh garlands binding,
At every turn new beauties finding,
There where thou art.

And my delight shall know no measure,
When thou return'st,
My faithful love thou still dost treasure,
Long absence shall enhance the pleasure,
When thou return'st.

The young man listened breathlessly until the song came to an end.

"A pretty song, and sung with exquisite taste," he commented, for he had considerable skill as a musician; "and I would, indeed, be a surly brute to grudge a light heart to so sweet a singer! Nature has thrown off her winter mood, and rejoices to feel the blood run faster in her veins. So laugh, you girl, whoever you are, while your spring is still here! And as for me, I must learn to thank God that spring is eternal, both in nature and in the heart of man."

He slept well and dreamlessly that night, for the first time since landing, and woke in the morning refreshed and sanguine. After breakfast, he interviewed Pawson, the village policeman. Pawson continued to feel aggrieved because the one brilliant inspiration of his life had not turned out a success, and Jerry Gobey was still at large. Pawson was as firmly convinced as ever of Jerry's guilt, and did not scruple to state his conviction to Bertie.

"If I'd had a bit more time to give to the case, sir, he wouldn't have got off! But I did my best! I thought that there purse in itself enough to hang him; but cuccumstanshal evidence don't have the weight nowadays it had. But I've not given it up yet, Mr. Carlton! I keep my eye on him whenever he slinks back here—which I have reason to b'leeve is pretty often. And it's my firm conviction that he'll betray hisself some day, sooner or later. For, between you and me, sir, he's a bit barmy"—here the constable touched his own low brow in a significant manner—"and them sort of chaps has rum starts—see visions, or get conscience-struck, you know! Not that Jerry Gobey's exackly wot you can call nervous, or he'd not be so keen of hiding hisself in Dredman's Bungalow."

"Is there anything wrong with the bungalow?" asked Bertie. "Certainly its looks are against it, for of all the desolate places I ever set eyes on, it strikes me as the worst. I strolled past last night, and wondered if there was any particular reason for its desolate appearance."

The policeman hesitated. He was not quite sure whether it would be wiser on his part to choose the attitude of superiority to village superstition, or that of the person who could a tale unfold—an he would. Eventually, he decided upon the former as the most dignified course.

"Dear me, no, sir—nothing that signerfies; only the folks hereabouts are the most ignorant, superstitious set! They will have it that the bungalow's haunted. And now, ever since what happened in Dredman's Lane—it's your poor father's demise which I allude to—you couldn't get one of them to go there after sunset—not if you was to pay them untold gold! Why, even at Grove Cottage they can't keep their servants now because Dredman's Lane's the only way to the village, although Mr. Pattinson, the gent what lives there, is most liberal in the matter of wages, and the work's as light as light!"

Bertie did not feel particularly enlightened by his conversation with Pawson. He left the police-station rather more at sea than when he entered it; but at this juncture of affairs fate was kind, and sent him a friend. As he strolled down the village street discomfited, pondering upon what was to be his next move, a figure walking ahead of him seemed to take a sudden air of familiarity. He quickened his pace, overtook the pedestrian, then faced round.

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"It *is* Jim Hawthorn, then?" he exclaimed. "I thought I couldn't mistake that vigorous swing of the right arm."

The man he accosted looked delighted.

"Bertie Carlton, by all that's lucky! Where in the wide world have you sprung from?"

"My last postal address was Geralton, Western Australia. But you? When last I met you, you were at Barts! Are you here as *locum tenens*, or are you practising on your own?"

"On my own," replied the young surgeon, without any enthusiasm. "Glued here—positively glued, my boy! No limpet was ever more tightly fixed upon a rock without chance of movement than is your humble servant, James Hawthorn, to this dull village."

"But why, since you seem to repine at your fate?"

"You ask me why? The fate that ever pins a chap down when he wants to see the world. Isn't it always the same sad story? Want of funds! You remember the absolute passion for travel and adventure I used to have? Never had a chance of indulging in it yet, my boy, never a chance."

"But why *this* village, of all others? 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' eh? Has a stronger passion ousted a weaker? Did some rural divinity lure you hither to twine garlands for her hair?"

"Twine your grandmother!" returned the other, laughing. "Do you imagine a poor general practitioner has any time for that sort of nonsense? Instead of twining garlands for Clarissa's tresses, I must needs decoct a nauseous mixture to settle her stomach, or give her iron pills to tone her system in place of love token. Great Scott! It's you who have all the luck, Carlton."

"I had to endure a good many kicks before I found it, Hawthorn. Though in the matter of money I've not much to complain of, after all. I brought my misfortune on myself at first. And after—well, after, I had a mascotte," and he touched the small coin that dangled from his chain.

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the sudden onrush of a small urchin, who cannoned against the young doctor's legs, and nearly upset him.

"O doctor, come quick, please!" he cried, as soon as he recovered breath. "Our Tommy's swallered a farden, an' mother, she doesn't know what to do or to give him. She's shaken him till he's black in the face; but that hasn't done no good, for he's got such a strong stummick he isn't hardly ever sick!"

Instantly the doctor's face lost its boyishness, and grew long and grave.

"Your mother's mad!" he exclaimed, angrily. "What the mischief does she mean by acting in such a ridiculous manner? It's a lot of use my wasting time and patience trying to instil common sense into these people's heads. Here have I been holding ambulance meetings and nursing classes all the winter, and yet your mother, after attending every one of them, acts like a fool upon the very first opportunity."

"Please, doctor, it wasn't our fault," pleaded the youngster, screwing an excessively dirty fist into his eyes—which were quite tearless—"it was Mistress Bateson; she told mother, an' mother follered her advice."

"Go home as quick as you can, and tell your mother to let Tommy alone until I come! You wouldn't believe the bother I have with these fools of women. And that confounded old hag, Bateson's the worst of the crowd. Why, she actually made that boy's mother believe he'd swallowed a tadpole once, and they kept the poor little beggar without anything to drink for two days, and then held him over running water, so that the tadpole might leap forth to his native element alive. Alive, mind you, after the heat of a stomach, to say nothing of the dissolving powers of gastric juice! It's enough to drive a fellow demented. Some day I'll just chuck it all up, and follow in your steps to the colonies! But, look here, old man, I'll have to go now, and I'll be hard at it until night. Who would be a country doctor! But if you'll come to my place about nine, we'll have a smoke and a chat over 'Varsity days."

"I'll be delighted, old fellow," returned the other.

"Good-bye till then! I have to make a long round, and my horse and trap is in waiting for me now. But first I must rescue that unfortunate youth from the hands of those unlicensed murderers."

Whereupon he hurried off. Bertie was delighted at the encounter. Fate was playing into his hands. Jim Hawthorn

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was the Hawkstone doctor. He must, therefore, have been the one called upon to act at the time of the murder.

During the day, Bertie went to Grove Cottage, and inquired for Mr. Pattinson. He was disappointed to find that gentleman had left home, and would not be likely to return for a couple of days.

"Will you leave a message sir?" asked the rosy-cheeked maid.

Bertie considered a minute, and shook his head.

"I'm quite a stranger to your master, but my business is urgent," he replied. "It will be better for me to wait and call again on Thursday."

He lingered as he went down the garden path, admiring afresh the air of comfort and finish that there was about the little place. Save for the rosy-cheeked maid, however, it appeared void of inhabitants that day. He felt a vague sense of disappointment, because he could hear no echo of the foolish laughter he had before objected to, no sweet song that had soothed his wounded feelings on the previous night. In lonely lives a fresh interest means more than one can say; and although he had not yet seen the face of the girl who laughed and sang, Bertie already looked upon her as something to be grateful for.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S EYES.

Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise,
And that is why we hear from day to day
Of odd engagements causing much surprise,
And weddings passing strange in every way.

"What can she see in him?" the critics say;
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise;
'Tis those who know not his revealing ray
At whom Love laughs and leaves them to surmise.

I find in you what all true lovers prize;
You find in me all I was meant to be;
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise,
And finds the charm—compatibility.

And so when comes the day that we are wed
We'll smile at those who think themselves more wise,
And live to prove the truth of what we've said—
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise.

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Christmas Amusements in the Home.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

CHILDREN come home for the Christmas holidays full of vague anticipations of delight, and they sometimes find the time hang a little heavily during the intervals between the various juvenile dissipations which are prepared for them. The house is full of good things, and mother spends half her time at the stores, ordering more and more goodies and presents, and the children get impatient for the approach of Christmas Day, when all the little mysteries will be revealed. Mother gets anxious as she sees the troublesome stage setting in—the bored look of the *enfant blasé* which precedes the terrible query of "What shall I do now?" She knows that though she proposes a string of occupations each will be discarded for some good and sufficient reason, and that her letter-writing will be interrupted every minute by the cry of "I'm tired of playing at soldiers, mother," or "What had I better do next?" Poor mother has a hundred things to do, and she has little time to spare for her children's amusement. How welcome is the loving aunt or the kind elder sister who rises briskly and says: "Let's all play games." The little faces clear up, smiles and good temper prevail, the game is set going and one after the other of the family is ensnared in its meshes. A very simple game will please a child. What he really values is the time and attention which his elders give up to him, and the pleasant feeling that they are all doing something together. He is on an equality with them for the time being—nay, their superior, if he is better at games than they are. The leader of the games must be endowed with tact and spirit—spirit to propose a game, and to see that it catches on, and tact to drop it if it is a failure, or before it has gone round too often. Very complicated games are not suitable for children; a game which demands a long explanation is never likely to be a success. The games which I have found most successful in my own family circle are all so extremely simple that I doubt very much if they are worthy the dignity of print; but, neverthless, I will give a few of them, in case they may be useful to people who are trying to solve the troublesome query of "What shall we play at next?"

Personally I must confess to a preference for

Games Without Apparatus,

games which can require no hunting for cards, or preparation of any kind, but can be begun in a minute—an instantaneous cure for any little temper or tears which might happen to be on the way. I like these games because they can be played indoors or out of doors and at any moment; they often wile away a dull moment for a child, or distract its attention when it is unhappy.

One of these games is the "Parson's Cat." It is played like this. The first player says, "The parson's cat is an amiable cat." The next one says the same words, only substituting another epithet beginning with A. Not a second must elapse between the speakers, and a forfeit is given to the person who gets to the end of the A's and is forced to begin upon B. "I love my love with an A," is another game of the same kind, and can always be made amusing if you first calculate the letters so that someone will get the initial of their sweetheart's name.

A game called "Sausages" is sometimes amusing for a couple of rounds when one is playing with very small children. All sit round in a circle, with the exception of the person who asks questions. Three questions are asked of

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each player in turn, and "Sausages" must be the invariable reply. No laughter! A forfeit is given for the smallest giggle. You must not laugh, even when you have made out that you breakfasted, lunched and dined off these succulent dainties, and that you would prefer them beyond everything else for Christmas presents.

"Coffee-pot" is another game of this kind, and it is a great favourite with the little ones. One player goes out of the room, and the others settle on a word for him to guess. He is to ask a question of each in turn, three rounds being allowed him in which to find out the word. "Coffee-pot" is only the symbol for this word, and it must be introduced into every answer in the place where the right word ought to be. A word with two or more meanings should be chosen, such as bed, box, or ring. Supposing that bed is the selected word; *that* does for an article of furniture or a flower-bed. Perhaps the questioner begins thus: "Are you tired of playing this game, Teddie?" Teddie replies, "I am. I would much rather be tucked up in my little coffee-pot." "What is your favourite amusement, Mary?" asks the questioner, after a pause, in which he has been trying to unravel the meaning of this oracular reply. "Digging in my coffee-pot" is the answer (a garden-bed being implied this time) or "Coffee-potting out my flowers" (bedding-out my flowers). The player through whom the word is discovered has to go out next time.

"Twenty Questions" is a game which "lasts" very well, and it is an excellent exercise for the mind. With very young children I have always found it best to let them think of something in the room. With older people there need be no limit of this kind. One person thinks of something, and the rest of the company have to find out what it is. He is asked a question by each in turn, "yes" or "no" being the only allowable reply. At large parties this game is played with a difference. Two people go out—a lady and a gentleman, and two little "clubs" are formed—that is to say, the party splits up into two circles, the chairs being arranged in two rings. Each circle chooses a word. The lady and gentlemen return, and one goes into the centre of each group and asks the twenty questions with all possible speed. If the questioner is baffled he has to sit down with the club which has been too clever for him. The club which is the largest in the end is the winning side.

"Adjectives" is an amusing game at which people of all ages can play. One player goes out, the rest sit round in a semi-circle, and each chooses an adjective which he is to act when the questioner comes in. He must not mention its name. He must convey its meaning through the way in which he answers the questioner. Three questions are allowed for each person. The questioner approaches the first player, who promptly bursts into tears. "What is the matter with you?" he asks. "Oh, nothing!" replies the other with increased sobs. "Are you mad?" "No." "Silly?" "No." "Miserable, then?" —as a last resource. "That's it, that's it!" with cheerful nods and smiles that the word has been guessed so soon. "Sulky," "affected," "æsthetic," and "joyful," are all good words to choose. "Silly" is rather a nice one, but "mad" gives the greatest scope for dramatic talent.

"New Novels" is a form of Dumb Crambo, the titles of new books being chosen for representation. No speaking is allowed. Everything must be done in dumb show. Two of the party go out, and come in dressed up in some peculiar way, and making certain actions, so as to represent the title of some popular book. "The Heavenly Twins" may be represented by two people of equal height, dressed exactly alike, with nimbuses on their heads; or "Peg the Rake" may come in with a garden-rake and a clothes-peg.

"Judge and Jury" is another game which makes a good deal of fun. "Judge" is seated in a large arm-chair at the top of the room, "jury" in two rows of chairs, facing one another. There are twelve jurymen—or women, as the case may be—and the Judge sits at the top of the two rows, so that he can be heard at once. He addresses a question to anyone he fancies, and this person must spring up rapidly, say "Certainly, my lud," or words to that effect, and then sit down again. When I say words to that effect, I ought to be more precise. He must not say "Yes," or "No" and he must say "My lud." Also he must rise from his chair. If any of these

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precautions are omitted the most dire event ensues—he is made the judge! He has to change places with that functionary, and to remain on the bench until one of the jury makes one of the mistakes already enumerated. It is not at all nice to be judge! You feel that the eyes of Europe are on you to the most alarming extent, and that you are responsible for keeping the fun going. You should use the name of the person you address, but you can ask any question you like. "Are you tired of this game, Clorinda?" "Do you think that dress suits you, Gladys?" and anything else that occurs to you.

"Drawing Games" are very popular with many young people, and a great deal of amusement may be got out of a few long narrow slips of paper and some pencils. "Heads, Legs, and Bodies" is one of the best of these games. The paper is folded in three. Each player draws a head and then doubles down the paper so that the head cannot be seen, and passes it on to his neighbour. He adds a body to the invisible head, and then passes it on to his neighbour, who adds legs to the body he does not see. The results are most curious. The papers are passed on once more and then unfolded, and the drawings look like the figures on the Egyptian tombs. Oh, my poor lady, whom I started in life with such a pretty face! Has she come back to me with the body of a cat and the rags of a beggar! And this gallant General, with cocked hat and plumes! Can it be possible that he is joined to the body of a goose and wears a ballet-girl's skirt? None of these creations of the pencil carry out the original idea of their inventors; they depart entirely from the principle on which they were planned. When we have had a couple of rounds of this we may try the "Historical Game" next.

Each person draws a scene from history (the worse it is done the better), and it is then passed round to each player in turn, who writes underneath the title of the picture as it occurs to him, doubling it up so that the next neighbour may not see what he has written. Sometimes any ordinary object is chosen for a puzzle-picture (without reference to history), and each member of the circle writes what he imagines is the title of it in turn. The results are often most comic, and the surprise of the artists is often very amusing when they see how their efforts are misconstrued by an inappreciative world. It is often very difficult to distinguish between a cat and a lion, or a fancy portrait and a plum-pudding. I remember one drawing which ran the gamut of a whole family party, being successively labelled by them as a pen-wiper, a garden-bed with a weed in it, a coal-scuttle, an inkstand with a quill pen sticking upright in it, and how it baffled everyone till it came to the owner of the strange object which the artist had so faithfully endeavoured to depict, who instantly recognised it, and wrote down with gay confidence "My bonnet!" Her bonnet it was—that dainty confection of velvet with its single upstanding plume which had been the standing joke of her family ever since she had bought it; and shouts of laughter greeted the caricature as everyone had a look at it the second time. This is not a game that can be played many times running, and the same thing applies to "Consequences," which is always an amusing game.

Forfeits.

At Christmas-time many children's games have forfeits, and I think this is one of the most difficult parts of the evening's entertainment. The "forfeit-holder" has always to call his or her ingenuity to work to find some fresh penalty for the victim to pay. Here are fourteen forfeits which I think will help my readers this festive time:

1. Put yourself through the keyhole.

This is done by writing the word "yourself" on a small piece of paper and passing it through the keyhole.

2. Kiss a book inside and out without opening it.

This is done by kissing a closed book in the room, then opening the door and kissing the book outside the room.

3. Sing in one corner, dance in another, whistle in another, and cry in another.

4. Stand on a chair, and wait till one of the opposite sex comes and kisses you and lifts you down.

5. Lie down on the floor, and get up on your feet without touching the ground with your elbows or hands.

6. If a gentleman, put a chair on its side and hop over it; if a lady, put a footstool on the top of another and hop over it.

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7. Call your sweetheart's name up the chimney.

8. Bite an inch off the poker.

This is done by biting something an inch away from the poker.

9. Look in a looking-glass, and all the people of the opposite sex pass behind you and look over your shoulder. You frown on all those except the one you like best, and you smile on that one.

10. Say the alphabet backwards quickly.

11. Count up to one hundred, saying the word "Buzz" when a number containing a seven, or a multiple of that number, occurs.

12. Light a candle, blindfold the victim, turn him round three times, and then let him walk up to the candle and blow it out. Each time he fails he must pay another forfeit.

13. Take off your shoes, put two chairs together, and jump over them.

This is done by taking off your shoes, putting two chairs together, and jumping over your *shoes*, not the chairs.

14. Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best.

LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

THE LOST JOY.

Will it never come? Will it never come?
I have watched for it day by day
Till the voice of hope on my lips is dumb
And has fled from my heart away.

We had dreamed to walk in the moonlight pale
When the Maytime boughs were sweet,
Or to wait by the bank when the path should fail,
With the violets at our feet.

We had dreamed of words that we each would hear,
And each to the other say:
For the tender joy of the glad swift year
Would its crowning wear in May.

But the late July, with her skies aflame,
And her deep, dark nooks is here,
And the wheat has gone to the reaper's claim,
And the autumn months are near.

I have prayed and wept ere I slept at night
And my dreams have been sad to see;
Yet I never wake in the morning's light
To the joy that is lost to me.

Cora A. Dolson.

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THE UNINVITED GUEST.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

MRS. BROWN cast a last hurried glance about the little basement sitting-room.

"I do 'ope as there won't be no words, to speak of, between them while I'm away," she said. "They'll be comfortable enough, I know that! Sarah——"

"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown turned to her companion.

"There!" she said, "that's the drawing-room, Miss Eden. And the dining-room he can't bear to hear her call, and it's my belief as that's why she's always a-doin' of it. He'll ring his bell directly; see if he don't. There!" she concluded triumphantly, as a bell pealed furiously. "And they haven't neither of them got nothing to say, I'll be bound. I won't be a minute, 'Liza."

"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"

It was an alert and musical voice; and alertness was perhaps the most prominent characteristic of the woman who awaited Mrs. Brown in the hall. The bright face was full of energy; the glance of the well-opened grey eyes was quick and keen. The colouring was clear pink-and-white, and the hair, under the becoming little hat, was as plentiful and curling as a young girl's. As a matter of fact, Miss Eden was considerably over five-and-thirty.

She was drawing on her gloves; and near her stood Sarah, Mrs. Brown's factotum, holding a smart little valise. At her feet, watching her movements with eager eyes, was a wiry Scotch terrier. Miss Eden met Mrs. Brown with a sunny smile.

"You are just off, Mrs. Brown," she said. "That's right. So am I, you see. I just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas, you know."

"Thank you, miss, I'm sure," responded Mrs. Brown, casting uneasy glances towards a fast-closed door just beyond Miss Eden. "The same to you, and many of them."

"Oh, and the landing window, Mrs. Brown," continued Miss Eden. Her voice had grown a trifle clearer and more emphatic. "I really must ask you——"

"Mrs. Brown, how often am I to tell you that talking in the passages—— Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Eden. I was not aware who it was."

The fast shut door had flown precipitately open and the first words had been hurled from the threshold. The newcomer's tone had changed to one of icy politeness as he concluded, and Miss Eden flashed round on him on the instant.

"Good-day, Mr. Cunliffe," she said lightly. "I'm sorry to find that your hearing is not sufficiently acute to allow you to recognise voices through a closed door! However, I wanted to speak to you, so it's all right. The landing window, you know. The hall ventilator was to be left to your discretion and the landing window to mine. And you don't play fair!"

"Really!" was the frigid response. "I am at a loss——"

"Oh, no, you're not!" with a light laugh. "You shut my landing window this morning—a sunshiny morning as warm as September. And another thing: I've found your cat in my room several times lately when I've come home in the evening, and I don't like cats. I think I've said so before."

The "dining-room" saw his opportunity and jumped at it.

"The remedy in this case lies in your own hands," he said. "When the land-

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ing window is open my cat invariably gets out on to the leads. And when she finds the window of your room open she walks in at it. If you will have the goodness to shut——"

But Miss Eden was not so easily to be routed. She changed the subject.

"Take care," she cried warningly. "If you don't shut your door, Nipper will be in, and there will be a scrimmage."

The terrier was, indeed, in the very act of dashing wildly between the "dining-rooms" legs, having just caught a glimpse of a too well-known tabby fur. To Mrs. Brown's indescribable relief, the "dining room" promptly shut the door, and shut himself into the room.

He had not intended this; and when it was done he saw the device of his enemy. But the door being fairly shut, it seemed hardly worth while to reopen it; and he shuffled slowly across to his armchair and his books.

There was no reason why John Cunliffe should shuffle, or why he should adorn his head with the skull-cap of an octogenarian. He was just forty-three. But eighteen years' work in a department of the British Museum, eighteen years' monotony acting upon a too methodical and somewhat circumscribed temperament, had proved the reverse of youth-preserving. John Cunliffe considered himself a distinctly elderly person, and he much preferred that it should be so. He prided himself on being an old-fashioned man—old-fashioned in his manner of life; old-fashioned in the precise neatness of his habits; old-fashioned, above all, in his distaste for all the ways and works of the end of the century. He was well read and much respected in his own line—Egyptian sculpture; but his attitude towards his fellow-creatures—nineteenth-century productions, whether they liked it or no—was not such as to gain him many friends. And the comparative isolation of life into which he had gradually drifted had not tended to widen his views.

It was John Cunliffe's deliberate opinion, at this period of his existence, that fate was using him ill. He had occupied the "dining-room set" in Mrs. Brown's house for ten years; and for nine of these the drawing-room had been tenanted by an elderly invalid, whose habits had never varied, whose face he had never beheld, whose voice he had rarely heard. If there was one type of human being more entirely obnoxious to him than the up-to-date man, it was the up-to-date woman— it may be mentioned, in passing that his acquaintance with both these varieties was entirely theoretical. And he considered that Destiny was not dealing fairly with him when, on the departure of the invalid, the drawing-room was taken by Miss Sedgewick Eden, sanitary inspector, lady journalist, and society woman.

Nor was this all. The position was further complicated by an old aquaintance between himself and Miss Eden.

"Dear me!" she had said when they met for the first time—the meeting having been brought about by an unseemly scuffle between his cat and her dog—"it must be—oh, don't let me say how many years since we met. You hadn't long left college, I remember."

She had looked him over with an odd expression in her eyes as she spoke, and it presented itself to Cunliffe as part of her general "unwomanliness" that she should exhibit no hesitation whatever in thus remembering. She had been a most disappointing girl in those old days, though the fact had not revealed itself to him until somewhat late in their acquaintance; a dreadful young woman, with "views" as to independence, and so forth. And her development, he told himself, was in strict keeping with her early promise.

He had seen no reason to modify this decision during the five months which they had subsequently spent under the roof of the unhappy Mrs. Brown. It seemed, indeed, to rankle in his mind, fertilising the subjects of disagreement which arose between them. Miss Eden, for her part, had shown a cheerful readiness to enter into single combat on all occasions. And the result, as Mrs. Brown truly stated, was that the lodgers were on terms only to be adequately described as "cat and dog."

John Cunliffe established himself once more in his armchair, and took up a book. But he was keenly alive to the sounds in the house, nevertheless. He heard Miss Eden's cab arrive, and he heard her depart. A little later he heard the exit of Mrs. Brown and her niece, who were going together to spend Christmas with the parents of the latter; he heard Sarah return to the kitchen and poke the fire vigorously; and then a profound stillness descended upon the house.

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This stillness had perhaps lasted a quarter of an hour when John Cunliffe lifted his head and gazed absently before him.

"I wonder whether she has gone away for Christmas," he said to himself. He paused a moment, and then he heaved a deep sigh of relief. "The house is a different place without her," he said. "What a sensation of quiet and repose!"

The next day was Sunday and Christmas Eve; and it was both wet and foggy. John Cunliffe had neither duties nor pleasures which called him from home until the evening, when he was to dine out. The "quiet and repose" of Mrs. Brown's house remained unbroken; and it is possible that their devotee began to find them monotonous, for he sat looking into the fire, as twilight drew on, with an unusual expression of vague dissatisfaction. Sarah, as she removed Cunliffe's tea, expressed herself plainly on the subject.

"The house is that dull and quiet, sir," she said, "that I was thinking I'd run out for an hour this evening, if you didn't see no objection. Mrs. Brown she gave me leave, if so be you was willing."

It was an innovation; and innovations were contrary to all John Cunliffe's principles. But as he looked at the woman, he relented.

"It is an unusual request," he said. "But, on consideration, I have no objection."

It was a deplorable thing, though, he thought, this craving for excitement in the lower classes. In the women particularly it was much to be lamented; and it was doubtless part and parcel of that disastrous deterioration in womanhood which was rapidly depriving the sex of all its charm. He enlarged upon the subject to the lady who fell to his share at dinner, and he looked upon her as quite one of the women of the day when he found that his conversation obviously bored her.

"The same distressing characteristics are to be met with everywhere," he observed to himself as he went home—"frivolity, shallowness, total lack of the

"CUCK-A-CHOO," HE SAID FEEBLY.

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domestic instinct. Appearance, too, and manner! It is positively improper that a woman of—well, she can't be much younger than I am, should look and behave like a mere girl. Scandalous! Scandalous!"

John Cunliffe was not alluding to his dinner companion. He was approaching Mrs. Brown's house at the moment, and he glanced absently up at the drawing-room windows. They were quite dark. He opened the door with his latch-key, hung up his coat and hat in the hall, and went into his room.

Grave doubts as to the stability of the universe would have arisen in John Cunliffe's mind if he had failed to lay his hand on the matches when he felt in their accustomed home. He did not so fail now. He lighted his lamp, put on his slippers, and then prepared to help himself to a light supper with which he was wont to end each day. But the tray which should have awaited him upon the table was conspicuous by its absence.

Such a lapse in the unalterable sequence of events was for the moment almost too much for John Cunliffe. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Sarah had forgotten? He looked at his watch. It was only half-past ten, and he sternly pulled the bell, and waited. Then he pulled the bell again.

Not even to this second summons, however, was there any response whatever. Moved by a righteous indignation, Cunliffe opened his door and listened. Not a sound met his ear. There could be no doubt that Sarah had gone to bed. The stillness of the house struck him as almost oppressive. He was just going to turn back into his room when he paused abruptly.

He had heard something. It had died into silence almost before he had recognised it as sound. But he had heard something from downstairs. Before he had time to formulate any theory it came again. This time it was by no means momentary, and there was no mistaking it. It was the crowing, gurgling laugh of a baby.

A faint flush of wrath crept over John Cunliffe's face. Obviously Sarah was deliberately neglecting him, while she entertained visitors. He strode back to the bell and pealed it furiously, returning to his position in the doorway.

The only perceptible effect produced was that the baby stopped laughing for an instant, and then broke out again, as if the bell had been rung expressly for its amusement. No other sound of any kind was audible.

John Cunliffe's feelings are not to be described. That Sarah should take advantage of her mistress's absence to defy him thus was a state of things hardly conceivable. He walked to the top of the kitchen stairs and called severely:

"Sarah!"

No answer, except from the baby, who hailed the observation with the greatest glee, and then relapsed into sudden silence.

"Sarah!"

No answer whatever. An extraordinarily dead silence.

It was broken by a faint whimpering. Was the child being coerced into quiet? The vaguest suspicion had gradually been waking in John Cunliffe, and he now walked deliberately down the stairs. A half-open door presented itself as his goal. He pushed it open, and came to a sudden standstill.

He was standing on the threshold of Mrs. Brown's little sitting-room. It was perfectly neat and orderly; the fire was almost out, and the gas was turned low. And the only human being to be seen was seated in the middle of a table which stood under the window, facing the door, wrapped in an old shawl—the baby.

The whimper ceased as John Cunliffe appeared, and the whimperer regarded him steadily and dubiously. It was an exceedingly pretty child, of about two years old, with short golden hair curling tightly over its head, and great dark-blue eyes. Then the baby lip dropped, the blue eyes filled with tears, and the child broke into a dismal wail.

It was not to his dishonour, perhaps, that Cunliffe's first impulse led him to beat a retreat. He leant back against the passage wall and gasped. Where was Sarah? he asked himself wildly. Where had the child come from? Was it even remotely possible that he and—it—were alone together?

The wail from the sitting-room was becoming more pitiful moment by moment; and with the last question the sense that it behoved him to do something thrust itself upon John Cunliffe. With a blind impulse which only a truly kind heart could have originated, he stumbled back to the sitting-room.

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"Cuck-a-choo!" he said feebly. Where he had heard or read the observation—he hardly thought he could have invented it—he could not remember; but he hoped it was appropriate, and he was proportionately disappointed when its only result was to change the wail into a roar. He reverted to his own language.

"What is the matter?" he inquired desperately. "Who are you? Where's Sarah? Hush-a-bye! Peep-bo! Tick-tick! Good gracious me, what in the world am I to do?"

"You had better turn up the gas first, Mr. Cunliffe."

John Cunliffe remembered afterwards that he was too deeply relieved at the moment even for surprise, as he turned, in the suddenly brightened light, to behold Miss Eden. For her part, she wasted no further time on him. She came quickly up to the table and gathered the screaming child into her arms. Her observations were not articulate, but in two minutes, as it seemed to her bewildered watcher, the roar had subsided into a feeble plaint as the golden head nestled confidingly against her shoulder.

"He's as cold as ice, poor mite," Miss Eden said. "And he's hungry too, I'm sure. Where did he come from? Where is Sarah? There, there!" as the crying showed sounds of breaking out afresh. "Is there a fire in your room? I had better take him there. Look and see if you can find some bread and milk and a saucepan, and bring it up to me."

She was gone as she spoke.

"I had no idea," he said to himself feebly. "I—had no idea!"

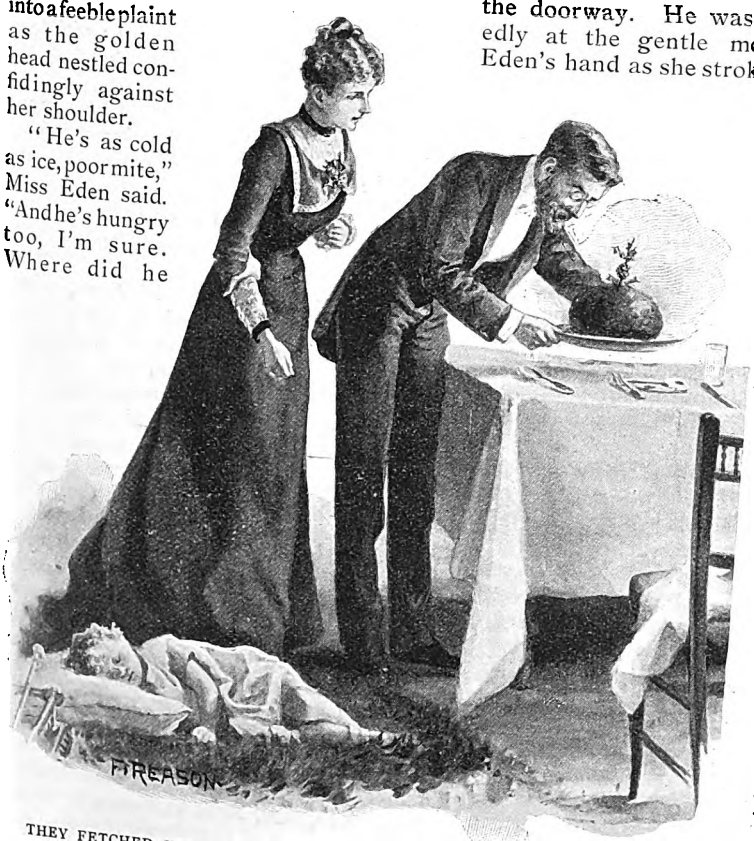
. . . . . .

"Then what is your theory?"

John Cunliffe uttered the words with remarkable meekness, considering to whom they were addressed. It was Christmas morning, and Miss Eden's sitting-room—frequently characterised as "disgracefully untidy" by John Cunliffe as he passed its open door—looked very bright and pretty. Miss Eden herself sat in a low chair by the fire, and on her knees was the little golden-haired child, a picture of content, carrying on an animated conversation, apparently with Nipper. John Cunliffe stood just within the doorway. He was gazing abstractedly at the gentle movement of Miss Eden's hand as she stroked the curly head.

"Well," she answered, gravely, "as far as our guest goes, I'm afraid the explanation is simple. Somebody wanted to get rid of him, and managed to put him in at the window when Sarah was out last night. Perhaps they thought Christmas Eve a good time. And as to Sarah," she continued, "I'm afraid there is no doubt in the main as to what has happened to her—an accident of some sort, poor thing."

A search of the house on the



THEY FETCHED UP THE PUDDING TOGETHER IN EXTRAORDINARY AMITY.

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previous night had elicited the fact that Sarah was not within it; and she had not returned since. The tone of neutrality observable between the foes this morning was perhaps not wholly surprising. Miss Eden had spent nearly two hours in John Cunliffe's sitting-room the night before, absorbed in her task of feeding and soothing the child; and Cunliffe himself had been kept busily occupied in obeying her behests. They had parted for the night in whispers, because the child lay asleep in Miss Eden's arms; and it is not easy to be frigid in whispers.

There was a moment's pause after Miss Eden spoke, and then John Cunliffe said:

"And—what did you think of doing? About—er—about the child, you know. Would you—should I—shall I take it to the workhouse this morning?"

Miss Eden lifted her head with a start, and looked full at John Cunliffe. The bright, keen eyes absolutely flashed fire.

"The workhouse?" she cried. "Take him to the workhouse, the darling! What an abominable idea! Don't imagine for a moment that I should allow such a thing."

No man likes to find himself suddenly regarded as a monster, even by a woman he detests. John Cunliffe was not, at bottom, at all convinced of the desirability of the step he had proposed. He had assured himself, in considering the subject, that Miss Eden was very certain to range herself on the side of rigid practicality, and that it was desirable, for the preservation of the necessary supremacy of man over woman, that he should take the initiative. Her reception of his suggestion had a singular effect upon him. He flushed angrily, and found himself suddenly hotly in favour of it.

"I fail to see that the idea is in the least abominable," he said stiffly. "It seems to me to be the only reasonable possibility. What are workhouses for in your opinion?"

Miss Eden gathered the child into her arms and covered the rosy face with kisses.

"Not for every poor little child who has the misfortune not to be wanted!" she cried. "Besides, he may have been stolen. He may be traced. What do you think his mother would say to me if she knew I had let him go?"

There is nothing more annoying to the truly methodical mind than inconsistency. Such a burst of sentiment from one whom he knew—he did not ask himself how he knew it—to be essentially hard and unwomanly was more than John Cunliffe could stand.

"May I inquire what alternative you propose?" he inquired with angry sarcasm. "You do not contemplate keeping the child here, I presume?"

With one swift, indignant movement, Miss Eden turned her back upon him.

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "He shan't disturb you in the least, I promise you."

The insinuation stung John Cunliffe to the quick.

"The thing is preposterous!" he said, addressing Miss Eden's back hotly. "There is but one sensible course of action in the matter, and that I have suggested to you. I must beg to wash my hands of any further responsibility in the matter."

"Quite so," responded Miss Eden, frigidly. "And I shall be obliged if you will shut my door at the same time."

There was no alternative. Nothing was left to John Cunliffe, on this acceptance of his ultimatum, but to withdraw as haughtily as might be, shutting the door after him.

He went downstairs to his own room, hot with indignation. The inconsistency of the woman! The unreasonableness! The injustice! It was now past eleven o'clock—too late to go to church. He flung himself into his armchair, and snatched up a book.

John Cunliffe's visit to Miss Eden's room had been inspired by the apparent necessity of comparing notes with her as to the further conduct of the affair and of inquiring after their guest; and also by a desire to express his thanks for the breakfast which he had found in his sitting-room, obviously placed there by her hands. That breakfast had been partaken of at nine o'clock; and as the hours wore on nature began to force upon John Cunliffe the necessity for arranging his plans for the day.

John Cunliffe rose, and walked to the window. A stream of people were flocking home from a late service; family groups, with happy Christmas faces; and the sight annoyed John Cunliffe.

It made him feel that his room was quiet to the point of dreariness. He could hear the quick, light footsteps overhead; and then the sound of the baby's laugh

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floated faintly down to his ears. John Cunliffe felt more annoyed still. After all, he said to himself indignantly, the child was much more his than hers. He had found it first. Why should he be expected to go off by himself to a dull dinner at a deserted club, not knowing what steps she might choose to take in his absence? And what was she going to do with herself? Was she going to take the child with her to the house of a friend? Or was she going to remain there, dinnerless?

"A cup of tea, I suppose, and some toast!" he said savagely. "Just like a woman!"

It was at this stage of his meditations that a peremptory little rap fell on the door. Before he could respond it was opened, and Miss Eden appeared.

"I wanted to know what you are going to do," she said brusquely. "You were going to dine here, weren't you?"

"I—I—have not decided," answered John Cunliffe distantly. "I was thinking of—the club."

She paused a moment, looking at him.

"That does not sound very cheerful," she returned.

"You—I presume you are engaged to dine out?" inquired Cunliffe.

"I was," she answered. "But of course I can't go. I couldn't take my guest, and I couldn't leave him."

"Of course, it is not of the least consequence," interposed Cunliffe, hastily and stiffly; "but I really cannot see that it is more your guest than mine."

A curious little smile broke over Miss Eden's face.

"Oh!" she said. "Well, I shall be having a Christmas dinner with him myself, and perhaps you would like to join us? There are your provisions in the larder. Suppose I cook them?"

"You are very good," said John Cunliffe. "Really I—shall be—greatly obliged."

"Then I think you had better just go up and entertain my—your—the guest," Miss Eden rejoined. "He doesn't care about solitude. I shan't be long."

It was the strangest Christmas afternoon John Cunliffe had ever passed. He spent it principally on the hearthrug in front of Miss Eden's fire, with "the guest" crawling gaily over him. There were intervals when Miss Eden looked in upon them, notably one when she gave him tea and "the guest" milk-and-water. And at half-past six she appeared with a table cloth and various appliances for dinner.

John Cunliffe rose.

"I wonder whether I couldn't do that," he said awkwardly. "I've seen the club waiter."

Miss Eden cast a quick glance at him.

"You may try," she said brightly. "I want to go and make myself tidy."

Cunliffe became suddenly conscious that "the guest's" attention to himself had not been without dishevelling consequences.

"I too," he said. "If you will excuse me, when I have done this, I will go and—and—dress."

So when they met again they were both in evening dress; hers, very dainty and quiet; his, irreproachably neat. He looked, indeed, younger by many degrees than he usually appeared. There was a boiled turkey before him, with all the desirable accompaniments, and as they sat down his face expressed the feelings which he did not find easy of utterance.

"You didn't think I could cook," said Miss Eden gaily. "I've been wondering what kind of dinner you expected. I did not attack the fish, but I have achieved mince-pies, and there is your plum-pudding, of course."

They fetched up the pudding together in extraordinary amity, and John Cunliffe actually ate a piece, though he shuddered as he thought of the morrow. And as he laid down his fork he looked across at Miss Eden and said reflectively:

"I do not think I have eaten Christmas pudding—no—not since the old Christmasses at Fretton."

"No?" said Miss Eden, easily. "Ah, those were Christmas puddings, weren't they? Some more, Mr. Cunliffe?"

John Cunliffe shook his head absently.

"No, thank you," he said. "Fretton is sold, Miss Eden? You heard of that, I suppose?"

An eloquent gesture from Miss Eden.

"Ah, yes," she said softly. "I was so sorry. I was so fond of them, Mr. Cunliffe—your uncle and aunt."

"They were—good people," he answered. His voice was a trifle husky. "I missed them very much." He paused a moment, and then went on dreamily; "I went there every Christmas until they died, but—you never came again."

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"No," said Miss Eden; her voice was rather low.

"They used to lament," he said, "that you had so many claims upon your time. That was the reason why you never came, I suppose?".

"Partly."

There was a short silence. Miss Eden was looking at "the guest," fast asleep now, on the rug.

"You told me," said John Cunliffe, "you told me when—you know when—that you wanted to do something to make a place for yourself in the world. You have been successful. I know, I—I hope it has been—satisfactory?"

"Yes," she said. "I—think so." There was another pause, and this time she broke it.

"Things have been satisfactory to you, too, I hope," she said.

John Cunliffe sighed.

"No," he said. "I think—not, Sedgewick."

Miss Eden rose hurriedly, and kneeling down, began to arrange the baby's pillow.

"Do you mind clearing the pudding plates?" she said. "There is——"

But John Cunliffe went on as if she had not spoken.

"I have not proved myself a pleasant neighbour to you," he said. "I have not behaved well. I—must we go on as enemies?"

He also had risen now, and was standing on the other side of the little sleeping child. But Miss Eden did not look up at him.

"Surely not," she said.

He paused a moment.

"I have been—jealous," he said: "that has been at the bottom of it. Jealous that your life should be so sufficient for you. Sedgie, I suppose—it is no more use now than it was eighteen years ago? We can't be—more than friends?"

Miss Eden's head bent yet lower.

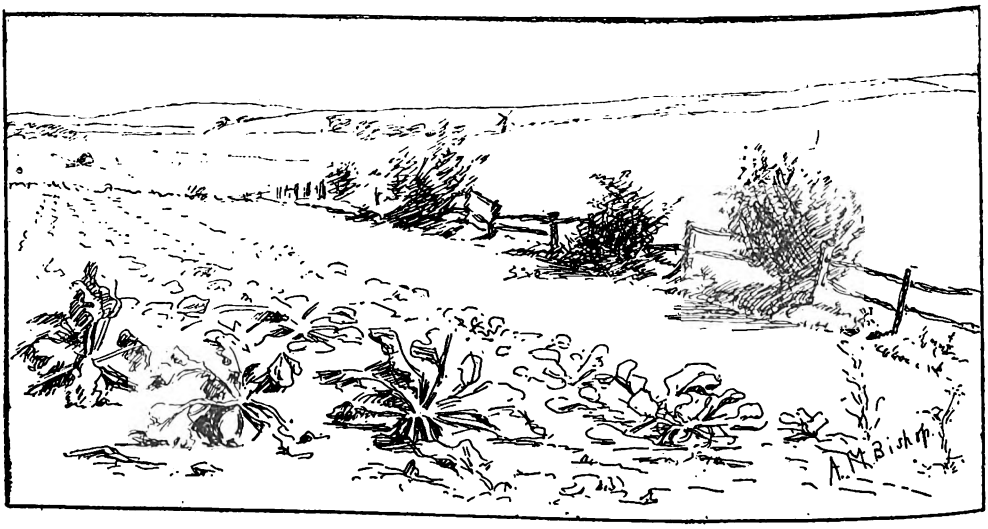
"I am a middle-aged woman now," she murmured. Then quite suddenly she lifted her face. "Oh!" she cried, "I have been so sorry for you. That's why I've been so horrid to you, because I knew you ought to be so different; and I was so sorry, so sorry, because—I think I've always cared."

John Cunliffe knelt incontinently down on the hearthrug; the baby, roused by the voices, opened his eyes at the moment with a little crow, and flinging out both his chubby fists, drew the two faces above him together—at last.

. . . . . .

"The guest" was never claimed, nor was he ever sent to the workhouse. He is the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cunliffe. And Sarah, limping from the accident which led to a three months' sojourn in a London hospital, is his nurse.

[THE END.]



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A World-Wide Christian Alliance.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. E. P. FIELD.

By JAMES GRANT.

PERSECUTION, persistent and cruel, is still the lot of thousands of Christian worshippers in more than one civilised country, though we in England, who have long enjoyed the blessings of religious freedom, are sometimes apt to forget that such an anachronism exists. The recent records of the Evangelical Alliance—the Society which has for over half a century done so much for oppressed Christians in every quarter of the globe, are sufficient to disturb any such complacency, and the extent and reality of the suffering were brought very vividly to the mind of the writer when he paid a visit to the offices of the Alliance, to learn from its able secretary, Mr. E. P. Field, something of the Society's world-wide operations.

There he met the venerable Dr. Baedeker, who has just returned from Russia—the most persecuting country in Europe—after a long and arduous journey, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the prisoners, and visiting the unhappy Stundists in exile. The bronzed and weather-beaten countenance of the old Christian campaigner tells its own tale of hardships endured and perils braved.

When Dr. Baedeker had taken his leave, I asked Mr. Field to describe to me his work for the Alliance.

"He has been for very many years a member of our council," replied Mr. Field, "and has travelled throughout the whole of Russia. He has just now returned from the furthest regions of Tiflis, Batum, and Elizabethpol, having a permit from the Russian Government to visit and preach in all the prisons. Our Council has collected thousands of pounds for the relief of the Stundists, who are simple evangelical believers, of whom, perhaps, one-third would call themselves Baptists, and who have for many years been subject for their faith to most cruel persecution. We continually get letters from Dr. Baedeker, and we have also other correspondents travelling through Russia."

"Have you ever been to Russia yourself?"

"Yes, about two years ago the Council, being anxious to find out if they could possibly do anything more than they were already doing for the Stundists, sent me to travel through the country. I started from St. Petersburg, and I had the opportunity of meeting several of the principal leaders of the Stundists. We had long consultations together, and when I came back I laid all the information I had gathered before the Council. One of the principal results of that visit was the appointment of a new travelling missionary, whose work it is to travel continually all round the convict districts, visiting the exiled Stundists, and also the bereaved and distressed wives and children whom they have left behind them. The Council provide him with all the necessary funds for continually relieving want and distress wherever such occur."

"Is the work attended with any danger to the missionary himself?"

"It is extremely dangerous for him," replied Mr. Field, emphatically, "and he has had one or two narrow escapes; but I am thankful to say he has so far come to no harm. These escapes, however, will give you an idea of the delicacy of his position, and although we receive constantly reports from him full of details of the distress and persecution which he has seen or heard of, we are unable to publish these with any fulness for fear of giving information which may lead to his arrest."

"Is he travelling without the knowledge of the Russian Government?"

"Yes, except so far as it may have been gained from our publication, the *Evangelical Alliance Quarterly*, which purposely gives very carefully selected

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LORD KINNAIRD.
Vice-President of the Evangelical Alliance.

particulars. But though he has not sought official sanction, this is only because the Greek Church and the Government are inextricably bound up together in one in the Russian Empire. There is not the slightest suggestion that our Council would ever countenance for a moment the least help to any Socialistic or revolutionary movement. The Stundists are entirely free from such ideas, and are absolutely governed by the New Testament doctrine: 'Obey them that have the rule over you.'"

"How long has this work been going on?"

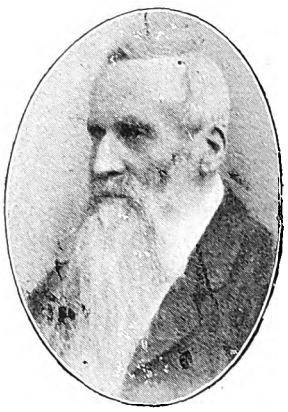
"Our work for the Stundists has been carried on for something like the last twenty years, commencing from the time when these persecutions were first brought to our knowledge, but from the establishment of the Alliance, in 1846, the work for persecuted Christians all over the world has been very dear to us.

"The Alliance was started in that year by such men as Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Guthrie, Angel James, Dr. Bickersteth, Baptist Noel, and others, on the one foundation, that 'all believers are one body in Christ,' and it followed upon this that when any member of that body suffered, others should suffer with it; and so, in 1849, when news reached us of the imprisonment in Tuscany of the Maddai, our Council at once took the matter in hand.

THE REV.
J. MONRO-GIBSON, D.D.
A Prominent Member of the Alliance.

"The Maddai were sentenced to imprisonment for life for possessing copies of the Holy Scriptures. The Council sent over to the King of Tuscany an important deputation of leading English and Continental Christians, and the result was that instead of imprisonment for life, under circumstances of such privation and squalor as would have ensured a speedy termination to their sufferings by death, the sentence was altered to one of mere banishment; and in this way the cruelty of the Roman Catholics was averted. From that time up to the present, a great number of occasions have arisen for work of the same character, which has been carried on in almost every country."

"Coming to the present time, can you give me any instances this year, Mr. Field?"



REV. DR. BAEDEKER.
Who has just returned from his Mission to the exiled Stundists.

"Quite early in the present year," was the reply, "there was a violent outbreak of Roman Catholic bigotry in Portugal, and the seven principal Protestant congregations in Lisbon had their meetings stopped by the police, and the leaders, at least two of them, were imprisoned. Afterwards all were brought up before the magistrates, who ordered them to desist from gathering together in future.

"Our correspondents in Portugal at once telegraphed to this office; a special meeting of the Council took place, and the result was that a deputation, appointed by the Alliance, was received by the King of Portugal at Buckingham Palace, his Majesty having come over to this country to attend our late beloved Queen's funeral."

"What kind of reception did you receive from his Majesty?"

"I was surprised at the graciousness of his welcome," replied Mr. Field. "He thanked us for having brought the matter

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REV. F. B. MEYER.
Member of the Council.

before him, and he said that as soon as he had received our letter, he had at once sent orders to the police to cease all interference with these Protestant congregations. He went on to promise us that liberty of worship should be continued to them, and I am glad to say that only recently we have had letters, telling us gladly how faithfully the King has kept his promise."

"I suppose this incident attracted a good deal of attention on the Continent?"

"Yes; the newspapers not only in Portugal and Spain, but in France, Germany and Italy, were full of the matter. The action of the King must, I am sure, have had a very great influence in these countries in the direction of securing liberty of worship, and in discouraging Roman Catholic encroachments.

"Is there any other recent matter?"

"We have heard within the last fortnight from the Island of Brava, Cape Verde Islands, and the writer thanks us most heartily because the appeal sent to us by the Protestants in that Island has been granted. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'we were overjoyed by the arrival of the *Lisbon Official Gazette*, which gives us the liberty you asked for us,' and further on he says, 'Your committee have to be thanked and congratulated, and I will endeavour to obtain all the facts for publication in your magazine.'"

REV. DR. MACEWAN.
Honorary Secretary.

"The Alliance, I understand, is undenominational; but is there a preponderating influence of any particular Church in its Councils?"

"No, none whatever," was Mr. Field's answer. "We are steadfastly keeping before ourselves the definite aim and intention that there shall *not* be any preponderating influence; and it is a delightful element in our Council meetings and in all our public conferences that no one thinks of asking the question: 'Are you a member of this or that or the other Church?'"

"Do not in some places the Free Church Councils put their name upon the Week of Prayer programmes?"

"I shall always be sorry to hear of this being done, as it would mean an entire departure from the very fundamental idea of that Week of Prayer. It was commenced by us over fifty years ago with the object of bringing all Christians, irrespective of the Church to which they belonged, to kneel together in prayer.

VEN. ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.
Always a welcome Speaker on the Alliance platforms.

"Of course, if a programme is issued in the name of one Church, it tends to keep the members of the other Churches from joining, and in this way really spoils the whole spirit of fellowship in prayer, because it excludes some of those who love and serve Christ."

"What other meetings do you hold to promote fellowship?"

"We have our annual conferences year by year in Great Britain. Last year it was held at Liverpool, and was attended with much blessing, and this year it will be held at Bournemouth on 26th, 27th, and 28th November.

"Then, again, upon the Continent or in America every seven years we have a great International conference. Since 1851 these have been held in London, Paris, Berlin, Genoa, Amsterdam, New York, Basle, Copenhagen, and Florence, and now we

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are preparing for our International conference in Hamburg, in August, 1902."

"Has the anti-English feeling, so prevalent on the Continent just now, caused you any difficulty?"

"Yes," said Mr. Field, "but the more bitterness of spirit there is upon the Continent the more need there is for such a Society as ours to hold its International conference there.

"The banner of our Evangelical Alliance, wherever it goes, is inscribed with the law of Christian love, and, indeed, I believe that our conference will not only do, with God's blessing, great service to the cause of Christianity, but will promote international amity."

RIGHT REV. DR. BICKERSTETH.
Vice-President.

"Have you personally had much evidence of the bitter spirit to which you allude?"

"I deeply regret to say that some very bitter letters have come to me at this office, not only from the Continent, but even from some few people in England itself. I don't wish, of course, to allude to the details of such correspondence, but I have had one good and sufficient answer which I have sent to all those correspondents. I have told them that the Lord Jesus Christ said, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another,' and I have gone on to point out that, whatever may be the views of such a correspondent as to this unhappy war, the command I have just quoted was binding upon him absolutely.

"I take it that in all our differences we should most earnestly set ourselves to put away bitterness of spirit, and to love each other fervently. Some may say, 'Is this not a hard matter?' It seems, at first sight, harder than it really is. If a man sets himself to seek to practise love, if he determines that he will not put his pen to bitter words or utter them in speech, if he makes it a matter of prayer, he will certainly be able to obey God's commandment. It is an old saying that 'God's commandments are enablings.'

"From a logical standpoint, also," continued Mr. Field, "I should think that there was ample cause for people to suspend their judgment about matters attended with so much difficulty."

"Was not a strongly worded appeal received from the Swiss Branch on behalf of the Boers?"

"Yes, that is quite true," answered Mr. Field, "but it was signed by only three out of the seven branches. We published our answer to it in the October number of the *Evangelical Alliance Quarterly*, and you will be glad to hear that all our seven Swiss Branches are joining cordially with us in the approaching Week of Prayer, and have signed the invitation which we are sending out to the world for January 6th to 12th, 1902."

JAMES GRANT.

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KNOWN THROUGH FAILURE.

If you could know that half of all I yearn to be to you,
dear heart!
Each day that dawns I struggle to be strong and do
my part,
Yet when at last the night comes softly down I humbly
pray,
"Lord, grant me still to prove my tender love just one
more day!"

Just one more day to strive to rise above small troubles,
petty care,
That my cramped soul may break its earth-forged
bonds, at last to dare
To face the future and to gladly live with courage new,
Loyal and cheerful, facing toward the light for truth
and you.

And yet I feel, in spite of all the heights which I can
never scale,
In spite of all the many tests in which I daily fail,
That my deep love, more deep and pure and strong
than I can ever show,
You somehow, through my failures, doubts, and fears,
will come to know.

The dreary clouds can't hide the sun for aye; it glimmers
through.
The sweet, wet violet, struggling through dead leaves,
still shows its blue,
And so I trust, though oft I strike love's chord with
clumsy hand,
You'll feel the melody I tried to play and understand.

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A CHRISTMAS EVE DREAM.

By ETHEL GLYNNE,
Author of "Alan Haywood," etc.

IT was Christmas Eve. A keen north-east wind and a snow-laden sky were its principal atmospheric features. The minds of young folks and children lightly turned to thoughts of skating and sliding. The rich shiveringly drew their costly furs and wraps more closely around them and hurried impatiently into their trains or carriages; while the poor felt with redoubled force the utter inadequacy of their wretched garments, and the bitter contrast of their lot.

Seated in a luxurious easy-chair in a handsomely-furnished room in his house in South Kensington, before a glowing fire, which leaped and crackled merrily as the light from its flame danced upon the highly-burnished curb and fireirons and up again to add lustre to the costly plate which adorned the massive, handsomely-carved sideboard, and to touch as with a loving hand the pictures and ornaments on the wall, Ralph Grayson gave no thought to rich or poor. The frosts of seventy winters had whitened his still abundant locks, but his portly figure was tolerably erect. His manner was stern and dignified. The world knew him for a cold, hard man. Yet some, to whom charity meant more than a name, pitied him, and not without a cause; for, despite his wealth and luxury, happiness had long been denied him, and he told himself at times that it would never more be his.

Twenty years ago the blow had fallen which had so terribly changed his heart and life. His eldest daughter, a lovely, winsome girl of twenty-two, had married the man of her choice, a young and penniless artist, in defiance of his plans for a more suitable match for her. In his anger he banished her from his heart and home for ever, and, heedless of his wife's entreaties, returned unread the letters she sent asking for forgiveness.

From that time forth sorrow became his portion. His two youngest children were carried off within a few days of each other by scarlet fever. In consequence of this loss he clung more closely to his eldest son and heir and second daughter; but, alas! a few years later a boating accident deprived him of both. Half mad with grief, his heart seemed turned to stone, and he remained as unrelenting as ever towards his eldest child, and it was only when the knowledge that his wife was slowly dying of a broken heart was forced upon him by her physicians that he yielded to her cry of "Bring my Alice back to my arms and I shall live!" and set out to seek, forgive, and restore his wayward daughter to their desolate hearts. But retribution in the shape of failure awaited him. Not the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of Alice, or her husband and children, could be obtained. At last the sickness of hope deferred proved too much for Mrs. Grayson's health, and on Christmas Eve she passed away murmuring, faintly:

"Never cease trying to find our child, Ralph."

But after making several futile efforts the merchant gave up his quest; his former hardness and coldness returned and increased daily, as did also his riches.

Five years had rolled away since his wife's death, and as on this particular Christmas Eve he sat thinking of the past he felt that he would give all he possessed to find his lost Alice. Oh, the heart-hunger which tortured him! Oh, how he longed for the sound of that laughing voice, those softly clinging arms and loving kisses! Was there nothing he

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could do to bring back the warmth and gladness of heart which had once been his? The demon of Despair seemed to whisper: "Too late!"

And while thus sadly musing he fell asleep.

The handsome, cosy room faded from before him, and he found himself in a small, neatly and scantily-furnished but spotless apartment. In a well-worn easy-chair before a meagre fire sat an aged woman. Beneath her silvery hair and broad, deeply-lined brow, beamed a face over which the tempests of trial and sorrow had swept; yet there shone out of the faded eyes a look of patient hope and trustfulness, telling of battles long since fought and won, leaving the spirit chastened and softened but unseared. Just then those eyes, which were fixed upon the door, were filled with a world of love and tenderness, for her listening ear caught the sound of a well-known foot-step, and the next instant in came a tall, good-looking young man, whose clever face bore a bright smile as he came over to her side, and who, laying a small parcel in her lap, said, as he kissed her wrinkled brow: "There, mother dear, is a little present from your John. I wish it had been something better," he added, and there was disappointment in his tones.

"My own kind boy," cried the old lady as she undid the parcel and drew out a neat lace cap. "It is just what I needed. And, darling, were it fifty times more costly I could not value it more, for I know the wealth of love with which it is given. But I am sorry to see you look disappointed, dear."

"Yes," sighed the young man. "Christmas has come again, and although I have worked harder than ever this year, Mr. Grayson made no mention of increasing my salary."

"Well, dear," answered the widow, echoing her son's sigh, "he is a hard man. And for all his wealth I would not change places with him, for we have each other and he has no one."

"True, true, mother mine," cried John. "It's not for my own sake that I desire more money. But as you say, we are richer than he, for we have our love for each other, the love of God in our hearts, and, though poor, the joy of being able to do a little to cheer and soothe the sorrows of others."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Harrison, guessing his thoughts. "I have made a small plum-pudding for those poor children, and some beef-tea for Mrs. Brame."

"God bless you, dear," murmured the son, and again he bent and kissed her.

Then over the countenances of the mother and son came a radiance born of the light that never was on land or sea, which grew in intensity until it literally transfigured them into glorified beings, whose effulgence spread until it filled the room, when suddenly there appeared in their midst a company of angels, and with them a volume of music the like of which has never fallen upon the ear of mortal man since Bethlehem's shepherds while watching their flocks by night the self-same message heard. For the words of which that glorious wave of soul-enrapturing music formed the accompaniment, were those of the old, old proclamation, "Peace, goodwill toward men!" Then, with a final shout of triumphant acclamation, the angels softly raised their wings and disappeared; but there shone out in letters of light, which encircled as with a loving embrace the aged widow and her faithful son, the words: "Peace, perfect peace."

Unable to bear the sight of the dazzling splendour of the rays which emanated from these words the bewildered, awe-stricken merchant covered his face with his hands, and when he ventured to look again the vision had vanished and the scene was changed!

This time he was walking along a squalid street in one of the poorest districts of the city. It was night, and the street was drearily silent. Coming towards him was a poorly-clad boy of about fourteen years of age, with a thin, pinched face. As he came under the light of the street-lamp, Ralph Grayson saw that his cheeks were flushed, his brown eyes bright, as with unshed tears, and that he panted for breath, as though he had been hurrying too fast. At the same moment from out of a dingy doorway stepped a young girl of eighteen or so, who, despite her shabby sailor's hat and ill-fitting jacket, looked a lady; for there was about her a grace and dignity, such as fine clothes can never give. If the thinness of her face and figure detracted somewhat from their beauty the wistfulness in her starlike eyes added to their charm; and naught could rival the

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loveliness of the luxuriant, sun-kissed curls which clung so softly about her white neck and brow and crowned her head with glory.

"Is that you, Teddie?" she cried, in a low, sweet voice.

"Yes, Muriel. But why did you come out to meet me? It is so cold, and you are not well."

"I am all right, dearie; "but—but——"

"Mother! Is she worse?" gasped the boy, his cheeks paling and the light dying out of his eyes.

"No, dear. That is—oh, Teddie, the doctor says there is no hope for her unless she goes into the hospital. She begged of him to let her stay with us until Christmas is over, but after that she must go. Now, darling, don't give way," as an agonised sob broke from Teddie. "I came out to tell you in order that you might be prepared, and so be able to show mother a brave face." Then, as if to cheer him, "Why, what have you in that bag, you extravagant boy?"

"Some grapes, that's all, sis," replied Teddie, wiping his eyes and trying to speak bravely as he added, "And, oh, how I wish I could buy mother something else?"

"But how did you get those?"

"Mr. Harrison gave me two shillings, Muriel. And only think, Mr. Grayson, who is so rich, gave me nothing. And, oh, I was so hoping that he would, just for mother's sake!"

"Never mind, darling! God, who knows all things, will accept your good wishes towards mother; so do not let us harbour unkind thoughts of anyone on Christmas Eve, but rather let us pray for such as he, for the hard-hearted rich are more to be pitied than we are."

As the boy answered "Yes, Mury, you are always right, we should pray for such as he; and so I will," there came again that marvellous radiance. White-robed angels thronged around them, heavenly music filled the air, and once more the merchant saw those vivid characters, and the message they formed. Then, as before, sight failed him, and ere his senses were released from the glamour that overpowered him, the scene was once more changed. He was sitting in his strong-room, which was lit by a single jet of gas above his head, so that the greater portion of it was enveloped in gloom.

Presently over a pile of dusty ledgers lying on the top of a desk in the darkest corner, there appeared, as if written in fire, long rows of figures, while within the huge fireproof safe, the door of which stood open, shone the words, "Gold, gold, gold!" With fascinated eyes, he beheld those figures, for he knew them to be the exact numerical representation of the wealth the safe contained, and that which lay at his bankers; but instantly his interest was averted, for there in the midst of the gloom stood a shining angel, who thus addressed him:

"O man! What avails this wealth, when thou art dead? Wouldst thou the full joy of living know, go forth, and on the poor and needy, this thy gold bestow! Then shall there be yours, that which the wealth of nations cannot buy, for it belongeth up on high!"

And then the merchant, in trembling accents, cried:

"Oh, angel, tell me of this bliss!"

The angel softly and gently answered:

"Go forth and seek it; its name is Peace!"

With those sweetly thrilling tones still filling his ears, Ralph Grayson awoke. The fire was still blazing cheerily, and though the twilight was fast deepening into darkness, he could clearly distinguish the familiar objects around him. The scent of the cigar and aroma of the wine, in which he had recently indulged, still lingered in the air. Yet it was several seconds before he could fully comprehend that he was awake, and that the wondrous scenes he had just witnessed with his spiritual eyes were not a reality, but a God-sent vision. Like one still under a spell, he sat and reviewed each incident of the vision which had enabled him to see himself as others saw him; and as he thought of his hardness and meanness towards his faithful clerk, John Harrison, the self-sacrificing son of a widowed mother, his careless indifference with regard to the fatherless lad to whom a little of his wealth would have meant so much joy, he loathed himself. Then, as other thoughts came to him, he buried his face in his hands, and the strong man wept bitter tears of mingled sorrow and repentance, while from the depths of his soul, he cried: "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Then suddenly rising to his feet, he exclaimed: "Yes; I will earn their pity and their prayers! This very

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night shall they bless Ralph Grayson's name!"

Ten minutes later he was speeding along in a hansom to his office, ashamed in his heart to think he did not even know where either clerk or office-boy lived. On arriving at the office, he found that the Harrisons lived in Shepherd's Bush, but Teddie's address was not down. He remembered that he had engaged the boy through John Harrison saying he was in his class at Sunday-school; so, of course, the latter would know all about him. Thinking thus, he seated himself at his desk and wrote a letter to his clerk, expressing in a few well-chosen terms his appreciation of his long and faithful services, and enclosing a cheque for such a sum as should amply atone for all past insufficiency of salary. Then, with a warmer feeling at his heart than he had known for years, he set out again to do the angel's bidding.

By-and-bye the hansom stopped before a tall, smoke-blackened lodging-house, and, mounting the well-worn steps, he knocked somewhat cautiously at the door. It was opened by a slatternly-looking servant-girl, who, in answer to his inquiry if Mr. Harrison lived there, replied:

"Yes, sir, 'e do; but 'e ain't in hat present. But Mrs. 'Arrison's hin, cos she don't never go hout 'ardly."

"Then will you ask her if she will kindly let me see her for a few minutes?" asked the merchant, and he put his card into her grimy paw.

"Yes, certingly, sir; please come inside," replied the girl.

As Ralph Grayson stood in that dingy hall, with its shabby, tattered floorcloth and smoky, evil-smelling lamp, his heart suddenly filled with a feeling of the deepest pity for the many refined and cultured people whose lack of means compels them to live amid such surroundings. He was aroused from those reflections by the return of the servant girl, who intimated that Mrs. Harrison would be pleased to see him if he would kindly come upstairs. With cautious step he ascended in the wake of the girl, who paused several times to clear from their course sundry hindrances, such as brushes, dust-pans, etc., till they reached the third landing, when, as she threw open a door on the right and announced him, he gave a short, quick, gasp of surprise, for there was the aged, placid-faced woman, the spotless room, the meagre fire; yes, even the cardboard box on the table, containing, he felt sure, the much-prized cap her loving son had bought her.

Mrs. Harrison rose with some difficulty and greeted her visitor with an old-world courtesy—fast dying out—then nervously faltered: "You wish to see my son, sir. I am sorry he is not at home," for inwardly she wondered whether the visit of her son's master at such a time boded good or ill.

Still less at ease felt the merchant; but, pulling himself together, he said: "I came, Mrs. Harrison, to ask your son for our office-boy's address."

"Oh, sir, I hope there is nothing wrong!" cried the old lady. "Teddie is such a bright, honest little fellow."

"Nothing, I assure you," returned Mr. Grayson, taking the chair she had set for him. "But why should you think so?"

"Well, sir, I can scarcely tell; but I know boys are often entrusted with money, which is a sore temptation to them, when they are placed as Teddie is at present."

"By which you mean," put in the merchant, with eager expectancy, as he recollected the troubled face of the boy in his dream, "that he is in trouble and want?"

"Indeed, sir, he is," answered the old lady, and her eyes glistened with sympathetic tears as she forthwith acquainted her visitor with the story of the sick mother and the frail young girl and boy doing their utmost to stave off the blow of parting with the former, whose malady had so increased that a critical operation was necessary to save her life.

Many and varied were the emotions that passed through her listener's breast; and as the old lady noted each change in his countenance, she marvelled greatly as to how one who evinced such interest in her story could ever have acted in such a wise as to earn the name by which even her own charity-loving son called him, while Ralph Grayson, as he looked at that sweet, placid old face, could almost fancy he saw again those shining letters of light, and felt the angel's presence.

Presently he rose, and, without making any comment on the Brames' case except: "Thank you, Mrs. Harrison, I will go at once and see what I can do," he drew from his pocket the note intended for her son, saying carelessly: "And oh, may I trouble you to give this to John as soon

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as he comes in?" And, almost before the wondering Mrs. Harrison could reply, he was gone.

Jumping into the hansom again, he bade the driver drive quickly, and before long they were rattling up the dreary, squalid street, to which he felt no stranger. Soon the hansom stopped before the self-same dingy-looking doorway out of which had stepped the girl whom, with a wild, vague, undefinable longing, he now hoped to see. But who was that just coming out? Why, surely it was John Harrison!

"Mr. Grayson! You, sir!" cried the astonished clerk.

"Yes, Harrison, it is I. But is this where Teddie Brame lives?"

"Yes sir; I am fresh from seeing them," was the reply.

"Then as you know them so well, do you mind going and asking if they will see me?"

Filled with amazement, but without a word, John Harrison obeyed, leaving his master standing in the dilapidated porch.

Then, indeed, did Ralph Grayson seem to himself to have lost his own identity. Why, he asked himself, should his heart beat so furiously, and wherefore should he tremble like a culprit, as a few seconds later he mounted the rickety staircase, and followed his clerk into that room, so clean and neat, yet cruelly bare and comfortless. He soon knew why! There stood the boy, with the pinched, eager face; there the fragile girl, with the lovely sun-kissed hair and wistful, starlike eyes. But who was that with a frame so painfully emaciated, fever-dyed cheeks, glittering eyes, panting breath, and skeleton-like hands, grasping the table for support? For an instant the merchant stood as if turned to stone, then, with a thrilling cry—in which mingled horror, shame, and remorse—of "Alice, my child! Forgive me! oh, forgive!" he sprang forward to clasp to his heart the long-lost daughter, whose pent-up agony of years spent itself in the words: "My father! At last!" which she uttered ere she fell senseless on his breast.

In utter bewilderment Muriel and Teddie clung to John Harrison, asking what it all meant.

Tenderly kissing his daughter's death-like face, Ralph Grayson placed her in her chair, and then, turning towards them with outstretched arms, exclaimed:

"It means that for years you have been the victims of a sin of which I have long since repented. For years have I sought you, but in vain until to-night, when God in His mercy heard my prayer and sent me here. Come to the heart that craves for your love and forgiveness, my darlings," he added.

And the next moment Muriel and Teddie, with a wondering, half-dazed, yet suddenly joyous sense of well-being, crept into their grandfather's arms for the first time in their lives.

Joy seldom kills, and soon the mother opened her eyes upon a scene which set her pulses beating with a strange happiness too deep for words. Meanwhile, John Harrison, with innate delicacy of feeling, had stolen quietly away ere she found strength to recount to her father the story of her husband's death in the midst of a promising career, followed by her gradual social descent which caused her to change her name, thus baffling his attempts to find her; of her proud determination, after the rebuffs she had received, even when fate led Teddie to his grandfather's office, never to reveal her history to the world or her children until death came, when she had intended leaving with their faithful friend, John Harrison, a letter directed to her father.

Before midnight Mrs. Chaucer, as we must now call her, and her children were transported from their wretched dwelling to their rightful place in Ralph Grayson's luxurious home.

The next day a snug brougham was despatched to bring the clerk and his aged mother to dine with the merchant and his kin, whom they out of their penury had befriended.

After dinner, when the merchant and John were alone, the former recited the story of his soul's awakening. Then, holding out his hand, he said:

"What can I do, John, to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you?"

"Speak not of it, sir. God knows it was but little I could do; and I am already amply repaid in seeing their joy and yours."

Yet he sighed, and hearing him the old gentleman said:

"Harrison, am I wrong in thinking that you care for Muriel?"

"I will not deny the truth, sir. When ignorant of her true position I learnt to love her, and fondly hoped to one day

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win her. But now the very thought of such a thing is presumption."

"Once I made a mistake," faltered the other. "It shall not be so again. If Muriel loves you, she shall marry you. I am growing old, Teddie is but a youth, why should you not be my partner? Then who shall cavil at my granddaughter's marriage?"

So, his brain in a mad whirl of love and joy, John Harrison sought the girl he loved, and found her heart was all his own.

When the New Year came Teddie was sent to Eton. The operation which was to prolong his mother's life was successfully performed, and she lived to gladden her father's heart as mistress of his home and to rejoice in her children's welfare.

Soon after, old Mrs. Harrison ended her days amid joy, peace and plenty.

The firm of Grayson and Harrison continued to flourish. And while to many the marvellous change in its chief is still a mystery, the poor and friendless have had abundant cause to rejoice in the bountiful harvest of good deeds resulting from the God-sown seed of Ralph Grayson's dream.

[THE END.]

GOD'S WITNESSES.

The star-lit sky above, the law within—
  These are of truth the witnesses sublime,
  To which man's heart has hearkened in all time,
As to deep voice heard 'mid the battle's din.

Unchangeable while ages onward spin,
  Ringing of life and death the equal rhyme;
  Through all the centuries and every clime,
They utter God, despite all doubt and sin.

Beneath the stars, in presence of the soul,
  Far from the whirl, the noise, the strife, the glare
Of the vain world, come visions of the whole,
  Which His eternal hands make and upbear:
We read the writing of the mystic scroll,
  And know that life means hope, and not despair.

Bishop Spalding.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

AMONG those Army chaplains who specially distinguished themselves at the front was the Wesleyan chaplain, the Rev. O. S. Watkins, who has been four times mentioned in despatches, the last time by Earl Roberts.

Mr. Watkins has recently been appointed Wesleyan chaplain at Aldershot, and right glad he must be to enjoy such a respite from war's alarms after all the sad sights he has witnessed in the field and in the hospitals.

Although quite a young man few have done more to give comfort and consolation to the wounded and dying. He went right through the Natal campaign, being present at Lombard's Kop and Nicholson's Nek, and it was in connection with his work in the recovery and burial of the British soldiers after that latter disaster that Sir George White mentioned his name to the home authorities.

He shared the fortunes of the Division inside the walls of Ladysmith, doing his best to lighten the tedious hours of the sick and wounded, performing burial services over those who had perished in the desperate encounters on the outskirts of the town, and rendering the same sad offices on behalf of those who had succumbed to that still more dreaded foe—enteric fever. When relief at last arrived, Mr. Watkins' name again received honourable mention in Sir George White's despatches.

He continued on active service throughout the operations undertaken to clear Natal of the enemy, and he accompanied General Buller's force when it carried out one of the most difficult undertakings of the war—the clearing of

THE REV. O. S. WATKINS,
The Wesleyan Chaplain who has been four times mentioned in Despatches.
Photograph by Slatery, Llandudno.

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the Eastern Transvaal, and his work done on the field was again specially mentioned.

Mr. Watkins knew the meaning of war from personal experience before the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa. In 1896 he was Wesleyan chaplain in Malta, and when trouble broke out in Crete, he accompanied the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers to that island, and saw some hard fighting. He was present on the field when the Highland Light Infantry suffered so severely.

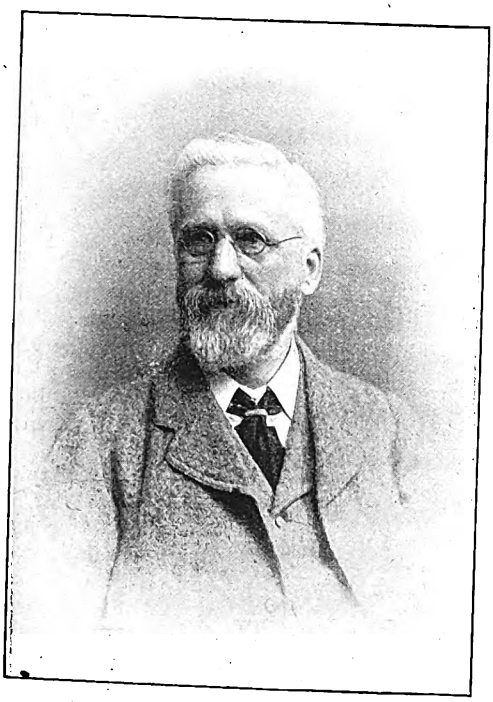
His initial experience was shortly to be followed by others of a more thrilling and important character. In March, 1898, he received orders to accompany the Sirdar's force, and was present at the final overthrow of the Dervishes at Omdurman. He took part in the Gordon Memorial Service with other ministers, and was mentioned in despatches.

THE name of Mr. E. Wilson Gates is one that is widely known in connection with philanthropic work. He began his connection with the Congregational Union in 1884, and his sympathies from the beginning have been with the philanthropic section, and by varied experiences he has become intimately acquainted with the condition and needs of the poor of London.

For several years he was accustomed to walk the streets of London at night, in company with a few kindred spirits, in order to come into touch with the homeless and destitute. The practice then was to invite night wayfarers to a short rest, early breakfast, and a brief service at Colliers Rents. Rather more than ten years ago a new departure was made by the Union in opening Medland Hall as a free shelter, and to this scheme Mr. Gates devoted himself with intense earnestness. The success of the work is a splendid testimony to what can be done towards ameliorating the hardships of the homeless by careful management and kindly sympathy.

At Medland Hall, on a Sunday evening, Mr. Gates is perhaps seen at his best. Usually, about 600 homeless men are under the spell of his personality. His management of an audience is remarkable.

The whole of the philanthropic work of the Union is under Mr. Gates's superintendence.



MR. E. WILSON GATES,
Who directs the whole of the philanthropic work of the London Congregational Union.

The Mission at Colliers Rents is far-reaching in its influence. Little children are taught to play, older ones are encouraged to work, fathers and mothers are provided with healthy entertainment, and to all the Christ of the Gospel is presented as a human brother and a Divine Saviour.

At Wapping there is another Mission, and yet another in Banner-street, St. Luke's. The distribution of clothing reaches to some 30,000 garments a year, a larger output than some of London's business men can boast of.

Country holidays for children run through the summer months, and, as Mr. Gates puts it, providing these holidays adds very greatly to his own enjoyment as well as helping to brighten the lives of poor little ones.

In the winter, country holidays give place to hot nourishing breakfasts. Tables are spread in various parts of London, and milk porridge, bread and jam and other good things help to maintain a temperature above freezing point.

With all this work on his hands it will be easily understood that Mr. Gates has

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not much time to spare. His leisure moments are devoted to "ways and means"—how to provide the £3,000 a year required for carrying on the work.

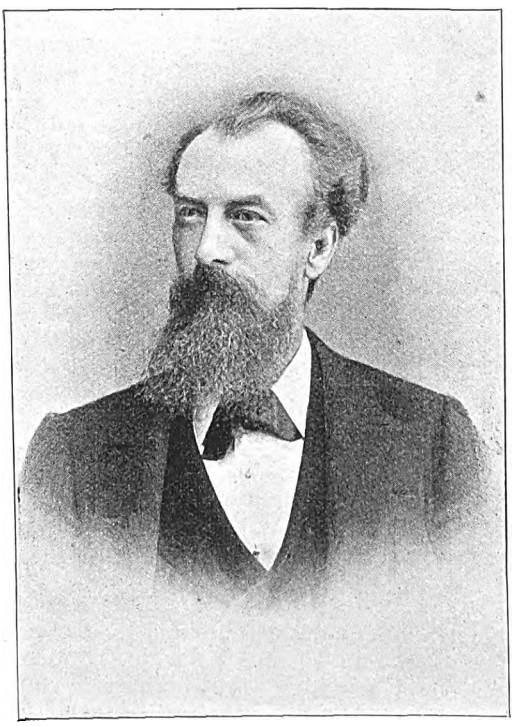
AS a tapestry painter Miss Pauline Grayson holds a great place in the art world of America, many of the finest houses possessing works from her brush. Gifted with almost unusual talent, she studied for years under the best masters with untiring diligence and perseverance, learning the minutest details of technique and colouring, and gaining well nigh perfection in her art; while now, with the true generosity of the real artist, and in her enthusiastic love for her work, she is willing to impart some of the invaluable hints she has gained by experience to others less gifted or fortunately circumstanced than herself, and more than one useful article, of advice as to colouring and mode of treatment, has issued from her pen.

Born in Brooklyn, Miss Grayson, who comes of an old American family, is possessed of a very charming personality,

MISS PAULINE GRAYSON,
The noted American Tapestry Painter.

and this, combined with her great artistic abilities, has gained her many friends and admirers. As a writer of books, she is well known in her own country, and in a lesser degree in this, one book in especial, "The Kreutzer Sonata Bearing Fruit," eliciting letters of warm appreciation from the late Mr. Gladstone and other well-known people on this side of the water.

Now, as a playwright she is likely to be as successful, for a musical farcical comedy —which she has just finished, and to which Herr Meyer Lutz has set the music—is said to be extremely clever and abounds in bright sayings and unique situations. She has other works in hand which will see the light in course of time, and, considering her artistic temperament and inborn love for art and literature, it is likely that they will prove her to be above the ordinary as a dramatic writer.



THE REV. H. E. STONE,
Originator of a happy idea for brightening the lives of village workers.
Photo by Andrew W. Dron, Dyne Road, Brondesbury.

THE REV. H. E. STONE, pastor of Abbey Road Baptist Church, London, has introduced a happy idea for brightening the lives of secluded village workers who are preaching the gospel in the lonely places.

For the past seven or eight years in every autumn between thirty and forty village pastors and their wives are invited to a three days' conference.

Those who are in very poor pastorates have their fares paid, and in other ways are remembered by gifts of clothing, the

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glad labour of ladies connected with the church under the auspices of the Village Pastor's Aid Society.

Members of the Church cheerfully give the hospitality and also subscribe to the expenses incurred.

Conferences on topics connected with village work are held each day in the morning and afternoon, the evening meetings being reserved for the pastors to give reports of their work and the difficulties attending the same.

The three days pass all too quickly, but in the memory linger long the recollection of them. As one pastor said at a concluding gathering:—

"They would go back with cheered and gladdened hearts, with all remembrances of love and kindness so liberally shown."

Who can tell how much London benefits, with its yearly influx of village life, from these hand and heart touches of sympathy given out to those who hold the fort in these quiet country places?

THE REV. J. GREGORY MANTLE,
Who has succeeded the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse at St. James's Hall.
Photograph by Pannell & Holden, Brighton.

THE Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, who has been appointed successor to the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse as colleague to the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in the work of the West London Wesleyan Mission, has had a brilliant career. But great as are Mr. Mantle's capacities they are just now under an exceptionally severe test, for until Mr. Hughes' health improves the new comer must perforce do the work of two men. In the ordinary course Mr. Mantle would have to only conduct the morning services at St. James's Hall, but under the present circumstances he undertakes the evening services also.

The conditions of life in West London call for able and energetic religious workers, and, above all, those who have the welfare of young men and women at heart. The past experience of Mr. Mantle has been precisely of the kind most needed in his new sphere. During his pastorate at Norfolk-road, Brighton, it was always one of his chief aims to win over the young life of the town. In this connection, it was his custom to hold an "at home" every Thursday to which the young townspeople were welcome, and by this means alone 150 members were added to the church.

His next step was to hire the Alhambra, Theatre, at a cost of £20 a night, and for two winters he drew large audiences. The financial burden of this undertaking was considerably lightened by the spontaneous gift of £200 by a lady who, though she had no connection with the church, was an admirer of Mr. Mantle's evangelistic work. From his congregations at the theatre, Mr. Mantle formed a Young Men's Bible Class of 80 members.

All this pioneer work had a splendid effect upon the attendances at the ordinary services at Norfolk-road, and the congre-

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gation were enabled to contribute the large sum of 1,100 guineas to the Centenary Fund.

The invitation to take Mr. Pearse's place came as a great surprise to Mr. Mantle, for when his wife, who had at the moment Mr. Hughes' letter in her pocket, asked her husband if he would care to fill the vacant position he replied, "Don't be absurd. I am the last person in the world they would ask to go." But Mr. Hughes, who himself was a former pastor of Norfolk Road, had recently paid a visit to his old church to conduct anniversary services, and there is no doubt that what he then saw of the healthy vitality of the place under Mr. Mantle was no small factor in the making of the London appointment.

THOUGH one of the younger generation of writers, the name of Miss Winifred Graham has become well known to the reading public.

She is a charming and versatile writer of fiction, and has been a frequent contributor to religious magazines and papers. One of her books, entitled "The Star Child," received the warm commendation of the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, when Bishop of London, and he was so struck with the beauty of the writing and the elevating tone of the story that he expressed a wish to see it published serially.

There is a freshness and originality about all Miss Graham's work. She is an enemy to everything hackneyed or commonplace either in thought or expression, and her plots have no resemblance to the worn-out pieces of mechanism which form the stock-in-trade of so many writers.

These plots, she says, come to her at odd moments. Sometimes they are suggested by something in the newspaper, sometimes by the conversation of friends, but often it is impossible to trace any source of suggestion and they are evolved from her own consciousness. Miss Graham is passionately fond of her work, and when in the mood writes on for hours at a stretch regardless of time. She composes with great rapidity—the ideas flowing so fast that the difficulty is to put them down on paper quickly enough.

The charm of Miss Graham's personality can only be appreciated by those who know her; she is bright and vivacious, and seems to have an inexhaustible fund of energy and "go."

Authors, especially lady authors, are often credited with an appearance dowdy and bespectacled, but the charming subject of this sketch quite dispels the idea that personal attraction and cleverness are not to be found together.

MISS WINIFRED GRAHAM,
A Popular Story Writer.

THE REV. ROBERT E. WELSH, M.A., the popular and gifted minister of St. George's Presbyterian Church, Brondesbury, is one of the most versatile, as he is one of the most engaging of men. By birth an Ayrshire man, he has all the fine poetic instinct in the choice of language which is, in Scotland at least, regarded as the peculiar endowment of Burns's region, and, coming of the stock of Welsh — name of note and honour in Covenanting story —he has the keen spiritual insight which makes his preaching so helpful to thoughtful men. After the Grammar School of Ayr, he spent four years at the Glasgow University, matriculating in 1876. For three years more he studied in the United Presbyterian Theological

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College, Edinburgh. It is little to be wondered at that the Presbyterian should be regarded as the most educated of ministries, seeing that every man must give from seven to eight years by way of preparation. In 1880 the great desire of Mr. Welsh's heart was accomplished; he was ordained a missionary, the field assigned him being Tokio, Japan; and thither, with his bride of a week, he set out. It was not long, however, before the health of the young wife utterly broke down, necessitating their return. Mr. Welsh then took up work at Harrogate, where he remained about five years, leaving good proof of his hard but successful labours there in the beautiful church he built. Several tempting offers were made him at this time, from fields as wide apart as Chicago, Kimberley, and Wolverhampton, but these he set aside in favour of Brondesbury — with the good results that are so conspicuous to-day, the handful of people he found when he came having grown to a great congregation, abounding in all forms of religious and philanthropic work, and the little hall which held them at the start having now grown to a large and beautiful church, built at a cost of £7,000. It was entirely cleared of debt a few months ago, the congregation giving a token of their gladness and appreciation in the shape of a cheque, with insistence that Mr. and Mrs. Welsh should take a good holiday abroad.

But Mr. Welsh, like one or two other Presbyterians of note, has a far larger congregation than could be contained by the walls of St. George's, or any existing cathedral, for by his pen he reaches men and women wherever the English language is known. After travelling in South Africa—over much of the ground since made historic by the war—Mr. Welsh came home in the same ship with Olive Schreiner. A sketch which he wrote of that lady was quickly seized by Mr. Atkins—he who has "found" and helped so many young writers—and appeared in the *Young Woman*. By this attention was drawn to Mr. Welsh as a writer, and the reading world has benefited by the discovery largely since. From his pen has come "The Romance of Psalter and Hymnal," an interesting account of the making, and the makers, of our best known hymns. "In Relief of Doubt" soon followed, winning the distinction of highest public praise, and afterwards of a written introduction from the pen of Canon Ingram, now Bishop of London. Succeeding this came "The People and the Priest"—a clear, temperate and scriptural warning against the evils of ritualism. Perhaps, however, one of Mr. Welsh's happiest works—one, at all events, which has done grandest service among young men — is "God's Gentlemen," a series of lectures or articles on life and conduct, set forth in the finest literary vein. Contributing, as he constantly is, to many magazines, it is no small proof of his nervous energy and ability to note that Mr. Welsh is at present editing the series of "Christian Study Manuals" which Hodder and Stoughton are bringing out. Of a happy, bright, and sympathetic disposition, it may be fairly augured that great as Mr.

REV. ROBERT E. WELSH,
A Brilliant Preacher and Writer, and Editor of the "Christian Study Manuals."
Photo by Bernard Alfieri, Willesden Green, N.W.

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Welsh's work has been in the past, it is destined to be greater still.

MR. W. H. GROSER, the Literary Secretary of the Sunday School Union, is a business man who for the greater part of his life has devoted his leisure to the cause of religious education. It may safely be said there exists no more important institution than the Sunday School Union, which year by year adds tens of thousands of scholars to the millions it has already under its control.

MR. W. H. GROSER,
Literary Secretary of the Sunday School Union.
Photo by T. C. Turner & Co., 12, Upper Street, N.

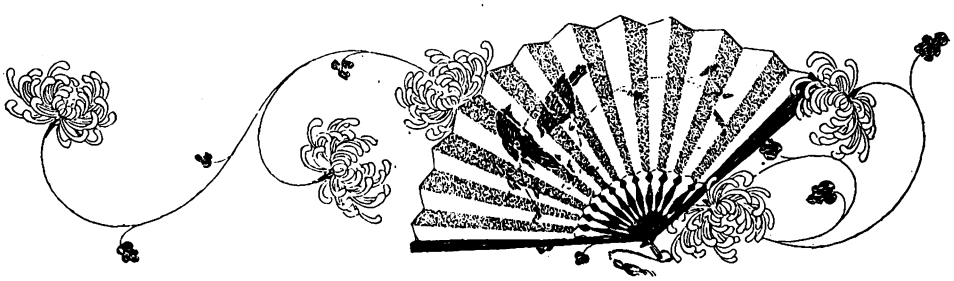
Much of the active work of the society devolves upon its four honorary secretaries, and upon its chairman Mr. F. F. Belsey, J.P. Connected with the Union are numerous publications of a religious and educational character, and this important department is under the control of Mr. Groser in his capacity of Literary Secretary.

Through his means, Sunday School teachers all over the Kingdom have been provided with much material to aid them in their work. He is the author of "The Teacher's Manual," which has run into seventeen editions; "The Young Teacher," "Illustrative Teaching," "The Art of Picturing," and many others equally valuable. For twelve years he was editor of "The Bible Class Magazine," of "The Sunday School Teacher" for four years, and of the "Excelsior" for a similar period, and as chairman of the Publications Committee he did much to enhance the value of the literary output of the Union.

He was one of the originators of the movement under which the training and examination of teachers and senior scholars were instituted, being first chairman of the committee in charge of this work, a position which he still retains.

Mr. Groser graduated Bachelor of Science at the London University when a young man, and he has always done all in his power to encourage young people to acquire scientific knowledge. His favourite subjects are Natural Science and Biblical Archæology.

THE ONLOOKER.



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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

"MY FAIRY TALE."

(PRIZE COMPETITION.)

Here is a choice little collection of tales I have selected from those sent in. No one who reads them will deny that imagination still lives, in spite of the Education Board and the relentless logic-chopper of this so-called very practical age. And here (bless 'em !), are our old friends again—the bold, bad Baron, the beauteous Princess, the brave Prince, the wicked Witch—and others, with whom, perhaps, we have not had the pleasure of shaking hands this many a year. I should dearly like to make comments on each tale, but I fear, if I began, I would soon run beyond my space, so must let each story remain unedited. One writer—Kathleen Simpson—has, I fear, forgotten a sheet or two of writing, for her letter reads like the *end* of a story. Perhaps this is the work of some witch. But now for the specimens.

GLENORA AND THE WAND.

Many years ago there lived a fairy who had a magic wand. She was a very wicked fairy, and did all she could to make her sister, Glenora, unhappy. Soon Glenora wished to marry, and found a nice young prince for her husband, whose name was Marcassin. Now, the other wicked fairy was very jealous, and so she made a plan of revenge. She asked them to celebrate their wedding feast with her and stop there for the night. This they did. When night came she took them unthinkingly to the room where the magic wand was. In the night she came in to kill the prince, but Glenora, who had heard her come upstairs, had hidden under the bed, taking the wand with her, and placing a large doll in bed. When the fairy came in, Glenora jumped out, touching her sister with the wand changed her into a sow. The prince, hearing the sow grunt, woke up, and, taking his sword, killed it. Glenora told him he had killed their enemy, and they went to their castle, taking the wand with them, and they lived for many, many years after that, without any enemies, in Glenorio Castle.

ANNIE TAYLER.
(*Age* 12 *years.*)
3, Wellington Road, Cowley Road,
Uxbridge.

THE PRINCESS WHO SAID "DON'T CARE!"

There lived many years ago a lovely princess and she was called Spanglewings, and her name suited her so well that she was called nothing else. She had lovely golden hair that came down below her waist, and she was very beautiful. Her father was a King and had a magnificent castle ; but it was under enchantment, and the spell could only be broken by the Princess Spanglewings marrying an ugly little dwarf, with a beard that reached down to the ground. But Princess Spanglewings disliked him so much that she said she would not marry him. So she became engaged to a handsome Prince, who came from a distant country. But the wicked dwarf Deba said that if she married him he would avenge himself upon her, and she would not be happy any more. But she said she did not care if the wicked Deba did do anything. And as they were going to be married, a man stabbed the Prince, but the man was really the dwarf, who had changed himself. Princess Spanglewings was so unhappy that she went into a nunnery and was never heard of again. This is how the wicked Deba avenged himself on Princess Spanglewings.

GEORGINA MARY JOAN JACKSON.
(*Age* 11¾ *years.*)
The Green,
Kirbymoorside, Yorks.

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The Fairies' Reception.

In a poor part of a city there sat a little child on the doorstep in a dirty alley. "Little Midge," as she was called, suddenly started as she heard a little voice saying, "This way, please, Miss," and she beheld a little man in funny clothes standing by her. Without thinking, she followed him, and stepped at his bidding into a dear little coach. Soon they came to a stop, and she stepped out and would have gazed in wonder, but the little man again spoke, and she followed him to a broad staircase and looking up she saw the loveliest creature imaginable and around her sat all sorts of people. There were a group of fairies, Cinderella and her Prince, Beauty and the Beast, Red Riding Hood, Jack of the Beanstalk, and all the other fairy characters that most children are acquainted with. They all went up in turn to do homage to their Queen. Then they passed down singing beautiful songs. Midge went up after Cinderella, and the Queen gave her the best smile of all. The coach then drove her back and she walked slowly to her alley. But she never will forget her visit to Fairyland.

Winnie Nerney.
(*Age* 15¼ *Years.*)
13, Westover-road,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.

The Magic Mouse.

Once upon a time, in a thick forest, lived two fairy sisters. One was very ugly and had a hump on her back and a crooked nose, the other was very beautiful. The pretty one's name was Marcella, the ugly one's Drognon. Now Marcella was as wicked as she was beautiful, and Drognon as good as she was ugly. Drognon had a pretty little pet mouse. It was a magic one, and it went about with her everywhere. Marcella had a spite against Drognon because once when they were out for a walk she protected a little child whom Marcella was trying to torment. This spite soon turned to hatred. One night after they had gone to bed, Marcella got very quietly out, went downstairs and fetched a hatchet. She was just going to chop off Drognon's head when the little mouse turned itself into a lion and ate Marcella up. Ever since the dear little mouse has been a greater favourite than ever. Drognon, soon after, met a very, very handsome prince. The sight of him made Drognon forget her ugliness and she became as he was. She married him and the wedding festivities lasted three days. Good little mouse!

Olive Cherry.
(*Age* 12 *years.*)
8, Belmont-road, Uxbridge.

The Princess Elsa.

Long, long ago, there lived a young girl who was so beautiful that every living thing that saw her loved her. She lived in a wood with an old woman who called herself her grandmother, but who was really a witch. The child Elsa had been stolen from her father's castle when she was very young, but she still remembered that she was a princess. One day when she was wandering in the forest, a knight, riding upon a white horse, stopped her and said, "Do you know anything of the beautiful Princess Elsa, who is imprisoned in this forest? I have not seen one house since I entered it." "I am the Princess Elsa, and I thank you for coming to release me; come, I will give you food." He followed her into the cottage, and ate and drank what she gave him. She then called the witch, who, when she saw the Prince, ran out of the house and disappeared. The Prince and Princess then left the cottage, which sank into the earth and was never seen again. They were married soon after, and lived happily until their life's end.

Ruby Hine.
(*Age* 15 *years.*)
Falcon Hotel,
Waltham Cross,
Herts.

The Lost Slipper.

She slid down a slippery silver leaf on to a toadstool, and jumping from it alighted on the ground. *She* was a little fairy, and her name was "Sharp-eyes," because she had such wonderfully sharp eyes for finding out people in trouble, or for turning over insects who lay struggling on their backs. Sharp-eyes was dressed in a little gossamer dress. Walking quickly through a wood she ran along a path till she came to a little hut. She went in and saw a little old woman, who was in great trouble, for she had lost her slipper. Sharp-eyes hesitated for a moment, then she pulled off her own shoe (which was the same as the woman's) and ran quickly out. This was a great sacrifice to her, for the slippers had been a present from her dead grandmother. But she was rewarded, for, when she reached her home, she found a parcel waiting for her. In it was a pair of slippers of pure gold with an inscription, "From a friend to a friend," but Sharp-eyes never found out who sent them to her, so I cannot tell you.

Evelyn Mary Wallen.
(*Age* 13 *years.*)
Roselea, Moreton Road,
South Croydon.

What Came of Cracking It.

In Turkey, ages ago, there lived a wicked magician called Canteon. He would carry away princesses, and the daughters of noblemen, to his castle at night while they slept, and then change them into doves or young deer, but if ever their lovers came to rescue them they were changed into venomous reptiles.

One night the King's favourite daughter, Princess Ruby, was stolen away. Two brothers, Ali and Bornuga, were determined to rescue her. Bornuga was the first to try his luck, and as he walked along he met an old woman, who gave him a walnut and a little black bread, which he threw away. When he reached the castle he was turned into a poisonous toad. Soon Ali set after Bornuga. The old woman met *him* and gave *him* the walnut and bread. He thanked her for them, and cracked the former; in it he found a cloak, which he put on. He reached the

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castle without mishap, ate his bread, raised the knocker, and let it fall. Instantly all the creatures were changed into their proper forms; the castle and Canteon were carried away. Ali married Princess Ruby and lived happily ever afterwards.

EDWARD P. SMITH.

(*Aged* 10.)

"Hetherset," Leigham Court Road,
Streatham, S.W.

Edward P. Smith's tale has been judged the best, and a handsome book has accordingly been sent him.

I fancy there is a mine of imagination in this field, which has only been sampled, as it were, by these specimens, so instead of appointing a competition on new ground, I shall give my young readers another chance of telling

"MY FAIRY TALE."

They will have the advantage of reading those given this month, so should be able to make theirs better, and some that have arrived too late will have a chance to appear. All stories (not exceeding 200 words and written on one side of the paper only) to be sent *not later* (better if earlier) than the 20th of this month, with name, age (under 16) and address of writer, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, the Crescent, Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, London, S.E., and a beautiful book will be given for the best tale.

This speaks for itself:—

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Thank you very much indeed for the lovely book you sent me. It is exactly the kind of book I like, and L. T. Meade is one of my favourite authors. One of my friends, seeing I was successful, has just gone in for the latest competition. Thanking you again very much,

I am, yours sincerely,

CONNIE FOOT.

14, Melody Road,
Wandsworth.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

The pressure of life has become so great in these days that the uppermost desire of most people is—to save time. We have telephones in our houses, so that where, a few years ago, we had to waste an hour or two to get certain things done, we achieve them now in a minute. So with the shorthand amanuensis, with shopping by post, and much else; apart altogether from the great time-saving inventions of the age, everybody is using or longing for something that might help to slacken the pressure on himself.

It has been for the Crutch-and-Kindness League to claim the distinction of being amongst the first to bring time-saving methods into operation in connection with philanthropy in one of its tenderest forms—that of mitigating *by post* the sad lot of the thousands of poor, crippled children in London. There is many a sympathetic heart in the country that fain would do something on behalf of these lonely little sufferers, but personal visitation is out of the question, both on the ground of distance and of time. The Crutch-and-Kindness League supplies the needful link by bringing the crippled child and the sympathetic heart together through the medium of the post-office. All particulars, for instance, concerning one of these patient little suffering ones, are given to a member of the League; this member then writes a letter once a month or so to his or her little charge; if the cripple can write, and is strong enough to do so, there comes the reply—and so the interest is sustained on both sides. How intense this interest can be is evident by the fact that since I started the League five or six years ago, five thousand members have joined it from every part of the world, but there are more than a thousand poor crippled children, *in London alone*, for whom such friendly pens are still needed. Something of the pleasure which kindly hearts find in this, may be gathered from the following letters:—

"It is nearly eighteen months ago that I became a member of the Crutch-and-Kindness League, in connection with the Ragged School Union. I think you might like to know what pleasure I have derived from it, and what sunshine it has brought into my life, and more so because I myself suffer and so can sympathise with the poor, unfortunate little cripples. I love my little cripple (No. 1128) very much, and I am sure my love is returned. During the eighteen months I have written her regularly once a month, and sometimes more often; and sent her eight parcels. I am in very poor circumstances myself, owing to my ill-health, but I try very hard to do the little I can to make the child's life brighter and happier. Every letter I receive, both from herself and mother, is full of expressions of gratitude, which make me feel how much more 'blessed it is to give than to receive.' I do wish many more would join this League, not only to brighten the lives of others, but to make their own lives happier, as it has made mine. I have asked several to join, but they all say, 'I haven't time.' Oh, I am sure they would make time if they only knew what joy it would bring them. Will you kindly accept the postal order and

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stamps, which I am sorry to say is only the 'mite,' with my best wishes and prayers for the success of your good work.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, H. M. S."

Yet another: "For a very long time I have wanted to write to you, to tell you how much I enjoy writing to my little charge, F. M. S. (No. 115B), but have wanted very much at the same time to send just a little money to help you in the glorious work of the Ragged School Union. We should so much have liked to have sent more, but are unable; even this small offering has taken us some little time to save up. Will you please accept the 3s. 6d., with our best wishes for your success. It is almost eighteen months ago that I joined the Crutch-and-Kindness League, and since then I have not missed writing regularly to my little charge once a month. I am quite sure that I enjoy writing to her just as much as she likes to receive my letters. I always enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and so hear regularly from her, and they are such very nice letters! It really does me good to read them, and each time makes me feel how glad I am I heard of this League and joined it. I have sent her five very nice parcels. I make it a rule to send three a year—Easter, her birthday (August 11th), and at Christmas. Of course, I often send an extra one. Before very long I have made up my mind to ask you the name, address, etc., of another poor little girl (rather worse than my present one is in health) to write monthly to *as well*, for I do think it is so nice to be able to do so much good in such a simple way.—D.F.S."

Such kindly work as this, it will be seen, can be done by invalids, folk living in lonely parts, very busy people, and by children—schooling all in the grace of sympathy.

All particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John-street, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss Nora Fell, Natal; Miss C. A. Garrett, Cape Colony; Mr. P. R Evans, South Australia; Miss Helen Brooker, South Australia; Miss Annie Rash, Suffolk; Miss Shaw, Brixton; Misses Matthew, Reigate; Miss Lily Durrant, Luton; Miss Laura Crocker, Devon; Miss Macfarland, Streatham; Miss Hilda Batson per Miss Weaver, Bath; Miss Kathleen Miles per Miss Freeman, Ealing; Miss Nancy W. Wood and friend, Paris; Miss Cork, Wood Green; Miss Bessie Cross, Montgomeryshire; Miss R. Gittins, Brixton-hill; Miss Stirling, Highbury; Miss Edith G. Jecks, Bristol; Miss Jessie Palmer, Devon; Master Bernard and George Gregg, Manchester; Miss Scriven, Oswestry; Miss Madeline Glazier, Wimbledon Park; Mrs. Park, Croydon; Mrs. A. A. Kent, Croydon; Miss A. Park, Croydon; Mr. H. B. John and Misses John, Haverfordwest; Miss Blundell, Andover; Miss Elspeth Macpherson, Miss Mildred Barton, (per Mrs. Wright), Westgate-on-Sea; Miss E. Lumgair, Melrose; Miss Helen Wallace, Canonbury; Miss Couch, Launceston; Miss Shergold, Sunday School Class, Chesterfield; Miss Natalie Champion, Natal.

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—*The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., Home Office.*

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 6. JANUARY, 1902. No. 4.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

The Young King of Spain.

Dickens's London.

John Clifford, D.D.:
A Sketch and Interview.

On Doing a Good Day's Work.
By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Royalty Working for the Poor.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

RETURNS.

Returns are what we are looking and working for—the man in business, the man on the farm, in the mill, office, or mine—and so we invest our labour or our money according to the sense or wisdom which is given to us and await the returns. One man speculates, another follows a hobby, another digs and labours without intelligence, another follows in the steps of his grandfather, many sow poor seed on ill-prepared soil, and the few only reap an abundant harvest. One man tries dairying with poor cows given poor care and gets poor returns; another can't or won't see that forty acres and not two hundred is the size of the farm he should work, and his returns are a poor living after the rent, hired help, and bills are paid; another treats his boys as though he had bought them at so much per head for the work he could get out of them, and his returns are the privilege of ending his days unloved and uncared for; another, loved by his family and respected by all who know him, lives not wholly for himself, and his returns, perhaps not to be measured by money, are a perpetual and splendid income for him so long as he lives. The sort of returns you may look for depends wholly upon the nature of the investment.

It is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back on the years that are past and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character; and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

SOFT SILK DRESS.

The evening dress sketched in this column is made of soft silk in blush pink. Bands of biscuit-coloured lace trim the skirt, and from under the lowest band falls a deep, full flounce of similar lace. The cutaway coat is also made of lace, and has a berthe and

sleeves to match. The latter can be worn with or without the pink silk muslin undersleeves with their wristbands of lace. Drooping folds of pink silk muslin fill the interval between the fronts of the lace coat and end under a pointed black velvet belt. A cluster of roses is tied on with black velvet ribbon.

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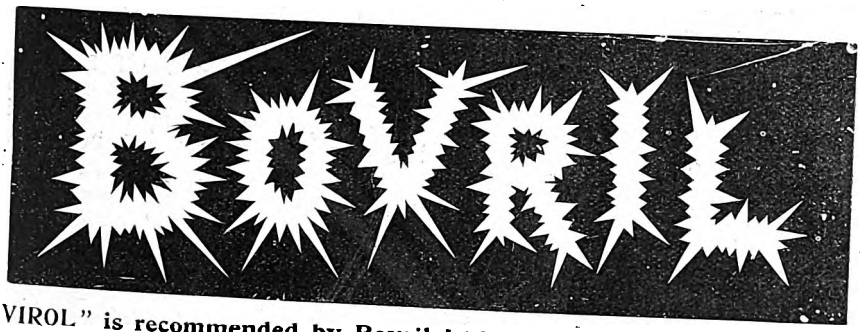

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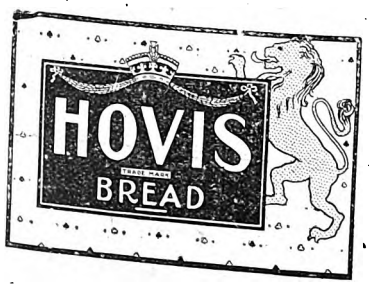

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A BRAVE WOMAN.

With the examples of war heroines so constantly before us, it may not be amiss to recall the story of Jennie Wade at the battle of Gettysburg, to whom there has recently been erected a monument in the cemetery at that place. The home of Miss Wade was a little farmhouse on the battlefield, and while the conflict raged around she had remained bravely at her accustomed round of household duties, adding thereto, as occasion offered, the care of the sick and wounded. It was while engaged at home in domestic duty that she fell a victim to a stray bullet of a Confederate sharpshooter. The ball passed through two doors and pierced her breast, killing her instantly. The dead girl was laid away in a rudely constructed coffin intended for a Confederate colonel, but which had fallen into the hands of the Union soldiers. Miss Wade had a lover in the Union ranks, Corporal Skelly, who was killed at Winchester (Va.) a few days before her own death, and the news had not reached her. They were to have been married when the war was over.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE OF BELGIUM.

Princess Clementine, like her august mother, the Queen of the Belgians, is a keen lover of horses. Indeed, we might say more, for it is a well-known fact that she perfectly adores the animals in her possession—an affection that the beautiful creatures return in their own particular way. Coo and Spa are the two favourite horses of this popular princess. It is interesting to recall the fact that the pair originated from the Prince of Wales's stud, and were presented to his daughter by the King of the Belgians. They are nine years old. Princess Clementine is loved and admired by the whole of the Belgian people. She has passed the greater part of her life at the Palace of Laeken, where her principal recreation is driving, and is frequently to be seen in the Bois de la Cambre at Tervueren, and in the Forest of Soignies. The Princess evinces great interest in military matters, and never misses an opportunity of witnessing the manœuvres in the environs of Laeken.

One has always enough strength to bear the misfortunes of one's friends.

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EVENING CLOAK.

Evening cloaks are various enough in kind and in character. Some are so short as to barely pass the waist, a sort that is very unsuitable for winter wear. Others are long enough to trail several inches on the ground at the sides and back. The materials are of as "infinite variety" as Cleopatra herself. The favourite for those who can command every luxury is fur. The sable coat is long and full, with rather wide sleeves. The ermine coat flows out as amply as a tea-gown, and is as costly as it is easily soiled. Then come the chiffon coats, all frills and tucks, with a warm lining of quilted satin or brocade. Black satin follows on, also

warmly quilted underneath, and usually richly finished with lace about the neck and shoulders. Fancy materials, usually broché or stamped or crushed velvet, come before the cloth coats, like that represented above. It is made of pink cloth and trimmed with écru lace and black velvet. The lace yoke and collar are bordered with frills of the pink cloth, and the sleeves, long and loose, are finished with frills and lace. Cashmere and kindred textures are also used for making these long cloaks, some of which are lined with brightly-tinted foulé or veiling, others with silk or woollen broché. Many are furnished with fur collars, and a few are lined throughout with fur. An ideal coat is black silk of the grosgrain type, lined with dark mink, and with a collar to match; but this is very costly, and besides, the dark fur is almost always worn outside this winter.

LONG WALKING COAT.

The long walking coat is once more most generally worn. The material may be almost what we will, so long as it is not too heavy. The great point in these cloaks or coats seems to me that they should be as loose as possible. For this effect we must go to a really first-class tailor, as it is far more difficult to make a good appearance with a loose garment than with a tight-fitting one. However, these loose coats are so charming that doubtless most of us will afford ourselves a garment of the kind during the dull and dark months ahead. Greys, fawns, dark greens, and biscuit tints are the most fashionable colourings, while some folks allow themselves the extravagance of a really handsome lining; and for driving, travelling, and motoring this lining is dainty and successful, but for walking in muddy weather I should strongly advise a plain silk or Italian cloth being employed. With a cloak of the kind a small hat or toque must be worn. Large picture hats with such severe outlines are very much out of place. Instead, a fairly full toque of folded velvet, chiffon, or silk will look charming; and if further decoration is needed a bow and ends of tulle or net can be added, and tied under the left ear.

HAIR-DRESSING AND THE CORONATION.

Coronation matters begin to bulk more and more largely as time goes by. One of the quaintest outcomes of the absorbing interest which the subject possesses is the doll exhibition at Norfolk House to exemplify the exact dress which each section of the nobility who are called upon to attend the ceremony in the Abbey will have to wear. The dressmakers are in despair over the unbecomingness of the peeresses' costumes, with the crimson velvet over-dress opening its scalloped edges over a wide expanse of white satin petticoat. The greatest heart burnings, however, are those of the hair-dressers. What *coiffure* can they design which will admit of a heavy coronet of silver gilt and velvet being put on and off the head with facility and becomingness?

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A SMART BODICE.

The model illustrated shows an over-bodice, or boléro bodice with sleeves, of very thin black-faced cloth, handsomely adorned with coarse string-coloured lace, set round the shoulders and down the fronts and round the vandyked edges. The sleeves are made *en suite*, and finished with a string-coloured guipure cuff arranged to fall over the hand. Many are the varieties which we see in the loose silk shirts for house wear. Some of these are finished with the most exquisite but barbaric-like embroidery, coloured sequins and jewels of all kinds being worked into the

yokepiece and wristlets. The only part, indeed, which is allowed no trimming is the upper part of the sleeve, it being formed simply of the crêpe, or silk, or voile, or whatever it is that is employed. The high collar, too, is gradually disappearing. Those who usually wear their collar very high add a wisp of lace, or tulle, or a lace scarf crossed at the back and knotted loosely in the front or at one side. Others prefer quite a low collar—no band whatever, but merely an edge of lace against the skin and a string of pearls or a tiny gold chain worn above.

A poor Indian was asked one time what his conscience was. Putting his hand over his heart, he said: "It is a little three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong it turns around and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off, and then it will not hurt any more."

FUR JACKET.

Ermine and chinchilla are the leading furs of the season. Broadtail in both black and white is much seen, but this is generally recognised as being too costly for everyday wear. Instead, the handsome Persian paw and caracul skins are being pressed into the service, and thus, saving upon the large surface of cape or jacket, we can, many of us, afford to present ourselves with a set of ermine or chinchilla of sufficient size to form revers and collar. The question of whether the collar shall be of the stand-up order or of the more elegant-looking lay-down shape must be one which each individual must decide for herself. There are some women who will look elegant and charming if their coat is supplied with a broad cape-like collar reaching as far as or even beyond the shoulders, and allowing their neck and throat free play, but would look short and stumpy if the same coat were provided with a high and stiff stand-up collar. Doubtless, however, the tall and elegant woman would prefer to provide herself with a collar of the last-named shape. Luckily, this season, both shapes will be equally fashionable, so we may please ourselves, and be certain of looking well all the time. Folks who own a very long neck, and who yet prefer a collar of the turn-down variety, should add to their toilet a big rosette or bow of white tulle, tied either at the centre of the front, at the back, or under the left ear. Either will soften the long and rather bare effect, while the tulle is so becoming that no one need hestiate to adopt the fashion. Very short coats and very long coats are equally fashionable, while the three-quarter tight-fitting coat is certainly catching on.

TOLERANCE.

Tolerance has to tolerate the *un*essential, and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. We do not tolerate falsehoods, thieveries, iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them: Thou art false, thou art not tolerable! We are here to extinguish falsehoods, and put an end to them.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Don't allow people to tell you evil or unpleasant stories. When you accept the keeping of a dangerous secret you become responsible for some of its consequences, though others are also entrusted with it.

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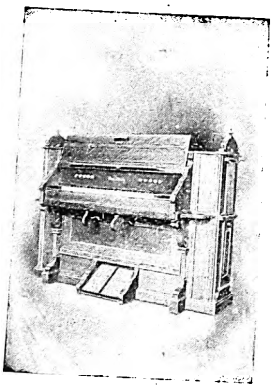

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LADY ABERDEEN AS DOG-LOVER.

Lady Aberdeen is, perhaps, the most many-sided Englishwoman living. Besides being an active religious worker, she is interested in politics, in society, and in animals and lately she has been a successful exhibitor at several of the leading dog shows, notably those organised by the "L.K.A." Lady Aberdeen, as is natural in the mistress of Haddo House, is particularly devoted to the true-hearted Scotch terriers of every breed, and her affection for these shaggy pets is shared by her young daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who bids fair to become in time as many-sided as is her popular mother. Even as a child Lady Marjorie edited a little magazine, the now defunct *Wee Willie Winkie*, which had a quite imposing list of contributors, ranging from Mr. Arthur Balfour to Mr. Rudyard Kipling! She now helps her mother to do the honours of their beautiful Scottish home to friends of every rank.

A writer tells an amusing anecdote of a clergyman who, when in Scotland, once visited a Free Church elder. The minister met with a very cold reception. At length he drew his snuffbox from his pocket, and invited the elder to make a trial of its contents. "Ah, ye take snuff, do ye?" said the elder, yielding to a smile. "Weel, it's the first sign of grace I've seen about ye." "Sign of grace! Why how do you make out that snuff-taking is a sign of grace?" "Nothing easier," said the elder, with a knowing twinkle in his eye. "Don't you remember that in the ancient Temple all the snuffers were of pure gold? That denotes the best of all qualities."

"The younger members of a congregation sometimes ask shrewd questions," says a parson. "I once told a very young class that there were as many commandments as there were fingers and thumbs on the two hands. Once of my listeners introduced a small friend to me a day or so after, with the question: 'Please, sir, here's Jim. He's only got three fingers on his left hand, on account of an accident, an' me an' him's been talkin' it over ever since last Sunday which of them commandments wouldn't belong to him.'"

Self-respect is a clean and gracious well-fitting garment wherein we can move at ease among our fellows, passing quietly beyond the tawdry little platform where Self-esteem is forever making its bow and acting its lines to an indifferent and inattentive audience.

CLOTH GOWN.

Brown is getting more and more in favour for outdoor gowns and costumes. In cloth, serge, Irish frieze, and fancy materials, with a little silk woven in, it is gaining fast in the general taste. The illustration shows a visiting or reception dress made of beaver-brown cloth strapped with silk of the same shade, outlined with gold braid. The large guipure collar is of new shape, and is laid on over black silk edged with the gold braid.

The boléro, sleeves, and three flounces are all trimmed to match each other with stitchings and strappings. The inner vest and under-sleeves are in green velvet, with cuffs and outer vest of pale putty-coloured cloth embroidered in pale colours. The swathed collar and tie are lace, and the belt is green velvet.

If one is to be large minded one must think large thoughts, and the greatest ideas that can enter the mind are the religious ideas. He who calmly, studiously ponders the person and work of Christ, or any of the problems of life and destiny and eternity and God, in that exercise gains spiritual grasp and expansion of spiritual capacity and clearness of spiritual sight.

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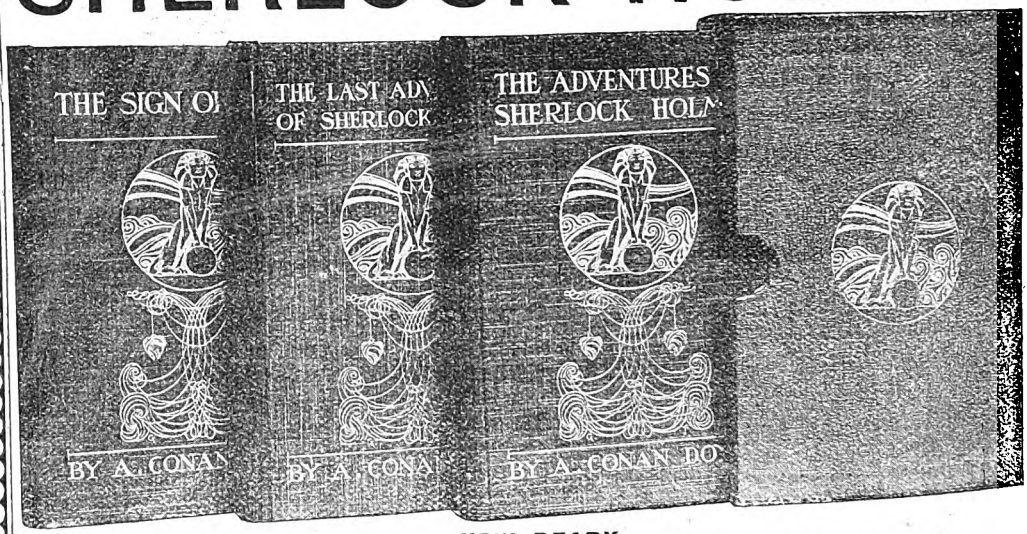

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The Young King of Spain.

By JOHN BELL.

KING ALFONSO XIII. will very shortly loom large in the public eye. In a few months he will become a King in earnest, and so that he may better understand his position and the heavy responsibilities which surround it, he is to take a tour of the Courts of Europe. This will, as it were, round off his education—complete his royal studies, which have been arduous, incessant, and at times very tedious.

For Alfonso had the rare distinction of being born a King, and in virtue of this fact much was expected of him, and consequently much has been imposed upon him.

His birth, six months after his beloved father died in the Palace of the Prado, marked a new epoch for Spain which had long been regarded as the Niobe of nations—a characteristic which, it seems, has more or less clung to the Peninsula since that event. It was on May 17th, 1886, that Señor Sagasta, the Grand Old Man of Spanish politics, made known the birth to an anxious country. Spain wanted a King; she had had enough of queens; she wanted a continuation of Alfonso XII's rule; and if the new-born monarch in any way followed in the footsteps of his father—that brave, sunny-tempered, though at times wayward ruler, who was removed from this scene of things before he had an opportunity of shaping the destinies of his country—she would be satisfied. And therefore the news of the birth of a new King of Spain was received as glad tidings.

While the Spanish people wanted another Alfonso, they appeared to forget for the moment that the little King would be the thirteenth of that name; and when, after the baptism, this fact was borne in upon them, the superstitious element in the country began to make all sorts of prophecies of ill-luck for the dynasty.

But Queen Maria Christina heeded not the prophets of evil; she applied herself to the duties of Regent with a devotion and whole-heartedness which, if they did not serve to win the hearts of the Spanish people, at least commanded their respect. And in all that is written about King Alfonso XIII., his mother must necessarily receive

H.M. KING ALFONSO XIII.
Who, in a few months, will become the Ruler of Spain.
Photo by Valentin, Madrid.

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THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY.

Photo by Valentin, Madrid.

honourable mention. Her position in Spain was an unenviable one from the first. She was a foreigner, a princess of Austria, daughter of the late Archduke Charles; and so little did she commend herself to her husband's subjects that the title of "the Austrian" was thought good enough for her. But she has lived down all the sneering and distrust; she is no longer "the Austrian"; it is remembered that she is the mother of the little King, the hope of Spain, and that she has done her duty by her son and her adopted country faithfully and well.

The characteristic of the Spanish Court is its exclusiveness, and the Queen Regent is credited with having so fashioned it. But those who have been privileged to peep behind the scenes have been impressed with the constant care which the Queen-mother bestows on the little King. He was a delicate child from the first, and needed, and, indeed, still requires, the utmost attention. It was thought that he would not survive his fourth year, for he was at death's door. The worst was expected, but he rallied rapidly, and then his mother, mindful of the disease to which his father succumbed, pinned her faith in the boy's future strength to fresh air and plenty of it. Accordingly she made a practice of taking him out daily with his two sisters in the Palace Park. Strength came to him and then began his studies.

After his mother, a Basque nurse was Alfonso's first teacher. Then an English governess was secured for him. He liked his English governess, and applied himself sedulously to learn her language, which he speaks and writes with facility. The acquisition of foreign languages is a strong point with Alfonso. Besides his knowledge of English he can also speak French, German and Italian; so that when he goes the round of the Courts he will be able to feel at home with the numerous Royal personages and great statesmen he meets.

As befitted a King of Spain, it was necessary that Alfonso should know everything about her military system. He began to soldier early. At the age of ten he was placed under the charge of a military governor. He has had several military instructors, and there is a story that one, at least, endeavoured to teach the boy something that was not in the army books—he wanted his royal pupil to share his political views as to how Spain should be ruled. The story runs that this came to the ears of the Queen Regent, with the result that the services of this particular military instructor were no longer required.

The better to enable the young King to understand soldiering, a regiment of boys was raised at San Sebastian for his special benefit. These youthful warriors were equipped in every way like full-grown soldiers. They even had their own special band. Naturally the young King took a great interest in this boy regiment. Mounted on his pony he attended drill, and he was particular about the band and

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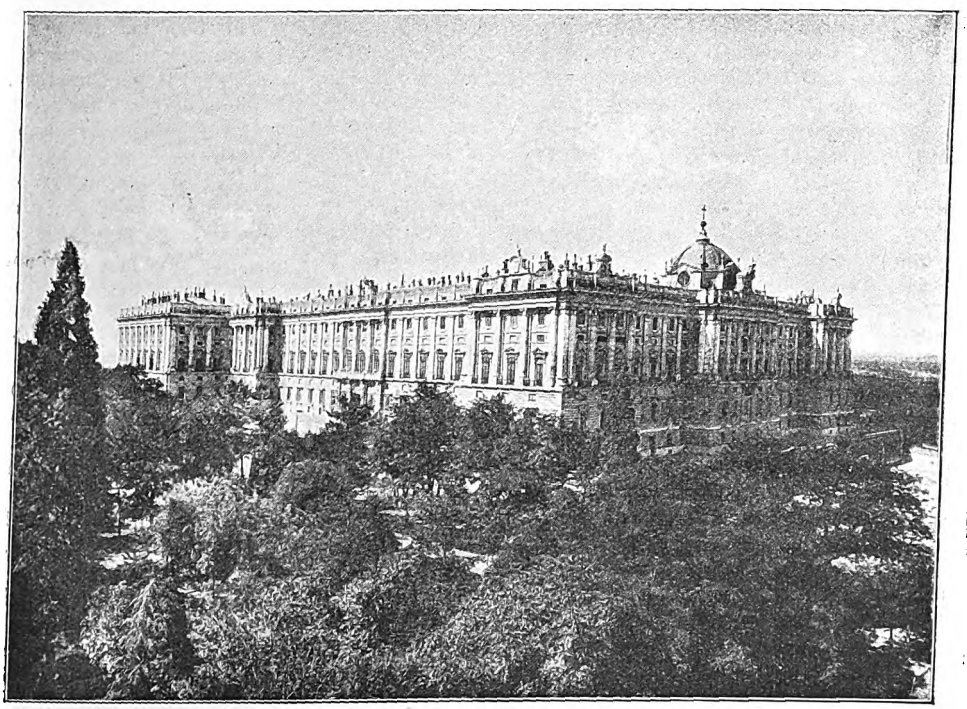
the music it played. He has grown too big for this little regiment now; he now mixes with soldiers of a larger growth, rides a fine chestnut horse, and is so certain of the correctness of his military education (for he was a pupil at the military school) that he never hesitates to give commands to grisled officers who were even turning grey while in his father's service.

He was not quite fourteen when he took charge of tactical movements. Accompanied by his mother, the Minister for War, and his professors, he went to the quarters of the first regiment of the line, which is the King's Own, and put the soldiers through their movements. His visit came as a surprise to the regiment, and when, with drawn sword, he gave the word of command in a ringing voice, both officers and men were delighted. His military education has still been further perfected by attendance at the Infantry Cadet Academy Corps at Toledo, and at recent military manœuvres at Carabanebel he surprised everybody by remaining seven hours in the saddle.

One officer, a favourite with the King, ventured to ask whether his Majesty was not tired and would rather dismount. "Not at all," replied Alfonso; "I'll stick on to the end." And he galloped here, there, and everywhere; and though there are few officers in the Spanish army who do not believe that the King, like his father, is consumptive, yet all were surprised that after the exertions of the day he was as fresh as paint, and spoke in clear tones of voice, showing that he possessed that stamina not usually associated with consumptives.

He loves the army. Those who saw him in the palace during the dark days of the Spanish-American war had abundant evidence of this fact. Efforts were made to keep bad news from him, but he insisted on learning the truth; and when disaster after disaster shattered the Spanish army, he grew sad and despondent and never slept at nights. He pleaded often to be allowed to visit his wounded soldiers in the hospitals, and his mother took care that his anxiety for their comfort should be allayed.

There is an interesting story which, while it shows his interest in his officers and their duties, also demonstrates his tact in administering reproof. Walking



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

Photograph by Hauser y Menet, Madrid.

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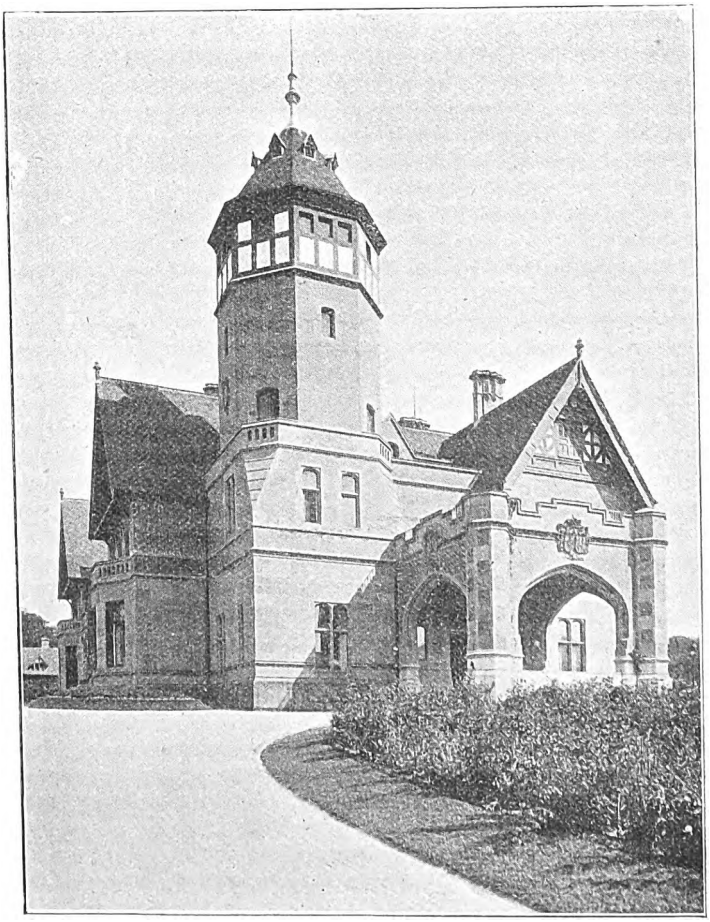
is his favourite exercise. Sometimes his two sisters, to whom he is much attached, accompany him, but often he goes out alone. And it was while returning from a walk one day that he missed the officer who should have been in command of the guard. Calling the adjutant, Alfonso said, "Who is the officer on duty for the day?" The adjutant gave the officer's name. "Then will you kindly remember me to him," said his Majesty, "and tell him that he is often in my thoughts, but that I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time." So long as the little King of Spain can handle his officers in this way, there is no likelihood of any wavering in their allegiance to him.

While Alfonso takes great pride in his army he does not neglect his navy. It is true that Spain makes a poor naval show now, after her war with the United States, but the little King is credited with a desire to build up his navy. He is proud of Spain's naval history, in spite of past historic eclipses and the *débâcle* in the late conflict, and after watching the naval manœuvres last year he told his mother that if Spain was powerful on the seas once, there is no reason why she should not be great again. Optimistic Alfonso! When he takes his mother's place he will find his burden on land sufficiently heavy without seeking another on the sea.

In spite of the seclusion in which he has been kept from his childhood, when he considered it a positive treat to be allowed to throw away handfuls of money to the Madrid poor, he has given evidence of a genius for statesmanship. He has practically said farewell to languages and mathematics, and has turned his attention to the study of constitutional history. He is an apt student, as Señor Segasta, Señor Silvela and other Spanish statesmen can testify. With his mother he is now present at all Cabinet Councils, and the way in which he has comported himself at these meetings has been a matter of great gratification to the Queen Regent and her ministers.



CASTLE MIRAMAR.

The Residence of the Spanish Royal Family at San Sebastian.

Whatever reproaches may have been heaped upon her by the Spanish people, Queen Christina can safely say that no pains have been spared in equipping her son for his high destiny. And now that he is about to pass out of her hands and ascend his father's throne, which has been kept for him for sixteen years, it is opportune to survey the young King as he is to-day and indicate the burden he will have to bear.

Alfonso does not belie his appearance; he is not robust. He is narrow-chested, and it is openly suggested that he is consumptive—a disease to which the climate of

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Madrid, cold and gusty as it is for several months of the year, is not favourable. A large section of the Spanish people who think that the boy King stands between them and a revolution, do not associate him with a short life. If it be true that he has his father's complaint, they would have been better pleased if he had resembled their late Monarch in other respects.

"He is no Spaniard," say some, and they point to his pale face and blue eyes—the face and eyes of his mother. But if the lineaments of his father have been denied him, he possesses Alfonso XII.'s high spirit, bright nature, and great love for Spain; and these characteristics will go far with Alfonso XIII.

Meanwhile the condition of Spain is not such as to inspire the young King with hope and courage. Spain is a country of discordant elements. Alfonso's chief duty will be to placate all these factions. He will not have much trouble with the great constitutional parties, for even if the Liberals and Conservatives follow each other into office with a rapidity that is not consistent with stable government, their loyalty to the throne is unquestioned. The influence of the clerics, too, which is not to be despised, is on the side of the throne; the Vatican manifesting a benign interest in the monarchy.

The two elements of danger are the Carlists and the Republicans. It has been said that Carlism as a political system is dead. It is not likely to die so long as Don Carlos is a name to conjure with; and in the event of the King's death, the Carlists would show their hand.

It is true that Queen Christina, with as much boldness as tact, has made concessions to the Carlists by giving her eldest daughter Mercedes (who is called after Alfonso XII.'s first wife and first cousin, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier) to the son of the Count of Caserta, one of the greatest names in Carlism. The Count of Caserta has a past; terrible things are ascribed to him during the Carlist war, and these were remembered at Madrid at the time of his son's marriage with the Princess of the Asturias. The Princess was Queen until her brother was born, and she is his heir, and his death would make her husband, Charles de Bourbon, the Queen of Spain's Consort—a contingency which, it is feared, would set the country ablaze.

H.M. QUEEN CHRISTINA,
Who has been Queen Regent of Spain for Sixteen years.
Photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

It would then be the opportunity of the Catalanists. The Republicans are more to be feared than the Carlists. In a large degree they represent the brain and the energy of Spain. They have never taken kindly to the present monarchy; they keep their ideal ever before them. The Government is impotent to deal with them because of their strength and the great names amongst them.

The Republicans are waiting, watching and working. General Weyler, whose bad record in Cuba is not likely to be forgotten, is acclaimed a great hero by them, and this egregious military failure is credited with possessing deep Republican sentiments and an ambition to play the *rôle* of dictator should the Republicans have their way. General Weyler is at present War Minister—a responsible position, but not sufficiently great for him.

The little King of Spain has his eye on Weyler, as his mother always has had, and he will do well to imitate the Queen Regent and keep the General high in the service of the monarchy, and so offer no opportunity for the growth of his Republican aspirations.

JOHN BELL.

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THAT DAWG SLY.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

THOMAS DE VERE WINTERBOTTOM was a clerk in the office of a chartered accountant, named Sloggett. He had lodged in Norfolk Street, Strand, but was compelled precipitately to change his place of abode. The landlady, Mrs. Fish, had scarlet fever, but kept the matter close till she was peeling, when she deemed herself sufficiently recovered to attend to the cooking and bed-making for her several lodgers. The result was that three of them sickened from scarlet fever.

Thomas De Vere Winterbottom at once resolved on shifting his quarters.

The reason for this had got wind, and Mr. Sloggett said to him:

"Look here, Winter, I'm not going to have you infect the rest of my clerks. We are likely to have a busy time next month, and if my clerks are going to be prostrate and tucked in with scarlatina, I shall be up a taller tree than the *ailanthus glandulosus*, which is called the Tree of Heaven, because it reaches to the clouds. So you just keep away for a fortnight, till all risk of infection is over; and do not return till you have been put into an oven raised to 212 deg. Fahrenheit, or else have been shut up for forty-eight hours in a room, hermetically sealed, full of sulphur fumes. In such cases one cannot make too sure. Ta-ta!"

So Thomas De Vere Winterbottom had to shift his quarters, and was given a holiday of a fortnight. He looked about for suitable rooms, and found them in a street near Oxford Street.

The landlady said: "Oh, yes! I can take you, but I expect two weeks paid in advance. I have been done by a man named Price, who has gone. He disappeared the night before last, without leaving a trace; and, what is worse, he has not taken his dawg with him. I'm not going to pay a tax—seven-and-six—and have to feed the nasty brute as well. He eats as much as a Christian."

"Where is he?"

"There, behind you. He's that sort of dawg as always is behind your back."

Mr. Winterbottom turned and saw a little mongrel under the table looking at him with remarkably intelligent eyes. Being fond of animals, the clerk stooped and patted him, and addressed him caressingly. The beast winked an eye, and accepted the endearments as his due.

"I think I will retain the dog till his master returns to claim him," said the clerk.

"It's my belief you'll have to keep him a pretty long time then," said Mrs. Giles, the landlady. "And, what is more, I'm not sure as you'll like his tricks. I can't say nothin' for certain, but I misdoubts that there dawg."

The beast looked at the clerk and winked again.

"What is his name?"

"Well," said the landlady, "his owner used sometimes to call him Sly, and sometimes Slyboots, as the fancy took him."

Then said Mr. Winterbottom, coaxingly: "Sly, will you be friends?"

The dog, who had seemed perfectly to understand what was going on, responded by putting his wet nose into the clerk's hand, and then, at once, without another word, satisfied at the concordat, left the house and vanished up the street.

Thomas De Vere paid his rent for two weeks in advance, and then revisited his former lodgings to remove thence such of his property as was there.

On his return, he took a chair and seated himself by the fireplace, with his feet on the black sheepskin rug, when he noticed something lying there, half-covered by the flocks of wool. He picked

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it up, and found it was a leather purse. On opening it, some silver fell out, and in an inner compartment were three sovereigns in gold. Mr. Winterbottom at once summoned the landlady.

"Look here, Mrs. Giles," said he, "your former tenant was not so unjust as you supposed. He left his purse behind him to defray your charges."

"I don't think he did that," was the reply.

"But," said the tenant, "has anyone else been in the apartment since he left?"

"No, mister, no one."

"Then it must be his."

"Well, I don't hold that it is. Howsomdever, as he owes me three pun' six and eightpence ha'penny, I don't mind if I do take the money."

"That is within a few pence the sum in the purse. You see how wrong it is to judge men prematurely. He was honest, after all. You may as well take the purse likewise, Mrs. Giles."

"No, thank you, sir. I'll content myself with the money. There is still fivepence ha'penny short."

"I'll put the purse on the mantelshelf till he returns," said the clerk.

"I don't think he will return," said Mrs. Giles. "And, sir, if I was you, I'd get rid of that dawg."

"What has the dog to do with it? Sly!" Mr. Winterbottom saw the beast under the table watching him with an eye shut, and called to him. He caressed him. "Good dog! Brave old Sly! Honest old Slyboots!"

Mr. Winterbottom was not a man to care greatly for outside amusements He spent his evenings in his lodgings cultivating his mind.

He may have felt lonely at times, but he had now a dog to keep him company, an entertaining little creature, as he soon discovered, full of tricks; and the first evening spent in the new apartments passed most agreeably; it was one of the pleasantest in his recollection. For he could talk to and fondle the dog, and make it sit up and beg, pretend to be dead, and jump over his hands.

Next day, having nothing particular to engage him, he resolved on a stroll in one of the parks, and on taking his canine companion with him.

Sly trotted demurely to heel for some time, and then, in the most thronged portion of Oxford Street, Mr. Winterbottom missed him. He was greatly annoyed, for he feared he had lost Sly and his engaging society wholly.

However, on his return to his lodgings, he found that the brute had retraced his steps, had waited at the door till it was opened for a lodger, or to take in meat, had dashed within and was lying under the table, with his snout on his paws, wagging his tail and with his intelligent eyes full of observation.

Thomas De Vere knelt on the hearthrug, and took out his match-box to put a light to the fire, when to his astonishment, he found on the sheepskin a brown-paper parcel, neatly tied up.

Without further considering his fire, he took this up, untied it, and found that it contained a gold bracelet, set with brilliants and turquoises, of which latter one had fallen out of its setting, and was tied up in a separate piece of paper. The armlet was of no great value intrinsically, but was handsome, of Indian make. Mr. Winterbottom turned the article about, greatly wondering, and then rang for the landlady.

"Mrs. Giles," said the lodger, "I have found a parcel without address in my room. It contains a gold Oriental bracelet set with jewels. Has anyone been in my room since I left this morning?"

"No one that I know of, sir, except the dawg."

"But how came this here? I can hardly have omitted seeing it last night, and the slavey is not likely to have dropped it when cleaning the grate. She does not wear bracelets?"

"Hardly, sir."

"Is this house bewitched?"

"No, sir. There is something written inside the bracelet."

"Is there?"

The clerk took the bracelet to the window. "By Jove! There is. 'Henrietta Fraisne, 16, Cardigan Square. From her dear friend Adela.' There now! I have an address. I can find out about this. You are sure no lady was here who could have dropped this?

"Quite sure. And, sir, I think if I was you I wouldn't keep that there dawg."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom. "I'll get at the bottom of this mystery at once. I can but call this afternoon at Cardigan Square. Come along,

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Sly, old boy, come along my honest fellow, for a little walk."

Sly at once rose and accompanied his new master, trotting at his heels a little way down the street, and then—presto! he was gone. Nor did Mr. Winterbottom see any more of him till his return home.

He took his way to the square, found No. 16, and knocked at the door. To the servant who answered he gave his card, and asked to be allowed to speak to Miss Fraisne.

The servant ascended the stairs and left Mr. Winterbottom in the hall. He returned presently and said that Miss Fraisne was particularly engaged, but that if Mr. Winterbottom would state the purpose of his call she might perhaps manage to give him a minute of her time.

"Will you be good enough to say that I have found something of value which I suspect the lady has lost."

The man went again upstairs, and next moment a charming young lady tripped down. "I beg a thousand pardons. I was holding a skein of silk for my mother, who was winding it off. Will you kindly walk into the breakfast room?"

She led the way. When Mr. Winterbottom was in the apartment with her he brought out the bracelet.

"It is mine," she said. "It was given me by a dear friend, married in India. How *did* you come by it? I was taking it to a goldsmith to have the clasp put to rights—it catches—and a loose turquoise set, and somehow on my way I lost it; how, I cannot for my life, imagine."

"And I," replied the clerk, "I, for the life of me, cannot imagine how it came upon the hearthrug in my humble lodgings."

Then he informed her of his discoveries. He proceed to tell her of the purse found the previous evening in the same place.

"I do not believe in the supernatural, tricksy spirits," said he; "but upon my soul I cannot conceive how else these tricks can have been played on me unless there be a Puck or Pixie in the house."

"Really," said Miss Fraisne, colouring, "you have done me an immense favour. I was about to offer a reward for its recovery. I do not know what to say—how to make an acknowledgment for what you have done, Mr. Winterbottom, but if you would kindly mention——"

"There is but one acknowledgment I will hear of," said the clerk, "and that is, to be allowed permission to call again, once only, to tell you how this maddening mystery clears itself up."

"You are heartily welcome," she answered. "But do come upstairs and see my mother. She has been so distressed about the loss of the bracelet, and will be vastly interested with your story. Will you oblige me by telling it to her yourself?

Mr. Winterbottom could not refuse.

When he left, it was with the old lady's entreaty, united with that of her daughter, that Mr. Winterbottom would call again when he was able to explain how the bracelet had got into his possession, or, rather, found its way to his hearthrug. The clerk walked home as though treading on air. So charming, so beautiful a girl as Henrietta Fraisne he had never met before.

What her circumstances were he had no other means of judging than by estimating the character of the house and household. He judged that the family was very comfortably off, but not wealthy. Oh, that he could solve the mystery! The sooner it was solved the better pleased he would be, for then he would rush back to Cardigan Square and see Miss Fraisne once more, and hear her pleasant voice for the last time.

On his way home he looked on all sides for Sly but could not see him. However, on reaching his lodgings the dog was there. Mr. Winterbottom was angry.

"Sly," said he, in a tone of reproach, "I am not pleased with you. You are idle, sir, idle and lazy. You shirk a walk, and yet exercise is necessary for the health. We shall have you suffering from some disorder if you avoid taking constitutionals. Hallo! Good gracious! What is that?"

On his hearthrug lay a letter.

He knelt and picked it up. It was not in an envelope, consequently had no address. He unfolded it. There was no address at the head of the letter, that ran thus:—

"MY DARLING, EVER DEAREST EDWARD,—I have not seen you for many—too many—days, having been away by the seaside. Oh, how I have pined for you! How many pocket-handkerchiefs I have moistened with tears, longing, sighing, aching for your dearest face. And now I insist on our meeting at once. The 6th of this month, at half-past five. I shall be at the pastry-cook's at the corner,

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where we eat cheese-cakes together; after that we will stroll together in the Park. Do not fail me at the pastry-cook's, at the corner of Oxford-street, at half-past five, to-morrow the 6th.—Ever and eternally yours.

"SELINA."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom. "I'm glad my name is not Edward. But oh, if it had been addressed to Thomas De Vere and signed Henrietta, it would have been another matter altogether. Bless my soul! To-day is the 6th, and in another hour it will be half-past five. I am certain to find the confectioner's shop—at a corner. Come along, Slyboots. I am not going to put up with your laziness. Out you shall come, aërate your lungs and circulate your blood. This time you shall not desert."

So saying, Thomas De Vere took a piece of twine and attached it to the collar of the dog. Then he went forth, Sly attending him, but much out of humour at being deprived of his liberty, and inclined to drop sulkily into the rear.

The clerk looked about him as he walked along Oxford Street. It is a long thoroughfare, and no indications were given in the letter as to the side on which the place of rendezvous was.

"Oh, those mad, passionate lovers!" thought he. "How youth will surmount all prudential barriers. They are certain to be punctual. I should be so if I had received such a letter from Henrietta." At that moment he heard a clock strike the half-hour, and simultaneously two persons, the one a gentleman and the other a lady, entered a pastrycook's at a street corner opening into Oxford Street.

Mr. Winterbottom followed, full of confidence, and, passing within, heard the gentleman address his companion with the query: "What will you have, my dear?"

"Cheese-cakes," replied the lady.

Instantly the clerk laid his hand on the sleeve of the gentleman and asked: "Is your Christian name Edward?"

The person addressed turned round. He was a heavy, stout man, well advanced in years, with drooping cheeks, and dark whiskers turning grey. There was the commercial look about him strong. He was either a stockjobber or a shipbroker. The lady was middle-aged, by no means elegant in shape, or beautiful in feature. Her complexion was choleric and her eye volcanic.

"My name is Edward," answered the gentleman. "But, pray, what is that to you?"

"It is now half-past five," said Winterbottom solemnly.

"If you desire to know the precise time," said the stranger, looking at his watch, "it is 5.38."

"And she asked for cheese-cakes," said Winterbottom, gravely and impressively."

"She—sir! What do you mean by she?"

"She—why, Selina."

"Edward, is this man mad?" asked the lady. "How dare he call me Selina when my name is Maria Antoinette."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Winterbottom. "There has been some extraordinary mistake. And yet, this is a corner shop. I must justify myself."

He dropped the string by which he held the dog and produced the letter from his pocket. "Look, sir! Look, madam! Here you have it all. Edward—half-past five o'clock—cheese-cakes—a confectioner's at a corner shop."

"Edward!" exclaimed the lady, bridling up. "This does, indeed, demand an explanation. Am I your true and long-suffering wife, and *you*—you go making appointments with young ladies—ladies, indeed!—at pastry-cooks'."

"I beg pardon," explained the clerk. "It is the lady who makes the appointment."

"The point is immaterial. Oh, you Don Juan! You Lothario! Sighing and aching for the sight of your flabby face, indeed!"

"I know nothing about this. I never met any Selina in my life," protested the frightened man, breaking into globules of perspiration.

"A corner shop. Oh, how cunning. Moistening a thousand pocket-handkerchiefs with sentimental tears. Gah!"

"There are other corner shops," he retorted, in a trembling voice. "I vow and protest——Oh, this is insupportable," gasped the commercial man. And, turning on Mr. Winterbottom, he demanded, in an agitated voice: "What is the meaning of this? I know not a word about this. It is an insult, an outrage. Why have you done this? What is your name? Where do you live? Who the dickens are you? Why is this abominable trick played on me?"

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"Here is my card," said Mr. Winterbottom. "I am extremely embarrassed and distressed that I should have fallen into so ghastly a mistake."

"Oh, this is no mistake. He is capable of everything, stout and elderly though he be," exclaimed the lady.

Alarmed lest he should be further involved in the conjugal tempest he had inadvertently roused, Mr. Winterbottom fled the confectioner's, and hastened home.

But the dog had preceded him, and when he entered his room was lying under the table, licking his lips and winking.

On the hearthrug reposed a silver card-case!

"Here's a go!" exclaimed the clerk, and stood and contemplated this last deposit in consternation. He at once lighted the gas, and the silver case glittered as it reflected the jet. "Was there ever such a *diablerie* as this enacted before? I'll be hanged if I touch it! I shall go off my head."

He retreated to his bedroom, where he washed his hands. On his return, the case was still on the rug. He stopped, picked it up, and placed it on his table. At the same moment the door opened, and the gentleman, whom he took to be a stockbroker, entered, heated and angry.

"I have come to know the meaning of this, Mr. Winter—Winter"—he referred to the card, and concluded—"bottom." Then, after stertorous breathing, he resumed: "You have caused unpleasantness—to use a mild expression—between me and my wife. I am as innocent as a babe unborn. I never knew a Selina. Be blowed to them! Selinas, indeed! Halloo! What have you here? My wife's card-case! A silver family heirloom. What is the meaning of this?"

He opened it, and drew out—not a card, but a photograph of his wife.

"Hah!" he shouted, and stamped about the room. "I see it all, in its hideous wickedness. *She* has been here. She—involved in a miserable intrigue with you. She has given to you her carte-de-visite and this silver family heirloom. Oh, nothing is too good for her inamorato and that affair of the letter was a basely contrived plot, a diabolical plot, devised against me, me innocent as the saints in light, so as to throw me off my guard. Hah! hah! hah!" He twisted about the room stamping. "I will dash this photograph into her face; I will hurl at her my denunciation of a vile intrigue with a Winter—Winter"—he referred again to the card, and concluded with—"bottom."

"Sir," said the clerk, with dignity, "you are most unreasonable. I absolutely deny the charge."

"How then came this card-case and photograph in your possession? I pause for a reply."

Mr. Winterbottom was silent. He could not answer the question.

At this juncture steps were heard on the stairs, the door was opened, and a couple of policemen entered, followed by Mrs. Giles. "There's the dawg," said the landlady, "under the table, with his tail between his legs, and both eyes shut and snoring. I knew he was a bad 'un, and up to mischief."

"And Price lodged here?" asked the chief of the two constables.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Giles, "till two nights agone, when he decamped."

"And who may these gentlemen be?"

Mr. Winterbottom gave his name. "I have but just engaged the rooms," he said.

"Sir," said the policeman, "a notorious thief called—it is one of his aliases—Price, has been arrested. He has been in the habit of employing a dog—that dog there, sleeping so sweetly—no, hang me! he has one eye open—employing that dog to pick pockets for him. Have you noticed any signs of roguery in the brute?"

"Four," Mr. Winterbottom replied. "The last—this card-case, stolen in a pastry-cook's shop, whilst the lady was addressing her husband."

Then the clerk told his tale.

The stockbroker grew cool and collected, and wiped himself down with his silk pocket-handkerchief. "My good fellows," said he to the constables, "if you will step round to my house with the dog and tell the story to my wife—she wouldn't believe me if I were to tell it, and were not corroborated by you—I will give you each a sovereign and a couple of glasses of my best port. And you, sir," —to Mr. Winterbottom—"will you do me the favor of dining with me?"

"I should be most happy," the clerk replied, "but that I am due at No. 16, Cardigan Square."

"Well—dine with me to-morow."

Mr. Winterbottom sped to the house in the square, sent up his card, and, not-

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withstanding the hour, was readily admitted.

He was now able to give the entire story and solve the mystery. He was invited to stay for dinner by Colonel Fraisne, a merry old Indian officer.

That was but the first of several visits, and his dinner next day was also the first of several with the ship-broker and his wife, who both took a fancy to him.

The old gentleman presently offered Thomas De Vere a situation in his office, at much better pay than he had received at Sloggett's, and without exacting of him that he should be doubly disinfected.

It is not improbable that eventually he may become a partner.

It is not improbable that his visits to No. 16, Cardigan Square may also lead to a partnership, but of another kind. And all this was brought about by That Dawg Sly.

[THE END.]

COWSLIPS.

Into all the city tumult,
Cloud and dust and smoke so drear,
Come these bright-eyed country blossoms
With their note of gracious cheer.

Silken petals, drenched with sunshine,
Opening wide to greet the day;
Crisp, broad leaves, so strong and restful;
Graceful stems with willowy sway.

Cups of fairy gold uplifted,
Holding still the morning dew,
Offering Nature's sweet refreshment,
Giving strength for duties new.

Breath of fragrant, breeze-swept meadows,
Comes from out each stamened heart,
Where the first rays of the sunshine
O'er the grasses gleam and dart.

Sound of water flowing softly,
Tinkling o'er the pebbles bright,
Slipping down 'mid tall, dark sedges,
Dancing out to meet the light.

Notes of joyous, warbling songsters,
Floating, tumbling down the air;
Bluebirds, robins, larks and orioles,
Singing matins clear and fair.

Thanks, dear blossoms, for your message,
Sunshine, freshness, music, joy,
Thoughts of calmer, sweeter living,
Pure and true without alloy.

Lydia K. Foster.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE name of Miss Charlotte Mason will go down to posterity as the pioneer of a great educational movement. An only child, her father, who was a highly educated and refined man, decided, in his desire to expand his daughter's intellectual faculties to their highest extent, to entirely undertake her early education himself.

Circumstances, combined with the philosophical trend of her own education, led to her taking up educational work. Space will not permit of details, but probably her work as teacher of Mental and Moral Science at the Bishop Otter College, Chichester, helped most to originate and fix the educational thought she has since given to the world.

For several years the idea of the Parents' National Educational Union, by which she hoped to propagate certain educational principles which were very dear to her, was forming in her mind, and the opportunity to give a course of lectures on home education at Bradford was its preliminary start. The great interest aroused by these practical lectures induced her to write a book on "Home Education," which was published by Kegan Paul, another entitled "Parents and Children" following later. Both these books have had much and widespread influence; and it is really through them and the interest they have excited that the P.N.E.U. and the House of Education; the "Parents' Review," the "Mothers' Educational Course," and the "Parents' Review School" (worked by correspondence) have continued for about a dozen years to prosper and do good work.

Soon after the publication of "Home Education," the Parents' National Educational Union was formed, its principal objects being to assist parents of all classes to understand the best principles and methods of education in all its aspects, and especially in those which concern the formation of habits and character.

Lectures, etc., were arranged, and soon the Union was fixed on that steady basis which it has maintained with increasing usefulness ever since. The Union has many local branches throughout the Kingdom and exerts widespread influence on the Continent and in the Colonies. Its organ is the "Parents' Review," a monthly magazine edited by Miss Mason.

Letters from Lady Aberdeen and others, asking Miss Mason if she could find them governesses trained on her principles, showed her the need there was for some House of Education; and she opened the present College at Ambleside. Its numbers are at present limited to thirty students, and it is always full. The students are in great request in families as governesses (*not* nursery governesses), as in the College they have learnt all the

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truest principles of real healthy, moral and mental education, fixed on a sound religious basis.

IF the boy is, indeed, the father of the man, then the work carried on by Miss Rosalie Pope amongst the Brighton telegraph boys, is one of the most important and worthy of support. Miss Pope has now for some ten years devoted her time and thought to the Postal Telegraph Christian Association in that important centre, and to say that she is popular amongst her young friends would be but a feeble way of expressing their feelings towards her.

The great danger of the telegraph boy is that he acquires a love for roaming the streets and a distaste for steady effort, and just at a period when he is peculiarly susceptible to outside influences, he is turned loose by the Department which does not display any great enthusiasm in encouraging him to qualify for more prominent posts at its disposal. Here the P.T.C.A. steps in with evening classes, which Miss Pope, along with her helpers, holds for preparing boys to pass the examinations that open up further employment for them, and in the case of especially backward lads, she invites them to her own house for private coaching, and for many others who have no inclination for this branch of the service, she has found openings in Canada, or helped them to enter the Royal Navy.

MISS ROSALIE POPE,
Who has devoted herself to the work of the Postal Telegraph Christian Association.
Photo by Chas. B. Tayler, Brixton Rise, S.W.

Her Sunday Bible class is very successful, and every Sunday afternoon she is ready to welcome as many as will come, or can be spared from duty, to listen to her bright address. Nor does she forget their creature comforts, as tea and cakes are always provided.

The boys' lighter moments are also catered for in the bright little magazine published for the Association. Miss Pope's stories are all about the life, trials and temptations of the telegraph messengers, and are so able and interestingly written that her friends often wonder she does not seek a wider public for her pen. Even her summer holidays are mostly devoted to her boys. She has travelled all over the Kingdom trying to arouse interest in the P.T.C.A, and to induce others to start branches for the same good work, not forgetting when opportunity offers to gather other telegraph boys together at pleasant picnics and outings, when the good seed can often be deftly dropped into ready ears.

TO take up lace making as a hobby is a pretty occupation open to anybody with time and inclination, but to turn that hobby to account, and to found an industry for poor women has been reserved for Miss Emily Barnes alone. This lady — who took the gold medal at the "Woman's Exhibition" at Earl's Court last year as a teacher and worker — is Irish by birth, with all the bright, sparkling vivacity of her native land. She is a daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Barnes, of Westland, Maynolty, Meath; and four years ago, she took up lace as a hobby, and later as a profession, when she was asked by the Royal School of Needlework to teach some of their pupils.

Afterwards, although warned that this was an impossibility, she determined to try teaching by correspondence, with such success that her reputation as a teacher was made, and now she has many pupils at her house in Earl's Court.

The origin of the industry was as

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follows: Happening to mention to a pupil during the progress of a lesson that she saw great possibilities for poor women in lace making, she heard that the only industry for women at Diss, in Norfolk, was brushmaking, which was worse than oakum picking. Here was Miss Barnes' chance, and asking this lady to do her best to get together a class of about twenty to start with, she journeyed to Norfolk and took them in hand. She found these rough girls apt pupils, and soon taught them how to make Honiton lace. The success of this industry has been so great that now she is anxious to start others near London, where she can have them constantly under her own supervision. She does all her work herself, designing patterns, and making them up from the separate portions sent her by the workers, afterwards disposing of the finished articles for them. The only expenditure, therefore, is the cotton. As she justly remarks, Honiton lace can never be well copied by machinery, and there is, therefore, a good market for the real article.

She can herself make seven different kinds of lace, including Brussels, Milanese,

HON. EMILY KINNAIRD,
Honorary Secretary of the Y.W.C.A.
Photo by Maull & Fox, 187a, Piccadilly, W.

MISS EMILY BARNES.
Miss Barnes is an Expert Lace Maker, and has taught numbers of poor women the art.
Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.

Honiton, Russian and Venetian. Miss Barnes says this work is particularly adapted for delicate women and cripples, as in two or three terribly sad cases whom she has been able to teach, she has found that lace work has brought a little brightness into their lives, by giving them something they are able to do, and in this way helping the weary days and hours to pass more profitably and pleasantly.

She is now thinking of turning her attention to the blind. For herself she is a very rapid and beautiful worker; some of the bobbins which she uses are quite historical and more than two hundred years old. She is also a lace expert, and has more than once been asked to value lace for probate and other purposes.

THE name of Kinnaird is one associated in all Englishmen's minds with good works, and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, sister of the present Lord Kinnaird, is worthily carrying on the traditions of her name.

It is by her work as Hon. Secretary of that widespread organisation known as

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the "Young Women's Christian Association" that she is perhaps best known, for in this she labours untiringly and unselfishly, literally devoting her whole life to its well-being.

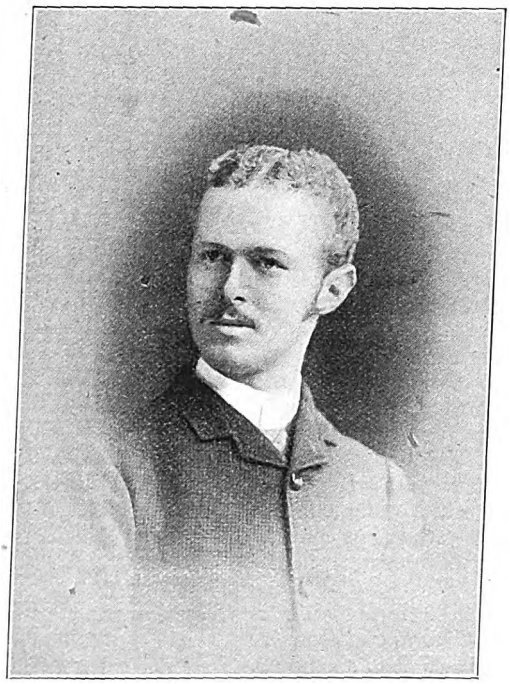
Some fifty years ago this Association was started by the late Lady Kinnaird with the object of establishing institutions and homes for young women engaged in business, domestic and other service, and now branches are to be found all over the world.

The field which it covers is marvellously wide, there being, in connection with the London branches alone, some twenty-two departments devoted to the social, moral, intellectual and spiritual well-being of girls and women, while all manner of classes on useful subjects which are available to members for a small fee, are held during the week at head-quarters. Lectures are given on English history and literature, and parties are arranged to visit places of interest, thus opening a new field of ideas to many of the girls. An excellent agency finds work for women of good character, while in connection is one to look after foreigners coming to England in search of work.

Then there is a Convalescent and Holiday Department and a Committee to arrange for Saturday afternoon outings for City workers; a Park Mission, in which the workers speak to the girls and women who frequent the parks, and comfort the most hopeless; a Travellers' Protective Department, which looks after girls coming from the country to London; and numerous homes, boarding-houses, clubs, and restaurants, where members can be assured of good and respectable entertainment. At the present time the need of extending restaurant accommodation is occupying Miss Kinnaird's attention, as she feels the necessity there is for working girls to be able to obtain cheap, wholesome meals in place of the tea and buns which are the staple fare at so many of these places. She would be very glad to communicate with any who would help her in this direction, for the consequences of this meagre diet, which has, of necessity, become so prevalent, are sure to make themselves felt in later years in an impoverished system. The extent to which these light repasts have taken the place of more substantial meals is a serious evil.

Finally, though much has had to be omitted of the varied ramifications of this Association, it must not be forgotten that the physical well-being of the members has also been considered, and there is a well-fitted gymnasium at the head-quarters, 26, George-street, Hanover-square, where exercises and musical drill are taught; while a bicycle club provides healthy recreation for those who are able to avail themselves of it.

In all this work the Hon. Emily Kinnaird takes the keenest interest, and it is rarely that she is not to be found at her post with ready sympathy, advice, and help.



MR. NINIAN HILL,
Organising Secretary of the Scottish Temperance Legislation Board.
Photograph by Fergus, Greenock.

MR. NINIAN HILL, who has been for many years an active worker in numerous good causes, is at present engaged as organising Secretary of the Scottish Temperance Legislation Board; the object of whose existence is to promote legislation on the lines of Lord Peel's Minority Report on the licensing question.

Mr. Hill has just issued his first

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quarterly report with a very satisfactory account of work done. He has travelled during the summer to a great many towns in Scotland, addressing meetings and endeavouring to arouse public opinion on the subject he has at heart.

"The 'Superior Person' asks," says Mr. Hill, "'Can you make a man sober by Act of Parliament?' We, being reformers of the Scottish pattern, answer him by asking another question, 'Can you make a man honest by the same means?' 'No, you cannot,' is the reply, 'but you can make rascality more difficult. If Lord Peel's proposals passed into law, much would be done that would make it easier for men to remain sober.'"

MISS HELEN THORNYCROFT,
The Well-known Artist.

A diminution in the number of licences is, of course, one of the first aids to temperance recommended by the Scottish Board. Mr. Hill points out how the result of the great Temperance Crusade of Father Mathew in the forties was lost through lack of legislative support. Ireland to-day stands, we fear, little the better for that good man's labours. Norway, on the other hand, once the most drunken country in Europe, is now the most sober, though "enjoying" the worst climate. This remarkable change was brought about by the Legislature giving effect to the Temperance sentiments of the country.

Mr. Hill finds that the impression is widely prevalent that compensation to publicans is part of Lord Peel's scheme. This has caused much heart-burning amongst temperance people. Mr. Hill tries to reassure his anxious friends by selecting a good story :—

A certain retired Indian colonel had a gamekeeper who was wont to greet the report of any misfortune with the stock phrase: "It micht be waur" (It might be worse). One day his master laid a trap for the optimist. "Do you know, Sandy, I dreamed last night that you were dead" — and solemnly—"gone to the bad place?" "It micht be waur" came the never-failing response. "What," exclaimed the colonel, "could be worse than that?" "It micht have been true," retorted Sandy with a twinkle.

That is just where this supposition resembles the colonel's dream: it is not true. The solution of the problem suggested by Lord Peel is, where it is deemed desirable to withdraw a license from a holder, who has committed no fault, a notice of five years should be given as a mere matter of grace, and should he be removed sooner, compensation to be calculated on the basis of the number of years' notice lost; and this is the important part, the funds to meet this payment to be raised by a tax on those license holders who will benefit by the withdrawal.

Mr. Hill is an enthusiastic believer in the good that will follow on the carrying out of the Minority Report, and the Board may be congratulated on securing the services of so able and conscientious a Secretary.

MISS HELEN THORNYCROFT, the well-known artist, comes of a highly distinguished family in the annals of art. She is the fourth daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Thornycroft, both of whom were able sculptors, her mother working for many

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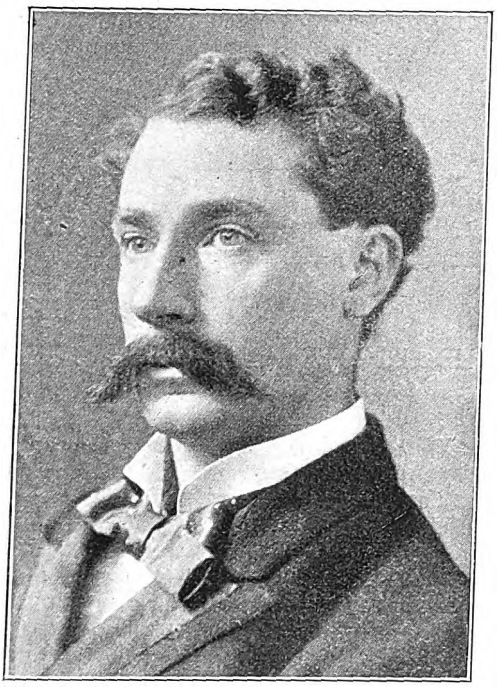
years at Windsor for the late Queen Victoria. She has two brothers, the elder of whom is an engineer, while the younger is the eminent sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. From her earliest years she has been devoted to art; her first work, a piece of sculpture, being exhibited when she was only thirteen years old, and exciting a good deal of attention. She received her art education at the Royal Academy Schools, and worked for the first few years at sculpture, afterwards turning her attention to the brush, and using water colours as her medium.

Miss Thornycroft's special penchant seems to be painting orchids and quaint tangled old gardens, and some very beautiful pictures on these subjects may be seen on the walls of her charming studio in Kensington—that delightfully artistic world of artists—but she herself owns to having an equal love for snow scenes in picturesque parts of Western and Northern England.

She occasionally holds an exhibition in her studio, and these are always thronged by members of the profession and art-loving amateurs, for her works, whether they be flowers, snow scenes or delicious bits of Cornish scenery, are of the most delicate and dainty description. Each is a gem in its way, and bears the closest and most minute inspection. Miss Thornycroft exhibits nearly every year at the Royal Academy and other galleries at home and abroad, and is a most prolific and rapid worker.

Several weeks of each year she spends at her pretty place, Yew Tree Cottage, near Monmouth, where she finds much in the surrounding scenery to harmonise with her own feelings and furnish her with material for work. To her artistic tastes she also adds the love of music, and occupies some of her leisure hours with the violin, this being her favourite instrument. A pleasant companion and a true friend, Miss Thornycroft has a host of admirers and friends.

NOWADAYS, when the almost universal aim in literature seems to be merely to amuse, it is of peculiar interest to turn to the contemplation of such a writer as Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author of "A Dead Man's Diary." It is now some eleven years since Mr. Kernahan penned this his first work under a veil of anonymity, a veil which was destined to be rudely flung aside by the hand of a would-be literary-spoiler.



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN,
Author of "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil."
Photo by Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

Under the impression that the book was of American origin, and unprotected by the English copyright laws, a certain writer claimed the authorship, and on the strength of the assumption, caused an MS. of his own to be accepted and published, containing in the preface the false statement that the author was also author of "A Dead Man's Diary." The Courts granted Mr. Kernahan's publishers an injunction, and ordered the entire edition of the work to be destroyed.

Since that eventful occasion, Mr. Kernahan has written a succession of books of an uncommonly original cast, the widest circulation being attained by "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold, and which has been translated into nearly every language in Europe. Among his other best known

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works are, "A Book of Strange Sins;" "A Literary Gent," in which the corroding influence of alcohol in modern life is powerfully realised; and "God and the Ant," which also enjoyed wide popularity.

There can be no doubt that these beautifully written works are calculated to arouse serious reflections in the minds of readers upon the vital problems of life, and that in stirring up the moral and intellectual lethargy of the times they have done a great deal of good.

It is given to few writers to attain widespread popularity in their own lifetime and at the same time to appeal to the most cultured literary taste, yet this is what Mr. Kernahan has done. Lovers of good literature have a feast of good things in Mr. Kernahan's essays, gathered together under the title of "Sorrow and Song," which, though in the form of prose, frequently display the attributes of true poetry. Personally Mr. Kernahan is one of the kindest and most lovable of men, one of those, unhappily, too rare characters who find delight in looking for good in their fellow-men, and cherish it as a treasure when found—the very reverse of the *nil admirari* idea cynically advocated as the short cut to content in this world. As reader to a great publishing firm it has been his pleasant duty to extend a helping hand to many struggling young writers, some of whom, for instance, Guy Boothby, have attained considerable eminence.

THE ONLOOKER

THE LIGHT ON THE DEEP.

With nothing but waves to seaward
And the grim rocks toward the land,
The roll of the black clouds over,
And the breakers on every hand:
The night comes down on the ocean,
And we climb the winding stair
To see that our lights are piercing
The thick'ning, foggy air.

Alone on a rock in the desert
Of tumbling and tossing tide;
The nation's outer signal
To wanderers far and wide.
Alone, and we wonder dimly
If the foghorn reaches the shore
Or pierces the outer stretches
That tumble and toss evermore.

Perchance in the little village
Some fisherwife wakes in fright,
And peers from her smoky window
To see if we're shining bright,
Or out on the tossing billows
A helmsman watches our light,
A thousand souls in his keeping
As they rush through the pathless night.

J. O. Swift.

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CLEARING THE FOREST LAND—THE WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED IN THE HARDEST MANUAL LABOUR, AS WELL AS THE MEN.

The Land of Many Waters.

FINLAND, THE COUNTRY OF LEGENDARY CHARM.

By EDGCUMBE STALEY.

IN the charm which is peculiarly her own, Finland, "the land of many waters," has no rival. Wearing her ermine mantle of snow, as she does, seven months or more each year, her rolling uplands and her forests display her charms reflected in the icy mirrors of her lakes. From gable, thatch, and tree depend opalescent icicles. Her rapids and her cateracts are dreams of fairyland in white. The winter storms expend their fury upon the rock-bound coast. If the deadly blizzard tears away the giants of the forests, it clothes its course with a shroud of purest crystal. The cold is keen, but it is healthy and it is clean. Above all, the great horizon, with its dazzling Northern Light, gives hope and verve to life and work.

The brief summer is summer indeed; the flowers spring, as by magic, right out of the melting snow, and, with one ecstatic bound, perfume the air and brighten the smiling landscape.

The tumbling waters, no longer spell-bound, project spray-screens whereon the brilliant sunshine paints the rainbows. The greenery of the trees and the rich fruit blossoms have to hurry along in the year's march for ingatherings, and autumnal tints and gold quickly work a transformation. Sowing time and harvest-home are linked together in close embrace. Whichever way you look, charming vistas

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and glorious panoramas greet your eyes. Sturdy pine-trees decked with Nature's dew-diamonds jostle silver birches and red-gemmed willows.

The greenest of green moss spreads a soft carpet under your feet. Bees, and birds, and creeping things are as merry and as busy as the day is bright and long. The fruitful valleys are interspersed by waterways of every kind and sort—lakes, rivers, and canals.

Physically the Finlanders are tall, well-developed, and vigorous. If their faces lack some of the vivacity and contour of the features of the sunnier south, they are marked by intelligence and determination. In the extreme north there is quite an extraordinary absence of hirsute adornment among the men; possibly this is due to their diet, in which meat and vegetables rarely figure. The women, also—that is the poorer class—have little time to spare for feminine elegancies; they have to toil, day in, day out, with the men, manning boats, doing forest work, tending cattle and horses, and even making bricks.

The children, if somewhat staid and undemonstrative, are winsome in their archness and their love of home.

The Finns originally came from the Altai mountains, and took possession of the country early in the seventh century. The Mongolian type—thick lips, projecting cheek bones, and slit-like eyes—is still clearly seen in the north-eastern province. The language, too, spoken by the poorer classes has a similar origin: it is Ural-Altaic—an unique tongue, soft and sonorous, and not unlike Italian.

The people of the South-Western provinces are mostly of Swedish descent, and, along with Scandinavian characteristics, speak the language of Sweden. This is markedly the case in the towns, and especially in Helsingfors, the capital. The upper classes are distinctly Swedish in their sentiments and ambitions.

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN THE "LAND OF MANY WATERS.

Though Finland is in many respects one of the most civilised of European countries, the people cling very tenaciously to their ancient customs. Land tenure and land service in Finland present many interesting features, and the more salient points are actual survivals of feudal times.

The class of peasants, which we may call "labourer-farmers," consists of men who receive no wages. They occupy buildings belonging to the landowner,

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A FINNISH WAKE.

which they have to keep in repair. The landowner makes them grants of seed and other things, and assigns them certain lands, which they may cultivate for their own benefit.

They have free access to the forests for timber and for fuel. On holdings where there is clay, the "labourer-farmers" are allowed to make bricks, paying the landowner so much per cent. upon sales. In return these peasants have to do work for the landowner, with their families, and with their cattle.

Many of these men are really quite well off; and, whilst they retain their status as "labourer-farmers," their sons, and their daughters too, are sent to the best schools, and enter Government and commercial employments.

The breeding of cattle and horses is much encouraged by the Government, which offers premiums, and this practice has had a very stimulating effect on stock-raising. The country roads are good, and are traversed in summer time by light post carriages; whilst the unrivalled facilities for water transit are also in full operation.

Fish abounds, especially trout and crayfish, of large size, and fresh-water, pearl-bearing, dark grey oysters. The commonest game birds are the *gelinotte* or hazel-

"PETER AND TOMMY."
Types of Young Finland in the Far North-East.

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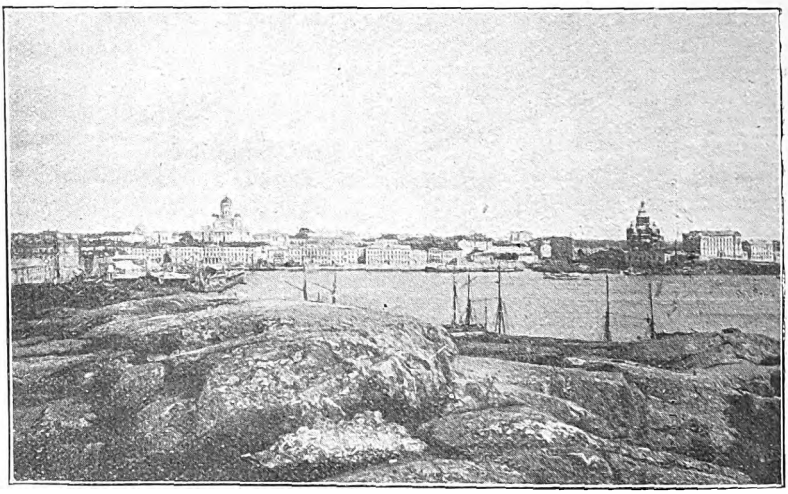
grouse, the capercailzie, and the black-cock. But if the sportsman requires prey more worthy of his prowess, he may enjoy the excitement of a bear hunt in the far north, while wolves and other wild creatures abound also.



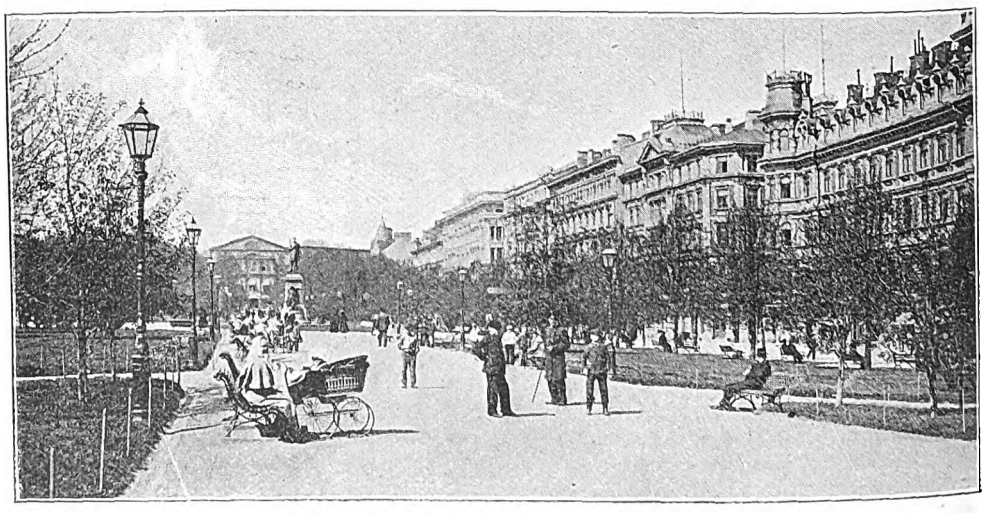
THE HARBOUR, HELSINGFORS.

The countryman's diet consists chiefly of *talkkuma*, a hard sort of porridge made of oatmeal and rye, and carried in birch-bark knapsacks. In the houses are thin black-bread cakes, with holes in the centre, through which long poles are run, and then slung from the ceiling. The favourite beverage of all classes is coffee, and corn-brandy, distilled from fresh grain, is also popular.

In England many time-honoured celebrations have been allowed to fall into disuse, until Christmas is now the only festival kept with much enthusiasm among us. But by the Finlanders, inspired with the vivid imagination of the North to whom life is full of poetry, no such indifference is displayed, and the various seasons of the year are marked by many quaint observances in which the people indulge with a whole-heartedness reminiscent of the gay frolics of our own forefathers.

Midsummer Day is a festival of universal observance throughout Finland. Birch trees are placed at all doors, and twigs of birch are stuck upon the ceilings and walls of the rooms. The sun sets, in the eve, at eleven o'clock, and rises, in the day, at two. During these hours the young people and children light big fires on every elevated place, and enjoy themselves with dancing and singing during the short light night. These fires are known by the name of *Kokko*.

Rye harvest is a very important event. On the day fixed for cutting the crop the



THE RUNIBERG ESPLANADE, HELSINGFORS.

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"labourer-farmers" foregather with their wives and children at the mansion of the landowner. They are divided into squads—one man, two women, and three or four children—and to each is assigned a certain area of operations. The man cuts, the women shock, and the children glean up and down. They work from four in the morning until eight at night, with intervals for breakfast and dinner. These substantial meals are provided by the landowner, and are served at long tables in front of the mansion.

The rye crop, which furnishes the Finns with their staff of life, does not dry in ordinary seasons in the open. It is therefore carried into *Rias*, or barns, and laid upon racks and rafters.

Fires are kindled in each corner, and the smoke is allowed to permeate the crop; this imparts a peculiar flavour, which is much esteemed. After supper, on their harvest days all indulge in games and dances and songs, until nearly midnight. These songs are traditional, and are from the *Kalewala*—an ancient Epic poem. They have been collected by Dr. Topelius and Dr. Löunrot, and are remarkable for vigour and tunefulness.

A river trip in Finland is one of the most delightful experiences imaginable. Light boats—too frail they look—are manned by sturdy fellows, in red cotton shirts and slouched felt hats. With leathern boots, reaching high up the thighs, and the everlasting cigarette between their teeth, they push off into the rapid stream.

OYSTER FISHING ON LAKE SAIMAN.

The oarsmen dash showers of brilliant spray over you as the helmsman deftly steers his craft amid sharp rocks and smooth water-covered boulders. Many a bump and squeeze you have as you struggle through the cataract, waving your hand, as you are whirled along, to white-kerchiefed women knitting or labouring on the banks, while barefooted children toss up their woollen caps into the air and shrilly hail the adventurous voyager.

There are, all over the country, many splendid cascades and waterfalls. Imatra, which has the greatest body of water of any European cataract, is 875 metres long, but so narrow that a stone can very easily be thrown from side to side.

But in the winter all such pursuits and sights are changed. The real social life of the country begins when the ground is feet deep in alabaster snow and the waterways are transparent ice. There is animation on all sides, and it is quite delightful to watch the children rushing off to the schools on skates and ski. The merry bells of sleighs mingle music with the crisp cries of wayfarers. School and church and hospitable homestead are thronged with all and sundry kinds of folk.

Forest work has ceased, the harvest is gathered in, and, the short day over, young and old collect in the long winter rooms which are attached to every farmhouse. There they spin and weave, they romp and sing, they read, they smoke

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and chatter; while the young people make love, and play till sleep overtakes them.

In Finland, as in most countries, Christmas is the greatest festival of the year. Long before Christmas-eve the shops are crowded with people buying *klapps* or gifts. Every house has its Christmas-tree. On Christmas-eve each house and cottage exhibits a burning candle, the peasants' dwellings are littered with fresh straw, whilst the cattle in the stable have extra supplies of food.

A standing Christmas dish is *lutfisk*—dried cod, soaked in brine and boiled to a jelly. This is eaten with a sort of pease-pudding; smoked roast pork, and rice-pudding full of almonds, and plum tarts with clotted cream have, too, their places. Should your helping of rice-pudding yield you an almond, it is a sign that you will be married before the next Christmas-day comes round!

The Christmas "Buck" visits every house, dressed like an old man, with a long white beard; he drives his team of reindeer over mountains, lakes, church-spires and housetops. He enters the family circle, and enquires whether the children have been good or bad. Then he throws down his *klapps*, and resumes his journey.

On Twelfth Night the "Star Boys" make their appearance—five young men in fancy dress. Three represent the Holy Three Kings, one is King Herod, and the fifth is a *goat* with hoofs and horns! They enact a play, which has for its *dénouement* the death of Herod—for his crime of seeking to put Christ to death. The *goat* has reference to Christ's birth in a stable. As they go they carry a brilliant star and collect alms for poor folks who have had no Christmas cheer.

At mid-Lent a fish called *laké* is eaten, boiled in milk. This is a fresh-water fish, which is caught in nets sunk through holes bored in the ice of the lake and rivers.

THE CATARACT OF IMATRA, THE GREATEST WATERFALL IN EUROPE.

Blinés, too—large thick pancakes—are prepared, and are eaten with butter, sour cream and caviar.

At Easter another very popular dish is served—*mêmma*—the principal ingredients of which are malt and syrup. This is made into a sort of dough of a brownish color. After being boiled, it is put to stiffen in a box or case, made of birch-bark. With it is taken fine sugar and thick cream.

The First of May is an ancient festival of general observance, especially by the students, who meet in one of the public parks and sing old songs to the spirit of Spring—though it often happens that the ground is still covered deep in snow, and winter has not yet loosened his hold. The traditional drink on May-day is mead, whilst a sort of pastry, called *struvor*, is in great request.

Very numerous are the legends and traditions of the Finlanders. The very word "Finn" means wizard. Among

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presiding Genii the most famous are:—*Ukko*, the Spirit of the Air; *Tapio*, the Spirit of the Forest; and *Ahté*, the Spirit of the Lake. Frogs and swallows are regarded by country-folk as sacred; the former was once a man—Adam; the latter, a woman—Eve! The Mountain Ash, too, is sacred; its ashes, after burning, are carefully preserved, for, in strewing them about, luck, or the reverse, is said to be indicated!

The most cherished refreshment of the Finns is the bath. Every house, however small or poor, has its bath-house. Here they find their dearest evening pleasure in health, and their unfailing remedy in sickness. "If Bath and Brandy fail, then comes Death," is a common saying!

Within the houses are ovens built of rough flat stones; these are highly heated. When the fire has burnt itself out, and the smoke has escaped, several buckets of ice-cold water are thrown upon the embers. Dense clouds of steam arise, and in them the bathers, of both sexes and all ages, lie upon wooden shelves arranged at various heights above the floor. Then the whole body is switched all over with small bundles of birch twigs, veritable birch rods! A thorough shampoo with soap is followed by sousings of cold water, which are administered as the bather leaves the bath. In winter time a plunge into deep snow is substituted. The bathers then seat themselves in a row to rest and to cool, upon wooden benches in the open air. It is an extraordinary sight for the traveller who chances upon a farmstead in the evening, but the virtuous Finns respect the rule "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

During harvest and threshing-time, the baths are frequented every evening, but in the winter, the "Saturday-night tub" is considered sufficient.

In one respect, at least, Finland is far ahead of Great Britain. In every hamlet, generally at the Post Office or the Store, there is telephonic communication with the nearest considerable town—sometimes this is nearly a hundred miles away! For the modest sum of £5 any householder is supplied by the Government with the necessary apparatus.

One of the most important towns is Abo. Here the first crusaders landed; here the first Christians were baptised; here the first church was built; here began the lines of famous bishops, warriors, statesmen, scholars, and poets. From 1157 to 1827 Abo was the great eyewitness to the history of the country; it is still the traditional centre of Finland. Under Swedish rule Abo was the capital, but the Russians removed the seat of government to Helsingfors—the present metropolis. The city, founded in 1550, is beautifully situated, and contains many splendid buildings. It has a population of nearly 100,000.

The Russianising of the Grand Duchy is proceeding apace. In 1872 Russian was established as the official language, and the rule of the Governors, sent by the White Tsar, has become more and more subversive of Finnish laws, liberties, and customs. Russian officials fill most of the public posts. Russian troops have lately been introduced into the country, whilst the Finnish Guard has been ordered to distant parts of Russia.

The freedom of speech and of public meeting have been greatly curtailed. The powers of the Seim or local Parliament, have been restricted. The administration of law and order has been taken out of the hands of Finnish magistrates. Appeals, earnest and reiterated, have failed to gain any attention.

A feeling of disquietude and of resentment is creeping rapidly over the people. The peaceful, harmless Finlander is becoming sullen and unhappy. A recent letter received by the writer of this article from a Finnish gentleman of good position, concluded as follows:—"We don't at all expect any improvement in our position during the reign of the present Tsar; he seems to be absolutely unable to take a reasonable resolution in any way. The state of things has never been so sad . . . Still we hope there will be a change, but when we don't know. What changes have taken place are very significant, and the resistance, though not violent, is very strong and active."

Among no people is national sentiment stronger and healthier, and the attempt of Russia to crush out the life of this once free people, and reduce the country to the condition of a second Poland is a crime which it is to be hoped will be averted.

EDGCUMBE STALEY.

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THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.*

By MRS. WALFORD.

THERE were three of them, and they had written beforehand to secure three corner seats in a third class corridor compartment of the Scotch express, which, luck befriending them, they had to themselves as far as Preston.

"Knew it was the tip to go by this line," quoth George, with a knowing chuckle, whereat his companions chuckled back and thought what a fine fellow they had got for a George and how splendid a thing it was to belong to him.

At Preston they got out and lunched, and anyone who had the felicity of knowing Mr. George Triggs and his jolly little wife and jollier still little sister, may be sure they "did" themselves handsomely in this respect, and returned with satisfied, shining countenances to the compartment which by this time they had come to look upon as their own.

They had indeed littered it freely, and the ladies had taken off their hats, while Mr. Triggs stretched his full length on the opposite seat preparatory to a snooze, when "Confound it all!" mutters he, staring angrily round, for a porter, stupid ass! has opened the door and is looking interrogatively within. "This carriage is engaged," said Mr. Triggs, loftily.

But the porter looks over his shoulder, and behind him stands the guard.

"Tickets, please." They have only three tickets. "Can't engage a compartment for three tickets. Train's full," observed the guard, curtly. "Get in here, ma'am," and, despite the reluctance with which the knickerbockered legs are withdrawn from their resting-place, and the united scowls of the trio, two other passengers are almost flung in upon them, for the Scotch express has no time to waste, and its guard no temper to lose in bandying words, during the early days of August.

A whistle and the train is off. The intruders have scarcely seated themselves, scanty space being accorded them to do so; and it is as well they have brought no paraphernalia, nothing beyond a small handbag which the lady places upon her knee, and a doll which the child who nestles beside her hugs in her arms, for not an inch of room beyond what is absolutely required do they get. Mr. and Miss Triggs overhaul the new-comers disdainfully. A tiresome woman with a still more tiresome child. How odious, how disgusting! Couldn't they have got in anywhere else? There must be compartments with other children in them. Under pretence of altering the window blind, Mrs. Triggs murmurs a suggestion to her husband:

"Why shouldn't he go along the passage and find out?"

"No good," mutters he, audibly. "Didn't you hear the beastly place was full?"

Whereupon she subsides, as he does, with sullen resignation and scornful looks. There are still many hours of this forced companionship before them, and it is one of the hottest days of the year. All the elation with which they had set out seems to have evanesced, for how can they be free and jolly, joke and laugh, and play their game of three-handed cribbage, over which they have been enjoying themselves hugely so far, with this marplot sitting by?

"Great Scott! Why should we mind her though?" Suddenly Mr. Triggs brisks up to make the above reflection. "After all she's doing us no harm, though she is a nuisance."

He glances round. "She" has opened a book and is quietly reading. The child

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with round, amazed eyes, is solemnly inspecting everybody by turn.

If the mother, for she is certainly the mother, had been a pretty, fresh-faced, smiling creature, and, above all, if she had come without "the kid," Mr. George tells himself, he would have "done the civil," for he is all for making himself agreeable to the ladies, even when they inconvenience him and defraud him, as in the present instance. Possibly he would have gone further if properly responded to, and proposed turning their "three" game into a "four" one—but as it is he shrugs his shoulders. There is nothing attractive, certainly nothing responsive in the shrinking figure, with the grave, composed countenance, and eyes fixed steadily on the pages of an uninteresting volume. She is not good-looking according to his idea. No dash, no style about her. Widow, of course. Black and all that. No fun to be got out of such a party, and beastly hard luck it is that she should be there to choke up the carriage, and impose a restraint. "No, hang it; she shan't do that!" he suddenly resolves.

"I say, get out the cribbage," he commands aloud.

Of course the ladies are delighted. Their tongues are unloosed as if by magic, the improvised board is brought forth, the cards are dealt, the pegs in their places. The little girl watches it all entranced. The mother never looks round; seems to see nothing and hear nothing. By-and-bye they forget her presence altogether. George's laugh resounds quite unrestrainedly. He claims a "fifteen two" from his sister and battles for it, she contending with equal ease and warmth.

Mrs. George says "Sh—sh!" glancing towards their fellow-passengers.

But, "Oh, come, never mind *her*. Let's be jolly," cries the husband, in a would-be aside.

He is winning, and his fat face glistens with triumph and merriment. After all, he is having a good time, and what a glorious day it is, and what a rate they are spinning along at. He does not mind the heat. It is nothing to the heat of their office, he avers.

He does not notice that the little girl has sunk back upon the cushions, having lost all interest in the game, and that her mother is bending over her, murmuring in her ear. Mrs. George does, however.

"Good gracious! I hope that nasty child is not going to be sick!"

"What?" cries George, startled, and, without hesitation, he wheels round—for hitherto his back has been well turned on the interlopers—and takes observations for himself.

Obviously there is discomfiture in the rival camp. The pale lady has flushed up and looks disturbed and anxious. The child leaning heavily against her is, on the other hand, as white as a sheet, and languidly indifferent to everything and everyone.

For the first time the mother turns an inquiring, almost an appealing eye upon her fellow-travellers—upon two of them at least, the two who are seated facing the engine. She and her little girl have back seats, and we all know what that means to some people. So far no one has thought of it—but now? It is dreadful, but it is the only hope for Dorothy. Dorothy's mother must ask those people. She does it with an effort only known to herself. "My little daughter is feeling the motion. It is very unfortunate, but if—if——" The speaker stammers painfully. They can see, anyone can see, what she wants, but no one is in a hurry to help her out.

"The child feeling sick, is she? Oh, well, you can change with her, Carrie." Mrs. George Triggs has a sharp, high-pitched voice and calls a spade a spade, even when not as now annoyed, and only conceding in dread of a catastrophe. "Take care, don't upset the board, Clumsy," she subjoins, as the other, not too willingly, makes as if to obey.

It is all that Dorothy's mother can do to thank them, they look such daggers at her and her offspring.

And Dorothy does not want to move. Humps a pettish shoulder and says: "No, let me alone," in the unmistakable accents of a spoilt child.

"You will be all right if you sit on that side, dear."

Shame to say, the three who look on are almost pleased with the distress and perplexity and fruitless efforts of their luckless fellow-passengers. They have conceived a dislike to the mother apart from the grievance of her intrusion. She has sat so immovable hitherto, never looking round nor taking any interest in their games and their jokes; and now she must needs disturb everybody, in the

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very middle of a deal, too, because of her tiresome brat.

"I should take her out into the passage," says Mrs. Triggs shortly.

The words have barely crossed her lips ere Dorothy flies through the open door.

Never so long as she lives will Dorothy's mother forget the laugh which followed. She rose hastily. She felt as if she could never return to her seat again.

. . . . .

"I can't tell you how grateful we are."

Many hours have passed, and the train is now speeding its way through beautiful Scottish moorlands, which the setting sun still lights up on every side, though it is past eight o'clock ere a halt is made at a small wayside station.

"I am so glad we met you," continued the speaker, "and that you should be getting out here, too. You see, Dorothy calls you her friend. Dorothy's friend must come home with Dorothy," and Mr. Triggs and party would have stared had they beheld the charming smile by which the words were accompanied.

Their recipient did not stare, he only blushed very shyly and deeply, as lads of seventeen, sensitive to kindness, more particularly feminine kindness, do blush at times.

Then he tried to speak, finding it equally hard to find something to say, and when found, to say it.

"But I couldn't, that is to say, I can't. I mean I couldn't you know."

"Oh, yes, I think you can," said the lady, smiling.

"A-course you can," nodded Dorothy, frowning. She had hold of his hand and was not going to let it go.

The last four hours had been to her a species of Elysium. Ashamed and disgraced she had fled from the presence of her tormentors, for, child as she was, she had perceived in what light they regarded her sufferings, and resented the grudging reluctance, almost worse than a refusal, accorded to her mother's appeal. Her heart swelling with mortification and amazement, and her eyes blinded by a burst of tears, she had heard the cruel laugh which mocked her retreating steps, and, strange to say, it had acted like a tonic. What with indignation, tears, and the blast of fresh air in the passage, giddiness and nausea, where were they? Gone. But where was Dorothy? Literally sobbing her heart out in the arms of a lanky lad, an utter stranger, who had been looking out of the passage window, and against whom she had stumbled in her headlong flight. She would have fallen but that he caught her.

"What's the matter?" said he. "Don't cry, little girl. Poor little girl, don't cry." Then he stroked her hair, and patted her shoulder, and saw nothing of another figure in the passage, who checked her impulse to interfere, and held back, watching.

"Agustin' people," sobbed Dorothy.

"Poor little girl," said the lad again. He had the gentlest voice imaginable, and he took out his own pocket-handkerchief and tenderly wiped away the fast raining tears as they fell.

"'Em laughed at me," whispered the offended little one, catching her breath between each word. "'Em *did*—oh, oh, oh!"

"Did they? Well, never mind. See how nice it is out here," and, with instinctive tact, he created diversion for her thoughts. "It is quite cool here, and you are so hot," holding a small swollen hand into the current of air. "Isn't that nice?"

"Ess, you're kind, aren't you?" smiles breaking out again. "Where's my muvver?" said Dorothy, suddenly looking round.

She was apparently gazing from a window a few feet off.

"That's her," said Dorothy, contentedly. All was right now, she thought.

"Shall I take you to her?" suggested her new friend.

Dorothy looked at him; her cheeks were still glazed with tears, but the blue eyes shone, and all the friendliness of a sociable little soul was at work. "Rather stay with you," said she; and then, glancing suggestively towards some portmanteaux piled in the passage: "Won't you take me on your knee?"

And fast asleep upon his knee, with her fair curls streaming over his shoulder, and his long arms firmly clasped round her, Dorothy's mother presently found her. She was not a very quick-witted woman, but maternal instinct had guided her under the present circumstances. So she merely smiled and nodded at the schoolboy, and he understood that he might obey his little mistress's behest. At the end of half-an-hour, however, being really unable any longer to stand,

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and yet dreading beyond everything to go back to her seat, the young lady—for she was still a young lady, whatever George Triggs might have thought—stole along the passage. Oh, dear what was this? An empty compartment, right opposite to where the piled portmanteaux made a seat for Dorothy and her friend.

"Is this where you are sitting?" whispered the lady, softly.

He motioned assent.

"And no one else?"

"They got out at Carlisle."

"And may—oh, may we came in?" It was the gate of Paradise opening.

"Only I don't like to disturb her," said the lad, looking down at his charge as he spoke. "She's sleeping so beautifully."

Between them, however, they lifted the little slumberer on to the seat, and laid her down with her head upon a pillow of soft plaid. There she slept on, and her two guardians talked and talked. Long before they had reached the point at which we took them up, when the train was approaching its destination for each alike, Dorothy's mother had learnt all about Dorothy's friend, and he had wondered at himself for being so ready to tell; usually he was reserved with strangers.

But there was no resisting the sweet face and winning manner. She learnt that he was alone in the world, and, albeit so young, earning his own livelihood. He had got his holiday—a fortnight's holiday—and he thought he would like to come to Scotland—was fond of fishing; a friend had said there was fishing to be had at a certain place, and given the address; he fumbled in his pocket and brought it out.

"Really? That is where I am going too," said the lady, laughing outright. And then and there a thought arose, which presently was put into words.

"You must, indeed; you must come home with us, with Dorothy and me," she said.

"Home?" The lonely boy's eyes emitted one eager flash; then he drew back, timid and blushing, murmuring he knew not what.

"We can give you better fishing than what you could get at the hotel," said the lady, gaily.

"I wasn't thinking of going to the hotel. I thought perhaps I could get a room at a cottage somewhere," he replied. Hotel bills were not for his modest purse.

"So you can with us, with my husband and me. He will meet us at the station, and invite you. He always asks anyone I ask. Highland hospitality, you know."

"You are—you are most awfully kind. But—but I should take up the room." In his mind's eye he saw a minute shooting-lodge, already brimming over; in hers—but no matter.

She was more and more pleased with him every moment. He was so gentle, so truthful, so unassuming; and absolutely ignorant as he was, he had rendered her such a service. She stuck to her point, and at length prevailed.

"We had got in with such very objectionable people," she had just begun to confide, when suddenly the burly form of Mr. George Triggs darkened the doorway. ("I'll look along and see where she has found a roost," he had told his companions, having lain low until now. "And I suppose I had better take her bag to her, eh?")

Accordingly the bag was now tendered, with a "Hope the little gurl's all right?" in Mr. Triggs's most supercilious and impressive drawl.

He was a little startled, however, by its reception. The lady who had just got as far as "objectionable people" turned in her seat, dropped her eyelashes over her cheeks, and slowly raised her chin. Her "Thank you" was haughtiness itself.

"Offended, by Jove!" muttered he to himself; but he retreated somewhat hastily, with a curious sense of discomfiture. He threw himself half out of the window, whistling, for the train was slowing to a standstill, and presently he called his women to look out. "I say—that's the Duke of Thingumtight's—that big place up there. The guard says so, and that's one of his carriages waiting. There must be some of them in the train. Let's see them get out," and he turned the handle of the door, and was out on the platform in an instant, Mrs. and Miss Triggs following.

"Would you allow us to pass, please?" A voice from behind.

"Oh, certainly," said George. ("She's getting out here, is she?") And then he nearly had a fit upon the spot. He could never talk about it afterwards. And he never saw exactly what happened—but all in a moment there was a small hubbub on the spot.

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A powdered footman had seized his lady's bag—how well George knew the bag!—a French maid was chattering and gesticulating wildly apologetic and explanatory; Dorothy still firmly holding by her new friend's hand, was endeavouring to present him to a stalwart young Highlander in full costume—"A swell of swells," muttered the wretched Cockney, biting his lips, while this same great good-humoured fellow, laughing and kissing his wife (the widow!) demanded energetically, and without paying the slightest attention to anyone else, where in the name of wonder she had hidden herself? He had been up and down the platform and could find her nowhere.

"We had to get in where we could, Carlo; we were landed among such dreadful, dreadful people." (They heard her say it, distinctly heard her, though she, to do her justice, knew not they were so near.)

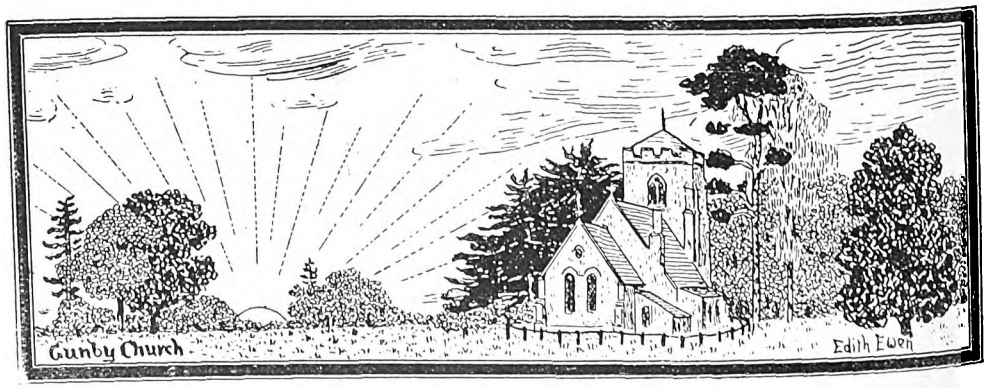
"It was all a muddle," continued the speaker, eagerly. "Hortense got separated from Dorothy and me; and we, all by ourselves, were—oh, never mind. But—oh yes, of course"—her eye fell on the stranger lad. "Mr. James Stephens, Carlo. He is coming to stop with us. Your father will give him some fishing." A whisper in his ear.

The next minute Lord Charles was shaking the boy's hand heartily. "Where are your traps? Just point them out, will you? And he"—indicating the returning footman, "will send them up with ours. You come along with us," linking on to his arm. "My wife says you made friends on the way." And this, too, was plainly audible to the miserable Triggs trio. Oh; had they only "made friends on the way" also!

Nor did their punishment end here. A week later all the world within hail was assembled to witness a Highland gathering on the outskirts of the town where the party had found quarters. They did all they could. They turned out in plaids and scarves, and white heather; strutted hither and thither wherever they could get, and looked longingly at the coaches and unapproachable grandees—but they felt themselves mean and small, and almost wished they had never come after one dreadful moment. It chanced that they passed the Duke's own special coach at the moment when a lank, red-haired lad was handing refreshments to a lady in black (but with a rosette of the clan tartan on her breast), and as they lingered, for even in torment they could not resist lingering, they saw His Grace himself lean down and—"And give him a plate of pie," quoth George. "Confound it!" and he pulled his deer-stalker over his eyes to shut out the sight.

"I never was played such a trick in my life," he muttered. But he did not see that it was he himself who had played the trick.

[THE END.]



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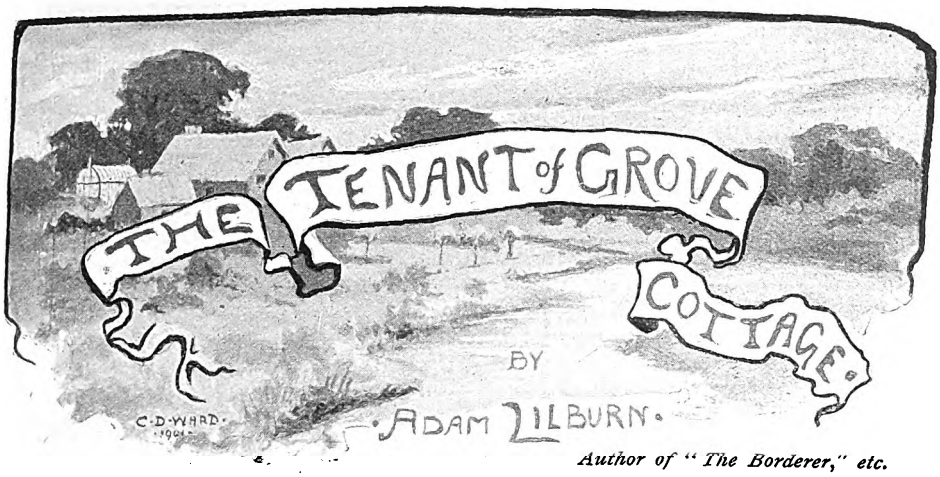

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nora Shelley, Mr. Pattinson's young ward, walking out with her uncle from his country cottage one day, discovers the dead body of a stranger who has been stabbed in Dredman's Lane. The knife with which he was stabbed belongs to Mr. Pattinson himself. He explains that he used it to cut his shrubs with, and left it in a place where it might easily have been stolen. Suspicion falls upon the village ne'er-do-well, Jerry Gobey, who is found in possession of the dead man's purse. He is taken into custody. The murdered man is identified as Mr. John Carlton, of Carlton and Co., merchants, in London. At the trial affairs look black for the prisoner, but on the evidence of a fellow-loafer who spent the night with him he is acquitted. Herbert Carlton, the son of the murdered man, returns from Australia. Father and son had quarrelled, and before Herbert left England he had been reduced to complete destitution. A romantic adventure befell him which proved a turning point in his career, and when he got out to Australia he was very successful in the goldfields. On his arrival in England he learns from his father's confidential clerk that Mr. Carlton owed a large sum of money to a money-lender named Solomon Bembridge who has not made any claim since the death. Herbert goes down to Hawkstone, the scene of the tragedy, and there meets a college chum in the local doctor.

CHAPTER XV.

ON WENSLEY COMMON.

AWAITING the time appointed for his visit to the young doctor, Bertie Carlton found the hours drag heavily. He read until his eyes ached; smoked moodily, cogitating upon the situation; and harassed the landlord of his inn with questions until that silent man at length sought refuge in the stable.

Eventually the young man went for a long walk, and found himself on Wensley Common late in the afternoon.

Wensley Common is an elevated stretch of land about three miles distant from Hawkstone. Although within such easy reach of that and of three other villages, it is practically as lonely and destitute of inhabitants as though situate in the wilds of central Africa. Except upon Bank holidays, when myriads of gasping Londoners seek its breezy heights, it is possible to walk there for hours without meeting a single pedestrian.

Yet it is a charming place, one of those wild stretches of moorland that serve so pleasantly to relieve the tameness of southern scenery. Here and there its vast expanse of heather and ling is broken up by clumps of white-stemmed birches; pools reflect rounded hawthorns and bending willows; foxgloves rear their tall spikes amongst bushes of sweetbriar in every hollow; the great waving bracken is a billowy sea whenever the wind passes across it; and during the early part of the year the glory of the golden gorse makes

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sunshine there. The few scattered farm-houses and labourers' cottages visible from rising ground merely strike a pleasant note suggestive of humanity and healthy labour.

On Wensley Common is heard the first cuckoo cry of the season, and in due time this is followed by the nightingale's song, which, from the copses below the hill, thrills the dusk with melodious rapture.

It was too early in the day yet for the nightingale, but Bertie heard the cuckoo that evening in May as he sauntered along beneath a golden sunset, against which the dark firs stood out clear and sharp. After the dry air the young man had been accustomed to breathe in the arid plains of Western Australia, this cool spring freshness was delightful. He took off his hat and allowed the breeze to play around his heated brow.

What a beautiful world it was after all! And how pitiful it seemed that he was scarce able to enjoy its charm because of the wickedness of man. Oh, that he were but free to enjoy his youth, to live the natural life of an ordinary man, with no regrets for a past he had done his best to spoil, no hot desire for vengeance burning within him. For once he felt inclined to let everything go, and rejoice—as befitted his age—in his glorious prime.

As he stood dreaming, his back to the sunset, a girl approached him, wheeling her bicycle laboriously up the slope. She faced the golden light, and it appeared to him that there was something curiously familiar in the small trim figure in the grey cycling dress. Where had he seen that quick turn of the head before, that firm, decided step? It all seemed but a continuation of his day-dream, and he passed his hand across his eyes to convince himself that he was awake. He rather disliked than otherwise the modern type of girl; that reckless, abnormal creature who is the product of our advanced civilisation. Women seemed to him to have grown strangely masculine while he had been absent from his native land. He thought them self-assertive to the verge of rudeness. Fine animals, certainly! Oh, yes, he didn't deny that. But it seemed as though they had lost something essentially womanly. Was the gain in physique not counterbalanced by some subtle deterioration in moral fibre? For his part he preferred the old-fashioned type, the softer womanly creature.

To be sure, he didn't know any girls. And the one who retained a place in his memory was by no means of the flabby, languishing sort. Even though quite a child when he saw her last she had the appearance of one well able to take care of herself, and to enforce respect. And, considering how dangerously impulsive she had proved herself to be in the one instance he knew of, this was decidedly an advantage. He thought of her during the short space of time the cyclist took to climb up the steep slope, and then suddenly she raised her eyes and gave a start of recognition. He lifted his hat. She smiled, then coloured very becomingly.

"This is indeed a strange meeting," he said, "almost as strange as our last. But, tell me, am I too bold in alluding to that? Would you prefer to ignore that winter day?"

She flashed him a look half-humorous, half-shy. This well-dressed calm young man was very different to the wild and haggard wretch of that never-to-be-forgotten winter day. He caught her glance and smiled too.

"You are thinking that I wear a coat less threadbare and a cheek less haggard? Well, I owe it all to you. It was you who brought me good fortune. You were my good fairy, my mascotte."

"I'm ever so glad! But I don't believe you'd have done it; only cowards seek that way of escape. But you don't know how miserable I felt after. It was horrid to have to leave you and do nothing to help. If I'd only not been a girl. We are so stupidly hemmed in."

He smiled again as he noticed that her quick, eager manner of speaking had not altered in the least.

"You don't seem a day older," he cried. "You are just the same impulsive child who took pity on a despair she was incapable of fathoming."

"Oh, but indeed I'm changed! I wouldn't do a thing like that now; at least I—I think not. I'm older by four whole years, and surely I'm more proper, more conventional? But Uncle Dan is down on me for being swayed entirely by impulse, so I fear I'm much the same after all. I do wish I could stop to think before I speak."

"Don't wish anything so cruel. I'm glad you haven't altered. There are quite enough cold, calculating people in the

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"THIS IS INDEED A STRANGE MEETING," HE SAID.

world already. But you must be quite tired of holding that bicycle," he continued. 'Do let me take it from you, or, better still, I will rest it against the trunk of this tree and then you can sit down for a few minutes upon this mound. The grass is quite dry, for the dew has not begun to fall. I would like to explain how it was that your impulse on that day we met (which I'm sorry to find you now regret) proved so fortunate for me."

The girl hesitated, although that same impulsive disposition she so decried urged her to wait and to hear his story, for her interest was thoroughly aroused. She had never forgotten that one adventure of hers with a flavour of romance. And though she knew so little of him she could trust him. He was a gentleman, and would give her no cause to regret her unconventionality.

"Well, I don't mind resting a little," she said, seating herself on the grassy bank; while, after placing her machine in safety, he threw himself down beside her. "The fact is I'm only a half-hearted cyclist at best, and don't practise sufficiently to keep in condition. I find it a good way of getting quickly into the country, but not of enjoying nature when there. One can't botanise, you know, or stop every minute to listen to the birds. Half the charm of the world vanishes when one's tearing through it at such a speed. But now tell me. What happened to you after that cold miserable day when—when——"

"When a divine impulse thrust you, sweet little fairy that you were, between a wretched outcast and destruction!"

"Oh, that!" and she flushed hotly. "Please don't remind me of it again! It makes me feel so awkward."

"Why? Look here," and he held up his watch-chain with its small pendant coin. "You emptied your purse into my hand and I picked out two coins. I spent one on food. This was the other. I kept it for a mascotte, and it certainly proved one to me. Thousands of pounds wouldn't buy that sixpence."

A mischievous look flashed into her eyes. "Really? But don't you think you ought to return it? I might require it myself—for a collection, you know. At any rate, you don't require it now."

He laughed. "No, no. You shall not wile my luck penny from me. I'm an absolute miser over that sixpence."

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On the whole she was relieved at this refusal. It would have been humiliating if he had shown an eagerness to return it.

"Do you remember that you gave me the address of your home at Chelsea, and told me that you lived there with your aunt? Well, the other day, after I had finished business in the City—the business which has hurried me back from the other side of the world—I rushed off to Chelsea, hoping to find and thank you for your kindness of four years ago. But I hadn't reckoned on the changes brought by time. The house was closed, and a board stated that it was to let. The grumpy old woman who lived there as caretaker either did not know, or refused to give me, any information about the former tenants. She thought she had heard that the old lady was dead, and that the young one had gone to live in the country. She'd forgotten where, if she ever knew. She was there to show the house, not to answer questions on other matters. I came away disappointed. All the years I was out of England I had cherished the hope that I would one day be able to look you in the face and tell you how I have fared."

He did not venture to tell her of the dreams he had cherished along with that hope. How she had stood to him for all that was best and sweetest in woman, and how his thoughts had been impelled towards, and crystallised around, her image, until he could conceive no future apart from her. The daring words rose to his lips, but he repressed them. It was too early as yet for such frankness.

"But even when my disappointment was keenest I felt convinced it would not last. I knew that sooner or later Fate meant to bring us together again. And just see how true my instinct was! My luck has followed me from the other side of the world. I've been exactly a week in my native land, and, behold!—brought here by some unpleasant business which I won't mention yet—I stumble upon the very place where you have hidden yourself. Is this the work of Providence or blind chance? What say you? For my part I prefer to consider it the former."

Nora did not answer. He was a very unconventional young man, and his serious manner, combined with the unusual circumstances attending their first meeting, rather alarmed her. It was all very well to accuse her of being too impulsive. There did not seem much reserve or prudence about him either. No doubt it was flattering to discover how well he had remembered even her mannerisms, but it was slightly embarrassing all the same.

He had very nice eyes. Nora thought she had never seen any she liked so well; they were so clear and bright a blue; but that was no reason why he should fix them upon her while he talked. Perhaps he didn't know it was rude to stare a person out of countenance. Well, then, it was a pity he hadn't a female relative to tell him so—a sister or a cousin. No, after all, she hoped he hadn't a cousin Cousins had such dangerous privileges; at least, so she was given to understand by girls who had them.

If this sort of thing went on, she must just take him in hand herself. The silence grew embarrassing.

"You ought to tell me all your subsequent adventures," she exclaimed, breaking in hurriedly. "You seem to forget that I'm a woman, and consequently curious."

"First I want to show how well I've remembered every moment of the time we were together," he replied. "So, if you'll allow me, I'll begin by recounting the history of a certain young man who, by stress of circumstances, had been driven to the last extremity, and was only just rescued from despair and—and a cold bath—by the frankly-displayed pity of a charming child!"

"Not quite a child! I hadn't that excuse, though young enough and foolish enough in all conscience. But I'd seen things, you know, and ought to have been more discreet; but I was allowed so much liberty—though I knew how to take care of myself too. Perhaps you don't believe me, though, about that?"

"About what?"

"About the taking care of myself. Nobody ever presumed upon my freedom, I can assure you!"

"Indeed, I find it quite easy to believe it," he returned, with a slight smile at her pretty display of dignity.

CHAPTER XVI.

BERTIE CARLTON'S STORY.

"I believe the approved fashion of story-tellers is to describe the scene before coming to the actors, so here goes. It was winter in town, one of the most

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severe on record—a hard, bitter winter that froze the birds upon the trees, the children upon their mother's breasts. A bad time to be out of employment, and to have to pass the nights below railway arches, or on seats on the Embankment. More than once the young man whose history I'm relating was driven to such extremity. I don't wish to excite your compassion for him on that score, because there was a good home waiting for him had it not been for his wicked pride; and, indeed, it was principally through his own obstinacy and presumption that he found himself in such a position. He was a conceited young idiot, and deserved pretty nearly all he got; but he had a bad time all the same. Our misfortunes seem worse when we recognise that it is our own fault we have them to endure. Well, be that as it may, he tramped the streets for weeks in search of occupation and found none. The streets of every great city are full of such. These same streets are neither paved with gold nor with good intentions. The latter are utilised elsewhere. But they are paved with thwarted ambitions, wrecked enthusiasms, broken hearts.

"My man found his college education rather a drawback than otherwise. He flaunted his degree to such purpose that it prevented those who might otherwise have offered him employment from doing so. Upon the strength of a few accepted articles he fondly imagined the world of journalism open to him. It did not take long for him to discover the fallacy of this belief. Fleet Street would none of him. The work he had to offer, and which appeared to him so good when compared to the ordinary stuff of a reporter, lacked the sparkle and up-to-dateness of that turned out by the young fellows who dominate the modern press. His very scholarship was against him, for the dust of Oriel clung to it, giving it an old-fashioned flavour unacceptable to the ordinary editor. Manner as well as matter told unfavourably. The superior 'Varsity air is intolerable to the clever Fleet Street men who have carved their way to fortune.

"Well, I won't dwell upon all that. Suffice it to say he was at the last gasp, had parted with the last penny. He walked, simply because it was too cold to stand still, and eventually found himself upon Chelsea Bridge. A dull yellow gleam to westward scarce sufficed to outline the skeleton trees that grew on the river bank, and left obscure the dark water which throbbed and tossed among the lumps of floating ice as though fain to rid itself of an unwelcome burden. My man stood for a while gazing listlessly at this muffled sunset. The river traffic was almost stopped by the frost, and the barges had crept to the sides for shelter. Here and there a flutter of white discovered the presence of countless gulls driven by hunger to dispute with men the possession of the river offal. Far away in the country the snow was lying white and unsullied, but here in town it was indescribably loathsome; churned along with falling smuts and the mud of the roadways, and banked up foul and evil-smelling in the gutters, there to harden into dangerous banks. What a city of dreadful night was this. It was his soul rather than his flesh that shivered as the poor wretch gazed despairingly down from the bridge. What use of further struggle? But one leap, and the misery would be over!

"While he stood hesitating there was a timid touch upon his arm. He turned, but it was a minute or so before he could return from the threshold of the other world. Then he discovered that the person who appealed to him was young and very—may I say pretty? He awaited her first words in some surprise. They were quick, yet hesitating, as though the speaker was slightly nervous."

"So she was, not slightly, but horribly," murmured Nora, with a catch in her breath. "But you're only a man, so you'll never, never understand."

"'Don't be angry, please don't be angry,' was what she exclaimed. 'But one does imagine such strange things, and strange things do happen, you know, every day in this great, heartless place. If you'd only seen how you looked, so wild and pale——'

"Here she stopped altogether, and her small fingers began twisting her muff about. He looked more closely at her. She was an exquisite little creature, sumptuously dressed, though in rather too old a fashion for her age, which seemed to him to be that of a mere child. You see, he was not quite so ignorant as you imagined."

"It was auntie's fault," interrupted the girl, "I hate velvet and sable myself,

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but she would persist in making me wear them. I know they don't suit a little mite like me."

"Well, I'm not sure about that! They accentuated her youth. She seemed like some baby playing at being grown up. And yet her quick, shy glances, which reminded him of some bird, disconcerted him more than those of an older person might have done. What had such a baby to do with him or his troubles? She had 'but fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life,' while he, like the ass he was, had been regaled on the thistles. He felt the full force of the comparison, and this is, I think, the only excuse I can bring forward for his rudeness. His face hardened and he laughed. I don't imagine it was a pleasant laugh."

"It was dreadful. I can almost hear it now."

"He was a brute to answer the child as he did. Do you recollect his words?"

"Indeed I do! They made me hot with anger and shame. 'You are much too kind,' he said, in a nasty, cold tone; 'but, believe me, it's not altogether wise for such a charming young lady to address a chance wayfarer! I don't think your mother would approve of it; and, really, it's not necessary, either. Surely I may study the river and the gulls without comment or interruption?'"

"Ruffian!" exclaimed Bertie, savagely. "He certainly deserved kicking for such insolence! However, the girl had her revenge. He felt penitent the moment after, and especially when she gave him one of her quick glances and smiled. He noticed then that she had a dimple in her right cheek. It's there still, I see."

"Fancy remembering that! How foolish."

"A mere matter of opinion. You've no conception what a comfort that dimple has been to him. It came with the smile, and the smile proved that she wasn't offended by his rudeness."

"Oh, but indeed she was," cried Nora. "And if he hadn't been so miserable, she'd have made him feel it too."

"Well at least she didn't show it, and that's something. She took it humorously instead. 'Ah, now you want to make me feel impertinent,' she said; 'and perhaps I do. But what of that if it rouses you?'"

"Then she moved onward, and he followed.

"'Why did you conclude that suicide was in my mind?' he asked, with irritation. For you must confess it was galling to him to find his intention written on his countenance so plainly that this girl—a mere child in years and experience—could read it there. 'For all you know, I may be a poet evolving a splendid epic from this sullen river scene! As a matter of fact, I'm a journalist in search of copy.'

"She shook her head. 'You need not trouble to invent lies for my benefit,' she returned. 'I saw your face! And if ever cold, and hunger, and despair were imprinted on a human countenance—— But I'm not surprised you try to hide it. You're a gentleman, and at the last extremity. Do you think I can't tell that much? But, look here, I—I just wouldn't, if I were you! When things are at the worst, they mend. Oh, yes, you can quote lots of instances when they haven't—but that's nothing. I want you to hope on for just a little longer. Besides, it's so hatefully cold!'

"As she urged this last rather babyish objection, she put her head on one side in a way that enhanced her resemblance to a bird, and her mouth trembled as though she meant to cry. The man's bitter mood melted rapidly beneath her winsome charm."

"You mustn't—you really mustn't," murmured the girl. "It makes me feel so foolish! Besides, it's a liberty your short acquaintance doesn't permit," she ended firing up.

"My acquaintance with the child I speak of dates back four years, and surely that permits a little plain speaking?"

"Plain? Oh, if you call that plain! Gross flattery, I call it!"

"Well, I'll cut my story short for fear of further offence," he said. "Suffice it to say that when the pair I'm speaking of reached the bank on the Chelsea side, the man fainted—for the first time in his life. It was from lack of food, of course. He was carried into a doctor's house, but the girl stayed with him until he had somewhat recovered; and at parting emptied her purse into his hand, as I have before described."

"Now comes the part I don't know! What happened after that?"

"Fate turned a smiling face on the poor chap from that hour. He met an old college chum, who was on the eve of departure to Western Australia. The

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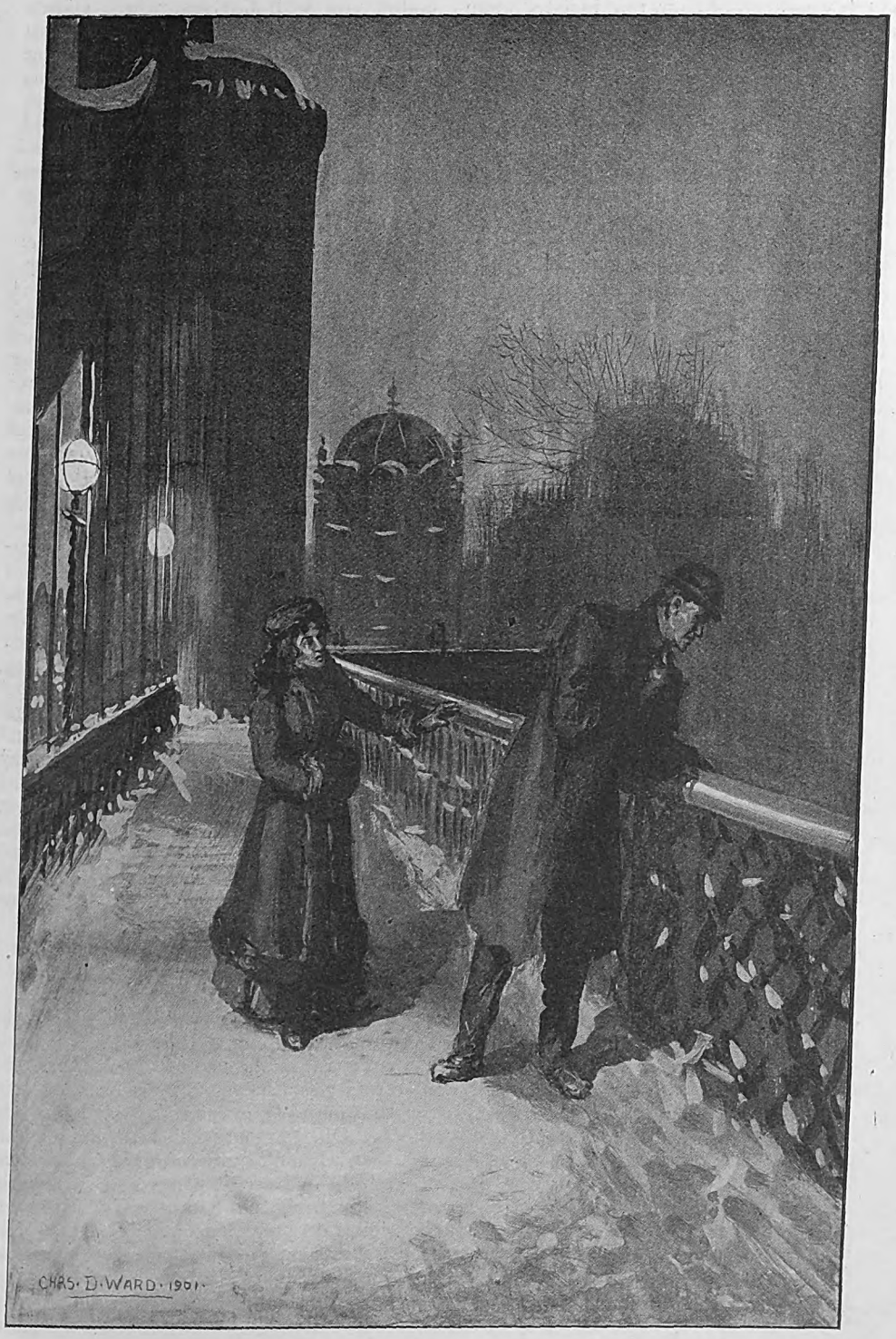

WHILE HE STOOD HESITATING THERE WAS A TIMID TOUCH UPON HIS ARM.

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chum was flush of coin, and insisted upon advancing the other's passage money, and carrying him off to the diggings. The rest is too long to tell you now. Besides, I want the chance of acting as *raconteur* some other time. I'm staying at the Greyhound, down at Hawkstone, and may have to be there some time, so if you live in the neighbourhood, perhaps you'll allow me the privilege of calling upon you?"

She looked curious. It was so seldom that any stranger came to stay in Hawkstone that her surprise was pardonable.

"Staying some time at Hawkstone?" she repeated.

His face clouded. "Yes; and my business is of an unpleasant nature, I'm sorry to say."

"I daresay my guardian will be pleased to welcome you at Grove Cottage. That's where I've lived ever since my aunt died. It's a pretty enough place when you get to it, but the getting——" Here she shuddered. "The fact is I have a morbid dislike to the approach. I never did like it—those gloomy trees, that make a midnight of noon. Ugh! It's not surprising that the lane should have been shunned before; but now—now, of course——"

He started, and looked curiously at her.

"Grove Cottage? A gloomy approach? Why, it must be the same! And the name of your guardian, tell me, is it Pattinson?"

She leaped at the truth, and gave a cry of pain and horror.

"Oh, now I know what has brought you here! At the time the coincidence of the name struck me; but it seemed so improbable, I thrust the idea from me. But it is! You are the Bertie Carlton whose letter was found upon him. You are——"

"The son of the man who was murdered in the lane you dislike so much? Yes. I am that unfortunate man; and I've come from the other side of the world for the express purpose of tracking his murderer and bringing the wretch to justice."

The girl drew a long breath. "How strange—how very strange!" she exclaimed. "And you never knew that I—— But how could you?"

He turned to her abruptly. "Then, of course, you are the young lady mentioned in the newspapers as having been with Mr. Pattinson, the tenant of Grove Cottage, when, during the course of a morning walk, he discovered the body of my poor father? And I never guessed! But, as you say, how could I? I associated you with Chelsea, where I knew you to be living at the time when I first met you. Even when I saw your name in the report, I never thought of it as more than a simple coincidence. Good Heavens, what a small world it is after all!"

There was something so strange and significant in the way Fate had been weaving strands around them—strands that crossed and now seemed tightening—that a certain degree of awe fell upon them both. The girl sat looking into the west, where the golden sunset died out slowly and left the sky all grey and misty. She wished that some less terrible fact than this murder had drawn them together again. A trembling seized her as she recalled the grey, cold face of the dead man upturned to the morning sky, his awful glassy, staring eyes, his white hair all bedabbled with dew. A sob rose in her throat, and Bertie, watching her closely, saw her eyes fill with tears.

"I am as sorry as you," he said, interpreting her emotion correctly. "All this has been too much for you. So I'll ask no more questions of you to-night. To morrow I intend to call upon Mr. Pattinson. From what I hear of him, he'll be ready and willing to give me all possible help."

She rose wearily.

"He's the kindest and best of men," she returned; "and be assured you may reckon upon him for all you require. Now I must go. I've no lamp, and the daylight is fading fast. I don't want to be run in by Pawson—that's our village policeman."

"May I hope to see you when I call?"

She hesitated. "I don't know—perhaps."

"Surely you won't allow the greatest trouble of my life to be also the means of separating us? If ever a man wanted a friend—a woman friend, that is—who would teach him to believe that the world isn't all made up of wickedness and cruelty, surely you must see that I am that man!"

"Oh, I'm not such a coward; it isn't that! I don't quite know why I hesitated, but I——"

He took her hand. "You tell me to count on your guardian's kindness. May I count on yours also? Come now, tell me! Will you be to me that woman friend I want so badly?"

Her hand fluttered in his like a captured bird. Then one of her quick, shy glances flashed forth.

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"Yes—if I can, that is; but it's a dreadful responsibility, you know, especially for a little thing like me. What is the task you set me? I've got to teach you to believe in goodness, is that it? How am I to do it?"

"By being kind to me!"

"Kind! That depends upon how you behave."

"I'll be all you choose to make me, if you only persevere long enough."

"What else am I to do?"

"To sympathise with all my sorrow, and rejoice with my joy."

"You don't ask much! Just like a man. Anything else?"

"To allow me to tell you how much I appreciate your efforts, without snubbing me. Yes, even though I should venture to allude to that dimple in the course of conversation. I wish to put you on a pedestal and worship you; because man was made to adore and woman to be adored."

She laughed as she mounted her iron steed. "For pity's sake, don't make the pedestal too lofty! I'm so small, it will be difficult for me to climb down to earth again."

He stood watching her until she wheeled out of the range of vision, then, lighting his pipe, sat down to ponder events.

Was it Providence or blind chance that had thrown them together again, he wondered?

The mist rose from the valley, and a chill air crept across the face of the hill. He gradually became alive to the fact that he was no light-hearted lad rejoicing in his golden youth, but a sorrowful man launched on a scheme of vengeance. He looked at his watch. It was close on nine o'clock, and Jim Hawthorn would be expecting him every minute.

CHAPTER XVII.

DREDMAN'S BUNGALOW.

When Bertie reached Dr. Hawthorn's, he found another college friend awaiting him there. This was a man named Hargreaves. Jim Hawthorn explained that Hargreaves had suddenly accepted a long-standing invitation, just when expectation had given place to resignation. It was very jolly, because now Bertie would have an opportunity of renewing two friendships instead of one.

Bertie agreed cordially. Hargreaves had always been interesting. He was little changed since the days when—from his avowed predilection for certain occult sciences—they had dubbed him the Astrologer. His long, dry, dust-colored locks might have been blown about by the winds of strange doctrines ever since, and his eyes retained their strange impressiveness. Sometimes they looked out dreamily into an uninteresting world; but occasionally they deepened, like those of some seer of inner visions. For the rest, his lean, bent form possessed reserves of nervous force, and he was the kind of man who alternately preserves silence for hours together, or pours forth a flood of language when launched upon a congenial topic.

"Great Scott! Hargreaves, but this is jolly!" exclaimed Bertie, as they shook hands. "It makes me feel like a boy again to be with you fellows! Time seems to have stood still with you, old man!"

The other smiled vaguely. "Stood still, because it never galloped, that's all! Remember, I was never young, like the rest of you. It's the only way to escape the ravages of the old ruffian with the scythe. But come, I don't think you have much cause to complain of the way he's treated you! I imagine the 'Varsity training in athletics has stood you in good stead during your adventurous life. Hawthorn has been telling me of it, and he's green with envy, silly chap that he is!"

He gave an admiring glance at Bertie's lithe, well-knit figure as he spoke.

"I don't think Hawthorn ought to grumble either," returned Bertie, who thought the doctor's cosy sanctum perfectly delightful; "he seems to have dropped into a snug practice without any effort, and yet has the audacity to complain of his hard fate in having to work at all."

"He's dead beat, or he'd throw a physic bottle at your head," returned the person alluded to. "Pray how'd you like to spend the precious days of your youth in listening to the complaints of a whimsical old woman, or pulling a grave face over the disorders of a kid's stomach?"

"Why did you accept it then? There's room for chaps like you in the Bush."

"Ah, yes, and that's where I fain would be! But, unfortunately, I have a stern

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mater with an eye for the main chance, and four unmarried sisters—good, but plain, like Barney Cree's pig, which he was obliged to provide for all the days of its life, because it was too affectionate to kill, and too ugly to sell! It was no use for me to protest, when uncle died leaving me his practice. I'm not cut out for the life, but I've got to endure it. Some day, however, I'll poison a patient out of desperation, and that will make an end on't. No lesser matter will.

"But now for your affairs, Carlton! I fancy I can guess the reason of your appearance in this Sleepy Hollow of ours."

"How was it you never guessed before? Our name is not so very common."

"Well, to tell the truth, I've had my suspicions all along, but I thought it better to say nothing until I heard directly from you. I was sure you'd turn up some day, and I hadn't your address. Besides, I could do no good, though I was there soon after it occurred. I'm awfully sorry, old man! It was a nasty business—a very nasty business!"

"Well, I shall trouble you to tell me all you know about it, Jim, but not to-night. I fell in for an astonishing piece of luck to-day, and I want to think it over. Happiness and tragedy are ill companions, so we will talk about the other to-morrow instead of to-night."

They both saw that Bertie did not wish to pursue the subject at that moment, and a rather awkward silence ensued, which was broken at last by Hargreaves. He had been down Dredman's-lane that afternoon, crossed the bridge, and come upon the bungalow. He was very much impressed with it, for the weird and mysterious ever drew him, as sunlight draws the butterfly.

"What is the story of the tumble-down old place?" asked Bertie, grasping at the chance of getting away from his own affairs. "When I asked your policeman about it, he was very reticent, and merely declared that the superstitious of the neighbourhood pronounced it to be haunted."

"Ah, I knew it!" murmured Hargreaves, dreamily. "I could feel presences there even in daylight; evil presences, having a malign influence upon humanity; elementaries, never properly subdued, hating like devils, and with some of their powers."

"Hold your tongue, for pity's sake!" cried the doctor. "You're as bad as a D.T. patient! As for Pawson, he's sensitive to ridicule, and dreads being chaffed if he should let himself go. Yet would that huge hulk of his quiver like a jelly were he forced to remain on duty in the bungalow after dark!"

"It smells of death and decay," said Bertie."

"Probably the drains are defective," returned the doctor; "and, indeed, that would account for a great deal that seems mysterious. Nevertheless, I share Pawson's dislike of the place to some extent, although I make a point of laughing at the notion of anything supernatural."

"But the story—the story?"

"Well, the place was built before my time, although not so long before as its dilapidated appearance would lead one to suppose. Grove Cottage dates further back, though no one would think so, because it's kept in such excellent repair. Dredman, who had the bungalow built after his own design, was a retired official from the Indian Civil Service. He lived there alone with his man, a native whom he had brought home with him. They were a mysterious couple. Whatever the bond betwixt them, it was certainly not that of affection. People heard them wrangling at all times, and the evil looks that passed between them were the constant subject of village gossip. Bukta Lal had some grievance against his master, and hated him too much to leave him. Whatever the secret was, they kept it dark, and lived alone together in that secluded spot, making no acquaintances, and employing no outside service. Bukta Lal did the necessary work himself, while his master made foraging expeditions to the village when food was required. The only extravagance he indulged in seemed to be brandy, for Dredman drank like a fish. My uncle was called in once by the Hindu, and found his master suffering from *delirium tremens*. The old gentleman gave me quite a graphic description of the scene. The long, lean Anglo-Indian was wrestling with some imaginary foe, or rather foes, for they seemed to be legion. He kept on crying out for Bukta Lal to help him; but when the latter came it was only to be thrust aside in terror. They managed to administer an heroic dose of bromide of potassium, and to bind him down upon his bed until his brain grew

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calmer. At last he slept. When my uncle turned from the bed, there was Bukta Lal standing gazing at the patient, and his looks were so evil that uncle was alarmed.

"'Your master will require careful treatment,' he said, sharply. 'Complete prostration will follow this attack. Above all, keep that from him,' pointing to a bottle of brandy that stood on the table. The Hindu showed his white teeth in an unmirthful grin.

"'Bukta Lal will watch him well,' he exclaimed. 'He must not die—*yet!* They are not ready for him!'

"'If it's too much for you, I'll send a nurse,' said my uncle. Bukta made as though he were pushing away some intruder. 'No, no nurse,' he cried. 'He kill nurse if he find her when all right! You not know him, doctor! Him one cruel man—very cruel man in my country! He live wicked life there. But soon his time for punishment now come. He afraid lose his position once if Great Sahibs know, so said those who knew of his wickedness must die. Then what you think? He had them bound where man-eater—tiger, you know—came to drink at night. One of them was my brother! He not know that! Soon the man-eater come for him too. They swore it! I heard them. So I wait—I wait ever! He must not die!'

"My uncle was a practical man, and contemptuous of modern theories of malign influence, and that sort of thing; so, concluding that Bukta Lal was slightly touched in the upper storey, but finding him, all the same, a careful and efficient nurse to an extremely awkward patient, he did not interfere further.

"But whether it was that the Hindu thought he had said too much, or whether the patient got better immediately, at any rate, my uncle's services were dispensed with from that time. It was known that Dredman drank as heavily as ever. Grove Cottage was then occupied by a retired publican—presumably not a person of weak nerves; but even he commenced to complain of the unearthly noises proceeding from the vicinity of the bungalow at nights. The peace of his household was broken, and it was impossible for anyone in Grove Cottage to sleep. It was more than the ordinary quarrels of a couple of drunken men. These took place certainly; but other voices overtopped, and shrieks of horrid laughter mingled with them. Sometimes there were groans, as of some human being in deadly fear and suffering torture.

"After enduring it for a little over a month, the retired publican quitted Grove Cottage, and it remained empty for the space of two or three years. Shortly after the publican left the neighbourhood, the mystery deepened. Dredman was discovered one morning, face downwards, in the stream. It was the postman who found him thus, as he made for a short cut to Yottam, across the fields behind the house. He did not venture upon approaching the body alone, but fled at once to the village. Some of the bravest of the inhabitants accompanied him back. They carried the body of Dredman to the bungalow. My uncle was absent on his rounds at the time, and did not arrive there until half-an-hour afterwards. But from what he then heard, some singular circumstances were connected with the discovery. For those carrying the body were confronted upon the very threshold by another corpse—that of the Hindu servant, Bukta Lal, who appeared to have died in the act of rushing forth either in pursuit of his master, or from some danger within. He was not quite dead when they raised him, and they poured a little brandy down his throat. He regained consciousness for a few moments, and stared around him wildly. Then, by a great effort, he completely rolled off the couch and stood upright, his lips drawn back from his teeth, and the whites of his eyes showing. Those around fell back, appalled at the awful expression on his face.

"'The tiger! The tiger!' he screamed. 'Help me to escape from the tiger! They sent it—but for him—for him—not for me—not for Bukta Lal, their brother! Oh, Kali, make me not a sacrifice for the sins of him that is slain! The goddess will not listen. She is greedy of blood! She sends her messenger. It has me, even me——' And here, with a shriek of horror unutterable, he died.

"Everything within the house was in dire confusion, chairs and tables overturned, and curtains pulled from their poles and lying heaped together on the floor. It was as though they had first been clung to, then used as guards against some onslaught. But now comes the strangest part of all. The faces and hands

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of both the dead men were scratched and torn as though by the claws of some savage beast!

"When my uncle made an examination of the body of Dredman he discovered that the man had not died from drowning, but from failure of the heart's action, caused, he declared, by sheer fright.

"The old man never liked to talk of the affair afterwards, for it seemed to contradict all his materialistic theories. But the bungalow has remained untenanted ever since. No one is bold enough to occupy it, although the ground landlord, to whom Dredman bequeathed it, as though unwilling his servant should reap any benefit from his death, in the event of Bukta Lal being the survivor, has repeatedly offered it rent free to anyone who chooses to brave the ghosts.

"For the villagers declare that old Dredman's shrieks and moans are still to be heard by those who venture within earshot after dark, and that upon each anniversary of the tragedy some great velvet-footed beast, with green lamps for eyes, prowls round the garden, ready to sneak in at the door of the house when the ghost of Bukta Lal leaves it ajar."

"It seems just the sort of place for the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research," remarked Bertie.

"Well, I believe they did send a couple of their members down. But they were poor nervous chaps, who declared the air to be damp, and that the bungalow smelt of decay, and went off without waiting for developments. But it's left you a chance, Hargreaves. What do you say to an all-night sitting in Dredman's Bungalow?"

The alchemist knocked the ash off his cigar before replying.

"It's an uncanny story," he said, thoughtfully, "but it would certainly be an interesting experiment. If you two fellows will join me I've no objection to spending a night there."

"I've spent many a night alone in the Bush," replied Bertie, "and that's a fairly good education for any adventure, so I'll join you whenever you like, Hargreaves."

"What of the tenants of Grove Cottage, though? How did such a quiet, pleasant man as this Mr. Pattinson venture to settle so near the haunted house?"

"Oh, I don't fancy Pattinson's a nervous man! I asked him once if he ever heard anything, but he only laughed and declared that the supernatural didn't exist; it was merely a bugbear to frighten fools into good behaviour. He's got a guardian angel, anyhow. Miss Shelley, the girl who lives there, and who I believe is his ward, is the sweetest, sauciest, daintiest little darling that ever bewitched the heart of a man."

"She is, indeed," assented Bertie, with enthusiasm. "I've never yet seen a girl fit to tie her shoe-laces!"

The other stared. "Why, how the dickens do you know? You don't mean to say that you've already—— Oh, I say, this is coming it a bit too strong! You entered the village last night for the first time in your life; or, at least, so you've told me. You've not been introduced into our select circle of village society; indeed, you don't seem to yearn for it, and yet you begin to speak of our best girl as though you were already in love with her. You atrocious old humbug! Where have you seen Nora Shelley?"

Bertie coloured first, then laughed. He had indeed betrayed himself completely.

"I met her on Wensley Common tonight," he replied, with some hesitation. "But, indeed, I ought to say I've seen her before—long ago."

Dr. Hawthorn threw himself back in his chair and laughed both long and loudly.

"Well, of all the deceitful young men! I never did! I'm done with you for ever. A nice person you are to read one a lecture. A nice one to impute motives to an innocent young man. Oho! 'Did some rural divinity lure you hither to twine garlands for her hair?' Hargreaves, what ought we to do to punish him for his vile deceit? Speak, oh, friend of my soul!"

"Give him to Dredman's tiger."

"The very thing! It was the fate of many a better man in the days of the early Christians. That's what we'll do, throw him to Dredman's tiger."

"First catch your tiger," returned the culprit, unmoved.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPIDERS AND FLIES IN THUMB COURT.

Leading out of Crutched Friars in the direction of the Minories is a narrow, dingy alley called Thumb Lane, which terminates rather abruptly in a court of the same designation. Thumb Court is one of the oldest and darkest places

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THE MONEY-LENDER LOOKED AT HIM MALICIOUSLY. "JUST DEBTS WAS WHAT I SAID, MORTON!"

within the City boundaries. The light of heaven never quite penetrates to its sombre houses, even during the sunniest day of summer. Upon all within it the dust of ages seems to have permanently settled, to rise in clouds beneath the footstep of any heedless pedestrian who is sufficiently ill-advised as to quicken his pace; for in truth the solemn measure of an andante is better suited to the place than the joyous one of an allegro.

There is one melancholy pear tree that still struggles for life in the Court, at once the pride and shame of all its denizens. It was probably planted by some prosperous City merchant, who lived in one of the fine stately old houses in the bygone days, when it was considered fitting to live in the heart of the City instead of rushing away from it directly business hours are over. If that pear tree could talk would it not bemoan its fate in these degenerate times? Its one protest is to put forth a few miserable, shrivelled leaves every spring, which are immediately covered with a veil of soot. Needless to say, its blossoming time is long past. The tree itself is not so much the roosting place of dingy-plumaged sparrows as the permanent abode of innumerable spiders, whose webs dangle from every branch and twig, float in the air, and threaten to strangle unwary visitors.

Joseph Morton, principal clerk to the firm of Solomon Bembridge and Co., was deeply interested in spiders, and took considerable pains not to disturb their industries more than he could avoid, though he often wondered how long it would be before the whole of the Court became so completely enmeshed in their webs that all air would be excluded. Morton was of a cynical turn of mind, and had a crony rather the same way of thinking.

"I'll tell you what, Blowser," he would say sometimes to this same friend, "those bloomin' flies are symbolical, that's a fact! For my governor, Solomon Bembridge, doesn't he spin webs for silly flies as industriously as ever they do, and find just as willing victims? There seems no end of flies, and no more is there of impecunious humans willing to pay seventy-five per cent.—that's our lowest rate—for a trifle of the ready, without the slightest chance of betterment. It's enough to make a chap laugh and cry all at once to see the fools. They're always so jolly sanguine, too. As if it was possible to

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wipe out back debts by incurring heavier ones for future use. D'ye ever read Carlyle, Jimmy? He's a bit out of date, but, great Scott! isn't he good? Mostly fools, he called folks. So they are! Who should know that better than me, unless it's Solomon B. himself? Day by day they flock to us for temporary accommodation. *Temporary* accommodation, mind you! Phut!" and he blew a cloud of smoke into the air with vicious suddenness. "They're all alike—doctors, clergymen, merchants, authors. And Solomon Bembridge doesn't allow one to escape until he's sucked him as dry as a spider sucks its prey. And I don't blame him, either, for they know what's before them, though I can't say I like the business."

"Why did you go in for it then, Joey? Though I don't suppose it's as bad as company promoting, when all's said and done."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," returned the other. "It's not one pair of shoes I walked off my feet looking for a berth before I got this one. And Solomon isn't half bad, at least one half of him isn't bad. Sometimes I think he's two men rolled into one, like that Jekyll and Hyde monstrosity."

"Most chaps are, if you come to that," returned Blowser. "Why, when I remember how old Dumford used to talk to me like a father, it makes me sick; all about keeping straight, and not forgetting the prayers my mother taught me, and such-like. And, really, I believe he meant it all at the time, for there were tears in his eyes. But there's nothing so mixed as human nature. Pickles isn't in it with human nature."

"Who was Dumford, Jemmy? I forget."

"Don't you remember the Dumfords of the Daisy Mine? If I was to recount the history of that mine your hair would stand on end. There were two of them, regular swindlers, but as clever as they make them. The Daisy was salted wherever the prospectors went, and the main reef was worked for all it was worth, until the shares were taken up. Then came a decrease in the output. The main reef was allowed to lie fallow while the little side ones were worked. The gold grew beautifully less, and naturally so did the dividends. Down fell the shares. Then the two old foxes bought them back by degrees and finally sold the mine to our folks for a tidy million or so. And to think how they posed as philanthropists, founded a sect and built a chapel."

"The religious lay is generally successful," returned the other man, thoughtfully. "But you can't call it exactly an original one. My chief doesn't pose as a religious man, however. He's a dark horse. I can't make him out. He sometimes talks of the necessity of returning to a simple and natural use of life; advocates the cultivation of unsophisticated tastes. Great Scott! To watch him when he lays a flower on the desk by the side of his account books and lifts and sniffs at it every now and again as though for refreshment, no one would ever imagine he was employed in scheming how to make a hundred per cent. look like honest trading. It's a revelation, Jimmy. When you and I make our fortunes we'll put our heads together and write a book on the oddities of human nature we've discovered during the course of business."

"We might do worse! But fortunes? That's a doubtful quantity. We've both been too much behind the scenes to make money; it takes the courage of ignorance to do that. Why, look here, Joey, I'd as soon attempt to swim across the river at London Bridge as to buy shares. I've helped to float two companies and that's quite sufficient. What I save I put into consols, and that doesn't mean a fat lot for one's old age. Think I'll take your chief's advice and return to nature. Buy a bit of land and begin poultry farming, perhaps?"

"Should have thought wildgoose-chasing more in your line, Jimmy."

"Wild cat, you mean! We've a regular menagerie on 'Change, you know."

"Well, even that's better than flying kites with strings so flimsy that they snap at the slightest breath of wind."

"Where does Solomon Bembridge live?"

"He doesn't confide the secret of his foot of earth to yours truly."

"Which is no answer, for I bet you know."

"His letters are forwarded to his club when he is absent," returned the clerk, who evidently declined to commit himself on the subject, "and he's never invited me to have a cut from his joint on Sundays."

"Looks fishy, I think. Perhaps he's got a little place up the river? Is he married?"

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"Even that I cannot say! I once saw him coming out of Queen's Hall after a concert with an uncommonly pretty little girl. But there was nothing lover-like about him, and she was young enough to be his daughter."

"That goes for nothing! These old boys are so artful. He might not care to show his affection too openly."

The other shook his head. "If you knew Solomon B. as well as I do, you'd feel the impossibility of such a thing. In some ways he seems aloof from the ordinary temptations of humanity."

"Ah, Joey, you know more than you care to tell. But I don't blame you. One has to be careful nowadays. Things gets into the papers, nobody knows how."

Morton might know more than he cared to tell, but he looked as meek as a lamb the next morning when his chief arrived in Thumb-court and favoured him with a keen glance from a pair of strange, light-coloured eyes. Solomon Bembridge removed, on entering the office, the coloured spectacles he usually wore, though Morton would have liked them retained, for he always felt uncomfortable beneath those searching glances. He was not exactly fond of the master he served fairly well. It would have afforded him pleasure to rebel against the power which dominated him, but he was as yet in no position to do so. But he always cherished a hope that at some future period their positions might be reversed, and that the rebellion latent within him might have a chance of breaking forth.

"Who has been here during my absence, Morton?" asked Solomon Bembridge, turning over the papers on his desk rapidly and yet not missing a single necessary point in them. He had been away from the office for two days. Money-grubbing was beginning to pall upon him. He hated to exchange the country for the town.

"Jabbers and Co. wish to raise more capital in order to extend their colonial branch," returned the clerk.

"How much are they wanting this time?"

"Ten thousand."

"What security do they offer?"

"Mortgage upon their premises in Fenchurch-street."

"First mortgage? Freehold?"

"Not exactly! There's a ground rent of fifty, and there's a first mortgage for two thousand already."

"Not good enough, I fear! Who manages the colonial branch?"

"Young Jabbers. He went out to Perth, Western Australia, a few years ago."

"Ah, yes, now I remember," said the money-lender, thoughtfully, removing, as as spoke, an auricula from his buttonhole and placing it on his desk in a tube full of water. "Young Jabbers was a bit of a scamp, had bills flying all over the City, and was sent out of the country to avoid scandal. His father was too lenient in giving him such a chance, I think."

"But they say it's been the making of him! He married out there and settled down steadily to business. The branch is doing well, sending goods up country to the gold mines; but they're hampered by lack of capital."

"I'm afraid it's too risky. But you can write and say we'll give them an answer to-morrow. Meantime I'll make inquiries. Who comes next?"

"Miss Hawkins writes to beg a little more time. The interest on her loan is overdue, but she's been ill and her school has fallen off in consequence, though she hopes it will recover——"

"Oh, of course," interrupted the money-lender, impatiently. "It's always the same old story; they all hope things will recover! How much has she had altogether?"

"Only a hundred and ten."

"And what has she paid up to now?"

"Twenty pounds a month for six months."

"Well, I don't wish to be too hard. I fancy she has wealthy relatives who would come to her assistance did they know of her straits. She's a proud little woman, and should be taught how to eat humble pie. It's a wholesome, if somewhat unpalatable comestible. At the worst, her furniture is good and new. It will serve to pay her just debts."

It was all Morton could do to repress a groan at the epithet. The money-lender looked at him maliciously.

"'Just debts' was what I said, Morton! And what have you got to object to in that phrase? A money-lender is the only friend of the impecunious, remember that. He has to take all the risks. Only last week that miserable spendthrift, Lord Annerly, cut his throat, and I was a clear thousand out or pocket. Yet the law invariably sides with the debtor. Morton, on second

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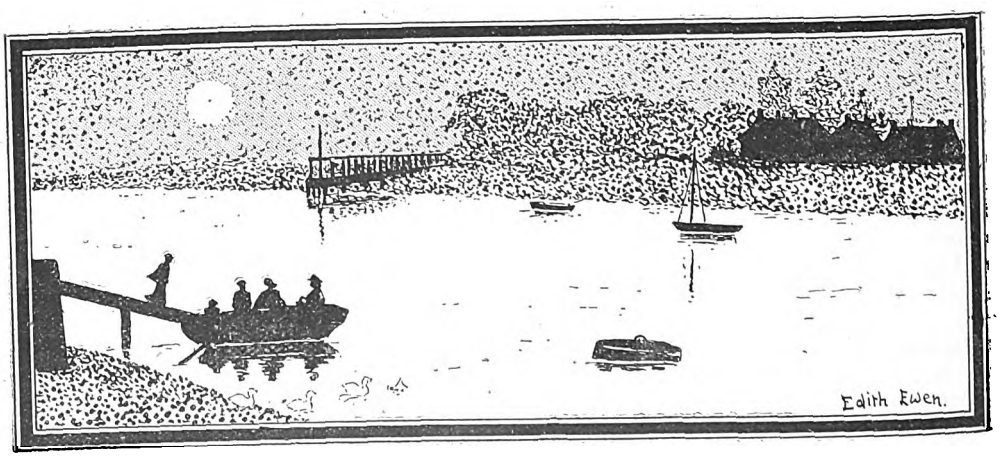
thought, you can send a threatening letter to Miss Hawkins. She'd do anything to avoid exposure, for she's a weak, nervous little wretch. She'll make an effort to raise the money by the end of the month."

Morton nodded and went back to his desk in the outer office, where he presided over a couple of weak and anæmic looking youths. It did not require a large staff to work the business of Solomon Bembridge and Co.

"You human bloodsucker!" he muttered under his breath, scowling at the door he had just closed. "It's all very well for you, but I have to bear the brunt while you take it easy in your snug retreat—wherever that may be. Some of them I've no pity for, they bring their troubles on themselves; but that poor little schoolmistress, I'm awfully sorry for! She's uncommonly pretty, too; and I hate to see a pretty woman cry. It makes one feel such a cad. She's safe to come here to-morrow and make a scene with me, while Solomon Bembridge will be away in the country gardening, or giving himself up to nature, as he calls it. Of course, I don't know where he lives. It's as well to say so, any way. But just you wait a bit, my fine fellow! I know a trifle more than you're aware of. I didn't suspect much at the time, but I've almost succeeded in putting two and two together since. I've worked out the problem all by myself; and now I'm only waiting for a fitting opportunity and then you shall feel my thumb"—and he put the said thumb down upon his desk and pressed the wood vindictively—"the same as you've made that pretty little schoolmistress feel yours, Solomon Bembridge, my boy! It's all in the fashion of Thumb Court, you know," he continued, with somewhat grim pleasantry, "Thumb Court, and spiders and flies! There's what Jimmy would call an artistic suitability about it all."

The two juniors were out of hearing, or probably he would not have delivered himself of this speech. And by the time they returned from lunch he was deep in calculations.

(*To be continued.*)



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DR. CLIFFORD AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AND REV. J. A. SOPER, IN MINER'S ATTIRE, AFTER DESCENDING THE BRITANNIA GOLD MINE, BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.

JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.

A SKETCH AND AN INTERVIEW.

By CHARLES SPENCE.

THE men to whom the world looks for guidance and leadership are never the men of cramped vision and narrow range, however brilliant in a limited sphere, but they are those who possess an all-embracing sympathy with its needs and aspirations, and a multiplication of talents.

Preacher, scholar, social reformer, scientist, politician, champion of the victims of industrial oppression and all who suffer wrong in any form, the name of Dr. John Clifford is not only the most outstanding in his own Baptist community, but is hailed everywhere as that of one of the most brilliant and conscientious workers for the religious, intellectual, and social uplifting of his fellow men.

For Dr. Clifford does not confine his energies to the pulpit; there, indeed, he is known as one of the most eloquent and spiritual teachers of our times; but he has chosen for himself a larger congregation than the mightiest cathedral could hold; and all along the line of social, educational, municipal, and political life, he is continuously trying to apply the lessons of the New Testament to everyday problems.

He has never sunk the man in the parson.

"I avoid every sign of the cleric," he told the writer, "and I don't regard myself

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as belonging to a profession, but as simply the religious teacher who has been chosen by a number of people to give his time and thought to the interests of the society to which they all belong. I never use the title of Reverend," he added, "and my people very rarely use it either."

If there is nothing of the cleric about Dr. Clifford, neither is there of the dogmatist. No man of vivid imagination could ever be a dogmatist, for he possesses the rare power of seeing with others' eyes as well as his own, and can therefore appreciate their difficulties.

To all in doubt or difficulty—whether professing Christians or not—Dr. Clifford is the kindliest and gentlest adviser and friend. He does not brush aside objections as though they were the product of obstinate unbelief, but meets them fairly and with a rare spiritual insight and logical acuteness, which have many a time brought comfort to the heart of the earnest seeker after truth. It is these qualities—his broad sympathies, which have contact with the needs of life in all the seven days of the week, his fairness, and his intellectual eminence—which have placed Dr. Clifford in the front rank of our spiritual leaders in this age of strenuous mental activity, when the great problems of life can no longer be kept in the background as in past centuries, but are ringing in the ears of all men, from the peasant in the fields to the ruler on his throne. Dr. Clifford in one respect certainly belies his appearance; delicate and fragile-looking, with mild, kindly eyes looking on you from beneath the full and lofty forehead which speaks the intellectual strength of the man, one would never guess what tireless energy is stored up in that slight frame, for the Doctor gets through an amount of work which would kill many a man of far more robust appearance.

Sunday is with him a day of ceaseless activity. Punctually at ten o'clock he reaches the church and presides over the Bible Circles, the meeting opening with singing and prayer, and the members then proceeding to the study of the Scriptures.

At eleven o'clock comes the usual morning service, and after that the preacher receives in the vestry all who wish to speak to him. In the afternoon he nearly always has an engagement, and a short time ago, when the Sunday-school superintendent left, the Doctor took the burden on his own shoulders, and for several months presided over the Westbourne Park school.

At tea-time he sometimes entertains a large gathering of young people from the church, and then follows the evening service. After that a social meeting is held. This forms a unique feature of Sunday at Westbourne Park Church, and was established by Dr. Clifford because of his intense sympathy with the young, and his desire to help them in all their difficulties.

After the exhausting labours of the day the Doctor cheerfully submits himself again and again at these "socials" to a running fire of cross-examination on every imaginable subject.

He is always liable to be called to visit the sick, an eventuality not so rare as might be imagined in a church with over 800 members, and if the day's labours end at ten o'clock at night he can congratulate himself, after twelve hours of almost incessant work, on not having experienced a day more than usually onerous. Though his labours reach perhaps a climax on what to others is the "day of rest," every day in the week is so crowded with duties, and of such diverse character, that it is difficult to imagine how one hard-worked minister can cope with them all.

Besides the work of his church—one of the largest and most progressive in the Metropolis, whose calls upon his time and thought are incessant—he takes a great share in the general denominational work, especially interesting himself in educational questions, and working hard in order to secure a more highly trained Ministry. His complaint is that while there are always plenty of men to undertake the charge of the small churches, it is very difficult to fill efficiently the larger and more influential pulpits.

Then at Westbourne Park, Dr. Clifford has founded a great institute for the education of the young people, and this now has a membership of some 1,100 or 1,200. He takes an active part in the work of the School Board, and is Chairman of the London Progressive Election Council.

He is president of the Christian Social Brotherhood, a Society whose members are anxious to apply the principles of Christianity to social life and the industrial conditions of the community.

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Monthly meetings are held, over which the Doctor presides, and information is obtained from those who may be regarded as authorities on the evils belonging to any particular trades, and this being done they try to bring their influence to bear to get the trouble remedied.

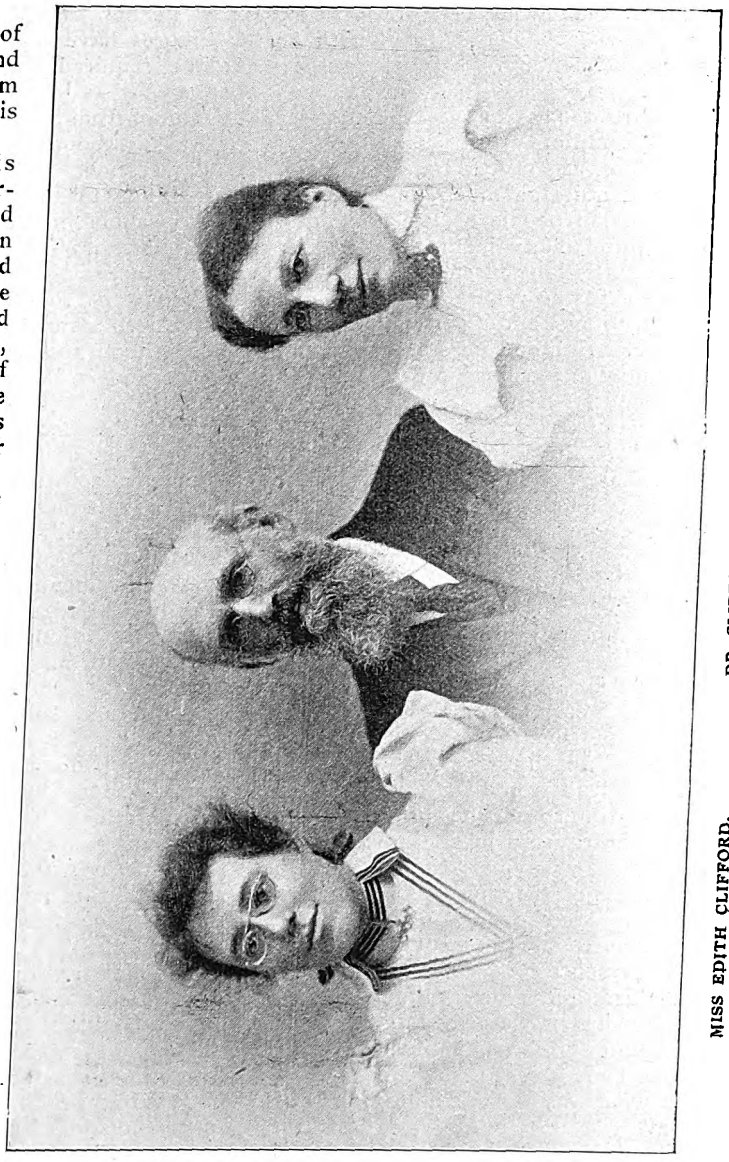
The grievances of shop assistants and the living-in system have received his especial attention.

Amidst all his multifarious undertakings Dr. Clifford in 1897 took a seven months' tour round the world, when he studied social and economic questions, and the results of his researches are embodied in his book, "God's Greater Britain."

He is a prolific writer, and is a fellow of the Geological Society, and at one time he used to do a good deal of geological work when visiting different parts of the country.

Like all men who can boast a wonderful record either for work or longevity, Dr. Clifford has a method of conserving his energy.

He can summon sleep at will, and even at times of exceptional strain he is always fit and ready, because he never lets the opportunity pass of taking a short nap in the interval of his engagements. While working, too, he always tries to rest himself as much as possible, and so when the writer called upon him with a quiverful of questions the Doctor submitted to the ordeal of the interview reclining restfully on a couch, from whence he delivered his replies with an ease and fluency which did much to explain his power of annihilating work—the intense mental activity which brings him to a conclusion on a subject before the ordinary man has mastered the premises.



MRS. CLIFFORD, DR. CLIFFORD, MISS EDITH CLIFFORD,

The first question which I put to the doctor was, "Are we in need of a new religious revival?"

"At the present moment," replied Dr. Clifford, "there is unquestionably a great need for the quickening of the National

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conscience in reference to everything that appertains to a high ideal of life, a spiritual interpretation of the movements of the time, and of the facts of the Universe. In that sense there is a great need of a religious revival. The phrase is very variously used, and if I used it I should mean that what is wanted is a deepening of the conviction in man that the spiritual elements in life must be the governing elements, and that only as we are faithful to them can we hope for a true social condition.

"I think that the revival I am speaking of is wanted quite as much among professing Christian people as it is outside, that in a good many instances there is outside the Christian churches the greatest sensitiveness to the reality and necessity of spiritual things, and a conscience more alert to social righteousness and justice.

"I am now in the forty-fourth year of my metropolitan ministry, and I do not think I have discovered at any time such a want of a quick perception of the spiritual phases of life as at the present time, or in other words, I don't think the Church has ever been more materialised or conformed to the world at any previous period.

"That the individual exceptions are very, very numerous inside the churches is a fact to which I am able to bear joyful testimony, but I am speaking now of the whole Church in its corporate condition."

"Can you give me any instances of this spiritual apathy?"

"I think," answered Dr. Clifford, "that the whole interpretation of the South African controversy is an illustration of what I am now saying; then I think the sluggishness of the churches in the direction of improved social conditions for the toiling masses of the people is another item of evidence.

"A third, and a very serious factor, is found in what is described as the decline of the Sunday-school, about which there has long been a very uneasy feeling."

"In what way has this falling-off shown itself?"

"There has, I should certainly say, been a decline of interest on the part of the thoughtful and more educated people of the Church in the maintenance and increase of efficiency in Sunday-school work. The chief lack, in my judgment, is the absence of trained Christians from the school; they leave the work very largely to the enthusiasm and ardour of young converts, and these converts are frequently persons who are unable to devote much time to the preparation of their lessons. Of course efforts are being made in many churches to supply that defect by training teachers, but those people who through their social advantages have had the opportunity to get the required training are the very ones, as far as I can hear and see, who stand aloof from Sunday-school work.

"At Westbourne Park we have four Sunday-schools, and I have again and again taken the superintendency of the Sunday-school in order to try and keep its standard of efficiency on a level with other branches of Church work.

"We want 160 teachers to keep the schools well manned, and the exodus from our neighbourhood of prosperous business people renders the problem increasingly difficult."

"What has led you to the conclusion that outside the Church there is often a more active spiritual life than within?"

"The facts on which I based my statements are easily explained," said Dr. Clifford emphatically. "My sympathy with social movements, which are not professedly Christian, and my interest in general educational work has brought me in touch with many people who, though not Church members, are leading very beautiful and self-sacrificing lives, and doing much for the benefit of humanity. Of course, I do not mean to say that they do not attend Church as members of the congregation, but they belong to the increasing number of people who are not in sympathy with any particular dogmatic representation of Christianity, and who devote themselves to social amelioration and the mental and ethical advance of their fellows, with such a whole-hearted and earnest endeavour to carry out the law of God that I am afraid it quite puts to shame the grudging service which we sometimes see offered in the churches."

"What would you say has been the most distinguishing feature of your ministry?"

"Its main drift," replied Dr. Clifford, "has been towards helping the young man. I have directed my attention all through these forty-three years to that object. I have tried to guide him through the changing moods of the religious world, and the invasion of the Church with

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sceptical and agnostic ideas. I have tried to be his friend and adviser, and helper, scrupulously setting apart every Friday from 7 o'clock till 10 for interviews.

"Young fellows often come from different parts of London to have chats with me on matters appertaining to the Christian life on its intellectual and social, as well as its devotional side."

"Do you deal much with current events from the pulpit?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "There is a book of mine on typical Christian leaders, which consists of sermons which I have preached on the decease of such men as Spurgeon, Dale, Stanley and Liddon. Then I have preached sermons on the death of Gladstone, President Garfield, Burne Jones, Browning, Henry Drummond, the great Christian scientist; another on Darwin, and just lately one on President McKinley. My aim is always to put a spiritual interpretation on the facts of everyday life.

"I belong to the Committee of the 'Citizen Sunday' movement, and on the day appointed we suggest some current question to be dealt with, such as: The conditions of labour, over-crowding, educational questions, municipal elections, etc.

"My theory of the Christian pulpit is that it should be one of the principal forces for the moralising and spiritualising of all life.

"Christianity is not something that can be separated from the whole purpose and manifold activities of the individual; it is to pervade his entire life, and is as necessary to his spiritual nature as breathing is to his physical.

"I have, therefore, persistently resisted the notion that a Christian minister should not 'interfere,' as some people phrase it, with politics or social matters. I maintain that a man in becoming a religious teacher does not lose his duties or his rights as a citizen. He is bound to discharge them, on the basis, not of ecclesiastical advantage or theological preference, but purely and exclusively on that of citizenhood.

"I have found people very frequently object to his doing so, but when the objection has been traced to its root, it has been found merely equivalent to saying: 'I disagree with the conclusion you have reached.' Those in sympathy with the Christian minister's conclusion don't resent his 'interference.' That, of course, is not the word I use, but 'interference' it is called by those who would restrict the preacher to his pastoral work."

"What time do you devote to the preparation of your sermons?"

"That depends a good deal," said Dr. Clifford, "on the nature of the subject, and also on the time I have at my disposal. I always know one Sunday what I am going to preach about the next, and my mind is working all the time on that particular theme, and if I have any leisure before Thursday, and can get an hour free from my other work I use it for the sermon.

"Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are the days which I devote to the preparation of my sermons for the following Sunday, and though I do a great deal of literary work besides, I never allow it to encroach on my sermon days."

"What led you to become a minister?"

"I come of a preaching stock," was the reply. "I had three uncles in the ministry and a cousin, and the preaching influence was very strong on me. Almost as soon as I became a Christian I began to do something in the way of giving addresses. It was a sort of instinct which came with my different view of life. I was quite early seized with the idea that preaching was my vocation, and along that very line of service I must travel.

"I remember well the first sermon I ever delivered; the congregation was strictly limited, consisting of four young fellows, who, together with myself, had prevailed on the kindly-hearted old chapel keeper, whom we bound to the strictest secrecy, to allow us to use a small room in connection with the Nether-street Baptist Chapel at Beeston, in which to practise our delivery, for we were all very earnest in our desire to be admitted on to the Local Preachers' plan.

"I received much timely encouragement from my minister, the Rev. R. Pike, who asked me for some of my sermons, looked over them, pointed out the faults and gave me many valuable suggestions. He urged me to persevere and devote my life to the work."

"Will you tell me something of your early struggles?"

"My parents were working people," answered Dr. Clifford, "and I received but a very scanty share of education at the village school. I began life in a lace

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factory when I was eleven years old, and I may say that I know the lace trade from top to bottom—at least as it was fifty years ago.

"I worked at first as an ordinary 'hand,' and in those days the factory laws were in their infancy, and the conditions of labour exceedingly onerous. The hours were terribly long, and I have worked all night again and again when a boy. As I grew older I got into better positions and easier conditions. I went through every department of the trade, and at the age of sixteen I became one of two managers of what is called the lace-mending department. We had to inspect the work of some 150 women—a strange position for so young a man.

"I well remember the day when my late employer sent to me one morning and asked for a specimen of my handwriting. I was then only a workman in the factory, and I did not know at all what his seemingly extraordinary request portended.

"It soon transpired that he wanted to see if it would be possible to give me the post of book-keeper which had just fallen vacant, and which I was fortunate enough to secure. This gave me my first opportunity of rising.

"I now began to study systematically, for my work was not nearly so severe nor the hours so long, and I contrived to devote thirty hours a week to my books. At that time 'Cassell's Popular Educator' came out and I found it most helpful. There were lessons in French and geology, and I caught my first enthusiasm for that science from this book, an enthusiasm which has followed me all my life. I also acquired the elements of Latin from the same source. Another book which was of the greatest service to me was 'Barnes's Notes on the New Testament,' which came out in sixpenny parts.

"I had been for some time a local preacher, and my love for the work steadily grew until at last I felt that I ought to devote my life to it. I accordingly left the lace business and entered the Baptist Theological College, where I remained three years. After completing my training for the ministry, I came to London in October, 1858, and was offered and accepted the pastorate of the Praed Street Church, of which I am pastor still, but I made it a condition that I should be allowed to pursue my studies at the London University College. I had purposed while at the Theological College going to Glasgow University, but the people at Praed Street were very earnest in asking me to take the pastorate, which I entered upon at the age of twenty-two."

Dr. Clifford's career at the University was in every way most brilliant.

He continued his studies through eleven years at University College, Gower Street, and the School of Mines. He took the B.A. and M.A. degrees, being bracketed first of his year in the latter, the B.Sc. with honours in logic and moral philosophy, and the LL.B. with honours in the principles of legislation.

These triumphs are all the more noteworthy because the Doctor had no early advantages. The ground-work of his knowledge was acquired entirely through his own efforts, and in spite of every difficulty. How few young men are there who would, after working for long hours all day at an exacting employment, be prepared to devote five hours a day to their books.

This thirst for knowledge and steady determination to allow nothing to thwart him in his noble ambition has been characteristic of the man ever since, and thus however hard the task, however numerous the claims upon his time and strength, it is only necessary for him to know the need, and the burden will be taken up cheerfully.

CHARLES SPENCE.

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THIS STATELY BUILDING, ONCE A DUCAL PALACE FAMOUS FOR ITS LITERARY GATHERINGS, IS NOW "THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES."

A Home for the Hopeless.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES AT PUTNEY HEATH.

BY ROBERT VINCENT.

BETTER than a volume of sermons is an hour spent within that "palace of pain" at Putney Heath—the Royal Hospital for Incurables. Lessons may there be learned which are sadly needed by thousands of *dilettante* folk of all classes who pass their lives fretting about petty imaginary grievances.

What an abode of human tragedy is here! It is a palace fit for a king to dwell in, in the midst of a lordly domain of flowering gardens and cool and shady lawns, surrounded by beautiful scenery, and bounded on the horizon by the blue line of the Surrey hills.

We enter. Here are lofty halls, enriched with frescoes, and evidences of the sculptor's art; everything calculated to enchant the imagination and the senses, Nature without presenting herself in her most attractive guise and art within displaying her treasures. All that externals can bestow is here for happiness, all, alas, but the one thing by which alone physical happiness at least is possible. Not one of the inmates of this lordly pleasure house—for such it originally was—but who has entered upon his or her inheritance through the door of despair, knowing full well that never might they recross that threshold into the busy world of joys and sorrows, never again rejoin the family circle, never realise earthly hopes or ambitions. This glorious palace was for them to be a life-long prison, a prison with golden bars.

Hopelessly incurable! Is it possible to imagine the awful significance of such a verdict to a sufferer and his friends? If the family be wealthy it may be possible to keep the poor stricken one within the circle, but if they be poor, what then? For his own good and for theirs they must part, though the wrench tear their heartstrings.

But this palace is not monopolised by pain and suffering. Thank God, there grow within it other and lovelier plants, of

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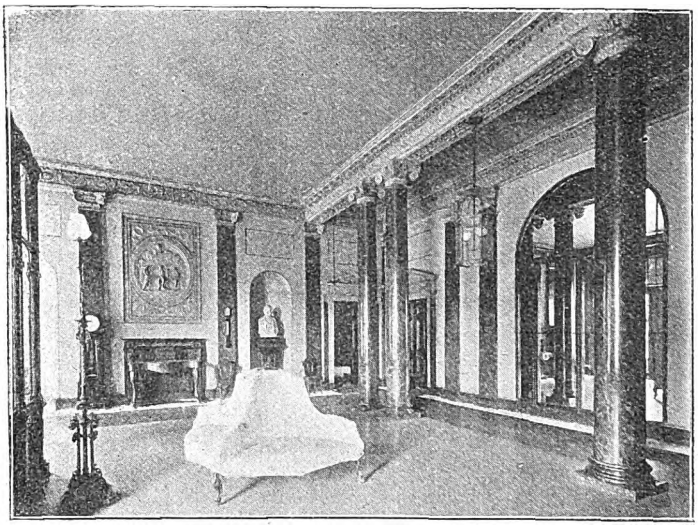

THE HALL, FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL ADAMS' DECORATIONS.

moral and spiritual beauty—Christian resignation, forgetfulness of self, gratitude for kindness shown, brotherly and sisterly love, a better understanding of spiritual things, and a sure and certain hope of perfect peace and joy when God in his own good time shall see fit to take them to the heavenly palace where pain may never enter.

A large number of the inmates owe their lifelong incarceration to paralysis, and a larger number still to chronic rheumatism. Few can have any conception of the terrible forms which this last disease may take. Limbs are twisted and distorted into all sorts of terrible shapes, and some of the poor folk never know what it is to pass an hour without pain. Yet in almost every case they are permeated with a beautiful spirit of patience, resignation, and thankfulness for what is being done for them. One of their chief consolations is that all fear of their future has been removed; they will never again be a burden to their friends, but will always have a shelter and loving care until the end. There are people of all ages in the Home, from over eighty downwards. For, although they are acknowledged incurable, life often seems to suit itself to pain and disease.

One poor man is not only totally blind but has almost lost all sensation through paralysis, though every night he gets a spasmodic contraction of the muscles which gives him such torture as in the dark ages was inflicted by the rack. He was formerly a sailor, and his sad condition was brought about through his ship taking fire, making it necessary for him to take a hurried leap into a boat. He misjudged the distance, receiving shocking internal injuries.

One of the great panaceas of trouble here, as elsewhere, is work. The patients are not required to do anything, but those that are able are glad to thus lighten the hours, the women with their needle, and the men with wood-carving or other suitable occupations. If anything can add to the pathos of the condition of these poor creatures it is when the sufferer is young. Lying all day on a long wheeled couch is a sweet-faced young woman with pretty blue eyes and flaxen hair. She had beautiful hands once—now they hardly look like hands at all, so frightfully distorted are they with rheumatism. Yet, though every movement must be pain, she is indefatigable with her crochet hook, producing a wealth of beautiful work, and she is always so happy and cheerful, and solicitous for the welfare of others, never speaking of her own life's blight.

On fine days the verandah and assembly room are peopled by women workers. One, who has artistic talent, has a paint brush within her aching hand, and she turns out really beautiful work on china. But it is not only those who are able to keep about in the living rooms who work, there are some who, though they are unable to leave their beds, with rare unselfishness make shawls and comforters, which they sometimes present to visitors for the use of poor folk outside. There is one little lady who is never able to leave her bedroom, but she sits all day by the west window, behind flowers and shrubs, stitching, stitching with deft fingers at some soft material, making dainty children's smock frocks. Working for others! Ah, here we have the the secret of such happiness as there is to be found in this abode of suffering!

Every year, in the month of June, on certain three consecutive days there are great

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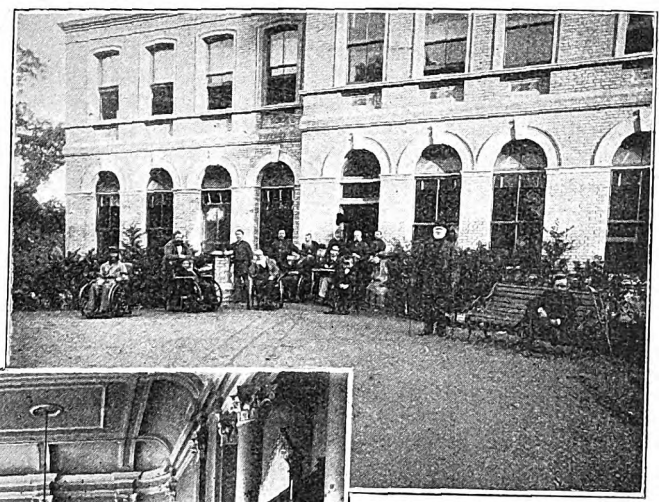
doings at the Hospital. This is on the occasion of the annual bazaar, by means of which much of the work done is disposed of. The workers may earn a little pocket-money for themselves, for though they have small need of money it is pleasant for them to have something to provide for little personal tastes and requirements. Even those who are not able to work receive benefit from these bazaars. The Hospital has many friends who count it a privilege and a pleasure to be allowed to work for the non-workers' stall, which represents those whose light has gone out, and whose limbs are too stiff and too painful to work.

But, for all that, life at the hospital would be wearisome were it not for other pleasant breaks. For the few—alas, a small percentage—who are able to go out sometimes, there is a donkey-carriage, or, if they can walk, so much the better; but by far the greatest proportion of the two hundred sufferers may never stir from the Hospital from week's end to week's end. But how eagerly the Sunday services are looked forward to by the large number who congregate in the assembly room, and what a flutter of joyful expectation seems to go through the same hall as a concert or a sort of family party is about to be given; then is the Royal Hospital a place of peace and beauty, and well do the patients know it.

The pale wan faces that form the centre of the long rows of chairs are lighted up with pleasure and expectation of a musical treat. Both ladies and gentlemen have taken some pains with their toilets, the ladies' attire being brightened up with ribbons and laces, while the gentlemen look quite festive—those whose infirmities enable them to wear them—in immaculate collars and brand-new ties. Most of the entertainers are friends of the patients, and this, of course, enhances enormously the pleasure and interest of the audience.

These red-letter days live long in the memory of these afflicted people, and such occasional breaks in the monotony of their lives give an amount of pleasure of which those whose days are filled with pleasurable excitements can have no conception.



AN AFTERNOON IN THE GROUNDS.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOM—A MAGNIFICENT APARTMENT—WHERE THE PATIENTS SEE THEIR FRIENDS.

But what enables them to bear their lot without murmur or complaint, to always wear cheerful and smiling faces through all the pain and weariness which fill their lives, comes from a far deeper and truer source of comfort than any external

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pleasures can give. It comes from the peace of God, which, working in the heart, enables man, even in the darkest hour of trial, to always catch sight of the silver lining that lurks behind the cloud; and their lives are to them a never-failing source of gratitude.

And in truth everything that human love and sympathy can do to render life less burdensome is cheerfully performed, every resource of medical skill to mitigate their sufferings is freely employed in the Royal Hospital for Incurables. The Hospital is known as the "Home" among the patients, for the dread which fell upon their hearts with such a deadly chill, the dread of leaving their own family circle and entering an institution without hope of ever mingling in the world again, soon gives place to altered feelings—gratitude for the kindness of which they have daily evidence, and a growing affection for the place itself. Life-long friendships spring up between the patients who occupy the same rooms, and these companions in affliction share each other's joys and sorrows through many a long year, and become to each other the embodiment of that lost home life which they left with such a pang. As already indicated, it is a mistake to suppose that the duration of life in the hospital, in spite of the grievous maladies with which the inmates are afflicted, is necessarily short. The improved conditions—the good food, careful nursing, and healthful surroundings—which they could never have hoped for in their own homes gives to the patients quite a new lease of life.

The "oldest inhabitant" is an old lady, who has been an inmate of the Hospital for 46 years, and who was admitted as a patient into the original home at Carshalton when the present magnificent building, or at least the mucleus of it—for it has since been extensively added to—was a ducal palace.

There are several others who have completed their term of 30 years' residence, and who may yet eclipse the record of the happy old lady who now holds it.

No name, among the great philanthropists of the last century, is worthier of honour than that of Dr. Andrew Reed, through whose self-sacrificing labours so much has been done to alleviate the sufferings of the most afflicted classes in the community—the victims of incurable maladies both mental and physical.

Though a poor Nonconformist Minister, Dr. Reed set himself to grapple with this great problem, which had been practically untouched, and besides establishing the Royal Hospital for Incurables, he founded the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots.

It was in 1854 that the first steps were taken to provide a refuge for Incurables on anything like an adequate scale. A home was established at Carshalton, but the number who craved admittance soon became so great that it proved quite inadequate to house a tithe of the sufferers. It was just at this time that the beautiful mansion known as Melrose Hall, which had been formerly the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, came into the market. Melrose Hall, besides being the centre of rank and fashion, had a more enduring charm: it had drawn together the most celebrated men of letters of the time, and Sir Walter Scott had once been a member of its famous literary coterie.

The beautiful decorations in the hall and in the principal rooms were wrought by Adams, the famous architect, and are an unique feature of the building.

It will be easily believed that to keep up this splendid charity, which supports no less than 223 persons in the Hospital itself, at a cost of £69 per annum each, and 682 pensioners who reside in their own homes and draw a pension ranging from £20 a year, is a task which only the utmost vigilance on the part of its secretary and committee enables them to carry out. The assured income of the Hospital is £3,500, while the sum necessary for its maintenance is £32,000—an enormous margin which times of depression render it very difficult to bridge over.

But they have one appeal which has hitherto proved irresistible — the condition of the sufferers, from the hopelessness of their complaints, is the most pitiable imaginable, and, from this very hopelessness, less provision has been made for them than for any other class. The undertaking is one of the most serious magnitude, for, unlike the patients in other hospitals, each inmate must be supported for life.

At the present time we are informed £5,000 is wanted immediately to pay pressing liabilities—a need which has only to be known to be readily met by a people whose delight is to co-operate with what may be deemed a national work.

ROBERT VINCENT.

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LITERARY JOTTINGS.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

WHAT an interesting volume might be written about our nursery rhymes! Of course the story of "Blue Beard" and "Cinderella" and "Mother Goose" and other leading favourites has often been told, but there are a great many lesser-known and yet familiar rhymes of the origin of which nobody seems to know anything. Who, for example, knows about "Jack Horner"? I am sure I didn't, until reading through Mrs. Charles Bagot's "Links with the Past" the other day, I came upon Jack's true history.

It seems that Jack was a serving-boy to a great abbot of Glastonbury. The abbot, thinking to propitiate Henry VIII., sent him the abbey title deeds disguised in a pie. Jack Horner thought he would like to taste the pie, and opened it, but to his alarm found only the title deeds, which he hid. The King, not receiving them, sent to dissolve the monastery. Horner and his relatives now came forward, and obtained and kept a good slice of the abbey lands. "Jack Horner's estates," says Mrs. Bagot, "have descended in the female line to the present Lord Ilchester." So, then, there can be little doubt about the truth of the story. At the same time, I should like to hear Lord Ilchester's version of how he came by the estates in question.

Most people if asked who wrote the famous song of "Annie Laurie" would probably reply that the author was a now forgotten minstrel of the olden time. The original version of the song was certainly written long enough ago—one hundred and eighty years at least—but the song which everybody sings now was written by a Scottish gentlewoman, Lady John Scott, who died last year at a ripe old age. It was known that she had written other verses, but these were seen for the most part only by her friends. It is now announced that they will be collected and published in a volume under the editorship of Miss Warrender, who will contribute a memoir of the author. It is interesting to know that the Maxwelton estate is still held by a Laurie.

This seems to be the season for second-hand book catalogues. Some people, and literary people, too, tell me they put such things in the waste-paper basket unread. They miss one of the greatest pleasures of the bookman's life, for the mere reading of a second-hand book list is a joy of no mean extent. Leigh Hunt knew all about it. "A catalogue," said he, "is not a mere catalogue or list of saleables, as the uninitiated may fancy. Even a common auctioneer's catalogue of goods and chattels suggests a thousand reflections to a peruser of any knowledge. Judge, then, what the case must be with a catalogue of books. We speak on this subject from the most literal experience, for often and often have we cut open a new catalogue of old books with all the fervour of a first love; often read one at tea, nay, at dinner, and have put crosses against dozens of volumes in the list, out of the pure imagination of buying them, the possibility being out of the question." Of course!

It is these imaginary acquisitions from the dealers' lists that make the great pleasure of the reading. You "mark down" your purchases as sportsmen mark down partridges in September, knowing all the time that the books can never be yours. Or, if you are lucky enough to have the means to justify an order, there is still plenty of excitement about the business. There is the risk of being too late in your offer. There is the wild hope of achieving a bargain that will make your acquaintances among bookworms green with envy. If you are too late, you console yourself by the thought that you are

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just so much money in pocket. If the books arrive in fair condition, there is the pleasure of trying to turn every goose into a swan. And even the keenest disappointment may afterwards prove to have been but a passing cloud, and the glory of the purchase will shine forth in a splendour that you never dreamt of when you despatched your order. By all means let the dealers continue to send their catalogues. The slippered ease of the fireside these long dreary evenings would not be nearly so delightful without them.

I have lately been reading Mr. Andrew Lang's recently published monograph on Tennyson, in Messrs. Blackwood's series. One of the most interesting points discussed is the old question of Tennyson's so-called "plagiarisms." Mr. Lang's view is eminently sensible. That Tennyson sometimes gave expression to a sentiment or feeling in the words of certain of his predecessors is true enough; but that he consciously and deliberately stole from these predecessors no reasonable person would seek to affirm. The stock of man's ideas is very limited after all, and there must be repetition. You can't say nowadays anything about love and the stars and life and death and spring and summer that somebody has not said long ago.

And then there is such a thing as unconscious reproduction by automatic memory. You think you are saying something original when, as a matter of fact, you are simply repeating something you have read or heard. Scott, confessedly, as Mr. Lang reminds us, was apt to reproduce the phrases of others without knowing it, and once he unwittingly borrowed from a poem by the valet of one of his friends! If that had happened in our day some little-minded, Argus-eyed literary detective would have promptly exposed him in the literary journals. The literary detective may have his uses, but as a rule he is a very foolish person. You remember *Mr. Punch's* parody of his treatment of poor Alexander Smith:—

"Most women have no character at all."—POPE.

"No character the servant woman asked."—SMITH.

This is the kind of plagiarism that the literary detective too often discovers.

A wonderful discovery has been made. A German writer has found that Charles Lamb was an authority, not on roast pig, but on the history of the Jews. How does he make it out? It is a very simple matter. The German sees in the "Essays of Elia" a treatise on the prophet Elijah or Elias. Of course he can never have read the essays, but that only adds to the humour of the discovery. One wonders what Lamb would have thought to find himself thus transformed into a historian of the prophet of fire. I imagine the first thing he would have wanted to do would be to examine the bumps of the Teuton.

So we are going to have a new life of the author of "Tom Bowling." It should prove an interesting work, especially as the writer is a great-grandson of the tuneful Charles, and must have a good deal of fresh material at his command. I hope he won't forget to tell that laughable story which Dibdin used himself to tell in one of his entertainments. As he was travelling to the Land's End he met some Cornishmen bearing music books and instruments. "Where are you going?" said Charles. "To church, to practise our music for Sunday," was the reply. "Whose music do you sing?" asked the poet. "Oh! Handel, Handel!" answered the men. "Don't you find Handel's music rather difficult?" said Dibdin. "Yees, it war, at first, but we *alter'd un*, and so we does very well with un now." This was conclusive: the "bard of the ocean" threw them a crown piece and bade them drink the health of the author of "Tom Bowling." I may state as a rather interesting fact that another great-grandson of Dibdin's died recently in Edinburgh. He was a man of some literary and musical culture, and had bought the house in Howard Place in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born.

There is another new book about which I should like to have a little chat, and that is Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's "Dreams and Dreaming," published by Messrs. Longman. The subject is of interest to all of us, for I suppose we all dream. I have, indeed, met people who declared that they had never known what it was to dream; but I imagine this means only that they had no waking recollection of

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their dreams. I do not believe that the brain ever rests in the sense that the body rests. Its very existence implies movement of a kind, and the only difference between its action during sleep and during our waking hours is that in the one case we control it by the will, and in the other case we don't. When we sleep the brain goes on working, unconsciously to us, but working nevertheless. It is even a question whether during sleep the brain does not perform two separate fuctions. It may, for example, produce what we call a dream, and it may also be engaged in some mental process akin to the process of wakeful thought.

Mr. Hutchinson has an interesting suggestion in this connection. He adduces the case of the schoolboy who goes to bed having learnt rather imperfectly certain lines which he has to get off by heart for to-morrow's lesson. In the morning the boy, as likely as not, can repeat the lines without a single mistake. Has he been dreaming about them? Not at all. He has been dreaming about cricket or football, or playing marbles, or snowballing, or anything else that engages a boy's attention during the day. Mr. Hutchinson's theory, therefore, is that the brain has been busy during the night getting off these lines on its own account. Of course, we cannot prove this; and we must remember, besides, that there is a possible explanation in the fact that the brain as well as the body must be capable of better work after a night's refreshing sleep. But Mr. Hutchinson's theory is sufficiently plausible to be worth considering.

There is another curious point. Can we dream at will? In other words, can we, by thinking a great deal about a certain subject or person before we go to sleep, make sure of dreaming about that subject or person? Mr. Hutchinson answers with an emphatic negative, and I fancy he will be supported by the large majority of dreamers. If it were possible to determine the nature of our dreams beforehand we should always have pleasant dreams; whereas I believe the general experience is that the greater number of our dreams are decidedly unpleasant. I cannot see that anything is to be made out of the cases which are usually cited in support of the theory that you may dream at will. People remind you that when Dr. Gregory when to bed with a hot-water bottle he dreamt that he was burning his feet in an attempt to scale Mount Etna. Dr. Reid, again, they will tell you, put a plaster on his head before going to sleep, and then dreamt that he was being scalped by Red Indians! This is not really dreaming at will.

Just one more point. Mr. Hutchinson cites a considerable number of what he calls premonitory dreams. They are nearly all of what the Scotch call the "uncanny sort." Very interesting they are in their way, too; but most of them have the serious drawback of having been recorded after the occurrence of the event which they are alleged to have foretold. I have always a suspicion of these fulfilments. One has only the word of the dreamer for them, and something more than that is wanted. If you dream tonight that a dear friend is going to die a year hence, you ought to write down your dream in the morning and have it attested by witnesses. If at the time foretold your friend dies, you will then have sufficiently good evidence to support the theory of premonitory dreams. Of course, a single case of this kind would not be enough; it might be a mere coincidence. But if it could be proved in the way I have indicated that a certain percentage of these warning dreams came true, then we should know that there is really something in dreams after all—that they are more than the airy nothings of the brain, as most people suppose them to be.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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SPOILS OF THE SEA.

Photograph by Lafayette.

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ON DOING A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

By the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

LONGFELLOW'S village blacksmith felt that "something accomplished, something done, had earned a night's repose"; and I suppose that he did little else than shoe the farmer's horses, or put new shares to their ploughs; yet he had the perpetual consciousness that he was doing something in the world, contributing to its well-being, performing a necessary part in the machinery of the village-life. It is not to be supposed that the honest man did his work for the money it brought him, but for the love of doing it, the pleasure of ministering, however humbly, to the common weal. However well he were paid, it would be a source of infinite regret and shame if his work were superficially and perfunctorily executed; if a horse were lamed because the nail was driven too far home, or a day's work in the sowing-time were lost because the share broke in mid-furrow.

This is the ideal of all good work. Too many work for the wage to be paid them at the end of the week, and become so degraded in their aim that they will only put in the best work when they are promised the highest pay. Let the remuneration be second-rate, their work will be second-rate; let the workshop be a peasant's cottage, their style of workmanship will lack the finish which would certainly be put in for a palace or church. This appraising of work by the amount of wage it will bring is vicious in the extreme, and sooner or later begets a perfunctory, superficial, and mean disposition. The man who reserves his best work for the best pay will ultimately be content to put in the semblance of the best work, though it be a bit of arrant scamping, in order to secure, as soon as he may, the promised wage; in this case, however, it should scorch his hand as the wage of unrighteousness.

Do you think that the old monks, who built religiously, and for the eye of God, stopped to ask whether some curiously-carved stone was intended for the vaulted ceiling, or the ornamentation of the doorway through which successive generations of admiring pilgrims would pass? It was enough to be permitted to put one piece of carving in the house raised for the honour and glory of God; there must be nothing inferior there; nothing that would cause the carver shame if he met the memory of it in any world; nothing that would seem contemptible to future generations if it should drop from its place to lie within the easy inspection of every passer-by.

Can you imagine a true artist painting an inferior picture because it would be *skied* in an exhibition, or sold cheap at an auction? He would tell you that he dared not do it. He would be untrue to his loftiest ideals; and if he permitted himself to fall so low, he would soon lose his power of realising his dreams, and deteriorate into a sorry hack.

Would a physician who was inspired with the true spirit of his profession reserve his deepest insight, his longest patience, his most skilful treatment for the rich, whose golden sovereigns would freely pour into his banking account, whilst the child of the peasant might take its chance?

And if each of these is expected to do his work in the world for the honour of his profession and the lasting benefit of men, why should not all men and women do whatever God has given them to do for the same high end? Not for fee or reward, nor for wages which are, of course, necessary and deserved, nor for the applause and praise of one or many, but because work is honourable and noble; because a true man finds his highest reward in putting his noblest self into all he does; because it is a scandal and shame to be content with anything less than the best; because God and His high angels are looking on; and because scamped

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work will return on us in other worlds to confront and shame us. There is no surer sign of deterioration of character than contentment with inferior work.

We are accustomed to speak of our work as a vocation or calling. "Let every man," says the Apostle, "abide in the calling in which he was called." Some are called to be servants, some to be masters; some to administer five talents, others one; but every man is as much called of God to his life-work as the minister is called to preach, or the physician to combat disease. Do you expect these to be above questions of £ s. d.—there is the same obligation on yourself? Would you think it mean of the servant of God to preach at half or quarter power, if he were to receive but a trifling solatium; or to cease preaching if he shall have realised a competence? But are you not guilty of similar meanness, if, in altered conditions, you permit your conduct to be affected by sordid considerations? Some men are called to sweep chimneys, and others to be Archbishops, but in the sight of the Almighty there may be less inequality than we suppose; and the sweep will stand highest at last, if he has driven the soot out of the intricacies of old chimneys with nobler purpose than the Archbishop has administered his diocese.

What counts in God's sight is not the work we do, but the way in which we do it. Two men may work side by side in the same factory or store; the one, at the end of the day, shall have put in a solid block of gold, silver, and precious stones, whilst the other has contributed to the fabric of his life-work an ephemeral, insubstantial addition of wood, hay and stubble destined to be burnt. What is the difference between those two? To the eye of man, there is none; to the eye of God, much; because the one has been animated, in the lowliest, commonest actions, by the lofty motive of pleasing God, and doing the day's work thoroughly and well, whilst the other wrought to escape blame, to secure the commendation of man, or to win a large wage. Never be ashamed of honest toil, of labours, however trivial or menial, which you can execute beneath the inspiration of noble aims; but be ashamed of the work which, though it makes men hold their breath in wonder, yet, in your heart, you know to have emanated from earthly, selfish, and ignoble aims.

What we make, makes us. The slight gauze on which the mantle of the incandescent light is formed flares away in a moment, but the solid fabric wrought on it by chemical agents will be luminous for a thousand hours. So the things we make in the world pass away as a wreath of flame, but the motives with which we do them go to make ourselves for better or worse. If you do your work in slovenliness, you become a sloven. If you do your work perfunctorily, you become a hypocrite. If you work only for the eye of man, the sense of God will die out of your life.

Men fret, for instance, at being tied to a clerk's desk. Surely, they say, anyone could direct these envelopes, copy these letters, cast up these interminable columns; and, in their contempt for their life-work, they fail to see its very unimportance is giving them a better opportunity of cultivating punctuality, patience, fidelity and similar passive virtues, than they would have if they played a more conspicuous part in the world's life, or in spheres where certain other considerations nerve to supreme efforts, which in their case can only be called forth by lofty principle.

At the end of life's brief day we shall be rewarded, not according to the work we have done, but to the faithfulness with which we have endeavoured to do our duty, in whatever sphere.

The servant who prepares my food, or saves me the necessity of doing the many duties of my home, thus setting me free to write, or preach or minister to men, will, in God's reckoning, be credited with no inconsiderable share of the results of anything which may have been achieved through my endeavours. The great deed that blesses the race seems to be wrought by one, but it is really the result of the contributed quotas of scores and hundreds of unnamed and unnoticed workers, and these, in so far as they entered into the spirit of his labours, shall share the reward.

This is the way to do a good day's work. Begin it with God; do all in the name of the Lord Jesus and for the glory of God; count nothing common or unclean in itself—it can only be so when the motive of your life is low. Be not content with eye service but as servants of God do everything from the heart, and for His "Well done." Ask Him to kindle and maintain in your heart the loftiest motives; and be as men that watch for the coming of the Master of the house.

F. B. MEYER.

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THE SARDINIA ARCHWAY.
Where the Gordon Rioters worked their will.

DICKENS'S LONDON.

By SIDNEY E. JACKSON.

Photographs by H. F. Hatton.

THE London of Dickens's day will have become before long nothing more than a memory. One after another the buildings and streets whose names have been made for ever famous by the great novelist's pen have passed away, until now those that remain in anything like the same condition and with the same appearance that they possessed when he wrote ot them can be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

Perhaps nothing makes one realise more the extent to which London must have changed during the past thirty or forty years than the disappearance one after another of Dickens landmarks—not only of buildings which the great novelist knew and loved, but of whole streets that he has immortalised. Take, for instance, some of the recent demolitions which have been brought about by the County Council's scheme for a Strand to Holborn thoroughfare. Only a few weeks ago the writer went to look once again at the barber's shop in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, over which Mrs. Gamp was wont to dwell.

This was one of the most interesting of Dickens landmarks, because, all through the years since Martin Chuzzlewit was penned, time had wrought few changes and those of an insignificant character. The house until a month or two ago stood just as Dickens described it, and the shop

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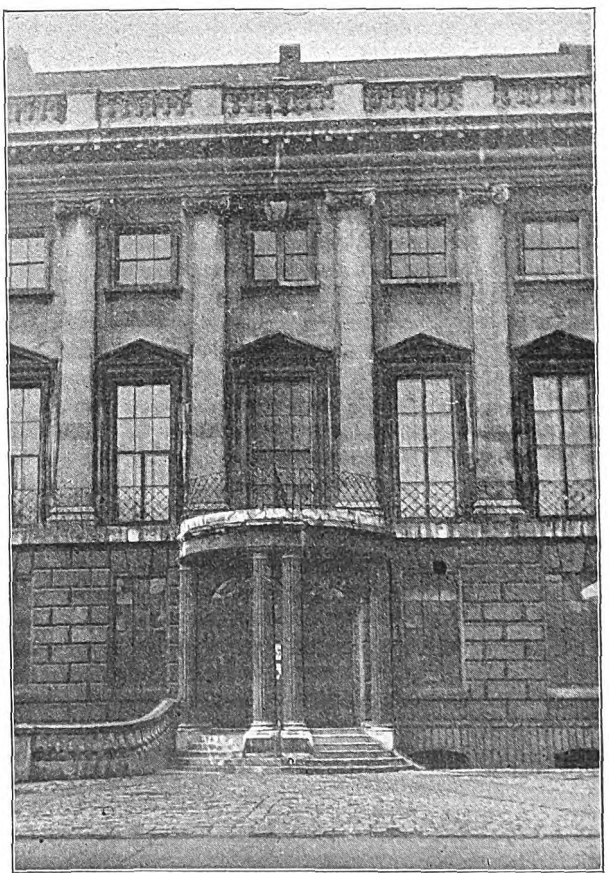
was still that of "an easy shaver and a fashionable hairdresser," although the bird-fancying branch of the business had been abandoned. But on his most recent visit the writer found that not only the historic little house had been pulled down but the whole of Kingsgate Street had also disappeared.

Many others of the buildings and thoroughfares in this neighbourhood associated with Dickens's novels are doomed, and those lovers of the great writer who are not content with merely reading his works but delight in tracing the characters and the scenes and *venues* to their origin might do far worse than spend half-a-day walking round about Holborn and Lincoln's Inn Fields with their immediate neighbourhoods.



MR. TULKINGHORN'S HOUSE, NO. 58, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Dickens was a constant visitor to this house, the home of his great friend, John Forster. It is shortly to be pulled down.

There is the famous and picturesque Sardinia Archway, leading from the Fields into Sardinia Street, where the Gordon rioters worked their will and burned the private chapel of the Sardinian minister, whose house was next to the arch. The chapel has been replaced by the more pretentious church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia but the arch remains the same, and in the quiet of Lincoln's Inn one can so easily go back in mind to the period of "Barnaby Rudge."

By far the most interesting and well-known of Dickens landmarks is "The Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn, preserved in much the same condition as the novelist found and left it, except that the old-fashioned, tiny window-panes have given place to a more modern front of glass, and instead of being "one of those receptacles for old and curious things . . . suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory, tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams," it is in the hands of a waste paper merchant, Mr. Poole, who is only too willing to show visitors over the place.

"The Old Curiosity Shop" has, indeed, become a Mecca of Dickensites, for throughout the summer months, when American tourists are swarming in London, wagonettes laden with visitors are constantly arriving to see the curious little house that dates back to the days of Charles II., for the place was put up, along with Portsmouth Street, and many buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by the Duchess of Portsmouth (Louise de Keroualle), one of the Merry Monarch's favourites. She kept her cows in the fields, and the little building, afterwards to become famous as "The Old Curiosity Shop," was her private dairy. It is a little known fact, which may be easily verified, that many of the older buildings in Lincoln's Inn still bear upon their

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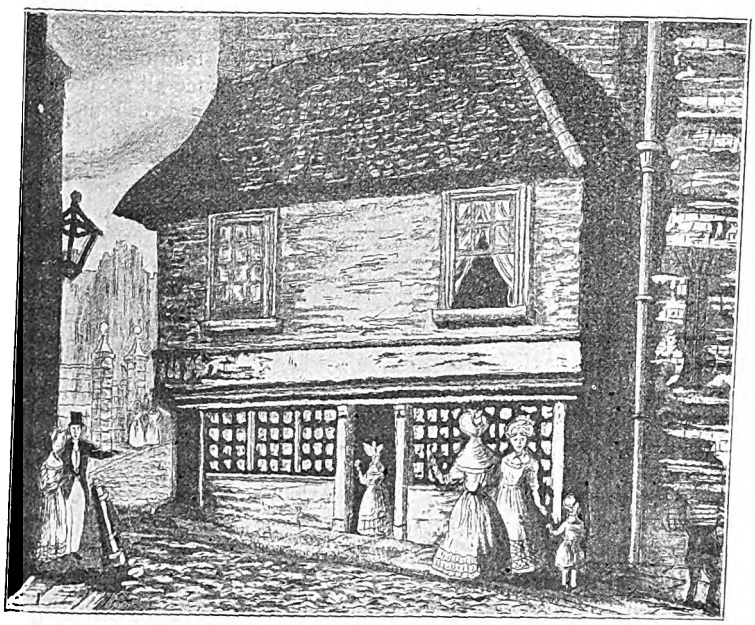
façades the rose of England and the French *fleur-de-lys* alternating, indicating the countries of the Duchess's birth and adoption.

To return to "The Old Curiosity Shop." Having entered the shop, one can pass into the "back parlour" and easily follow Dickens in the opening chapter of his novel, where he says the old man led him through the place he had already seen from without, into a small sitting-room behind. All authorities are agreed that this is really the shop the novelist had in his mind, and it is a matter for satisfaction that, contrary to what has been stated, the new "improvements" are not to entail the destruction of "The Old Curiosity Shop"—at any rate for the present.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Mr. Poole declares that by far the largest proportion of his visitors are Americans, the fact affording another proof that Britons, and especially Londoners, are the least interested in their own treasures. It is scarcely a matter for surprise that at the time when the Chicago World's Fair was preparing, more than one envoy from the other side of the Atlantic came to London with a view to purchase "The Old Curiosity Shop," but Mr. Poole was not by any means anxious to lose his historical dwelling. It is unlikely that the building will ever disappear entirely, for



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP IN 1837.
This ancient house was built in Charles II.'s reign, and was the dairy of the Duchess of Portsmouth.
By permission of Mr. H. Poole, Publisher of the Engraving.

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the permission of the landlord for its removal has been obtained by the lessee, and should "modern improvements" necessitate that it disappears from its present site, there are, no doubt, many, if not in this country, at any rate in America, who would be willing to undertake its demolition and its re-erection elsewhere brick by brick.

If Sarah Gamp's home in Kingsgate-street has ceased to exist, there is still an opportunity left of seeing the Black Bull in Holborn where she nursed Mr. Lewsome and moralised upon "what a blessed thing it is to make sick people happy in their beds and never mind one's self as long as one can do a service." The exterior remains unchanged and one can even see the window at which Mrs. Gamp stood just after her arrival at the Inn and remarked, "I'm glad to see a parapidge in case of fire and lots of roofs and chimney pots to walk upon." "Parapidge" and "chimney pots" are still there, but they will not remain long, for the Black Bull is coming down and a more modern pile of buildings will be erected on its site.

When in this neighbourhood it is well worth while to pay a visit to No. 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the former home of Mr. Tulkinghorn, the attorney-at-law and legal adviser of Sir Leicester Dedlock. Here the lawyer met his tragic death as described in "Bleak House," and the room in which the deed is said to have taken place still exists, although the painted ceiling out of which the "pertinacious Roman" pointed at the victim "lying face downwards on the floor, shot through the heart" has long since been whitewashed over. Dickens's description of the house is very apt. "Here," he says, "in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in these shrunken fragments of its greatness lawyers lie like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases, passages, and ante-chambers, still remain."

Dickens knew the building well, for in it John Forster, the great novelist's biographer and "dear and trusty friend" lived, and in his rooms many literary celebrities of the day foregathered. It was here that Dickens read aloud to his friends "The Chimes" which he had just completed, and that reading, as Forster himself tells us, "was the germ of those readings to large audiences, by which, as much as by his books, the world knew him in his later life." The house is coming down in connection with the new Strand to Holborn thoroughfare, and before long "the place thereof will know it no more."

All about Chancery Lane, Cursitor Street, and the various Inns of Courts, are Dickens associations, but the places which he knew and wrote of are changed completely from the great novelist's day. Only Staple Inn retains its former appearance, and the corner house of the inner quadrangle, bearing the mysterious inscription $\frac{P}{1747}$ J T is still to be recognised as the home of Mr. Grewgious, Miss Rosa Bud's guardian and "a particularly angular man." The reference is in "Edwin Drood," Dickens's unfinished story, and is the last mention made by him of a particular London house.

Many of the allusions to streets and buildings in London made by Dickens are of a painful or sordid character, but there is one at least which is prettily told —that of the meetings of Tom Pinch and his sister by the fountain in the Temple.

"There was a little plot between them" says Dickens, "that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way; and that was past the fountain. Coming through Fountain court he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden court and to look once all round him, and if Ruth had come to meet him, there he would see her; not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing. . . . The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on sparkling through the dry and dusty channels of the Law; the chirping sparrows bred in Temple chinks and crannies might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed."

Of course most of the churches to which Dickens alludes in his novels are still in existence. There is St. George's Church in Borough High Street, where Little Dorrit was married to Arthur Clennam, and there is the parish church of Limehouse referred to over and over again in "Our Mutual Friend." This latter

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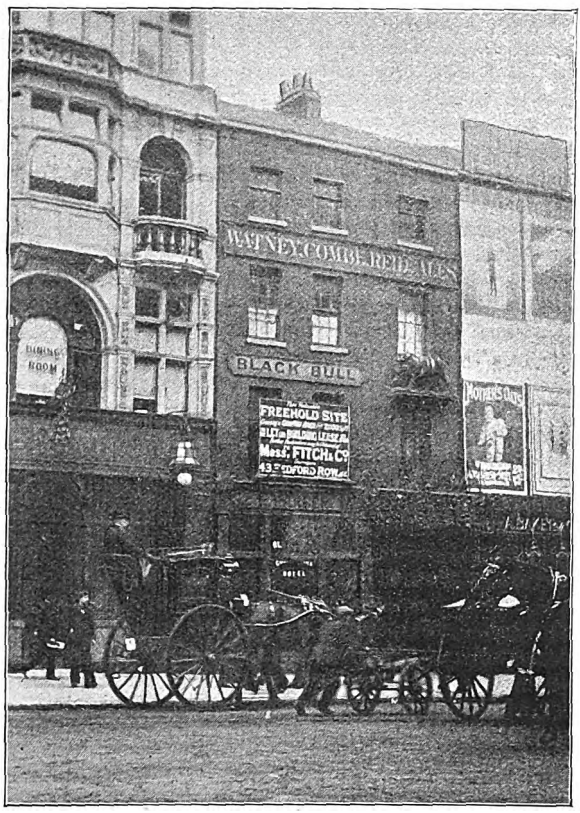
church Dickens knew well from his childhood, for when as a young boy he was brought to London and his family took up its abode in a house in Bayham Street, Camden Town, he was allowed, as one of the few treats of his life, to occasionally visit his godfather, Mr. Huffham, a rigger and mast, oar, and block maker at Limehouse.

There is one other Dickens landmark in London, or rather the remains of one, which must be referred to—the old Marshalsea Prison in the Borough, of which the novelist wrote in "Little Dorrit," "David Copperfield" and elsewhere. The recollections of his childhood were far from pleasant, and not the least painful were those in connection with his father's sojourn in the debtors' prison.



THE BLACK BULL, HOLBORN.
Where Mrs. Gamp "made sick people happy."

Forster, in his life of the novelist, gives a pathetic account in Dickens's own words of his visit as a child to his father in prison.

"My father," he says, "was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the top storey but one) and cried very much, and he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. I see the fire we sat before now; with two bricks inside the rusted grate, one on each side, to prevent its burning too many coals. Some other debtor shared the room with him, who came in by and by, and as the dinner was a joint-stock repast I was sent up to Captain Porter in the room overhead with Mr. Dickens's compliments, and I was his son, and could he, Captain P., lend me a knife and fork?

"Captain Porter lent me the knife and fork with his compliments in return. There was a very dirty lady in his little room, and two wan girls, his daughters, with shock heads of hair. I thought I should not have liked to borrow Captain Porter's comb. The Captain himself was in the last extremity of shabbiness, and if I could draw at all I would draw an accurate portrait of the old, old, brown great coat he wore, with no other coat below it. His whiskers were large; I saw his bed rolled up in a corner, and what plates and dishes and pots he had on a shelf."

This was his first visit to the Marshalsea. His last visit was paid when he was completing "Little Dorrit." "Some of my readers," he says in his preface to that novel, "may have an interest in being informed whether or no any portions of the Marshalsea Prison are yet standing. I myself did not know until I was approaching the end of this story, when I went to look. I found the outer front court yard, often mentioned here, metamorphosed into a butter shop, and I then almost gave up every brick of the jail for

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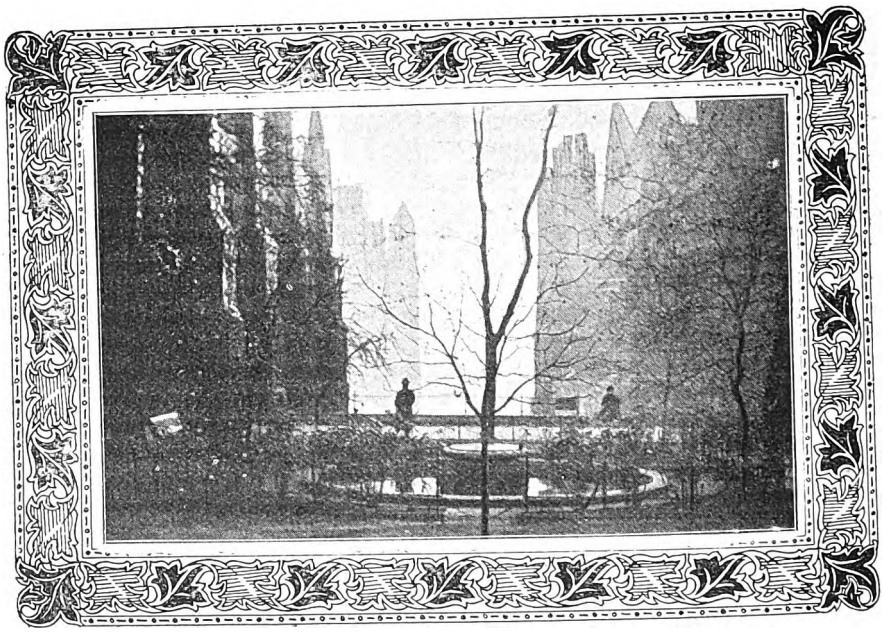

THE TEMPLE FOUNTAIN.
Described in "Martin Chuzzlewit" as the meeting place of Tom Pinch and his Sister.

lost. Wandering, however, down a certain adjacent 'Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey,' I came to 'Marshalsea Place,' the houses in which I recognised not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose in my mind's eye when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . . A little further on I found the older and smaller wall which used to enclose the pent-up inner prison where nobody was put except for ceremony. Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea Jail, will see its narrow yard to the right, and to the left very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free, will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived, will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

But this was a long time ago, and now all that remains of the old Marshalsea prison is the lower portion of the wall which divided it from the churchyard. It may be found by bearing round to the left after entering the yard. A tablet tells its story, and refers to its connection with Little Dorrit.

SIDNEY E. JACKSON.

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Mrs. Weston's Grandchild.

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE,

Author of "Nurse Cicely's Renunciation," "The Lost Letter," etc.

"WELL, I think you are entirely in the wrong." John Weston spoke to his mother in a decided and angry tone.

"I can't help it. I feel I'm right, and I don't consider it quite dutiful of you to ask me to sell my old home."

"Why isn't one house as good as another to live in? And we shall never, probably, have such a good offer again."

Mrs. Weston hesitated a moment; then she dropped her knitting and looked full at her son with keen, clear eyes.

"Your father left me the place for my life, in trust for you; the trust is sacred, and I mean to keep it." Her eyes had a far-away look, as though she were registering a promise made to someone in a spiritual world. "You would not have me break my word—you, a good man of business yourself? To sell an ancestral home seems to me almost like selling one's own flesh and blood. I couldn't do it. Don't ask me."

John sighed impatiently. "Mother, you are hopeless," he said. "We are in great need of money. *I* want money to make my business pay; *you* want money to live on. That kind of sentimental idea is exploded long ago. It is not practical life."

The old lady looked round at the faded furniture, the worn carpet, the curtains which hung limp from age and perpetual cleaning, and all the evident signs of poverty—that genteel poverty which is so pathetic.

"I am contented," she said quietly.

"Oh, yes," he continued warmly; "you may be. You are old; you have learnt not to care; but I am young, I have my way to make in the world, I must marry and have a family; and what good is an old musty home like this to a pushing, busy man, who wants to get on in the world?"

"It is the home of your fathers."

"By your obstinancy you are ruining me, and you don't seem to understand. Once more I ask you, mother—will you sell the place?"

"I will not," said the old lady firmly. John walked to the window and looked out. The park lay stretched out before him, damp and desolate. A few sheep grazed delicately on the rank grass; the paths were ill-kept and overgrown with weeds; but the timber was magnificent, the old oaks and elms towered towards the sky, and spread their wide umbrageous branches generously.

"At least let me cut down the timber," he said presently.

"No timber shall be cut down while I possess this place." Mrs. Weston's eyes glowed resolutely, and she took up the knitting which lay in her lap. The needles clicked merrily, and out on the staircase the old clock struck four in wheezy tones.

"I have only just time to catch my train," said John Weston, coming back from his survey at the window. "Shall I send Mr. Parchment to talk to you? Perhaps he can explain matters better than I can."

"No lawyer will persuade me to sell the place," said his mother firmly. Mother and son faced each other. They had the same straight nose, the same square chin, the same dark grey eyes; only the son had a quick, impatient way of speaking, while the mother let her words fall quietly and precisely. Mrs. Weston looked a gentlewoman from the tip of the picturesque cap, trimmed with old lace, which crowned her abundant white hair, to the

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slender white fingers which handled the knitting needles so deftly. She was the product of many generations of civilisation, but she had the strong will of her barbaric forefathers. John was determined also, and the result was a clash and collision between the two strong wills.

"You have no affection for me, mother."

"My son, it is because I care for you that I try to do my duty. This house will be yours some day, and, please God, I will keep it intact for you."

"I do not want it," her son said petulantly. "I shall never live here—never set foot in the place from this day!—I swear it—unless you consent to sell it!"

"And you will never come and see me?"

"Never!"

The old lady's face twitched, but she made no remark.

"And how you intend to exist, I know not. Your income is barely sufficient to keep up the place. Hitherto I have helped you, but now I shall do no more. I must think of myself—of my future!"

"And yet I am your mother!" Mrs. Weston spoke with suppressed feeling.

"I don't forget it, though you almost force me to do so. When you change your mind and listen to reason I will come back to you. Till then, good-bye." He put out his hand towards his mother, then withdrew it as by an afterthought, and left the room. Mrs. Weston sat motionless. When the door closed, with a great slam, a tear rose slowly to her eye. She wiped it away with her handkerchief, bent her head for a moment as though thinking, then with an effort she rose and rang the bell. The white-haired butler answered it. Her servants had grown old beside her; the maids, the cook, the butler, had all spent years in her service. Long service was a part of her religion, like the ancestral memories,

"Is Mr. John gone?" she asked.

"Yes, m'm. He is riding down the avenue."

"There will be some changes here, Turner," she said. "Times are bad; I shall have to economise. I can no longer afford to pay you such high wages. You are at liberty to leave if you like."

"I prefer to stay, m'm, even if the wages are lower."

"Very well, Turner, then I shall be glad; but you must tell the other servants I do not intend to keep so many. All those can leave that like to do so." Turner bowed and withdrew, and the establishment dispensed from that day with the services of coachman, kitchenmaid, underhousemaid and footman. A new cook was engaged, whose principal merit consisted in thriftiness. Another person might possibly, under the circumstances, have sold some of the fine old family plate, and consented to dine off china. Not so Mrs. Weston. Even if it consisted only of a potato and a piece of cheese, her dinner was rigidly served on silver, and old Turner took a pride in polishing the plate till you could see your face in it.

John Weston never came near the place again. From time to time news of him reached his mother. He was prospering; he was working hard; he was going to be married. But he never offered to bring his wife to see her, and she asked nothing. She knew this was her punishment, and she was too proud to complain. Little by little, as matters grew worse and the food and fire scantier, the new servants left one by one; but Turner stayed, and his rugged old face softened sometimes with an expression of unspoken pity as he looked at his mistress. Her pride was unshaken, but his kindly eye noticed that her firm elastic gait grew feebler, her voice lower, her energy relaxed. "Some day," he thought, "I shall write to Master John." But time wore on, and he did nothing. The gardener had long ago been discharged, but Mrs. Weston, with the aid of a boy to do the rough work, managed it herself. She might be seen on summer evenings in her shady black hat and a big coarse apron, tying up, watering, pruning and budding. She was proud of her carnations and roses; they seemed to grow better than in the days of her grand gardener. Things flourished in a kind of wild, wasteful way; the creepers now covered the whole front of the house, the magnolia tree annually put forth fragrant flowers, and the Provence roses climbed and blossomed in luxuriant clusters. The old sun-dial stood on the terrace as it had stood for centuries, with its quaint motto: "Gather ye roses while ye may," engraved in coarse characters upon it, and all around the air was sweet with the smell of roses. Within doors things looked more melancholy. The state bedchambers stayed unlived in from one year to another; occasionally a fire warmed the cold

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chimney, but coals were dear, and Mrs. Weston practised the strictest economy. In winter she never allowed a fire in any room but the small drawing-room where she sat, and in the kitchen. The tapestry flapped loosely against the wall in the draughty halls and passages, and the paper began to peel off in some of the rooms. Poverty was written in large letters on everything, from the moss-grown stable-yard and the empty stalls, to the bare larders and the skimpy fires in the old house. Yet Mrs. Weston was not unhappy. Thanks to the paucity of servants she had plenty to do. She was surrounded by the emblems of the position she clung to, and supported by a sense of right doing.

Occasionally neighbours came in to see her—the clergyman's wife or the squire's lady from a distance—though Mrs. Weston never encouraged visitors; she considered them an unnecessary expense. But when they did come, she ordered the big silver teapot to be brought in, and the best old china, and delicately-cut bread-and-butter bountifully spread, so that people said Mrs. Weston always did things well, and was a perfect lady in her ways. Once Mrs. Chasuble, the vicar's wife, walked in, her kindly matronly face wreathed in smiles.

"I'm so glad, my dear Mrs. Weston," she said, wringing her friend's hand warmly.

"What is it?" asked the old lady, vaguely wondering what could have happened.

"Why, the baby—the grandchild, of course! I read it in the paper this morning, and I said to my husband: 'I must run over and congratulate Mrs. Weston, she will be so pleased; her only son's first child.'"

Mrs. Weston kept silence. It was in the paper, then, but of course she had not seen it; she never took in a newspaper; that was one of her petty economies.

"Are you not glad, dear Mrs. Weston? And how is the young mother?—of course you have heard from your son—he naturally would write to you first?"

Mrs. Weston recovered herself. She gulped down a strange sense of sorrow and injustice that seemed to be crushing her, and managed to say in her quietest tone: "Of course we are all delighted. The mother is quite well." She longed to inquire the sex of the child—if it were a boy or a girl—but she dared not. To do so would have been to expose her own ignorance.

Mrs. Chasuble stayed some time chatting and asking questions; she was the mother of a large family herself, and took a lively interest in babies. Mrs. Weston sat on hot coals till she took her departure. Even the appearance of the tea-tray, with its brightly polished silver, scarcely served to withdraw the lively lady's attention from her favourite subject. As soon as she had left, amid a shower of final recommendations and good wishes, Mrs. Weston rang the bell. "Turner," she said, "if you are going into the village and could get me a newspaper, I should be obliged." When the paper was brought her, she carried it to her room and scanned it eagerly. "On the 10th instant, the wife of John Weston, of a son." So it was a son. He would inherit the place—live here some day. A flush overspread Mrs. Weston's pale cheek. How right she had been not to agree to sell it. If John did not care for his old home, his child would. That was certain. He should come here, learn to love it from his earliest infancy, appreciate the fine timber, admire the beautiful sweep of park, and the stately halls and bedchambers. Perhaps, then the latter would be refurnished, painted and repaired, as she had never owned the means to do. Into a happy day-dream the poor lady drifted. She saw the chubby faces of her grandchildren filling the old house with light and laughter; she heard the patter of their merry feet, their clear, high-toned voices chattering to the honoured and beloved grandmother who had kept their heritage intact. Suddenly, into the midst of this happy vision, shattering its ravishment, came the thought of her estrangement from her son. "He will never come here," she thought; "he will never let his children come. I must live alone till I die." Then warm tears began to gather in the dim eyes, and taking up the minature of her son as a child, which stood on her dressing table, she covered it with kisses, and allowed herself to sob piteously.

But externally she never relaxed from her attitude of dignity. Summer faded into winter, and no news ever reached her of her son and the new grandchild. She longed to know if it was alive, if it

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was well, whom it resembled. She remembered what a pretty child John had been, with blue eyes and curly hair, and she wondered if the baby's eyes were blue. The winter was the most trying time of all the year. The cold nipped the old lady and seemed to freeze her aged blood. Her bed-chamber was like an ice-house, and sometimes she could not sleep for the cold at night, even though she piled blankets and a heavy wadded quilt over her shivering limbs. Then the days were short and cheerless, and the long winter evenings seemed interminable, while she sat knitting by the light of one lamp, the rest of the room lying bathed in dark and melancholy shadow. Hitherto she had kept up her prestige as lady of the manor; the usual charities were doled out, bottles of port wine and coals and blankets at Christmas. This was a part of her fixed rule, that whatever she suffered herself, her dependants should still look to her as the Lady Bountiful, the dispenser of food and warmth. But the resources of her cellar were giving out; the bin containing the port wine was nearly empty, and she had scarcely any money at the bank. To run into debt, even for others, was impossible to this sturdy old lady, and bitterly she realised that this year her Christmas charities would fall far short of their usual munificence. To add to her misfortunes, Turner fell ill. The old servant, who had ministered to her so faithfully, seemed likely to leave her for ever. He had caught a cold, going an errand to the village in the snow, and had kept his bed ever since. The vicar's wife urged her to engage another servant, but Mrs. Weston, true to her principles, would not sanction such an expense. She did not give that as the reason, however. She merely said she could not endure new faces about her. So her loneliness deepened, and through the long winter evenings she sat silent, uncheered by Turner's quiet and unobtrusive attentions. She visited the old man in his room, a low, whitewashed garret, hung round with cuttings from the illustrated papers. The grate was empty, and the cold intense. "You had better have a fire, Turner," she said kindly.

"No, m'm," he answered firmly, "not while my mistress does without."

Mrs. Weston made no reply. Stoicism was a part of her nature, and she scarcely thought it strange that her servant should practise the same virtue. After all, he was neither as lonely nor as uncared for as herself. So every day she mounted the stairs to the garret and inquired of the old man how he did, and every day he cheerfully replied: "Better, m'm, thank you." But at last one day he did not answer when she spoke to him, and his eyes looked queer and wandering. Mrs. Weston got frightened. What if he should die—her old Turner, who had lived in her home and served her dinner carefully for forty years! She decided to send for a doctor, and when the cook started to fetch him, remained alone with the invalid. She felt very sad. Probably Turner would die, and then after a bit she would die, and be buried in the little churchyard under the yew tree, and perhaps then John would stand beside her grave and mourn for her. How unforgiving he was! Through all these years he had given no sign of regret or affection. He had married a woman who was a stranger to his mother; his child she had never seen. Then her heart yearned tenderly towards him, and she cried out like David, stretching her arms before her: "My son, O my own Jonathan, come back to me!" But only grim silence answered her, and the old man stirred feebly on his bed.

When the doctor arrived he ordered poultices and hot drinks, and a fire, and plenty of care and food. Then, his visit to the sick-room ended, he went to pay his respects to the lady of the house downstairs. Mrs. Weston stood, tall and erect, with her back to the fireplace, her grey hair primly pushed back under her cap, her worn black silk dress hanging round her in limp folds, dignified and well-bred as usual. "How do you find him, doctor?" she asked, with a transparent attempt at cheerfulness.

"He is very ill," the doctor said gravely, scrutinising the brave old face. "He wants care — but so do you. You are all alone. I will send in a nurse, and then she can attend to you both."

"I will have no nurse," said Mrs. Weston decidedly. "I am quite well, and there are servants to do what is necessary." She used the plural, though the cook alone made up the rest of the establishment. "Turner can have anything he requires."

"You must be very lonely," the doctor continued. "If I were you I should send

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for your son and his wife to pass Christmas with you. It is not good for you to be so solitary; and the winter has begun sharply."

"I did not ask your advice about my affairs," and the old lady lifted her head proudly, "but only to prescribe for my servant. Will he get well?"

"Oh, yes; but he is old, you know, very old; and old people can't expect the health and strength of youth."

Then the doctor took his departure, and drove off in his dogcart to visit the rest of his patients. The snow was falling softly, looking as though it meant to stay. Mrs. Weston watched the wheels of the carriage disappearing in the distance, and her heart sank within her. The solitude was terrible. All day long she should not hear another voice nor see another face. She must spend her Christmas alone, no one caring if she were alive or dead. For a moment her indomitable spirit quailed within her. What if she sent for her son, told him she was ill and alone, and sorry she refused to do his bidding? Then they might all be happy together. But then there was the baby. She could not strip the poor little thing of its inheritance. No; she must endure to the end, and remember the trust her husband had reposed in her. He was a good man; he would not have asked her to do what was impossible. So she took out her knitting and sat down as usual.

The next day was Christmas Eve. She saw from her window the school children wending their way through the falling snow, armed with branches of holly and laurel, for the decoration of the church. If this weather continued, she would not even enjoy the mild excitement of attending public worship. Without a carriage she dared not wade alone and unattended through the soft and treacherous snow. At her age the fireside was the only possible place. Then began a period of terrible mental struggle for the old lady. In her heart she questioned if she had done right after all. Might she not have yielded to her son's wishes, and let herself be guided by his reasons? The price offered for the place was a large one; they could have lived on the proceeds of the sale in comfort, whereas now the old place was a terrible drag on her resources. But then she had promised her husband, and promises were sacred. Her head ached, her thoughts seemed all in a muddle. How cold it was! The cheap coals raked together in a small heap in the middle of the large grate gave out no heat; her hands and feet were almost numb. "And yet I loved John!" she murmured. "I loved him. I did it all for the best—all for the best." The church bells rang out a merry chime. She almost fancied she heard the sound of the Christmas hymn being practised in the church. When she was young she had sung in the choir and taken an interest in the music. It would be warm in the little church, with the lights and the hum and buzz of merry workers. There would be white chrysanthemums on the altar, and bright red holly berries in the form of a cross. She had sent no flowers this year; the fires in her hothouses were long ago extinguished; she was as poor as any villager. She winced at the thought.

Then she remembered that there were no turkey, mince-pies or plum-pudding for her dinner to-morrow. Not that she cared for the food, but times were changed since the old hall resounded to the noise of song and laughter. Now all was silence, solitude and gloom. Even Mrs. Chasuble was not likely to look in. She would be busy with the Sunday-school, and the poor people's gifts, and the two services. The old lady's severe self-possession was failing her at last. She longed, with a heart-sick, inexplicable childish longing, for the clasp of some strong, kind hand, the touch of a loving kiss upon her faded cheek. If the baby had been here, now—that mysterious baby which filled her dreams by night, her waking thoughts by day, and which she felt certain that she was never destined to see! That baby was her stumbling-block, the more so that her absence from it was voluntary. What hindered her from going to her son? Her box was quickly packed, she wanted so little—some linen, her black silk dress, and a clean cap—she could pack it herself, and the cook could fetch a fly from the village. She half rose, quickened with a pleasant sense of excitement; then she remembered the cold, the snow, her age, and, more important than all, her ignorance of her son's whereabouts. No; she must wait. After all these years it would be foolish to change, to undo her long and weary work, the pitiful list of weary economies. Some day the baby would bless her memory, and if she did long for her son—well, she supposed she would get over it. No one

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yet ever died for want of a few caresses, but the day was long and *so* cold.

She must have slumbered. The fire had died down; the lamp stood on the table, where the cook had evidently placed it while she slept; the Christmas bells were still ringing, and Mrs. Weston raised herself, alert and lively. What was that sound? The back door must be open. She heard voices! Surely the elderly cook was not entertaining company against her mistress's express orders? It was a man's voice—a man's step—it advanced nearer—nearer——

"John!" Mrs. Weston gave a cry, at once hoarse and triumphant. "John, John—my son!" His arms were folded round her, and she lay on his shoulder sobbing. The unexpected happiness had broken down her hardly-strained composure. John soothed her. It was pleasant to cry in his arms.

"Don't cry, mother," he said, patting her gently as one does a child. "Don't cry. It's all right; we've come to spend Christmas with you."

She lifted her tear-stained face and looked vaguely round. A young woman approached timidly.

"Not the—the baby?" Mrs. Weston gave one hungry look at her, then turned away. The young woman pulled back her shawl and showed the face of a little child placidly sleeping. Mrs. Weston put her finger timidly on its chubby cheek.

"Are its eyes blue!" She asked wonderingly.

"Quite blue; they say it's the image of me," and John laughed in the hearty voice which seemed to bring a whiff of warm, vibrating life into the shadowy room, so full of sad memories. "How cold it is here," he continued, battering man-like with the poker on the dingy embers. "You're starved, mother; your hands are like ice!"

"It's—it's the pleasure," she whispered gratefully. "I didn't expect you."

"No; the doctor wrote and told me you were lonely, and Blanche thought you would like to see the child, and so we've come to stay."

"Oh!" An expression of ghastly despair came into his mother's eyes.

"What is it? You are not ill?" John's conjugal experience had taught him care for women's illness.

"No—but——" gasped out Mrs. Weston—"I haven't a Christmas dinner!"

"You poor, silly, blessed dear!" Her son dropped the poker and took both her hands in his. "How wretched you must have been all by yourself! Never mind the dinner; I'll arrange all that."

Mrs. Weston sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief. She was feeling very tired. Emotions were exhausting, she supposed. John went out to give orders and take the management of everything. Mrs. Weston no longer grudged it him; it was pleasant just to sit still and look at that dear baby sleeping so peacefully, with the long lashes drooping over its blue eyes. A boy—and blue eyes! Heaven had been good to her.

Presently John returned. "Why, mother, I can't think how you've been living! There's nothing in the larder and hardly any coal in the cellar! I'm glad I came. Why, you would have been starved—why, you might have died! I've sent off the garden boy with a long list, and I made the cook light a roaring fire in the kitchen."

"But——" Words of objection rose to Mrs. Weston's lips.

"Let me have my own way to-day, mother, and spend our Christmas as I choose. We've been parted too long." John's tone was masterful still, but his mother listened gladly. "I'm rich enough now to spend what I like."

"Then you don't want to sell the place?" She asked the question tremblingly, fearing that all this blissful vision, the calm, buxom woman before her, the little baby on her lap, the manly son, firmer and more manly than ever she remembered him, would fade away into a phantasmal creation of her fancy.

"You were right, mother, and I was wrong," said John, laying his strong hand tenderly on her shoulder. "We will keep the place, and baby shall live here some day."

Mrs. Weston stretched out a thin hand. "John," she said, "John, you've made me so happy. I tried to do my duty and keep my promise, but it's been hard—you don't know how hard—for I loved you always—loved you best—you and the baby."

[THE END.]

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SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

By MRS. CRAWFORD.

A TRIFLING custom is often the outcome of a profound conviction, the fruit of some wide social principle which emerges here and there in a succession of specific manifestations. The universal French habit of addressing a person as "Monsieur" or "Madame," whether they be superior or inferior to the speaker in station, may be taken as a case in point. It is the effect of something much deeper than what we in England vaguely refer to as French politeness. It is the direct outcome of that democratic spirit of equality which cannot be ignored in any study of French social life, and which is one of the best results of the French Revolution.

To say "Sir" to an omnibus conductor or a policeman, to address the newspaper-seller in her kiosque as "Madame" and the hotel servant-girl as "Mademoiselle" does not come readily to our English upper classes, with their rigid notions of class distinction and their clearly defined sense of their own social superiority. But in France good manners allow of no distinction of persons, and people of every rank are entitled to one and the same designation, for even the duchess and the countess in ordinary everyday parlance become simply "Madame," no more and no less than their humblest neighbours.

It is the law of conscription, from which no Frenchman is exempt, and the fact that there are no great public schools, corresponding to our own, reserved for the sons of the upper classes, and that consequently on the benches of the Lycées, or Government secondary schools, boys of practically every class sit side by side, that help to break down the old class distinctions. It would be easy, I admit, to find examples of an opposite tendency, for in human institutions equality can never be more than relative. Thus in France to-day we find a far wider diffusion of titles—nominally unrecognised by law though they be—than under the ancient *régime*, and the distinction of the Legion of Honour is far more eagerly sought after than any corresponding decoration with us. Yet every Englishman, I think, who, shunning the cosmopolitan crowds of Paris, sees something of normal French life in the provinces must be struck by this national characteristic.

One of its results is that in country districts respect and popularity are far more dependent on personal merit and amiability than on position. The mere fact that a person is rich and inhabits a *château* does not call forth any of those outward signs of deference from his poorer neighbours to which the English squire and his lady feel themselves entitled. On the contrary, he is probably an object of suspicion until he has gained the confidence of the people, in proof of which we find that a very small amount of local discontent or political disturbance will lead forthwith to the stoning of the *château* windows, or to a raid upon the trees in the park. Such an occurrence in France has no special significance, whereas in England it would indicate very deep-rooted disaffection.

Yet, in a general way, the relations of rich and poor are incomparably more pleasant and unrestrained than in an English village; greetings are exchanged more cordially, and the unfailing *bonhomie* of the French lower classes helps to create a friendly atmosphere. I have lived for some weeks at a time in a Normandy village unknown to the British tourist, and, studying the people in their simple, everyday life, have invariably found them kindly and courteous, and possessed of all the qualities that go to make good citizens and pleasant neighbours. In many, even of the poorest inhabitants, one found a refinement of mind and a charm of manner to which—with all their sterling virtues—our own working-classes cannot lay claim. Their hours of labour

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were long, their tasks often laborious, but whether it was the fishwives toiling over their husbands' nets, or the *blanchisseuses* ironing the summer frocks of the visitors in full view of the village street, they always appeared gay and cheerful.

The postman never stopped at the door with letters without a friendly "Bon jour, Madame," and a departing "Au revoir, Madame." The proprietor sent in frequent little gifts of game, and ripe pears, and salt herrings from his fishing-boat when it came into harbour from the North Sea fisheries ; and every market woman from whom we had ever purchased small smelts by the dozen, or apples for a few coppers, claimed an eager acquaintance with us on all occasions. Our village servant, who cooked unrivalled stews and *purées*, made our interests her own, and clearly considered that *les Anglais* were entitled to the best that the village could produce, and when finally we took our departure in the lumbering omnibus for the nearest railway station, everyone turned out to bid us good-bye, with the most courteous expressions of regret. All this was at the height of the Dreyfus agitation, and when we returned home to find the English papers ringing with the perfidy and depravity of the French nation, it was a little difficult to maintain an equable temper.

To condemn the mass of the French people for the doings and utterances of corrupt politicians and gutter journalists in the capital is as grotesquely unfair as to judge of French domestic morality by the conduct of M. Bourget's heroines. Smart society in the French capital is as extravagant and reckless and selfish as the corresponding society in London, and it is usually much better dressed, but in either case the class represents a very small fraction of the nation, the drones that live upon the industry of others. We have, too, in France, as in the sister Republic of the United States—for reasons too profound to be touched on here—an amount of political corruption which has never yet been found in a constitutional monarchy, and equally in both the Republics we find a venal and hysterical press hanging on to the skirts of the political world. All friends of France and of America regret these things, but it is not by them that the nations can be judged.

It is only away from Paris, and from the haunts of wealthy tourists, who invariably bring demoralisation in their train, that one can study the solid virtues and excellent qualities of head and heart, which are the mainstay of the French nation. To those who are familiar with the admirable example set by the majority of French women of all classes as wives and mothers and heads of housholds, it is lamentable to hear English people talk with self-righteous pride of the notorious frivolity and worldliness and love of dress of the average Frenchwoman. You may hear French ladies of good position declare quite simply that they have never left their children for a single night, and that they never fail to preside in the nursery while the baby is being put to bed. You will see, even in Paris, on a fine spring morning, rows of smartly-dressed young mothers walking beside the nurse and the perambulator in the Champs Elysées—a thing no English mother of the upper classes ever dreams of doing. French ladies are scandalised at the extent to which we in England relegate the care of our children to nurses and governesses. Among the working-classes cruelty to children is far less common than with us, and wife-beating is practically unknown. On the other hand, what has come to be known in the French Courts as "*crime passionnel*" is of far more frequent occurence in all ranks of life than on this side of the Channel.

The most ordinary young Frenchman will entertain for his mother a romantic attachment, so little understood in England that we regard it as something theatrical and excessive. But it is the natural return for years of self-sacrificing love and a life-long community of interests. From his mother the Frenchman hides nothing—not even his debts and his love affairs ; she arranges his marriage, she watches over his career, and in return he flies to her in every crisis of his life, and has frequently been known to refuse a brilliant appointment on the ground that it would entail too long a separation. Indeed this cult of *ma mère* has come to form one of those intangible barriers which close the path of colonial expansion to the French nation.

In trade and commerce French women are their husbands' trusted assistants. Their methodical habits and their talent for figures make them excellent accountants, and it is they who habitually keep the books of the establishment, however

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extensive it may be. In agricultural pursuits they take a far more active share than Englishwomen. The French peasant woman, sturdy and active, works in the fields all the year round and in all weathers, hoeing and weeding and helping to gather in the crops. And the wife of the peasant proprietor or well-to-do farmer does not disdain to rise at four in the morning and to turn a practical hand to all the work of the establishment. Early morning hours are essential to the success of agricultural operations, and I often think that the lie-abed habits of the English people must be partly responsible for the cry that "agriculture won't pay."

A lady farmer, one of the few in England who have made a comfortable living out of a small grazing farm, and who herself rises at five o'clock all through the summer months, told me that the wives and daughters of her farming neighbours were never visible before eight o'clock, an hour by which half her morning's labours were over. It is the women, not the men, of France who are responsible for the poultry-rearing and butter and cheese-making, and it is not from large agricultural establishments, as we might suppose, but from thousands of small homesteads, each possessing but a few acres of land, that we import every year the millions of eggs and the tons of butter which our own countrywomen are unable to produce, although England possesses the richest pasture land in Europe.

The wealth of France does not consist, as with us, in the existence of a large number of princely fortunes, or the accumulation of vast masses of capital in the hands of the few. It consists in the wide diffusion of moderate wealth, and of a sober measure of solid comfort throughout the nation at large. The article in the Code Napoleon destroying the rights of primogeniture, and constraining parents to an equal division of property between their children, together with the universal custom of bestowing a *dot* on every girl at her marriage, has helped to bring a modest competency within the reach of many, while contributing directly to the breaking up of large accumulations of land or capital.

The smallness of French families, which to-day is becoming a grave source of weakness to the country, is another direct result of the very stringent property regulations of the Napoleonic Code, and, of course, assists materially in maintaining the level of comfort. Poverty there is in Paris and in all the great towns, and isolated cases may be found, no doubt, in every parish, but there is no great mass of squalid poverty such as exists in the East and South of London, constituting one of the most terrible problems of our time. It is the rarest thing in France to see a man or woman in rags. They seldom wear the cast-off clothing of the rich. The food of the working-classes, although they eat less meat, is immeasurably superior to that of our own. The modest home of the peasant or fisherman lacks none of the necessaries of life.

Civilisation, as Mr. Bodley has pointed out in his admirable volume on France, has permeated society to a much lower level than in other countries. Concerning the working-classes he writes: "Their stores of household linen, their excellent cooking, the propriety of their attire, though not universal, exist as signs of the force of the French race, which resists the disorderliness of its governors." I have known French families of the working-class in London who had retained all the natural characteristics of their race. The children were the best-dressed in the school, the home a pattern of cleanliness, an admirable economy prevailing throughout. It was not that they spent less than their English neighbours, but that their standard of comfort was so manifestly higher.

The wife of a Normandy fisherman was one day pouring out to me her husband's impressions of Ireland, and she spoke of the Irish people as of some half-civilised nation living in a condition of semi-starvation. That was the impression her husband had derived from frequent visits to the Irish coasts. "*Ah, Madame, quel malheureux pays*," the woman repeatedly exclaimed in the course of her narrative, and her sincere horror and pity seemed to me instructive. It was plain that these people, simple fisher-folk as they were, were wholly unfamiliar among themselves with the degree of poverty which is the normal condition of an Irish fishing village. And yet, on the face of it, there seems no good reason for so marked a contrast.

Here we touch on a pre-eminently French virtue—the virtue of thrift. From her cradle upwards the Frenchwoman

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practises it; her vice is never a reckless prodigality, but not infrequently she is parsimonious, even avaricious. The typical French peasant is always represented hoarding his savings, and there is some unkind truth in the picture. A Frenchwoman will ceaselessly husband her resources, turning to good account scraps and remnants which an English housewife would fling aside as worthless. She is emphatically the good *ménagère*, and it is owing to her domestic qualities that French charitable institutions are admittedly among the best managed in the world.

Ladies of the very highest rank will devote themselves to the domestic details of the charitable concerns in which they are interested, and show an innate capacity for the work. They have a genius for order and method, and the most elaborate schemes for effecting some philanthropic object will be carried out by a whole army of voluntary workers, each punctually performing her allotted task, where in England the same undertaking would inevitably fall to the ground from lack of organisation. It was only a French feminine mind that could have grasped the charitable possibilities to be extracted from the house-to-house collection of broken food, and the idea having been taken up in England the ratepayers are relieved of the maintenance of some thousands of destitute old people.

It is one of those curious inconsistencies of life that, in a country which in all classes owes so much and accords so much to its women, women's rights, as we understand them—the political equality of man and woman—are a thing almost undreamt of. A good deal is heard of "feminism," as it is called in certain circles of the capital, where it is preached, as a rule, by somewhat hysterical women, but as a tendency it has no hold whatever on the nation. I do not think it will ever harmonise with the essential Latinism of the race. The "*jeune fille*" of the French upper classes is still closely chaperoned, takes very little exercise, and is, from the English point of view, prim and narrow, and wholly lacking in initiative, though she certainly possesses some old-fashioned domestic qualities in which our English high-school girl is conspicuously lacking.

Away from the gaieties of Paris, life in a French château—those charming country-houses with gardens in front and court-yards behind, and pointed turrets on the roof—runs in a very monotonous groove. An English girl, who has paid French country-house visits, tells me there is very little to do, and a good deal of etiquette to keep up, with frequent changes of toilette. Out-door games—save perhaps croquet—play a very small part in the lives of Frenchwomen. So, too, at a sea-side resort they will spend whole mornings, day after day, doing embroidery on the sands, and the whole afternoon and evening, in fresh toilettes, or gossiping at the Casino.

The ubiquitous bicycle has, of course, introduced a fresh element into French life, and added somewhat to the small measure of freedon accorded to the *jeune fille*, but, as a matter of fact, Frenchwomen seldom ride long distances. They are content to potter about with a gentleman in attendance, and are rarely met with far from home.

It has always seemed to me that English and French people have a special aptitude for misunderstanding each other, and their misunderstandings not infrequently attain to matters of national importance. And it is when we make enemies of the French that we see them at their worst. French people are charming friends and the most ungenerous of foes. Like all Latin people they indulge quickly in bitter personal invective, and the venom of their tongue or pen is turned as easily against each other as against a common enemy. Hence the scurrility of the French Press, which must never be held to represent the sober opinion of the French nation. Hence those ebullitions of temper and jealousy which we on our side find it so hard to regard with patience.

The best friends of the French are those who know them the most intimately, who can converse freely with them in their own language, who have been in a position to watch them in their normal daily life. And for them, in spite of judicial blundering and political corruption and newspaper ravings, the French nation will always retain a hold on their affections.

V. M. CRAWFORD.

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ROYALTY WORKING FOR THE POOR.

What the London Needlework Guild is Doing.

By MRS. HIRST ALEXANDER.

SINCE Dorcas made coats and garments for the poor at Joppa what generations of women have trodden in her beneficent footprints, so imperishably scored on the sands of time! But the world is growing daily in compassion for the needy—a compassion ever spreading its tendrils into all classes of society—from the Throne downwards. "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord." This makes sacred the privilege of helping those of our fellows who are so unfortunate as not to be able to help themselves—Christ's poor, whom he thus makes one with himself.

In taking up the headship of the London Needlework Guild, and in so earnestly fulfilling her many other self-imposed charitable offices, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has testified practically to her deep sympathy for the sick, aged, and unfortunate, and for that large section of humanity who, though more than willing to work, seem in their inability to get a living share of it, to be *de trop* upon the earth.

The Guild, which held its annual exhibition of work in November at the Imperial Institute, was founded in 1882 by the late Lady Wolverton, the lead being taken over on that lady's demise by the philanthropic Princess, H.R.H. the late Duchess of Teck, zealously assisted by her daughter, then Princess May, and the mother's mantle was sacredly folded to her own shoulders by the Duchess of York, when, later on, the Patroness and Head President of the Guild was in her turn called by God to lay the work down.

The objects of the Association are to distribute articles of clothing among the hospitals, missions, prisons, refuges, and poor parishes of London, to encourage useful work and to provide an aim for many who have hitherto worked without one. It is open to men, women and children of all ages and classes, and is unsectarian in character.

The Guild is divided into groups, each group containing one president, five or more vice-presidents, and at least fifty associates. A president is expected to contribute 7s. 6d. annually to the expenses of the Guild; to find five vice-presidents or send not less than 100 articles yearly. A vice-president must secure ten associates or supply a minimum of twenty-two articles, whilst each associate undertakes to donate two or more articles to the cause. All goods must be new and useful.

Men associates are welcomed, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales evidences his practical interest in the organisation by being an associate and a large contributor. Each gentleman binds himself to send annually two or more articles of clothing suitable for men or boys, as suits, overcoats, boots, socks, stockings, vests, etc., or a subscription to purchase these things.

The associates send their work or subscriptions to their vice-presidents, whose duty it is to receive them and to see that buttons and strings are on all articles requiring them, that everything is properly finished off, and that all pairs of stockings, etc., are firmly fastened together. The importance of this duty may be estimated in the fact that before one of the recent displays of work, several persons were employed three days, making good these failures in thoroughness of careless members. The vice-presidents then forward the collected goods with their own to their president. The latter sorts and packs the work of her group and sends it on the day and to the place appointed for distribution, with her name outside the respective sacks or parcels. Each member is expected to pay the carriage of goods forwarded.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S GROUP AT THE EXHIBITION.

The presidents form the Committee for management and distribution. Each 150 articles sent by a president entitles her to an appeal for a parish or charitable institution subject to approval of the Committee. After the grants asked for have been dealt with, any surplus remaining is apportioned to charities known to be deserving of support.

The distribution of grants is confined to the area of the County Council map of London, with the addition of a small piece of Essex (quite in the East) called "London over the Border."

This year the aggregate of articles sent in was upwards of 60,000, but when the scale of division is considered, it will be seen, large as the number is, how far it falls short of the necessities of the people and how great is the call for more workers. The scale of distribution for large parishes is as follows :—

20,000	and over	poor	inhabitants		500 articles
15,000	,,	,,	,,	,,	400 ,,
10,000	,,	,,	,,	,,	350 ,,
8,000	,,	,,	,,	,,	300 ,,
5,000	,,	,,	,,	,,	200 ,,
2,500	,,	,,	,,	,,	150 ,,

Some idea of the labour of distribution may be gauged in the fact that last year, besides 1,000 articles sent to the soldiers fighting at the front, no less than 137 parishes, 34 missions, 91 hospitals, homes, associations, etc., and 19 ragged schools, orphanages, and children's guilds received grants, whilst the superior clothing was apportioned to twelve societies for the aid of poor gentlepeople. The following single quotation out of the innumerable letters of thanks sent shows the appreciation of the gifts by the recipients :—

Please accept our very warmest thanks

PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR'S GROUP.

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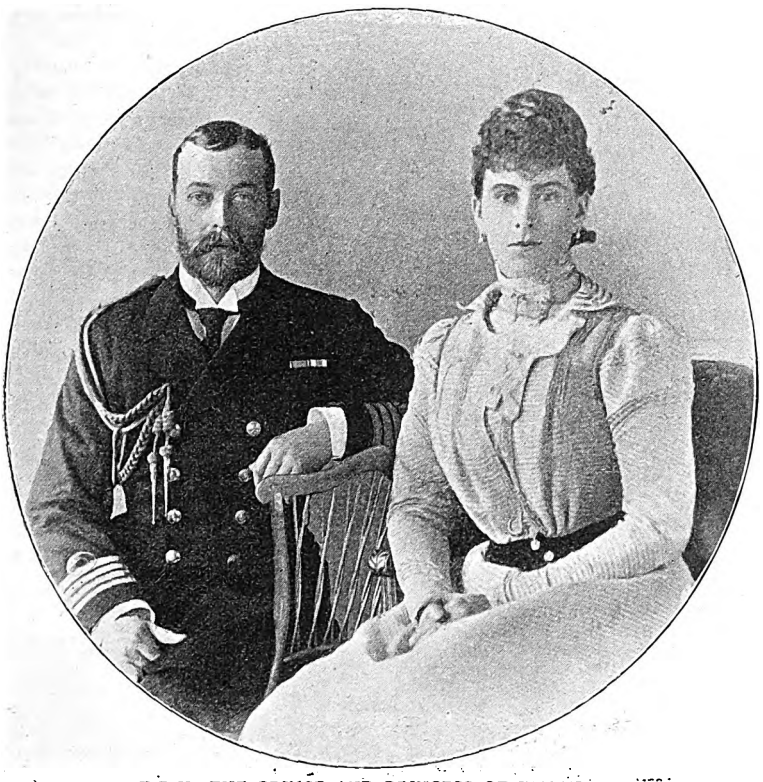
for the splendid gift of clothing for the poor of the "Tilbury Dock and Railway Parochial Mission," which arrived quite safely a few days ago. I feel that my words are but a very poor response to all the loving care and time that has been expended on those delightful gifts, though I know the ladies did not work for our poor praise. However, I trust you will most kindly express to the members of the Guild our sense of the benefits conferred on our very poor people by their generous and gracious presents.

Many charities are craving for help, and it is the regret of the Committee that they are not always able to make grants to very poor parishes needing them, and presidents are being urged to persuade their friends to join the Guild, and form a group.

At present, the number of presidents besides its Royal Patron and Head—the Princess of Wales—is 127. Among them are H.S.H. Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duchess of Somerset, Viscountess Maitland, Dowager Countess of Northesk; Dowager Countess of Aylesford, Dowager Lady Manners, the Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Mary Arkwright, the Lady Belhaven, Lady Edith Drummond, Lady Faudel Phillips, Lady Vernon Harcourt, the Lady Mount Stephen, Hon. Mrs. Mostyn, Hon. Mrs. Mallet, and ladies from all parts of London and the country.

Mrs. Basil Ellis, Bevendean, Oxshott, Surrey, is the Honorary Secretary—a very onerous post, which she has assiduously and most successfully filled for many years.



T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
The Princess is the Head President of the Guild; the Prince an Associate and large contributor.
Photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

In the annual exhibition, at which all who have worked and the general public may see the result of the year's efforts, a great deal of labour is also incurred. For a fortnight before the recent Show, the members were busy in the East Corridor of the Imperial Institute unpacking the goods, and arranging them for display on the various tables. H.R.H. the Head President was among the busiest, assisted by the Lady Mary Lygon, her Lady-in-Waiting, who takes a very active part in the operations, and others.

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Her Royal Highness, as far as possible, personally looks at all the contributions, noting those especially useful and of extra good quality, whose donators are sure to hear of their President's pleasure at the thoughtful gifts.

As the Princess of Wales's Group sent in nearly 12,000 articles, it may be imagined that the work undertaken by its President in unpacking and reviewing so vast a number is no sinecure.

Among the articles on view were a number of warm blue and pink crocheted petticoats for children, worked by her Royal Highness on board the "Ophir," during her late wonderful tour around the Empire. A parcel of men's clothing from His Majesty the King; 500 articles from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who in his gifts showed the domestic, fatherly heart in thinking of the children and small babies, as well as of the women, men and boys. H.R.H. the Princess Victoria sent warm knitted stockings.

In addition to the clothing, of which all kinds requisite for comfortable wear for both sexes and all ages, including boots, shoes, slippers, hats, caps, collars, neckties, and even umbrellas, were represented, there were to be seen on the tables, arranged according to groups, piles of winter blankets, rugs, quilts, and a multitude of cosy things for invalids and old folks.

As warning and information to contributors who thoughtlessly send useless articles to the Guild, a table was laid out with sundry presentations of this kind with their failings fully noted. A box of 500 articles was marked "Incomplete and unsuitable." A large quantity of towels and dusters, from their very inferior quality, as "Absolutely useless," "Acceptable if good." "Infants' clothes *must* be of flannel," was written over a tiny garment of flannelette. Some petticoats and stockings were inscribed as "Too thin"; a pinafore, "Too narrow across the back for any child"; a nightdress sachet of embroidery and lace, "Unsuitable for the poor"; a knitted hood, "Too inferior in quality"; a pillow case, "Too small"; whilst over a couple of crocheted mufflers was written, "No child could wear them"; and helpers were asked not to send large quantities of pocket-handkerchiefs.

Many of the members contribute far more than the minimum specified number of articles. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales sent in 836; Mrs. Basil Ellis (Hon. Secretary) 2,914; Lady Harcourt 2,586; Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimer 389; the Duchess of Somerset 266, and so on.

Enough has been said to show the extent and great usefulness of the work done by the London Needlework Guild and the scope it and other guilds since founded on the same lines offer to busy fingers wishful to turn leisure and industrial talent to good and beneficent account.

M. HIRST ALEXANDER.

THE CHILDREN'S SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION.

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THE CONFESSION.*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE convent of the Third Order of Dominican Nuns—a large whitewashed building with little deep-set windows—stands at the corner of the Rua de St. Pedro in Lisbon. Inside the high wooden porch there is a life-size wooden statue of St. Dominic, founder of the Order, and the stranger is surprised to observe the curious scraps which are scattered over the pedestal. These singular votive offerings vary from week to week. For the most part they consist of cups of wine, splinters of firewood, crumbs of cheese, and berries of coffee, but occasionally a broken tin saucepan or a cracked plate is to be found among them. With simple faith the Sisters, when their household stores run low, lay a piece of whatever it is they lack in front of their saint, as a reminder to him that they look to him for help, and sure enough upon the next day there arrives the wood, the wine, the new saucepan, or whatever else it is they need. Whether this is due to a miracle or to the help of the pious laity outside may be a question to others, but it is none to the simple-minded Sisters of St. Dominic. To them their whole existence is one continued miracle, and they point to the shelves of their own larder as a final refutation of every heretical doubt.

And if they were asked, these gentle fanatics, why their Order above all others should be chosen for this constant supernatural care, they would have answered that it was a heavenly recognition of the sanctity of their Mother Superior. For twenty years Sister Monica had worked among those fallen classes which it is the special mission of the Dominican nuns to rescue. There was not an alley in Lisbon which had not been brightened by the flutter of her long white gown. And still as Lady Abbess she went on working and praying with a tireless energy which put the young novices to shame.

No one could compute how many there were who had been drawn from a life of sin through her exertions. For she had, above all things, the power of showing sympathy and of drawing the confidence of those who had suffered. They said that it was a sign that she had suffered herself; but none knew her early history, for she had come from the mountains of the north, and she spoke seldom and briefly of her own life. Her wax-like face was cold and serene, but there came a look sometimes into her large dark eyes which made the wretched and the poor feel that there was no depth of sorrow where the Abbess Monica had not been before them.

In the placid life of the convent, there is one annual event which is preceded by six months of expectation and followed by six of reminiscence. It is the yearly mission or retreat, when some reverend preacher comes among them, and, through a week of prayer and exhortation, stimulates these pious souls to a finer shade of spirituality. Only a saint could hope to influence so saint-like a congregation, and it is the last crown to the holy and earnest priest that he should have given a retreat to the Sisters of St. Dominic. In one year it had been Espinas, the Franciscan; on another Father Menas, the famous Abbot of Alcantara. But neither of these had caused the suppressed excitement which filled the convent when it passed from cell to cell that the retreat this year was to be given by no less a man than Father Garcia, the Jesuit.

For Father Garcia was a priest whose name was famous through all Catholic Europe as being a worthy successor to the Xaviers and Loyolas who founded the first Company of Jesus. He was a preacher, he was a writer, above all he was a martyr, for he had carried the Gospel into Thibet and had come back with splintered fingers and twisted wrists as a sign of his devotion. Those mutilated hands raised in exhortation had moved his hearers more than the exhortation itself. In person he was tall, dark, and bent, worn to the bone with

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self-discipline, with a keen, eager face, and the curved predatory nose of the aggressive churchman. Once that dark, deep-lined face had grace and beauty; now it had character and power; but in youth or age it was a face which neither man nor woman could look upon with indifference. A pagan sword-cut, which had disfigured the cheek, gave it an additional grace in the eyes of the faithful. So warped and worn and haggard was the man's whole appearance that one might have doubted whether such a frame could contain so keen and earnest a spirit had it not been for those flashing dark eyes which burnt in the heavy shadows of the tufted brows.

It was those eyes which dominated his hearers, whether they consisted of the profligate society of Lisbon or of the gentle nuns of St. Dominic. When they gleamed fiercely as he denounced sin and threatened the sinner, or when, more seldom, they softened into a serene light as he preached the gospel of love, they forced those who saw them into the emotion which they expressed. Standing at the foot of the altar, with his long black figure and his eager face, he swayed the dense crowd of white-cowled women with every flash of those terrible eyes and with every sweep of that mutilated hand. But most of all he moved the Abbess. Her eyes were never taken from his face, and it was noticed that she, who had seemed for so long to have left all the emotions of this world beneath her, sat now with her wax-like face as white as the cowl which framed it, and that after every sermon she would tremble and shake until her rosary rattled against the wooden front of her *prie-dieu*. The lay-Sister of the refectory, who had occasion to consult the Lady Abbess upon one of those nights, could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her self-contained superior sobbing her heart out, with her face buried in her little hard pillow.

At last the week of the retreat was over, and upon the Saturday night each nun was to make her general confession as a preparation for the Communion upon the Sunday morning. One after another these white-gowned figures, whose dress was emblematic of their souls, passed into the confessional, whispered through the narrow grating the story of their simple lives, and listened in deep humility and penitence to the wise advice and gentle admonitions which the old priest, with eyes averted, whispered back to them. So, in their due order, lay-Sisters, novices, Sisters, they came back into the chapel, and waited only for the return of their Abbess to finish the day with the usual vespers.

The Abbess Monica had entered the little dark confessional, and saw through the foot-square wire-latticed opening the side of a grey head, one listening ear, and a claw-like hand which covered the rest of the face. A single candle was burning dimly by the Jesuit's side, and she heard the faint rustle as he turned over the leaves of his breviary. With the air of one who discloses the most terrible crimes, she knelt, with her head abased in sweet humility, and murmured the few trivial faults which still united her to humanity. So slight they were, and so few, that the priest was wondering in his mind what penance there was which would not be out of all proportion to her innocence, when the penitent hesitated, as if she still had something to say, but found it difficult to say it.

"Courage, my sister," said Father Garcia; "what is there which still remains?"

"What remains," she said, "is the worst of all."

"And yet it may not be very serious," said the confessor reassuringly; "have no fear, my sister, in confiding it to me."

But still the Abbess hesitated, and when at last she spoke it was in a whisper so low that the hand beyond the grating gathered itself round the ear.

"Reverend father," she said, "we who wear the garb of the holy Dominic have vowed to leave behind us all thoughts of that which is worldly. And yet I, who am the unworthy Abbess, to whom all others have a right to look for an example, have during all this week been haunted by the memory of one whom I loved—of a man whom I loved, father—in the days, so many years ago, before I took the veil."

"My sister," said the Jesuit, "our thoughts are not always ours to command. When they are such as our conscience disapproves we can but regret them and endeavour to put them away."

"There lies the blackness of my sin, father. The thoughts were sweet to me, and I could not in my heart wish to put them away. When I was in my cell I did indeed struggle with my own weakness,

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but at the first words which fell from your lips——"

"From my lips!"

"It was your voice, father, which made me think of what I had believed that I had at last forgotten. Every tone of your voice brought back the memory of Pedro."

The confessor started at this indiscretion by which the penitent had voluntarily uttered the name of her lover. She heard his breviary flutter down upon the ground, but he did not stoop to pick it up. For some little time there was a silence, and then with head averted he pronounced the penance and the absolution.

She had risen from the cushion, and was turning to go, when a little gasping cry came from beside her. She looked down at the grating and shrank in terror from the sight. A convulsed face was looking out at her, framed in that little square of oak. Two terrible eyes looked out of it—two eyes so full of hungry longing and hopeless despair that all the secret miseries of thirty years flashed into that one glance.

"Julia!" he cried.

And she leant against the wooden partition of the confessional, her hand upon her heart, her face sunk. Pale and white-clad, she looked a drooping lily.

"It *is* you, Pedro!" said she at last. "We must not speak! It is wrong!"

"My duty as a priest is done," said he. "For God's sake give me a few words. Never again in this world shall we two meet again."

"I did not know you, Pedro. You are very changed. Only your voice is the same."

"I did not know you either—not until you mentioned my old name. I did not know that you had taken the veil."

She heaved a gentle sigh.

"What was there left for me to do?" said she. "I had nothing to live for when you had left me."

His breath came quick and harsh through the grating. "When I left you! When you ordered me away," said he.

"Pedro, you know that you left me."

The eager, dark face composed itself suddenly, with the effort of a strong man who steadies himself down to meet his fate.

"Listen, Julia," said he. "I saw you last upon the Plaza. We had but an instant, because your family and mine were enemies. I said that if you put your lamp in your window I would take it as a sign that you wished me to remain true to you, but that if you did not I should vanish from your life. You did not put it."

"I did put it, Pedro."

"Your window was the third upon the top."

"It was the first. Who told you that it was the third?"

"Your cousin Alphonso — my only friend in the family."

"My cousin Alphonso was my rejected suitor."

The two claw-like hands flew up into the air with a horrible spasm of hatred.

"Hush, Pedro, hush!" she whispered.

"I have said nothing."

"Forgive him!"

"No; I shall never forgive him! Never! never!"

"You did not wish to leave me, then?"

"I joined the Order in the hope of death."

"And you never forgot me?"

"God help me, I never could."

"I am so glad that you could not forget me. O Pedro, your poor, poor hands! My loss has been the gain of others. I have lost my love, and I have made a saint and a martyr."

But he had sunk his face, and his gaunt shoulders shook with his agony.

"What about our lives!" he murmured. "What about our wasted lives!"

. . . . . .

The Sisters of St. Dominic still talk of the last sermon which Father Garcia delivered to them, a sermon upon the terrible mischances of life and upon the hidden sweetness which may come from them, until the finest flower of good may bloom upon the foulest stem of evil. He spoke of the soul-killing sorrow which may fall upon us, and how we may be chastened by it, if it be only that we learn a deeper and truer sympathy for the sorrow of our neighbour. And then he prayed himself and implored his hearers to pray that an unhappy man and a gentle woman might learn to take sorrow in such a spirit, and that the rebellious spirit of the one might be softened and the tender soul of the other made strong. Such was the prayer which a hundred of the Sisters sent up, and if sweetness and purity can aid it their prayer may have brought peace once more to the Abbess Monica and to Father Garcia of the Order of Jesus.

[THE END.]

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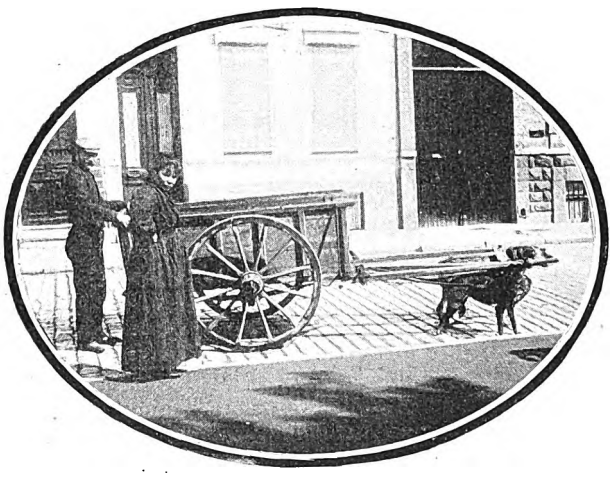
DOGS IN HARNESS.

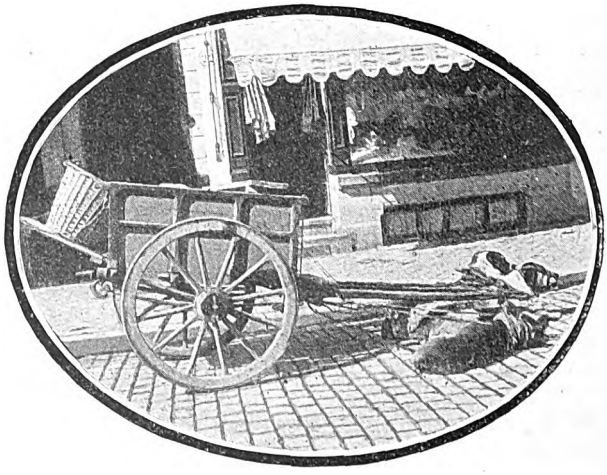
By CHARLES HORNER.



A FLEMISH PEASANT AND HIS WIFE, WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES RICH IN THE POSSESSION OF A CART AND PAIR OF DOGS.

"IN Belgium all the dogs are horses" is the way in which the Irishman described the fact illustrated by our photographs. It comes as a rude surprise to an Englishman the first time he sees a heavy cart with an equally heavy market woman comfortable squatting in it, drawn by a dog. And when he finds that the streets of the old Flemish cities swarm with dog-drawn vehicles of all sorts, sizes, and shapes he rapidly concludes that he has entered a land of cruelty where man hath no bowels of compassion for the dumb brute. The milk-woman, the butcher, the fishmonger, the general dealer, all convey their goods through the streets in dog carts. Sometimes a single animal represents the tradesman's wealth in dogflesh; more often we see a pair cheerfully plodding along; occasionally the load is heavy enough to tax the energies of three of these patient beasts.

Is it cruel? That is a question the dog alone can answer. But the probability is that there is really very little cruelty save in exceptional cases. Though unnecessarily clumsy and heavy, the carts are comparatively small, as some of the photos show. The following incident recently witnessed by the writer in Bruges will show how deceptive is the apparent weight of these carts. A couple of dogs, harnessed to a clumsy cart, *would* persist in turning down the wrong street. The man in charge, without any whip or stick, and without the inevitable curses we should expect to hear under similar circumstances in England, firmly, quietly, and repeatedly turned the dogs in the right direction. But, like many a two-legged sinner, they had no desire to be shown the error of their ways and with the obstinacy of mules the two creatures wheeled round again and again. Finally the man seized the shafts and lifting them and the dogs bodily, walked a dozen paces in the right direction. Then he put them down and they went



IN THE MARKET PLACE AT BRUGES AFTER BRINGING A LOAD OF VEGETABLES IN FROM THE COUNTRY.

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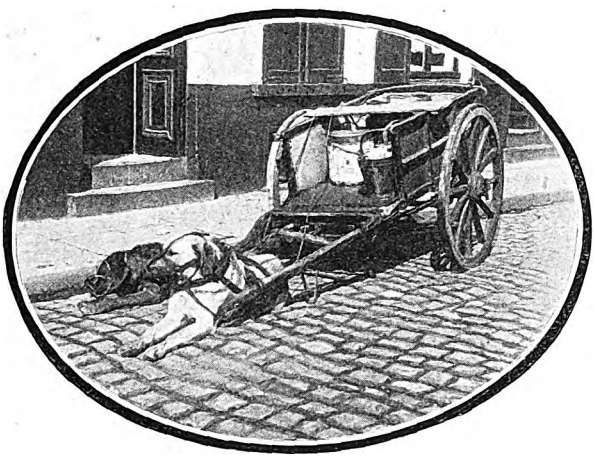
peaceably on their way. He was not a second Sandow. Our photo shows that, for he afterwards kindly posed with his buxom wife for the readers of this magazine.



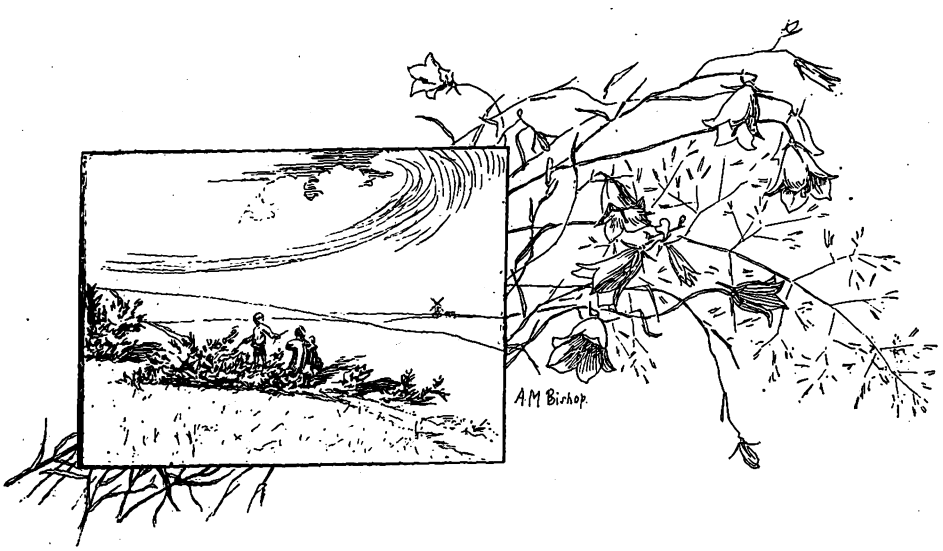
A FLEMISH MILKWOMAN'S CART AND PAIR.

Neither are these Belgian dogs on their feet all day like horses. Directly the cart stops down they go, stretching at full length with the shafts resting on the ground. Often they are able to enjoy a short nap. The dogs that draw a milkwoman's cart for example are thus able to sandwich rest and labour, labour and rest through every street. This is a practice that would doubtless commend itself strongly to our English cab-horses while their lord and master is waiting for a fare. It would be a highly diverting sight however, to see scores of horses taking forty winks.

Could these four-footed beasts of burden voice their grievances they would probably be unanimous in grumbling about the wretchedly paved streets. You can't shoe dogs as you can horses and so deaden the sense of feeling in the feet. On a hot summer day, continual trotting over the scorching and uneven stones must be very trying to the poor beasts' feet. Happily the rule of the road (just the opposite to ours) is not so strictly observed over there, and traffic has a way of gravitating to the shady side of the road.

As might be expected, a lifetime in harness results in an abnormal development of the hindquarters. While drawing a cart the dog strains the body forward, firmly pressing the feet on the ground. So that when free from the shafts the haunches stand out prominently and the legs—all muscle—are planted firmly and well apart.

CHARLES HORNER.



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COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS AND NURSES.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES

By Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Proper Nutrition of Infant Children.

THE love of the beautiful is an instinct of the race. Man everywhere seeks to express this sentiment; a savage in the adornment of his person with garish paints and beads; the great artist in his model of the human form divine. The early lessons in the nursery should instil into the mind the duty of making the very best of the faces and forms God has given us, and the necessity of health to beauty is a truth which needs only to be stated. We all want to be physically perfect; and unless proper food is chosen for each individual, carefully adapted to age and constitution, the process of development is interfered with, and illness results. Without nutrition there cannot be beauty; without proper assimilation of food there is no nutrition; without proper digestion there is no assimilation.

We know that our bodies are built up from materials taken from the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe. These make the bony framework; they nourish the muscles which clothe the skeleton and give graceful contour to its angles. From these same materials the blood which courses through the arteries gets its ultimate elements, and the very brain, which controls the whole being, depends upon proper nourishment for its health and activity.

To the end, then, that a mother may select proper food for her child, it seems to me very important that she should understand the digestive apparatus, what part of the body is concerned in the changing or transmutation of the food into the life-giving blood which bounds from centre to periphery.

The digestion proper is managed through the alimentary canal, which is, if unfolded, five or six times the length of the body, and, of course this alimentary canal begins at the mouth. The mouth and throat, stomach and intestines are all lined with a mucous membrane, which is full of minute glands of two kinds with separate duties; one to take in the nourishing parts of the food when properly softened by the juices of the intestines, and the other set of glands to throw out the fluid which digests or emulsifies the food. Now, of course, when we remember that shut up in the body is this long extent of digestive apparatus, and that this is lined with all these little glands forming part of the mucous membrane, it is not wonderful that a slight variation from propriety in diet or irregularity in feeding may cause disease.

The first thing to notice is the mouth, which, in the new-born child, is quite incomplete in development and its shape is arranged for suction. As the teeth are evolved it broadens and the jaws harden; but in infancy it is really a passive thing, and has nothing whatever to do during the first two or three months of the child's life with any chemical change in the food. All changes during this earliest part of the baby's life are made in the stomach or the intestines. Just as soon as a mother sees a baby's mouth watering and the saliva dribbling down on its dress, she may know that there is a stimulation in the glands which lie inside the mouth under the tongue and the jaw. The glands are called the parotid, the sub-maxillary and the sub-lingual. During the early part of the child's life they are

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quiescent, but when the teeth begin to set in the jaw, as nurses say, the glands begin to wake up, and throw out a secretion which is sticky, tastes something like soda-water, and has the power of changing starch into sugar. And just here I must make a very important statement, to wit: No starchy matter which is taken into the infant's mouth can become part or parcel of its organisation until it has been changed into glucose or sugar, and this change is accomplished by saliva. The baby, therefore, before it is three months old should never be given food which has starch in it unless something be added to aid digestion; because it has not the necessary juices to dissolve such substances, and they go unchanged through the stomach, so giving rise, as soon as they reach the intestines, to severe and painful irritation. There is not a bit of starch in the mother's milk, and the child needs nothing else until after it begins to get its teeth, or until the excessive flow of saliva hints to the mother that the child craves some nutrient not to be found in its food.

From the mouth the food enters the child's stomach, which is very different from the stomach of a grown person, for it is pushed toward the left side, and, as has been stated in a former article, often crowds upon the heart, because the liver in the baby is very much larger in proportion to the body than in an adult. The baby's stomach is more tubular in form than in an adult, and is lined, as is the stomach of an adult, with mucous membrane, in which are imbedded tiny glands which emit an acid fluid called gastric juice. To show the value of this juice in the digestion of certain foods, an experiment has been made of placing the white of an egg in a bladder and suspending it in water. As long as nothing else is put in the bladder the egg remains in its normal condition, but if a tiny bit of pure gastric juice be added to it there is a change, and the contents of the bladder pass through the membrane and mingle with the water. This is called exosmosis. We must remember that the stomach only digests albuminous compounds, such as the white of an egg or milk, and does not at all attempt to dispose of fat or starch, but such articles must wait until they meet the discharge from the pancreas, which is a gland called "sweetbread" in the lower animals, and in the human being is sometimes designated as the salivary gland of the abdomen.

If it be true that, while the nursing mother is feeding her infant, both should be undisturbed, it holds equally true with regard to the child who is being fed with spoon or bottle. Let the little one be happy. Fix the bib comfortably; arrange the head easily, letting the little hands cuddle round the bottle or cup, and see to it, so far as possible, that the animal part of eating be made pleasant. It is only a matter of twenty minutes out of two hours and surely the nurse or mother might give that time to letting the child enjoy its meal. Again, a baby should never be fed in a crowd. Its attention is then distracted from its food by the presence of strangers, and a certain amount of nerve force, which is needed while eating, is taken from the stomach by the brain, because an extra amount of attention is called for, and so the process of digestion is impeded.

It seems to me that every mother or nurse should be able to understand whether a child is well satisfied with its food or not, and if there are indications of cravings and a child cries directly after eating, or seems to keep its mouth open, as if it asked for something more, there should be some effort made to see what is lacking in the dietary, and it has happened in my experience that a tiny bit of bacon given to the child to suck, even to a little one four or five months old, will so change the juices of the stomach that normal digestion will proceed.

One of the points to be considered very carefully, both in health and disease, is the condition of the child's tongue. In spite of the fact that a baby may acquire the habit of putting out its tongue unnecessarily when the mother would have it look its best, it is wise to teach it, at as early a period as possible, how to put the tongue out and to open its mouth so as to expose the whole throat.

Children are mimics, and the mother who has taken singing lessons and learned to curve the tongue down, thus exposing the throat to its fullest extent, would do well to make a game with her children, encouraging them to such imitation. If she will open her mouth and make the sound a-a-h—, letting the tongue form a curve in the lower part of the mouth, her baby will copy it, and the chances for required applications to the throat, in

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cases of diphtheria and other maladies, will be greater. Apropos of this, another nursery game, which is valuable in its far-reaching possibilities, is the putting on to the child of a rubber bib and teaching it to gargle. Have some sugar and water, and let the little one, in its imitative performances, even spill a great deal and swallow some. If the result is accomplished and the child learns to gargle, there will be gained a better opportunity for curative measures in case of simple or malignant throat maladies.

I have in my care several families of children, with whom this method has been pursued, and threatened disease is often averted by the wise administration of gargles by the nurse or mother. So much for the throat. Now for the characteristics of the tongue. The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge, and has no prominent papillæ. The tongue may be furred from local causes, or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever and indicates a nervous prostration or depression. A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with, perhaps, a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish-brown, it shows disordered digestion. A dry and brown tongue indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid. When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal. When the papillæ on the end of the tongue are raised and very red, we call it a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever. Sharp, pointed, red tongue will hint of brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement. When so much can be gained from an examination of the tongue, how important it is that the youngest child should be taught to put it out so that it can be visible to the uttermost point in the throat.

It must be remembered that I stated that the permanent teeth were in the jaw at the time the child was born, and all but the wisdom teeth have to be evolved through the gum before the little one is fourteen years old. The second dentition is, then, as important as the first, and many a puny little child, who causes his mother great anxiety because of restlessness, meagreness and indigestion, is simply suffering from the fact that proper nourishment is not being supplied in a sufficient quantity to meet the demands which the teeth are making from time to time, as well as to meet the demands of the muscles and brain, which also are doing their very best to bring him into mature life, and which demand proper constituents for growth.

The teeth will come, and they will steal from the surrounding tissues what is necessary for their need, hence it not infrequently happens to a child, whose baby teeth have been pulled out rather than filled, that they miss just that much lime which should have been absorbed from the root of the milk teeth. About the sixth year we find the advent of the first four permanent molars, or jaw teeth, and between eleven and thirteen, four other molars still further back in the jaw, called the second permanent molars. The six years between are spent in exchanging the twenty baby teeth for twenty permanent teeth and so the full complement of thirty-two is evolved.

It it a sad commentary upon our civilisation that only one person in eighty has sound teeth, and the statement is made that two hundred years ago the proportion of a perfect set of teeth was one in every five. Very hot drinks and very cold drinks have the same effect on the enamel of teeth that they would have on a fine glass goblet, and the biting of threads and the cracking of nuts, it goes without saying, are undersirable exercises for the teeth.

When the teeth are bad and the food improperly masticated, indigestion results, and from indigestion comes dyspepsia, gastritis and even death. A recent article in one of the magazines of dentistry contains a very interesting theory propounded by an experienced dentist, on the relation of catarrh of the nose and inflammation of the eyes to decayed teeth. Owing to the intimate relation of the nerves which are distributed through the cheek and inside of the lids of the eye and within the nose, the disease which had its origin in a decayed tooth was extended, and conjunctivitis and nasal catarrh were set up.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

"HOW I FILL-IN MY SPARE TIME."

(PRIZE COMPETITION.)

I have read of a young lady who kept a diary, but who said she was so busy filling it up, that she had no time to do anything worth entering in her book! I am reminded of this as I observe how the bulk of the correspondence this month is from girls; the boys, I presume—reversing the way of the young lady alluded to—are so busy doing things that they have no time to spare for recording their doings.

All the letters sent in are extremely interesting even to the older folk, bringing home, as they do, the old truth that the child is the father of the man, or the mother of the woman that yet shall be. The one who finds "mischief still, for idle hands to do," must often be grievously disappointed as he finds how busy my young correspondents can keep themselves. Better rub than rust, and if these young ones go on as they have begun, they will all of them be bright and useful keys yet.

I give the letters in the order of the ages of the writers, without comment, for which there is no space, only calling attention to the sad case of over-crowding in the second letter—nineteen living in four rooms!—and without a license from the Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe! I don't want to get my young friend into trouble, but she had better keep her eye on the County Council.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Everybody knows what I do in my spare time—it is reading. I am afraid that I fill up a great deal of time which ought not to be spared. Why I like to read is because I want to learn. My favourite book is "Deeds that Won the Empire."

With much love from
Your interested reader,
RONALD H. W. CASE.
27, High Street, Evesham. (*Age* 8 *years.*)

DEAR SIR,—I don't have much spare time because I go to school. This is what I do in the time I have. Well, I play, and I have a big doll which is made of rags, it was made in America; this is one of the things that I play with. Now there are a few things more. This is another: it is a doll's-house with four rooms, and curtains in the windows, but it has not got chimneys, and I pretend that the top is a room. It has 19 dolls belonging to it. These are the two mothers—Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Lenneli, and the servant, whose name is Thirza, the others are the 16 children. And other times I run up and down with my wooden hoop and stick. I have a little sister seven years old, and she plays with me and I cut out patterns of Mrs. Weldon's and then we paint them and call them paper girls. When it is fine, I take my doll out in the carriage. On Saturday morning I go out with my mother to market, and in the afternoon I go out with my mother and father for a walk round the garden, or Lord Tredgar's park.

Yours truly,
DAISY G. DAVIES.
Arvon, Llanthony Road, Newport, Mon. (*Age* 8 *years.*)

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I have got a bicycle, and spend most of my time riding it about the village, or playing with a tiny white kitten which I had given me the other day. I sometimes run round a corner and cry "Puss! puss!" and she will come running round and always finds me. I have got a rabbit, and when I am getting its food I sometimes leave its door open, and it will look out all round. When I first had it I used to

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spend all my time watching it, and a big black cat we have, who had never seen one before, and used to watch it all day. I have got a garden, and it takes a good deal of my spare time picking the flowers in the summer and taking, drying, labeling, and putting away the seeds in the autumn.

MARY NOELLE WALKER.

Chisledon, Swindon. (*Age* 11¾ *Years.*)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—On Sundays I read a book called "Line upon Line," and in the evening I sing hymns or put texts into my Sunday scrap-book and paint frames round them. On week days I get my father to play cricket with me, in summer, when he comes in from business, and in winter I and my father play at "Ping Pong." I also knit, and practise, and read, and sometimes draw. Just now I am doing some needle-work for Christmas presents. I also make paper flowers. Sometimes when I come in from school I have a swing in the garden, or play a game of hockey, and when the roads are dry I go for a spin on my bicycle. Altogether, I am pretty well occupied during the day, and quite ready for rest when bed-time comes.

KATHLEEN HENDERSON.

35, Bowes Road, (*Aged* 12.)
Palmers Green, N.

MY DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I go to school from 9.30 to 12 o'clock. I have about an hour before dinner, which we have at 1 o'clock. I help my mother, and do what I can in the house, often doing shopping and other errands, but if she does not want me I sew, or read or knit. A favourite servant of ours got married and went to live in York, and she has a sweet little baby, and I make it dresses and little baby-shoes, and anything I can. I am very fond of dolls and enjoy making all kinds of hats and clothes for them. I play games with my little sister Barbara. In the summer we go for bicycle rides together and play croquet, and in winter we play patience and draughts and many other games. I am very fond of reading, and father thinks I read a great deal too much. We belong to a Magazine Club, and it is a great pleasure to me to read them and especially the "Children's Competition Club." I can make my bed, dust, make several different kinds of puddings, and lay the cloth for meals, trim lamps, and am always busy, and the days seem to go much too quickly. I sometimes go for drives with father, when he goes to see his patients. This summer I played Badminton for the first time, and I like it very much. I am very fond of school, and always try to be top of my class.

Believe me,
Your little friend,

The Green, GEORGINA MARY JOAN JACKSON.
Kirbymoorside, Yorks. (*Age* 12 *years.*)

DEAR SIR,—I was looking through "THE TEMPLE" a short time ago and was very interested in the letters sent in, and thought it would be very nice to have a try myself. I am an orphan, and as there are forty-one girls, in addition to myself, I have quite a number of playmates you see. During recreation hours, when the weather is fine, I go into the playground and, to the best of my ability, try to amuse the little ones. Some of the games I play with them are: Skipping rope, black-thorn, rounders, tick, captain and rings of every description. Then, I have a garden all to myself, as also have the others too. I like to tend my plants and pull up all weeds, which grow so very quickly. My playfellows and I often speak of weeds in connection with selfishness, ill-temper, disobedience, untruthfulness, etc., the latter growing as quickly in our hearts, if not checked, as do the weeds in our gardens. On rainy days and in the evenings I knit lace of all patterns, also pincushions; at the same time laughing and chatting to my companions. I ask riddles and try to answer those asked by the others. When not lace-knitting there are different games I join in, such as draughts, ludo, snap, word-building, attracto, stool of repentance, and all such games that English girls so enjoy. As Christmas is drawing near most of my spare time is taken up in making scrap-books, handkerchiefs, pin-cushions, dolls' clothes, and bookmarkers which I intend to place in the stockings of some of my chums on Christmas Eve. Now I think I have come to the end of telling you what occupies my spare moments, and why it is so pleasing to me is, in trying to help and also amuse others I know I am not living wholly for self, but meekly striving to follow in the footsteps of the One who was all unselfishness.—I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
ANNIE GREENWAY.
(Born Sept. 6th 1888, Age 13 years.)

The Royal Albert Orphanage,
Worcester.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I have not very much spare time to boast about, but what I have I spend in various ways. One way is in doing "fancy work." I like it very much, and think it is very interesting. Another way in which I spend my time is helping my father at his office. I write letters for him, make bills out, etc. I am also very fond of making "tales" up. I could sit for hours at a time and not get tired. Then I think that the last and nicest way of all to spend one's time is reading. I like Sir Walter Scott's books, and when I read "Ivanhoe" I could hardly leave it. Next to Sir Walter Scott I think I like Dickens. At the present time I am reading "David Copperfield." It is a very nice book and some of the characters are splendid. Hoping there will be a nice competition next month.

I remain,
Yours truly,
FLORENCE E. SARLL (*Age* 14½.)

Lime Tree Place, Mansfield.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—There are many ways in which I fill up my spare time. These ways of course differ with the time of the year. In summer outdoor amusements are possible, and in winter indoor amusements are most popular. My chief way of filling up spare time, winter or summer, is by reading. With an interesting book or magazine such as the TEMPLE, no evening seems too long. A walk in the country is

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pleasant at all times of the year. In the spring, I think it is very interesting to see the bare branches of the trees becoming covered with green leaves; in summer the trees and flowers are in full bloom; and in the autumn and winter the leaves are changing colour and becoming variegated with red, gold, and brown. In the spring and summer, gardening fills up part of my spare time; and I am well repaid for any trouble I may have taken when the plants come up. In the warmer months of the year I often go to the seaside or spend an afternoon in the parks. In winter, besides reading, I look at my collection of foreign stamps, and paste in any new ones I may have got. I also fill up my time by doing fancy work, such as tatting, knitting or crocheting. Sometimes I fill up an evening by going to an entertainment of some kind; a concert, a temperance meeting, or a Good Templar lodge meeting. I think I have told you of all my ways of filling up spare time.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

6, Foxhall Terrace, Mornington Road, Ranelagh, Dublin.

GWENNIE HEAP. (*Age 15 years.*)

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I am at business until 7.30 p.m. every evening excepting Saturday, so you see I have not much spare time during the evening, but what I have I make the most of. Sometimes I go to the Christian Endeavour at the Countess of Huntingdon's "Chapel." This meeting is very nice, and it helps to remind us of our duties to God. When the roads and weather are favourable, I sometimes go for a short bicycle ride, or else play some game such as cricket, etc. I am fond of these sports, as they are very pleasant, whilst at the same time they are very invigorating. I am very fond of reading, especially when it is a book of adventures by such writers as "Defoe," "Kingston," or "Henty," and when I can get one by either of these, I generally devote most of my spare time to reading it. I leave business at one o'clock on Saturdays, so, as I have all the afternoon to myself, I often go to the swimming baths; these baths are of mineral water, which is very nice to swim in. If I do not go there I go for a bicycle ride or watch a football or cricket match. On Sunday mornings I cannot very often manage to go to chapel, but in the afternoon I go to Sunday-school, and in the evening to chapel. Both of these meetings are very nice, and they greatly help to keep one in the right way throughout the week. I think I have told you all, so I must now close.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ERNEST E. CLOW.

(*Age 15 years.*)

4, Victoria Buildings, Bath.

The best letter, for what it says and how it says it—neat writing and nice spirit—has been judged to be that of Annie Greenway, to whom, accordingly, the prize of a handsome volume has been sent.

The next competition will be on :—

"WHEN I'M GROWN-UP."

Tell me, that is, what you would like to be when you are a man or woman—what occupation you would like to follow, or what deeds you would like to do, where you would like to go—the thing, in fact, that you most look forward to in the time when you are "grown-up." Letters to be written on one side of the paper only, with name, address and age (under 16), and to be sent, *not later than the 14th of this month*, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, the Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, London, S.E.—and I shall give a beautiful book for the best.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

An ounce of experience is worth pounds of vague theory or sentiment, and something of the hardship and suffering lot of poor crippled children in London may be accurately gauged by the following letter, in which, for obvious reasons, I have only suppressed the names and addresses.

Exeter.

DEAR SIR,—Having read of the "Crutch-and-Kindness League" in THE TEMPLE I applied to Mr. Kirk to enrol my daughter Evelyn, aged 12, as a member, and asked that a child of her own age might be placed under our charge.

In reply a little girl named Minnie S——, aged 10 years, was given.

As it was rather vague, writing to a stranger, I wrote to my friend the Rev. ——, asking if one of the workers in connection with his church would visit her. I received a letter from him, and also from the gentleman who went to see Minnie. He says: "Poor child, she has been now over twelve months on her back, and her doctor promises her three more years to stay there. She needs sympathy indeed. I shall make occasional calls myself." Being in London a month ago I called to see her, and found her a bright, intelligent child.

Her disease is spinal—she is strapped tightly in an instrument and can just put her hand under her head to lift it up, so as to try and see the one she is talking to. She had been out in her invalid carriage, kindly lent by the Ragged School Union, and was carried in, instrument and all, on to the bed. Being so firmly strapped and so stiff, I asked, "Could not the instrument be tipped up on the slant, as we should lie with a bolster?" but the doctor will not allow even that. Night and day this dear child has to be encumbered with this terrible instrument. We have sent to her repeatedly, as the father is a carpenter earning 25s. per week and there are eight other children, six I believe at home. I found the mother a most respectable woman. She had married far below her station in life and had to suffer accordingly. The child was beautifully clean, and well tended. When I came out

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rom there I seemed so full of thankfulness that my children were not deformed that I said afterwards that it had done me more good than twelve sermons. My little girl receives letters from Minnie and I also receive letters from the mother. I feel so glad to be able to help one of the little sufferers.

The mother cannot account for the weakness of the spine in any way, as there has been no fall or anything to occasion it. She told me she went to several hospitals before she could get any doctor to take the case in hand, as it seemed such a long job; still, it is a mercy that the child is now being properly attended to.

Wishing you every success in your kind, good work for the sufferers.—I am, regardfully yours,

H. A. BURTON.

Yet this is only a sample case; the like tale, without any of the mitigations, can be told of thousands of poor, afflicted bairns, in the area of the big city. There are no less than six thousand such children under the motherly care and oversight of that most philanthropic organisation — The Ragged School Union. It does for them what it can by means of its voluntary visitors, but even when it finds surgical instruments, places in hospitals, and such-like, how little is all it can do to mitigate the sad lot of the pained child! The visitor can only come at rare intervals, these children are often fatherless, many motherless too, and even those who still have a mother have often to lie so patiently for long hours quite alone, mother being out to earn whatever she can get to keep a roof over the head of her afflicted child. Yet it goes without saying—indeed to say it sounds almost like an insult to motherhood—that the more pitiful is the case of the child, the more the mother's heart broods over it; the mother may have many faults—as many as you choose to heap upon her at times, unhappily—but rarely, in a very wide experience, has a case been known in which the mother was unmotherly toward her suffering boy or girl. But her poverty is her drag.

Some five or six years ago I took a vow to do what I could to raise up a friend for each of these six thousand sufferers—a friend living somewhere out in the great world of health—and very marvellously has the "God of all compassion" encouraged my efforts, for, by the Crutch-and-Kindness League, which I then started, members have been raised from every quarter of the globe, to the number of about five thousand. They hail from America, Canada, India, China, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, as well as from every part of the three kingdoms, with a strong contingent in Natal and Australia.

How do these help? By calling in the aid of a branch of the Civil Service, namely, the Post Office. To make something of a bright break in the weary monotony of the crippled child, the members of the League write to the little charge given them, with all particulars of the case, a letter once a month at least, or if time should fail to permit the letter, then some illustrative magazine or paper is sent, some toy, scrap-book, or the like—some little token that the lonely one is not forgotten. What a blessed uplifting this can give to the heart of the pale little sufferer! and how much of slowly encrusting selfishness it sweeps away from the heart of the one who does the kindness!

It is work, as all will see, which can be done by all. A child can write to a child, an invalid can do it, it can be done by the busiest man or woman, however far away from London the writer lives. Scattered everywhere throughout the globe are folk with kind hearts, but many have not the scope to do what it is in their heart to do, for want of the opportunity near their door. By this means, however, they can get the outlet their hearts need—*need*, for sympathy unexercised soon crusts into mere emotional selfishness, leaving the heart harder than it was before. I do trust the thousand or more members we yet require will speedily be forthcoming. Cannot you, reader, be one of them?

All further particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Miss W. R. Tilley, Swansea; Mrs. Peters, Orwell; Master Stanley Blunden, Brighton; Master Percy Gridley, Brighton; Miss Marjorie Eldridge, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; Master Archie Ackland, Master Bertie Jones, Miss Mary Haines, Miss Ada Davis, c/o Mrs. Hill, Barry; Miss Hoddinott, Coventry; M. F., Tipton; Miss M. Iddles, St. John's Wood; Miss Trinder, Leytonstone; Miss Florence Hill, Leytonstone; Miss Esme Wright, Miss Dulcie Wright, Slough; Miss Maud Wyatt, Tamworth; Miss A. F. Smith, Natal; Miss M. Greenhalgh, Radcliffe; Miss Emily Budding, Cardiff; Miss Cecile Berridge, Mansfield; Miss Audrey E. Cobb, Surrey; Mr. George Rippin, Stoke Newington; Miss N. Hudson, Miss E. Lane, Miss Mann, Miss A. Vaut, Mr. W. T. Huxley, c/o Miss Hudson, Rochester; Miss Emma Higgins, Braintree; Miss H. E. Osborne, Braintree; Mrs. Halstead, Miss Dora Halstead, Blackpool; Mrs. Pullar, Montrose; Miss Christine Hitchin, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss Ellen S. Martin, Teddington; Miss Lilian White, Huddersfield; Miss Davies, Manchester; Miss K. Coles, Maidstone; Miss M. Baylis, Coventry; Miss Louisa Goodwin, Bath; Miss Clara Perks, Bromsgrove; Miss Nellie Dewar, Penarth; Miss Katie Cook, Lancashire; Mrs. J. White, Highbury; Miss A. Brown, Notting Hill; Master A. H. Johnson, Margate; Miss Violet Anderson, London.

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. . THE . .

Evangelical Alliance.

The Rev. B. F. Meyer, B.A., writes: "In my opinion the Evangelical Alliance was never more needed than in the present day, as the common meeting-ground of those who, though they think differently on many points, are one in their loyalty and love to the one Divine Head."

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan recently wrote: "I look upon the Evangelical Alliance as a splendid organisation for the accomplishment of just the work our age needs."

Pastor Archibald G. Brown writes: "Never was the witness of the Evangelical Alliance more needed than now. There is great demand for the Evangelical Alliance to keep its flag flying and maintain its glorious testimony."

Principal J. Oswald Dykes says: "The Alliance seems to me

In sending financial help, or the names and addresses of new members please, direct to

The SECRETARY of the

Evangelical Alliance,

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LORD SHAFTESBURY used to say—
and he was right!

For nearly sixty years this has been the work of the

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of which he was the practical Founder.

This Society is affiliated with 152 Local Mission Centres in the congested districts of London.

It thus reaches at least 100,000 Souls weekly through its manifold agencies, sustained by over

6,000 VOLUNTARY WORKERS.

It has a sensible scheme for helping the Bootless, Clothing the Ragged, and Feeding the Hungry.

It has a register of over Six Thousand

CRIPPLE CHILDREN

in their own homes—poor afflicted little ones who need "most everything," the spiritual interest being paramount.

It sends away over

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The Society is a distinctly Christian organisation, an ally of the Church, and an embodiment of the spirit of

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"I Heartily wish success to the Social Work of the Salvation Army."—*The Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P., Home Office.*

The work is highly commended by persons of all grades of society. See pamphlet giving their opinions, annual reports, etc., sent gratis on application to Mrs. BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., to whom Cheques should be addressed. Clothing much needed. The Homes can be inspected at any time.

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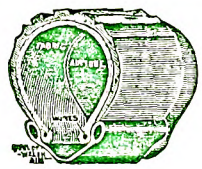

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 6. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 5.

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These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at advantageous prices and terms.—List and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

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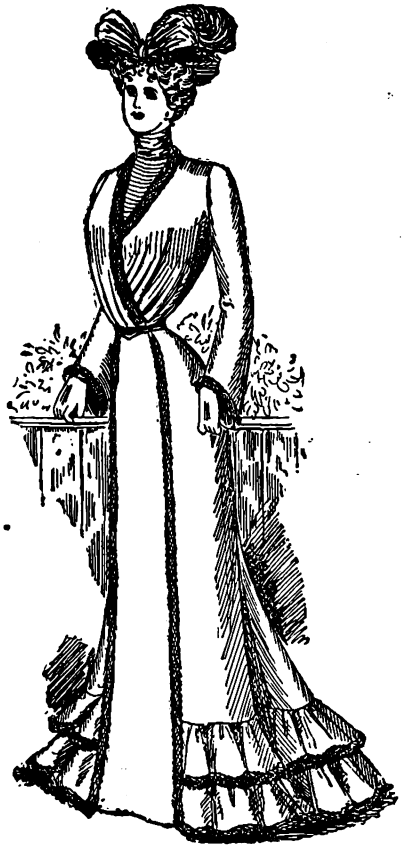
FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A DAINTY DRESS.

One of the smartest new models shows a charming frock of grey zibeline, the zibeline being of the most hairy description. Of course these are far more expensive than the less hairy kind, but there is no doubt



whatever of its superior smartness. The model in question was edged round bodice and skirt with an infinitesimal band of chinchilla. The skirt was made on somewhat novel lines with a perfectly plain panel down the centre of the front, this being outlined with the fur, while at the foot hem a double flounce, some nine inches deep, was put on fairly full. The bodice was made in cross-over fashion, with a pouched front and pretty bell sleeves, while the undervest was closely tucked *crèpe Royale*, this material, by the bye, being quite the prettiest and quite the newest for such use at the moment.

SOME WOMEN TALKERS.

There are many brilliant conversationalists in the world of London, prominent among them being Consuelo Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Asquith—the Margot Tennant of old days. Mrs. Murray Guthrie, daughter of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, is the gayest of talkers, with an endless store of amusing anecdotes; and Mrs. Willie James is one of the few young married women who can be termed a genuine wit. Lady Charles Beresford is a good talker, with much political acumen and a deep knowledge of music. Lady Sykes—the latest recruit to journalism—has opinions of her own on the affairs of nations, which she expresses with considerable fluency. Lady Jeune is an eminently agreeable woman, counts among her friends, ministers, ex-ministers, and ministers yet to be, and is in a position to talk ably on almost any conceivable topic. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, sister to Lord Crewe, is a clever woman, and has much to say on serious subjects. Lady Dorothy Nevill is the time-honoured type of a dinner-table conversationalist, and proves a magnetic talker, who, when in society, is ever surrounded by a crowd of interested listeners.

He that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

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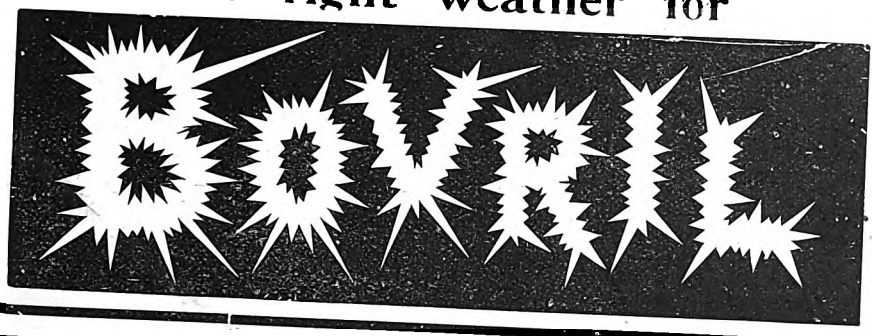
The right weather for



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Name and address of nearest Agent sent by return of post. STEPHEN SMITH & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.

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A WALKING COSTUME.

There does not seem to be a wide variety in walking costumes. Still we have the stitched trimmings, and they are likely to continue. Glacé silk, *panne* velvet, and a shiny cloth upon a rough cloth are all used for the purpose, while the bands of trimming take various shapes—vandykes, scrolls, half moons, diamonds, and shaped and mitred

pieces all being employed with varying results. The coats to such gowns are as often short as long, for the long coat, although so extremely graceful, has not yet caught on in England. Only the ultra-fashionable folk have made up their mind to adopt this not always becoming fashion. Fur for collar and revers, muffs, and edgings to our outdoor sleeves are still with us, and, of course, will continue until spring sets in.

We too often consider superfluous in another the things we haven't cared to cultivate in ourselves, and in the same way over-estimate those we have ourselves been able to cultivate and become interested in.

PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality promotes the peace and good temper of a family. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A man without punctuality is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business; or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in those with whom he lives; for like other virtues it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual, where the master of the family is so.

FASHIONS IN JEWELLERY.

Earrings are coming more and more into fashion, and the fact that the Princess of Wales wears them will naturally give them an additional push. The earring of to-day, however, is a simple stone—a pearl or sapphire, ruby or diamond. Naturally, the quantity of stones needed for the Coronation will be enormous, and the jewellers are inventing hundreds of beautiful designs to commemorate the coming ceremony, as well as resetting customers' own precious stones and jewels. One of the latest conceits in jewellery in the way of neck chains and *coiffure* ornaments are the beautiful drop festoon baubles, hung from invisible platina chains. A fad is to collect all the best single stones cut and polished, and one lady is said to have a rare collection, her aim being that not only shall all the stones be perfect specimens, but if possible of the rarest form of the jewel represented. Amongst her stones are a rare pink pearl, a green diamond, a Mexican opal, and a wondrous sapphire of unusual depth of colour and size.

No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and a brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

Give me for my friend one who will unite heart and hand with me, who will throw himself into my cause and interest, who will take part when I am attacked, who will be sure beforehand that I am in the right, and if he is critical, as he may have cause to be, towards a being of sin and imperfection, will be so from very love and loyalty, and a wish that others should love me as heartily as he. —CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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is especially suitable for **INFANTS,** however young, who are

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THE OLD BANK. By WILLIAM WESTALL. [*Feb. 13th.*

THE CAT'S-PAW. By B. M. CROKER. With 12 Illustrations by FRED. PEGRAM.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE. By E. W. HORNUNG. [*Shortly.*

FAN FITZGERALD. By H. A. HINKSON. [*Shortly.*

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FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

For coat decoration ermine is still to the fore. It is indeed enormously worn; almost too much so one would think, considering the dirty time of the year, and the dull weather we are experiencing. However, fashion decrees that ermine shall be one of the leading modes, and therefore, so long as the shape and cut of the fur is correct, we who own any fur of the kind may be content with the first flight of fashion. There is a good deal, however, in the shape and cut of any fur additions on our various coats, cloaks, and mantles. One of the newest arrangements is the "Napoleon," or stand-up

turn-over collar. This suits many faces remarkably well, while, in addition, pretty, long-shaped revers should be added to the front of the coat, and in this way one sees many of the Russian blouses most successfully adorned. The Russian blouse, by the bye, is the shape of the moment. Both coats and bodices are made in this style. As to fur, sable, mink, sealskin, caracul, broadtail, and astrakhan are all carried out in this fashion most happily. The coat itself is tight-fitting upon the shoulders, the fulness of the fur being allowed to pouch pretty considerably at the centre of the front. Such a shape may be carried out for indoor wear, and here silk, serge, cloth, or any material at hand will look well so arranged. Of course, for indoor wear the fur trimming is eschewed, and instead we may have lace of more or less elaboration according to the amount which we have to spend. While talking of fur, I would add that removable tippets in various shapes are considered just now remarkably fashionable. Perhaps the smartest of all these tippets are those arranged with a square collar back and front, with long-hanging "swags" of fur attached to the centre front of such collars, and allowed to hang over and fall below the waist. Other tippets there are in almost cape fashion, and in Paris we see these worn almost slipping off the shoulders, after the fashion seen in many old pictures. The style is certainly graceful and picturesque, while the tippet can be drawn closely to the throat at any moment should the temperature require it. Talking of this particular style, that is, the cape slipping off the shoulders, how very pretty are the long chiffon and gauze scarves which so many women are adopting just now for evening wear. A long length of any pretty soft filmy material will serve the purpose. This is caught round the shoulders and twisted twice round the right arm, while such a scarf may be donned for theatre or ballroom wear.

EPIGRAMS ABOUT WOMEN.

Men praise or abuse women too much, never so much, however, as women do.

Love is a human law, duty is a social one: Love is greater than duty. Happy the men and women who can obey both laws.

Women die twice. Their first death takes place on the day they cease to be attractive. An old woman who tries to be beautiful is like a corpse that tries to look alive.

In matrimony love is only a *hors d'œuvre;* friendship is the *pièce de résistance.* Foolish are the married people who do not retain friendship when love becomes out of season.

The heart of a good woman is a well of love. She has a smile for all joys, a tear for all sorrows, a consolation for all miseries, an excuse for all faults, a prayer for all misfortunes, and a word of encouragement for all hopes.

The world is hard on woman. It is not sufficient for her to be estimable, she must be esteemed; it is not enough for her to be beautiful, she must be amiable. Her happiness and chances in life will depend more on her reputation than on her conduct.

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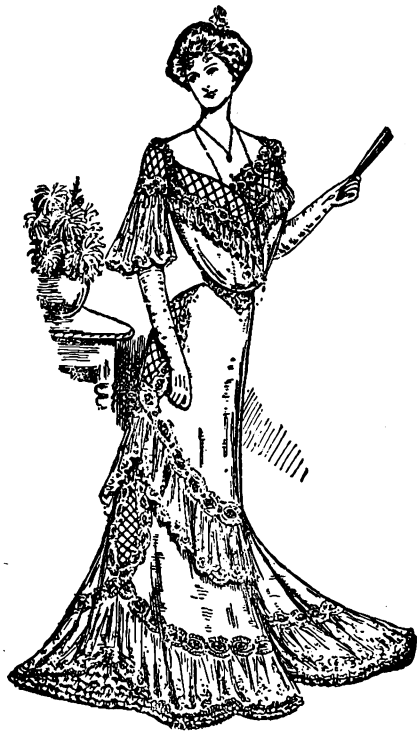
A SATIN GOWN.

Shell-pink satin is the material of the pretty evening dress shown in the illustration. The bodice and sleeves are finished on the shoulders with a trellis-work of black velvet, headed with pink roses and supplemented by



a lace berthe falling from a rich embroidery in pale gold and pink and cream-colour. The pointed belt is in this lovely embroidery. On the skirt the velvet trellis work is introduced, bordered by the embroidery which heads a frill of lace midway on the skirt and again on the edge of it, which is finished with many narrow frills of the shell-pink satin.

WANTED, MEN OF PURPOSE.

Parents, guardians, and teachers of young men should ever remember that "Purpose" is the eternal condition of worldly success. Few successful or distinguished men began life without a fixed purpose. Purpose underlies character, culture, position, and attainment of whatever sort. It steadily trains men's faculties into strength and aptness. It wars against reliance on chance, or the tendency of the times to engage in ventures and speculation. Purpose grasps the handle of being. Steadfast purpose is like a river that gathers volume and momentum by flowing on.

FORGET THE EVIL.

As manhood and womanhood open up, discrimination is necessary between what ought to be remembered and what it were better to forget. One good general rule which holds through life is to forget as speedily as possible the evil which we see around us and even within us; for evil, like a plant, thrives in the light and withers in the darkness. Brought into open view, talked about, thought about, and stored in remembrance, its tendency is to reproduce itself.

HAVE AN EVEN TEMPER.

When subject to a passing fit of dejection the average man is apt to magnify his liabilities and to overlook his assets. On the other hand, when unduly elated he is apt to forget his liabilities and to overestimate his assets, meaning by assets health, time, position, or general aptitude, as well as money. The true course is not to make much of moods, but rather to emphasise principle and purpose, and to keep so far as possible upon an even keel of temper, viewing the whole of life's problem, including both assets and liabilities, in a proper perspective, putting one's trust in God and maintaining throughout that spirit of hope which, after all, is the best architect of fortune.

A TRIO OF BRILLIANT SISTERS.

Seldom is brilliant cleverness bestowed upon so many members of one family as is the case of the three Countesses Gleichen. The name of Countess Feodora is best known to the public, and she has studied and worked really hard to attain her present enviable position as a sculptor. Countess Hélène paints beautifully, and is likely one day to make a success as a follower in the steps of Rosa Bonheur. Her pictures of horses are instinct with real genius. Countess Valda Gleichen possesses a highly-cultivated voice, and has the opinion of no less an authority than Albani as to its exceptional beauty. At one time the young Countess thought seriously of taking to the concert platform, but the opposition of Royal relatives prevented her from realising her ambition.

Do not read great authors solely with a view to inoculating yourself with their idea on a certain subject, but reason the matter out and form your own opinion.

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The method of tone production is radically different from all others.

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Compactness of form in proportion to capacity,
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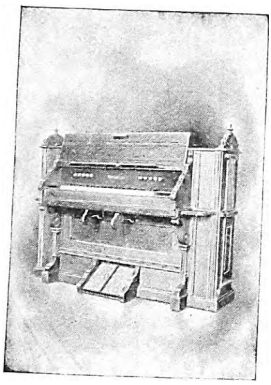

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SILK DINNER GOWN.

The dinner gown sketched in this column is black silk with lines of pale blue velvet inserted and partly hidden by a herringbone stitching of black silk. Very fine tucks intervene between the bands of velvet on

both bodice and skirt, the latter being fitted to the figure with narrow tucks below the waist. The band below the yoke of jet and steel embroidery is lined with blue velvet, and also the one on the skirt that heads the tucked and frilled and lace-trimmed silk flounce. The yoke and under-sleeves are in embroidered net. The sleeves themselves are in jet and steel embroidery over tucked black silk.

BREAKING UP BAD HABITS.

It is hard, but not impossible, to break up a bad habit and to form a good one, even late in life. It is always a mistake to underrate the difficulty, and to imagine that only a single strong resolution is necessary. That indeed is essential; but there must also be patient, watchful, earnest, continuous effort, persevered in, and not suffered to flag, through much discouragement and many failures.

A DAY'S DUTY.

We hear it often said that life is but a day. It is said to express the shortness of our stay upon the earth. It is said, for the most part, sorrowfully. Let us reverse it and say, with more striking truth, that each day is a life. Every day is a life, fresh with reinstated power, setting out on its allotted labour and limited path. Its morning resembles a whole youth. Its eventide is sobering into age. It is rounded at either end by a sleep—unconsciousness at the outset and oblivion at the close. We are born anew every time that the sun rises and lights up the world for man to do his part in it. One thing at least may be said of each day, as it dawns and darkens. It is that every one, short as it may be, embodies the fulness of the past and indicates what is long afterwards to come.

A HAT-TRIMMING TEA.

This is a Canadian idea. Any number of ladies may be invited. They must all be provided with a doll's hat and a paper bag containing scraps of muslin, chiffon, silk, ribbon, and flowers. The prize is offered for the prettiest hat trimmed in the time allowed. An hour will not be found too long. When the time agreed upon has elapsed, all the hats, finished or unfinished, must be given up, and a number pinned to each. They are all placed on a table, and everyone then examines them, and writes on a piece of paper the number of the one she thinks has been trimmed the best. The competitors then adjourn to another room for tea, and while they are absent the votes are counted, and the hats arranged in order of merit. The guests may be allowed to keep the hats, or they may be sent to some bazaar, where they are sure to find a ready sale.

Ofttimes, that which is assigned to genius should more properly be attributed to that silent giant, concentration, which is the lever by which mountains can be removed.

Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the grief which he purposes to remove.—JOHNSON.

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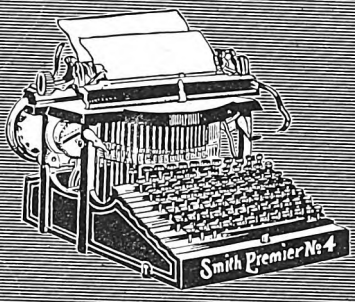

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SMART HATS.

The first hat in the sketch is a large one of pale blue felt, of the kind that has a rough surface. It is trimmed with a garland

of tinted leaves laid on folds of chiffon. At the left side it is lifted high with a *bandeau* on which edelweiss and black roses are arranged. The second toque has the crown covered with black and steel. A steel ornament holds in the centre the feather trimming that is draped round the hat. A little creamy lace falls over the hair. The third toque is in cream cloth with green velvet rosette and lace drawn tightly round the brim. The fourth and last toque is made of three graduated plateaux of soft white felt, each edged with narrow felt. Parma violets and velvet bows are arranged under the brim at one side and variegated leaves at the other.

SUGGESTIONS FOR EVENING DRESSES.

Nothing is prettier, or more durable, than soft Oriental satins, and with these diaphanous trains are worn, often made of pink chiffon, or of lace lined with pink. The present *penchant* for velvet trimmings has given an impetus to a trellis-work introduced on the front of the skirt. Black velvet thus treated on soft satin with a pink chiffon train displays roses made of pink chiffon at the inter-section of the lattice-work, which also appear on the diaphanous trains. The soft satin bodices are trimmed with chiffon roses, the sleeves showing the lattice-work to the elbow.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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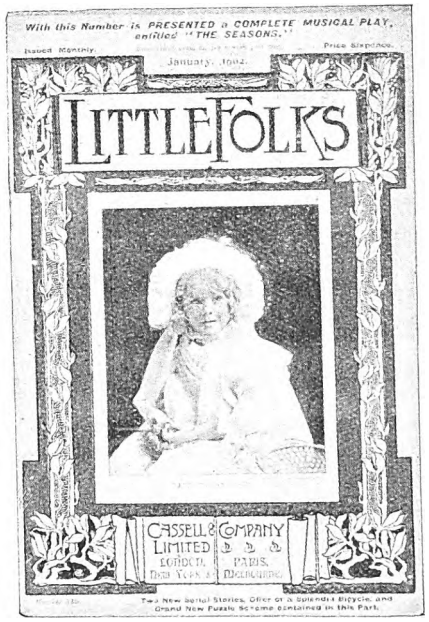

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"THE BROKEN PITCHER." *By Greuze.*

"With a forehead pure and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine."

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SOME GREAT PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

By C. SHERIDAN JONES.

ART has its source, we are told, in the life of a people. How little does art react on that life! To thousands the world's greatest pictures are unknown. While the masterpieces of literature have been sold by the million at a price all can afford, reproductions of great pictures have been few and far between. Of some no prints at all exist. Others are issued at a price prohibitive to all but the wealthy connoisseur. At last this is in a fair way to being changed, largely, it should be said, through the enterprise and skill of a single firm. "The Hundred Best Pictures," issued by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., in seventeen parts, for as many shillings, form an admirable epitome of the greatest works of the world's greatest painters. Every school and every nation is represented, and the reproductions, some of which we are privileged to give, are in themselves an achievement.

"THE HUGUENOT."
By Sir John Everett Millais, R.A.

To begin with British art, Turner, incomparably its greatest master, is represented by the famous picture "The Fighting *Téméraire* Tugged to her Last Berth to be Broken up." Exhibited in the Academy of 1839 with the lines:

> The flag that braves the battle and the breeze
> No longer owns her,

marked against the title in the catalogue, the picture became at once popular. The public, clinging obstinately to false standards of art which Turner's genius finally threw down,

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were accustomed to deride the great man's work. The sentiment that inspired this picture appealed to them, however. The *Téméraire* had been the second ship in Nelson's line at Trafalgar, and, with little provisions or water on board, was what sailors call "flying light," so as to keep pace with the swift sailing *Victory*. When the latter drew upon herself all the enemy's fire, the *Téméraire* tried to pass her to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed the *Téméraire* to keep astern. The *Téméraire* cut away her studding sails, and held back, receiving

"THE HAY-WAIN." *By John Constable, R.A.*

Constable's Pictures marked the return to reality in Landscape Painting.

the enemy's fire in her bows. Two hours later she lay with a French 74 gun ship on each side of her—both her prizes—one lashed to her mainmast, the other to her anchor.

This was the vessel for which the authorities decided they had no further use. She was sold out of the service at Sheerness in 1838, and towed to Rotherhithe to be broken up. But what the Admiralty destroyed, Turner has made immortal.

"Of all pictures," says Mr. Ruskin, in a famous passage, "of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness that can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin: but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage or the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel: nor less her organised perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may, indeed, be maimed in limb or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to, nor diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honour or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose chorus of flame rang in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea

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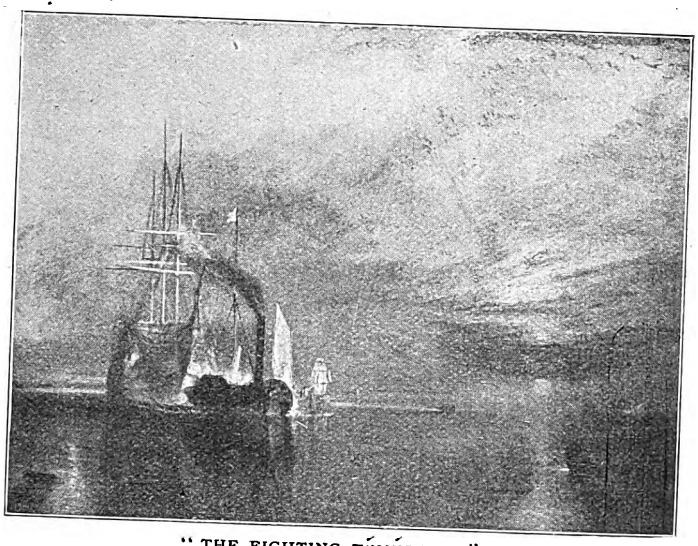
against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long rivulets of English life-blood like press planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam — those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder till sail and ensign dropped steep in the death-still pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness cloud of human souls at rest. Surely, for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts — some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters.



"THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE."
By J. W. M. Turner, R.A.
One of the most pathetic pictures ever painted.

"Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*."

Of the picture which inspired this magnificent passage, we give above a reproduction. But no reproduction can do more than suggest the matchless glory which Turner has given to the canvas. "It would light a dark room," someone exclaimed at seeing it for the first time. Splendid as is the sunset, the master has contrived that stealing through its beams the cold deadly shadows of twilight creep,

"BLIND MILTON DICTATING 'PARADISE LOST.'"
By Munkacsy, the Great Hungarian Painter.

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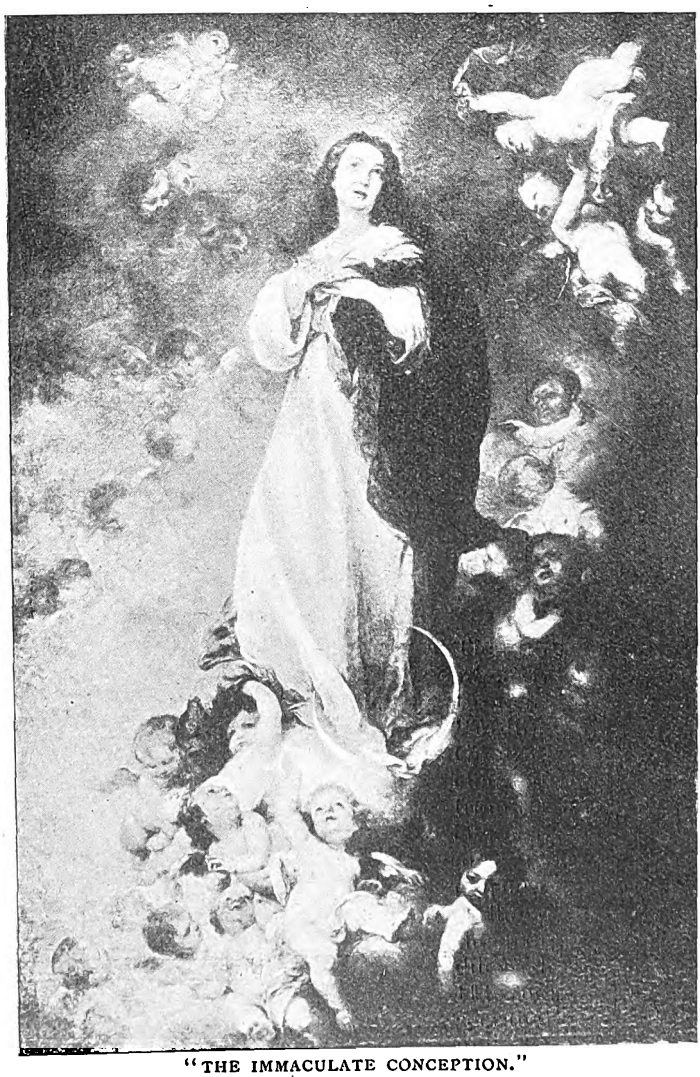
suggesting the end that awaits the *Téméraire* when this, her last voyage is finished. The water is so presented that one can scarcely remember that it is not real. The picture hangs in the Turner room of the National Gallery, and is, perhaps the artist's greatest masterpice.

Turn from the old *Téméraire* to "The Hay-Wain" and "The Cornfield," by another and very different kind of artist, who, like Turner, did much to change and to develope art. As Turner showed Nature in her wild magnificence, stern grandeur, and luxuriant abundance, so Constable depicted the serene calm and welcome greenness of the English meadows, wooded depths, and clear streams. He studied his subjects with extraordinary fidelity. "I love every stile," he said, speaking of his native Suffolk, "and as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them."

Constable's pictures caused an extraordinary sensation. The world had grown accustomed to the stiff, artificial, though beautiful, school of pastoral landscape. Nature was depicted as elegant, not to say genteel, in her velvety smoothness, and man was always represented as a happy creature, free from care or labour, usually engaged in piping a shepherdess to the dance. Constable painted Nature as she is, and his realism commanded immediate attention. "Look," said the French critics, "at these pictures by the Englishman. The ground seems to be covered with dew," a tribute the reader can appreciate best with "The Hay-Wain" before him.



"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."
By Murillo.

It was over this school of pastoral landscape that Turner and Constable, leading the way to a closer view and truer concept of nature, ultimately triumphed, though not without a struggle, a struggle corresponding to the battle which in literature was being fought by Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, pioneers of reality. Both to Turner and Constable recognition came largely after death. Unlike in every other respect the two men were alike in this, that they worked incessantly at their art, and did not stoop to conquer an uninstructed public. "The Hay-Wain" and "The Cornfield" are in the National Gallery.

The great movement towards reality began, in a sense, with Greuze, the French master.

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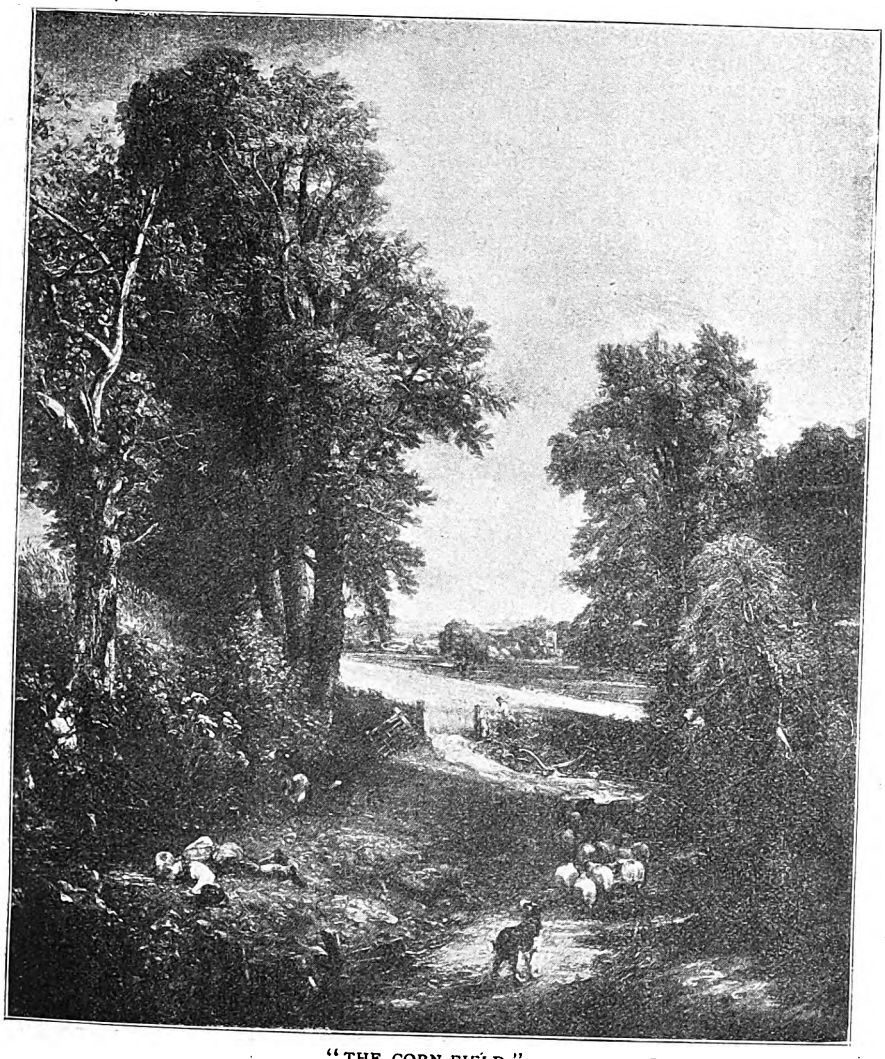

"THE CORN-FIELD." *By John Constable, R.A.*

That it has gone far since we may see when we contrast his picture, "The Broken Pitcher," with, say, Munkacsy's "Milton" or Meissonnier's "La Rixe." Greuze's work, however, was at least charged with serious feeling, and free from the forced levity and monotonous lasciviousness that then dominated French art. Diderot, the great encyclopædist, encouraged Greuze to paint the innocent girlhood and fresh domestic scenes that the painter made so charming. "Introduce," he said, "morality into painting. Has not the pencil been too long consecrated to debauchery and vice? Let it unite with dramatic poetry in instructing us, correcting us, inviting us to virtue."

Nearly all Greuze's work is like "The Broken Pitcher," which we reproduce. His type is that of a girl, young and serene.

"With a forehead pure and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.
. . . . . .
Face and figure of a child,
Though too calm you think and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her."

There is a very fine collection of Greuze in our National Gallery. "The Broken Pitcher" is in the Louvre.

Contrast this picture, beautiful as it is, with that of a later French artist, Millet, one of whose greatest works, "The

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Gleaners," we reproduce, and you will see at once how far art has travelled on the road of reality. For the placid, not to say complacent figure of the pretty child holding the broken pitcher, we have the stretched attention of the three women, each straining so that none of the ears of the corn just gathered in shall escape them. They are life-like in their bent humility and pitiful eagerness.

"THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO." *By Raphael.*
Said to be the Greatest Picture in the World.

Millet's pictures, I may add, fetched enormous prices after his death. Not so in life however. For years he, his wife and family, lived in a simple country cottage, on the barest measure, and the pictures of the simple French peasantry, eloquent of the hardship and pathos of their life, the pictures that afterwards moved the world, were disregarded or condemned. Like Turner and Constable, Millet was urged to distort his vision, and to look on things as other painters before him had seen them. But he followed his art heroically, and would not gloss the evil or hide the truth. His widow and family were granted a meagre pension. "The Gleaners" hangs in the Louvre.

While Millet in France was fighting the conventions that had shackled art, the Pre-Raphaelites, in England, were steadily forcing on the public higher ideas of beauty. The picture that became one of the most popular of the last century—who has not known and loved it?—"The Huguenot," by Sir John E. Millais, was received with a chorus of carping condemnation. *Punch* alone acclaimed its beauty, and the critics prophesied its oblivion.

Let us give again the explanatory note from the original catalogue:—

The Huguenot (1852). A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shield himself from danger by wearing the Roman Catholic Badge. "When the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm, and place a fair white cross in his cap." (The order of the Duc de Guise.)

Scarcely ever were two silent passive figures endowed with so much feeling on canvas. The tender fortitude of the Huguenot, who looks into his beloved's eyes with the intenseness of one who looks, perhaps, for the last time, and the pleading solicitude of the woman are realised on canvas as they could never have been in words. We seemed to have watched the lovers come together to the old wall, and to have listened to every word they have had to say to each other.

Hardly less moving is the masterpiece of Millais's brother Pre-Raphaelite, Ford Madox Brown's "The Last of England."

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"THE GLEANERS." *By J. F. Millet.*

The intense energy of the figures is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this picture.

Husband and wife are taking their last look at their native land, and in that look what pathos lies! Behind them are the noisy riff-raff of the emigrant ship, but they sit, hand in hand, oblivious of the talk, or the wet, thinking only of all that they are parting from for ever. The subject was conceived by Madox Brown during a visit to Gravesend where he had gone to wish God-speed to his friend, Woolner, the sculptor, on his departure for America. Years afterwards Madox Brown wrote the following lines as a kind of interpretation to the picture :—

"The last of England ; o'er the sea, my dear,
Our homes to seek amid Australian fields ;
'Tis not the million-acred island yields
The space to dwell in. Thrust out! Forced to hear
Low ribaldry from sots, and take rough cheer
With rudely nurtured men. The hope youth wields
Of fair renown, bartered for that which shields
Only the back, and half formed lands that rear
The dust storms blistering up the grasses wild.
There, learning skills not, nor the poet's dream,
Nor aught we loved as children shall we see."
She grips his listless hands and clasps her child,
Through rainbow tears she sees a sunnier gleam,
She cannot see a void, where he will be.

The picture hangs in the Art Gallery of Birmingham, which city has the credit of possessing perhaps the finest collection of modern British masterpieces.

Between the subjects of these pictures and those immortalised by the old masters, what a difference exists. The old painters were practically limited to three figures—The Virgin, the Babe, and the Saint who had come in holy adoration. In Raphael's great picture, "The Sistine Madonna," these are presented with a clearness and a beauty unsurpassed. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., perhaps the greatest living English master, has said, as stated by Messrs. Letts in their publication, "I should say it is one of the finest, if not the finest, picture in the world. It embodies the best and noblest ideas which can be associated with the personality of the Madonna." The picture, a part of which only we are able to reproduce, was painted for the Church of San Sisto of Pianeeza, and is now in the Gallery at Dresden.

Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" belongs to a later period. The Virgin, with a white robe and azure blue cloak, stands with her feet on a crescent moon, surrounded in a luminous haze by a wreath of angel faces. The picture, by the way, was taken from the Spaniards

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in the Peninsular War and sold in 1852 by Marshal Soult for £24,000. Murillo's art is divided into two periods. During one, the earlier period, he painted Spanish peasant boys. Later he endeavoured to depict saints, not, perhaps, with the same success. Had he lived to-day the second period would never have been entered on. The natural, not the supernatural; men, not angels, would have been his subjects.

To return to moderns and reality, Meissonier, in his great picture, "La Rixe," has endowed a "tavern house brawl" with an interest so vivid that we catch our breaths. The critics, wrong as usual, had accused Meissonier of being unable to represent action in his pictures. His answer was "La Rixe." To get the picture Meissonier had his model held by two stout fellows, from whom he tried to free himself as Meissonier painted. Nothing more lifelike than the result has ever been seen on canvas.

In its way, however, the picture of M. Michael de Munkacsy, the great Hungarian artist, "Blind Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughter," is a more supreme achievement. The scene is a quiet one, but how tense is the interest.

"There is a pause in the dictation. The poet meditates, reflects, and looks for the right expression. The hand, which is resting on his breast, counts the syllables with an almost imperceptible movement of his fingers. The willing daughter is looking fixedly towards his lips. She is considerably older than the two other girls, has passed the prime of youth, and cannot be called a beauty; but every feature of her face reveals a loving, serious, honesty. She is her father's eye and support. She may be taken to be the child of Milton's first marriage. The hand in which she holds the pen is raised over the paper, which has slipped somewhat aside. The left hand reposes almost ungracefully on the knee, with a sharp angular motion of the elbow, and yet in this motion there lies great energy and true self-forgetfulness. Only the greatest artists have the courage to forsake exterior beauty in a painting when they want to express sovereignty of the mind. . . . This writing girl does not think of herself, or how she looks. She is entirely at her father's work, and seeks with him the missing word. She can almost foretell the word he will choose. . . . It hovers on the lips of this willing (?) assistant; a strained

"THE LAST OF ENGLAND."

By Ford Madox Brown, one of the Founders of the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

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"LA RIXE."
By Meissonier.

expectation is legible in all her features. But she keeps silent.

The tallest, and most beautiful daughter of all, the manager of the house, on the point of leaving, stands still behind the table in expectation. She cannot return to her affairs till she has heard the last of the verse. The youngest of the sisters near the window stops in her embroidery, and looks listening. The father and his poem are the centre and the contents of the daughters' lives, their love, their hope, and their faith. . . . We shall never forget this silent room, in which we have seen Milton and his daughters, and we shall never be able to imagine it in any other form."—FANNY BRAID.

One last word should be said, not of this alone, but of all the pictures. The reproductions are published at a price which those who toil may pay, but money alone cannot buy them. It has been well written that "Comprehension is our only true Possession."

C. SHERIDAN JONES.

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AUNT SOPHY.

By SHEILA ALISON.

Author of "The Surgeon's Wife," "Maying in Harvest," etc.

I.—WHAT THE GIRLS SAID.

"IT is simple cruelty!" mourned Amethyst.

"If I were in the House of Commons," threatened Iseult, savagely, "I would cut down the Lord Chancellor's salary at once. I would abolish him altogether!"

"King Herod himself wasn't half so cruel," Amethyst went on, "to defenceless children. He did put them out of pain. He didn't send them to a nasty, cold, dark, lonely, barbarous place, to live under a sour visaged spinster as goaler, where nobody could see them, and they could see nobody; and where nobody knew the difference between a Bond-street gown and one from the native *modiste*. All the pretty things I got for the Crickmays are wasted. Sackcloth would do for Long Chesterton! It is such a waste."

"Waste!" cried Iseult. "It is perfectly shameful! Even a Lord Chancellor is supposed to have the country's interest at heart; he helps to govern it; and here he sends me, who feels inexhaustible power burning within me, and capacities for immense usefulness, to a stunted, shallow, stupid, uneducated village, where all that force will be simply lost!"

"To an old maid, too!" groaned Amethyst. "She will think everything improper, and want us to read Miss Yonge's books all day, and knit stockings for the poor."

"It shows how absurd it is that these offices should be invariably filled by men," said Iseult. "Now, a Lady Chancelloress would not have made such a pitifully absurd mistake as to send two girls like us to the charge of an unsophisticated old maid, and not to a woman of the world and a mother like Aunt Crickmay."

II. WHAT THE VILLAGE SAID.

"Poor dear Miss Ellaby! What will she do with them? What havoc it will make in her house! How cruel of the Lord Chancellor to force such a fate upon her! Two modern girls from Girton, who will turn everything upside down, and make her life a burden to her. What will she say about it? What is she going to do with them? A hen in charge of ducklings has a peaceful time of it compared with what hers will be!"

"She seemed a good deal dismayed, but she makes the best of everything as usual. Amethyst, the elder one, is a great beauty, and not so very clever, though she was at Girton. Iseult is the clever one; goes in for women's rights; would like to be a doctor, and that sort of thing. The Lord Chancellor took her quite by surprise. She didn't say so, of course, but the real reason must have been that Mrs. Crickmay is not a good chaperon for girls."

"What will be done about those girls? They will expect to be entertained and fussed over," said the vicar's wife.

"I promised to make a party for them," said her friend, Mrs. Medell, a naval Captain's widow. "Miss Ellaby means to invite us all, of course, for Thursday, the day after the girls come."

"I suppose I shall have to have them," sighed the vicar's wife, Mrs. Heath; "but it really would be most inconvenient at present. I remember their mother, I think."

"They had two mothers. They are not sisters, though they are both Kerrisons. Mary and Lucy Ellaby married brothers, and Grace Crickmay came next."

"And Sophy was the youngest? It seems quite odd. One always thinks of

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her as the eldest of everybody. I wonder why she never married?"

"She never had an offer that anyone ever heard of. She was born to be an old maid. She will make a capital dragon—keep off all undesirable lovers."

III.—WHAT THE GIRLS SAID.

"It was a delightful little party, Aunt Sophy," said Amethyst, "and so good of you to make it for us. The people are most amusing—kind, I mean. I suppose the golden youth of Long Chesterton shines chiefly at entertainments where more violent exercise is offered—balls, and tennis and water parties?"

"I am afraid, my dear, that our force of young men has passed before you to-night," Aunt Sophy answered, smiling amusedly. "They came eagerly, indeed, as they have never been known to come before, to see my two novelties."

Amethyst looked honestly perplexed. Iseult said: "For myself, I prefer old men. The vicar, at least, was educated at Oxford. I don't want to flirt."

"Oh!" cried Amethyst, sarcastically. "You don't call it flirting, I suppose, when you monoplise old professors and young politicians for a whole evening; but it looks just the same. I suppose there isn't a Latin or Sanscrit word for flirting, or that would describe it perfectly."

"Mr. Wood is not an old man," said Miss Ellaby. "He is only thirty-five, and you cannot call Johnny Heath old, or Frank Medell—they are not out of their teens. There are never many men in the country. They are drafted away to towns."

"There is the new member, Sir John Hendley. Don't you ever have him?" asked Iseult.

"Oh, my dear, he is too great a person to come to our little tea parties. I don't even know him. He has only just come to the Hall. It has been shut up ever since his uncle died."

"Then you should call upon and invite him," said Amethyst. "It is very unkind to leave him out."

"My dear, he is a bachelor. I cannot possibly call upon him, or ask him to visit us. It would not be proper. I believe he has called at the vicarage."

Amethyst sent a little twinkling glance from under her eyelashes at Iseult, but that young lady had laid aside her spectacles for the present; so it was lost.

Miss Ellaby seemed old enough to Amethyst to call upon a regiment, as far as propriety went.

"I should like very much to know him," said Iseult, thoughtfully. "He is a very advanced Radical. I should like to talk to him about his property."

"We are sure to meet him somewhere," continued she afterwards, when the cousins were in their own room brushing their hair; "and I will see that he is made free of the house. The only eligible creature here. We cannot afford to waste time."

IV.—WHAT SIR JOHN SAID.

"They are two remarkably pretty little girls? Deliciously fresh, especially the dark one. I hope you will allow me to call upon you, Miss Ellaby, to improve their acquaintance," said Sir John.

"He is a real tonic in this dead-level wilderness," said Amethyst to her cousin; "and I don't think he can be so very old. Anyway, his maturity stands out in most refreshing contrast beside the guilelsss infancies of the Heaths and Medells. I think, on the whole, I like old men best. They are kinder, politer, more chivalrous than the absurd creatures who call each other Johnnies and Chappies, and who are always thinking so much about themselves and their looks that they cannot spare a thought for other people's."

"He has some good ideas," said Iseult, thoughtfully, as was her wont; "and he is not in the least bigoted, as very young Radicals often are. He likes to hear my views, and listens to them with the greatest attention; indeed, he is eager to draw me out. Some men might have preferred shutting me up."

"Of course he enjoyed drawing her out," Amethyst said within herself. "I expect he has had no end of quiet fun to-night, thinking over what she has said. As if a man of his weight and experience would care for what a girl said! No, no! Men hate political and learned women. They like something as different from themselves as possible. I knew he was talking about us all that time to Aunt Sophy, and now he is coming to call. I wonder when he will come, and whether I should wear white or a colour!"

"I see my way to a great career," mused Iseult, as she stared at the stars from her little white bed. "I am not

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mistaken ; I am not the sort of girl who fancies every man who looks at her is in love with her, nor am I the girl a man would idly flirt with, much less 'draw out' for his private amusement. He talked to me nearly all the evening ; he hardly did more than stare at Amethyst ; and I knew he was talking about me to Aunt Sophy, that long time under the plantain, and now he is coming to call ! He is very clever and clear-sighted, but he has his fads. These I can easily manage to make him give up. Why, a member of Parliament's wife is more than the member nowadays——"

"Here comes Sir John!" exclaimed Amethyst. "What will our watchful dragon say when she returns and finds what has happened? What fate inspired her to set off for the hospital so early? Destiny, Iseult—destiny! He has certainly lost no time. Perhaps he saw her go out and seized the opportunity. Make haste, dear! I cannot go down to him quite unchaperoned."

"As I am younger than you——" Iseult put in hastily, flushing angrily.

"Oh, as for that, we are all on an equally unchaperoned level here, according to poor Aunt Sophy. We must chaperon each other."

"I am sorry not to have found Miss Ellaby in," said Sir John, after shaking hands with the bright girls, each all shining in happy excitement, Iseult's brown eyes beaming behind her spectacles as radiantly as Amethyst's blue ones under her golden fringe.

Both were in white, and Iseult had a bunch of carnations in her dress.

"She won't be in until six," said Iseult, simply.

Amethyst flashed an angry glance at her cousin's unconscious back crop of dark hair—she wore hers gathered into a fluffy golden heap on the top of her head.

"She may be in any minute," she contradicted. "How stupid of Iseult not to remember that Sir John, being so old, might have antiquated English ideas as to the propriety of prolonging his visit when the dragon was off duty!"

"Well, I hope you will manage to take care of me till she comes," said Sir John.

Iseult was rather annoyed at his manner, which savoured somewhat of the caressing patronage he might have used to children —and rather perplexed, too, and her consequent pause, and then a moment of deliberation, whether first to introduce the subject of Irish land or of Welsh tithes, gave Amethyst her opportunity.

"We'll take the best of care. Come into the garden and eat strawberries. We will pick them, and then eat them in the corner, under the copper-beech."

"You don't care for strawberries?" said Iseult, gravely, to Sir John.

How could anybody discuss land and tithes, stooping over strawberry-beds, and impeding the utterance of every other word by a strawberry surreptitiously popped into one's mouth?

But Sir John elected for the strawberries, and Iseult could but bide her time and wait an opportunity. She had it when, an hour later, they were sitting at the rustic table under the copper-beech with their strawberries and cream.

"I suppose you have hardly had time to see the Premier's speech at Cardiff yet, the papers are so late coming here," she said.

Sir John had paired for the rest of the session with the Tory member for another division, as he had important business to look after at home.

"How can you tease about politics on such a lovely afternoon?" cried Amethyst. "Do let us enjoy our strawberries?"

But Sir John evidently was not teased by politics, nor hindered by them from enjoying the strawberries. He seemed immensely interested in discussing these great questions with Iseult, and even took pains to keep Amethyst well placed in the conversation, and made the topics quite amusing and interesting, so that she might not be bored, and was even led into giving her own opinions on the subjects discussed.

"He is glad of any excuse to stay on with us," she thought.

At six o'clock Miss Ellaby returned, and was sent by the servant to find the merry party under the copper-beech. The strawberries were all eaten ; but Sir John insisted on gathering more. And just to soften any wrath that might lie hidden under her gentle exterior, because he had stayed so long, he actually stayed on till seven o'clock ; and then Miss Ellaby virtually hinted him off the premises, by asking him to stay to tea, as it was their hour.

"No, thanks ; I must be off!" he exclaimed, starting up guiltily and looking quite sorry. "I have paid an

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unconscionable visitation; but, in fact, I waited for you, Miss Ellaby, so it is your fault. I want to give a party of some sort—a sort of house-warming, in fact, or garden-warming, if there is such a thing, for these young people will want tennis; and I thought you would advise me what to have and whom to have."

Amethyst literally jumped for joy.

"But I must not detain you," continued Sir John. "May I come again, Miss Ellaby, to talk it over?"

V.—WHAT THE VILLAGE SAID.

Omnes: "There must certainly be something in it. The question is, what, or, rather, which?"

Mrs. Heath: "Iseult. He has promised to have a Home Rule demonstration in his park to please her, and he is going to pull down the Colter's-row cottages, and build a hideous new place, like a workhouse, instead, after a design she has drawn."

Mrs. Medell: "No; Amethyst. A man turns to beauty like flies to honey. He is far too practical with Iseult to be in love with her. When people are in love, they don't talk about drains and Acts of Parliament."

Mrs. Heath: "It certainly is Iseult. He treats Amethyst like a baby, and laughs at her little airs. A man doesn't laugh at a girl he is in love with."

Miss Bowen: "It is neither one nor the other—not in that way. He is dull, and he has found two girls ready to flirt with him and pet him; and he is willing enough to accept their homage, like any other idle man."

Mrs. Medell: "No; that cannot be. He is a gentleman, and as clever and practical as he is kind. He would never keep going to the White House, day after day, knowing how ready girls are to misconstrue and people to talk, unless he had honorable intentions."

Alice Heath: "Amethyst is madly in love with him. Iseult is far too high up in the clouds to think of love."

Edith Lee: "No; Iseult is as much in love as any ordinary young woman. Amethyst treats him like a grandfather. He could not care for a butterfly thing like her. Iseult and he are twin souls—kindred spirits."

Mrs. Medell: "As for kindred spirits, men always marry their opposites."

Miss Bowen: "It is rather hard on the Long Chesterton girls that these Kerrisons should have come. If they had stayed away, what a chance it would have been for Clara Scott! She is exactly the girl that would have suited him."

Mrs. Heath: "He doesn't seem to see it. He never looks at her."

Alice Heath: "Amethyst has got a new consignment of dresses from Bond-street. The Lord Chancellor really ought to interfere. Her bills must be outrageous!"

Edith Lee: "The Lord Chancellor is a Tory. He will never allow the wedding to take place."

Mrs. Heath: "Perhaps that is why Iseult is so rapturous about the recent elections and the Unionist split. She wants a Liberal Lord Chancellor to come in."

Johnny Heath: "I never heard such stuff! As if either of them would look at an old fogey like that! The two jolliest girls that ever came near the place!"

Frank Medell: "Iseult might have him; she's not jolly; she's an awful prig, just like yourself—but Amethyst! By Jove! A man would deserve to be banished from the country who proposed to monopolise her. Did you ever see such eyes, and such dimples, and such glorious hair? And the way that girl can play tennis, why, it's divine!"

Mr. Wood: Miss Kerrison is very charming, but in my opinion Miss Iseult is far more beautiful. She has the face of St. Catherine—or, rather, of Hypatia, since I fear her Christianity is not her strong point. If she would but suffer herself to be taught by those appointed to teach her, what might not her talents, her enthusiasm, her self devotion, do for the Church? She would be thrown away by marriage. I feel sure that she at least is not a willing attraction for Sir John."

The Vicar: "They are pretty girls, but neither of them is to be compared with their aunt. Oh, yes, you boys may stare, but Sophy Ellaby was ten times prettier than they are when she was a girl; and she has hardly lost any of her beauty. Her grey hair is as pretty as theirs, and her complexion is as good, and her soft eyes could never lose their expression; and with all Miss Iseult's tall talk, I should like to see her do half as much with her whole life as her aunt has done with every year of hers. As for conversation, I never knew a better, more

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sympathetic and intelligent listener than Miss Ellaby, and she has a wonderful gift of seeming to have said almost nothing, and yet to have placed things in a clearer light for you."

Mrs. Lee: But there is no room for comparison; the girls are girls, and quite different from elderly people; have less experience, of course, and are apt to overdo enthusiasm."

The Vicar: "She is far younger than they are, though her hair turned white a little after she was thirty. Her manner seems to me quite child-like in its simplicity beside Miss Kerrison's vanity and woman-of-the-worldishness, and Miss Iseult's learned theorising."

Alice Heath: "She is a regular old frump. Look at her dress!"

The Vicar: "Her dress seems to me perfection, for it is perfectly suitable to her age and circumstances. She dresses like a modest gentlewoman. As for Miss Kerrison's dress, it is, no doubt, pretty and fashionable, but it seems to me too smart for this country place."

"Then, do you admire Miss Iseult's dress? I declare I nearly called after her the other day, thinking it was you, Frank."

Edith Lee: "She is very masculine; it is horrid."

Johnny: But her hats, and ulster, and little natty coats all fit her so bewitchingly. A pretty girl may wear anything she likes."

Miss Bowen: "There is nothing so repulsive to me as an unwomanly woman."

Mrs. Heath: "I daresay she is pure womanly enough to be very glad to catch a baronet. He seems to like her style, since he is pulling the place to pieces to please her."

Mrs. Medell: "She is not the rose, but near the rose. It is an excuse to get near Amethyst to go to the White House with plans of drains and ventilators."

Alice Heath: "Amethyst certainly thinks he is in love with her. She blushed when I mentioned him the other day, and she could hardly attend to anything last night when we were all expecting him, and then she smiled when he came and appropriated him at once."

Edith Lee: "Why, Iseult talks as if they were already married. She says, 'we' shall have this done and 'we' object to the other. It is perfectly absurd."

Omnes: "Well, time will show very soon now. He has abundance of opportunity, and not even a pretence at ignorance of his pretensions to contend with or a show of coyness. 'Elegant females' do not seem to think it due to themselves to refuse a man the first time he offers, as they did in Miss Austen's days. His mouth is open, and they are both ready to drop in, and no doubt he will be equally happy with either. It is only a matter of which dear charmer happens to be out of the way when the spirit moves him to propose."

VI.—WHAT AMETHYST SAID (TO HER REFLECTION).

"To-morrow I shall wear my black dress! I am almost sure that I look best in black, after all. Black is a very good idea. He has seen me in nothing but white and light things, and, perhaps, as men are so blind, they seem all alike to him; and men do require novelty. Who knows but that my sudden appearance in black may startle him into saying something more definite—more official, I should say; for he could hardly have made his meaning plainer, really. Perhaps he hesitates, thinking I am too young to be married and settle down to an important and influential position. I shall look more sedate and more like a stately Lady Hendley in black. . . . Aunt Sophy is a hopeless old maid. I told Sir John how she actually expected I would have helped her with her nasty, infectious hospital, and go poking into those horrid cottages, and stay in the house this lovely weather to smother myself beneath heaps of hot flannel for the poor. He said so nicely that some people were born to be butterflies, and we should not like to do without them, useless as they are; which I daresay punished Aunt Sophy nicely, saying as it did that she was an ant, grubbing down amongst the dust and sand. I must say for Aunt Sophy that, in spite of her antiquated notions, she has taken to effacing herself a good deal lately. I think she will be sorry to part with me."

VII.—WHAT ISEULT SAID (TO HER JOURNAL).

"I see exactly where his fault is. He is full of right ideas, and eager to improve himself and to assimilate mine, and not at all bigoted about giving up plans that I condemn; but he has a want of practi-

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cality. He is too sublimated, as it were, about some things. He doesn't seem to know that though we understand each other perfectly well, our position would be strengthened if, in fact, we were officially engaged. He recognises our perfect equality so fully that I believe it has not occurred to him that the initiative should be with him any more than with me—in fact, it strikes me that he will not presume to speak since I do not, his natural chivalry yielding precedence to a woman, and that he waits for me. . . . I will give him until after the demonstration; if he has not spoken by then, two more days hence, I will speak. . . . It is rather tiresome that Amethyst is so often in the way, but he is wonderfully patient with her. Still, I wish she could be as sensible as Aunt Sophy and keep out of the way more. Perhaps Aunt Sophy would be less ready to efface herself if he did not tease her about her Toryism. She is very old-maidish—she makes such a fuss if my papers are what she calls littering about when visitors come. She looks gloomily at us sometimes. I suppose she sees all her pet fads and theories knocked down when I come into power at the Hall."

VIII.—WHAT SIR JOHN SAID.

"But I cannot understand. I mean, how was it possible you did not understand? I flattered myself that a man had never been more straightforward. Why, I have hardly ever been out of the house. I am quite ashamed to think how I must have bored you, but you have been too kind. You not only hid from me that you were bored, but you seemed to encourage me by your—by looking pleased to see me, and all that. You are the only person in the parish who has not understood. Everyone else seems to have guessed that I could not come here so often for mere friendship's sake."

"But the girls—it might have been the girls."

"The girls!" in genuine incredulous astonishment.

"They are so pretty, and Iseult is so clever. They would be so much more suitable."

"Suitable! Good Heavens! Which one? Little Amethyst, with her dimples and baby nonsense, or Iseult, with her blue-books and spectacles?"

"You seemed to enjoy the blue-books and the nonsense very much."

"I enjoyed anything that kept me near you."

"Iseult would enter into all your plans and ambitions."

"She would do nothing of the sort. She would insist on my going in for hers. She is a pretty little goose, and it is charming to hear her wild theories."

"I am a Tory! I pauperise the poor! I can't bear to think of the pretty old cottages coming down. I am an old maid with antiquated notions, and my hair is white, and I have no sympathy with the revolutionary spirit."

"Sophy, you are the most beautiful, and the sweetest, and cleverest, and womanliest, and youngest of women."

"I am forty-one."

"And I am forty-two; a very proper age for you. The world is upside down now, I think; and girls are born twenty years old. Both these girls are old enough and wise enough—though little Amethyst is the wiser of the two, with real practical world-wisdom—to be your great-aunts. Sophy, I am sure you care for me. Will you be my wife?"

IX.—WHAT AUNT SOPHY SAID.

"Yes; I suppose so. I am afraid people will be suprised.

X.—WHAT THE GIRLS SAID.

"I knew she would be jealous of us, and set him against us, wicked old thing!"

"He thinks she has money. He would be jealous of a wife who took the lead. He is very narrow, after all, very prejudiced, and cannot submit to being ruled by a woman. He wants a tool."

"After all, it will be very nice to live at the Hall till we are married."

"A woman can never be free and supreme if she binds herself down by marriage. I shall be far more the power at the Hall than if I had been his wife."

XI.—WHAT THE VILLAGE SAID.

"It is really astonishing, but really much wiser; and Sophy Ellaby is a very pretty woman, and much more suitable to be lady of the Manor than a little extravagant flirt, or a young woman who wants to lecture upon the franchise, and to wear a divided skirt, as she calls it."

[THE END.]

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Benefactors of the Race.

By REGINALD TURNER.

HE who can make two ears of corn grow in the place where only one grew before ; the inventor who brings into being that which makes easier the lives of men ; the man who discovers a new means of alleviating human suffering, of stamping out disease ; the pioneer who takes by the throat a great social evil : the names of such men as these deserve to be written on history's scroll in letters of gold.

The latter half of the last century produced some such benefactors of the race, of whom a few brilliant examples yet survive.

In no branch of life has more progress been made than in surgery, progress mainly due to the work of two men.

The year 1847 was a momentous one. In that year Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, ventured into the dark unknown. With the properties of chloroform the medical profession had some theoretical acquaintance, but the exact quantities of this highly dangerous agent that could with safety be used could only be determined by actual experiment. This experiment Dr. Simpson and one or two of his fellow physicians resolved to make on their own persons. Bacon says "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark." What must have been the feelings of these daring pioneers of science as they took the plunge into oblivion, not knowing whether they would ever wake on earth again? Happily, they came through the ordeal in safety. Henceforth, by the use of anæsthetics, surgery was shorn of half its terrors.

But there remained another discovery destined to confer even greater blessing. Though anæsthetics rendered operations painless, they were still attended by much loss of life. However skilfully an operation might be performed, there was always grave doubt whether the patient would live or die. Dreadful complications were constantly occurring. The walls of the hospitals were saturated with infection, and there was no guarantee that the germs would not find their way into newly made wounds, setting up fatal gangrene and blood poisoning.

It was due to a great surgeon still living that an effectual remedy for this shocking state of things was found—Lord Lister, of whom it was recently said without an atom of exaggeration, "The whole of Humanity with uncovered head salutes you." The enormous value of his gift to humanity has been recognised by the powers that be—Joseph Lister was the first member of the medical profession raised to the peerage.

Lord Lister's scientific bent is doubtless inherited, for his father, although a business man, gave up much of his spare time to the study of optics, to such good purpose as to invent valuable improvements in the lens of the microscope.

After a course of study in hospital, Mr. Joseph Lister accepted the post of secretary to Professor Syme, a distinguished surgeon in Scotland, and later he was entrusted with the post of house surgeon. While occupying this position he was brought into daily contact with all manner of subjects for the surgeon's knife. One fact impressed him deeply—the terrible septic complications that so frequently destroyed the patient. His mind was constantly at work to find an antidote to these malign forces. The theories of Pasteur on germs directed his experiments to the right channel. A germ killer must be devised if the

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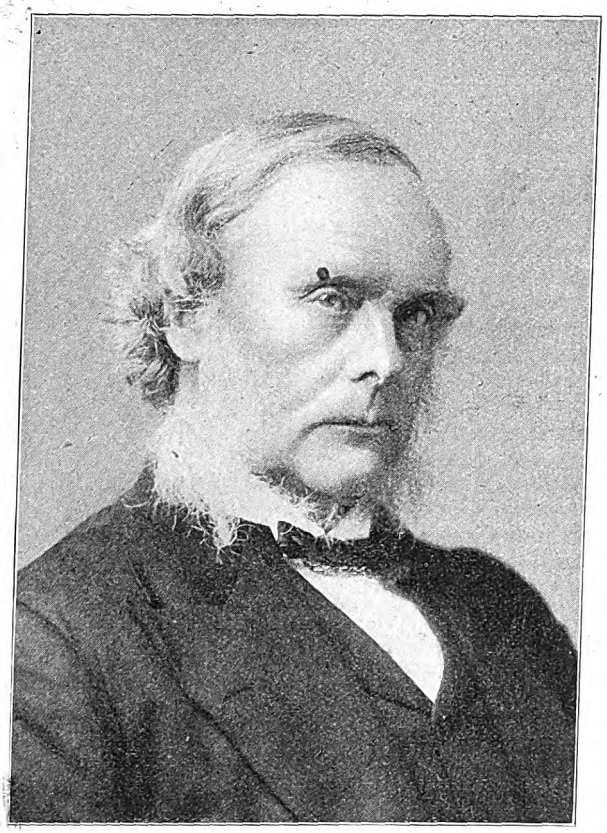
terrible risk attending operations was to be obviated. Lister found his antiseptic in dilute carbolic acid. In future, no operation was to be performed without the stringent use of the disinfectant. All the instruments, the hands of the surgeon and of the nurses in attendance, were impregnated with the solution. Nothing was allowed to have contact with the patient unless first so treated. The beneficial effects of the new system were immediately apparent. The percentage of successful operations was incalculably increased, and thousands who are alive to-day owe their recovery to the wisdom and research of Lord Lister.



LORD LISTER.
The Discoverer of the Antiseptic Treatment in Surgery.
Photograph by Barraud.

What Lord Lister has done for surgery has been done for nursing by that queen among women, Miss Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale is over eighty now, but her noble work in the Crimea is fresh in the personal recollection of many, and hers is a name that will be handed down in history to generation after generation as an emblem of womanly tenderness and self sacrifice. At a dinner given by Lord Stafford at the end of the Crimean War, slips were handed round, the guests being invited to write upon each the name they deemed most heroic in connection with the war. When the slips were examined they were found all bearing the same name —Florence Nightingale. One of the few sources of consolation in connection with the present miserable conflict in South Africa is the care bestowed on the sick and wounded of both sides. It is all traceable to Florence Nightingale. It was she who originated the present admirable system, sealing it almost with her life's blood. For nearly forty years she has paid in pain throbs for her heroic disregard of her own health all through those awful months in the hospitals of the Bosphorus.

She found these places pestilential shambles, too hideous for description. There lay the poor wretches brought in from the field uncleansed, deprived of all suitable nourishment, the place literally overrun with rats and all kinds of vermin. Up to that time no woman had ever been allowed to be present in a military hospital—no woman's touch to soothe the dying soldier, no woman's quick intelligence and sympathy to nurse back to health those who, having such a chance, might have recovered.

No wonder Florence Nightingale and her staff of lady nurses seemed to them as angels. As at night time she went from bed to bed holding aloft her little lamp, dying men turned to kiss her shadow as she passed. "Only to see her was happiness," said one poor soldier. That a lady delicately reared should voluntarily forsake a beautiful home, the refinements of wealth, to come and work herself to death in that den of horrors, was to them a source of unending amazement. Nowadays there

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are thousands of ladies who follow in her footsteps. But their ways are made plain by her experience and the lessons she has taught the military authorities.

Within six months she had changed the pandemonium to comparative paradise. But it was at terrific cost to herself. The gratitude of the nation was deep. A sum of £50,000 was presented to her, the whole of which she used to found a nursing home in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. In this institution is to be seen a statue of Florence Nightingale carrying the lamp which she used in the hospital at Scutari. Although an invalid for many years Miss Nightingale has exerted a very powerful influence on all movements pertaining to nursing. Her advice is constantly sought by the War Office and by promoters of new schemes in America or on the Continent. One cannot call to mind a case of another woman whose work has been so mighty and so permanent.

Some few years ago an English gentleman received an invitation to visit Italy. The letter came from an influential body of statesmen, divines, and other leading men of that country, and contained this sensational clause: "In our opinion you have done more to make Italy than Cavour or Garibaldi." The name of that English gentleman was no other than Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self

Photograph by MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. *The London Stereoscopic Co.*

The Pioneer of work which has shorn sickness of half its terrors.

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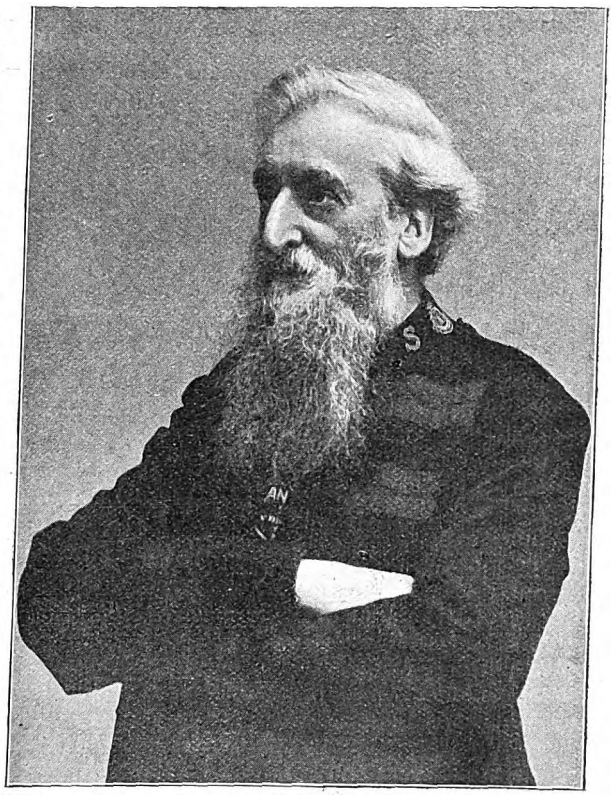
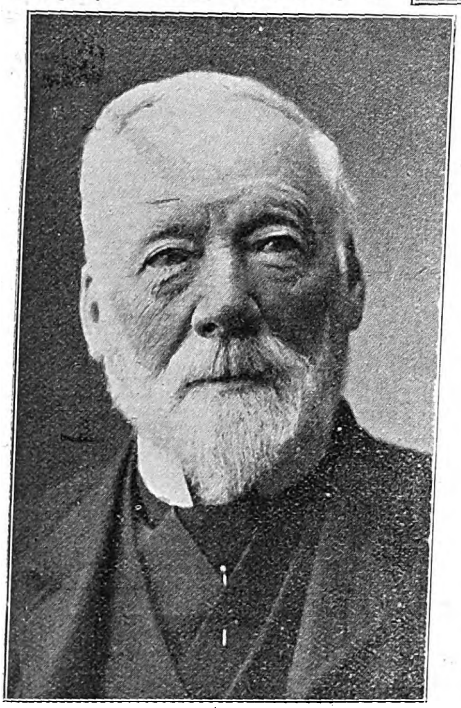
Help." What a magnificent tribute from a whole nation to a single individual. It is to be doubted whether a parallel can be found for it, at least in the present generation.

Dr. Smiles is a very old man now—not very far short of ninety years of age: he has lived to see his famous book translated into seventeen languages, and attain a circulation of a quarter of a million copies in this country alone. No other writer living can claim to have done more good with his pen than Dr. Smiles. The influence of "Self Help," especially on the young life of the world, has been extraordinary. Dr. Smiles has been called the apostle of perseverence, and his own life is a testimony of the value and efficacy of the maxim he has taught with his pen. He tried one business after another till he found his vocation in railway work, reaching the high position of secretary of the South-Eastern Company. More than half a century has gone by since the idea of "Self Help" originated. During his tenure of office as secretary to the Leeds and Thirsk Railway Dr. Smiles was often asked by the young men about him for help and advice. He gathered a few around him for informal chats on such staple subjects as thrift, courage, and industry. The counsel he gave, as he himself says, was as old as Solomon's, but what could be better? These talks were the basis of "Self Help," published fifteen years later. The publisher to whom the MS. was first offered did not appreciate its value and sent the author a note to that effect. But the public pronounced an immediate judgment in its favour, no less than 20,000 copies being sold in the first year of publication.



GENERAL BOOTH.
Who has brought light to "Darkest England."



DR. SAMUEL SMILES.
Author of "Self Help," a book whose influence for good has been incalculable.

If one were asked to name the man living to-day who has done most good to his fellow creatures, the answer would be "General Booth." There is scarcely a country in the wide world, which is not touched by his influence, and the "soldiers" under his command may be

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numbered by tens of thousands, each unit being pledged to war with sin and wrong wherever he or she finds it. The remarkable part is that of this vast army a large proportion are drawn from classes hitherto almost untouched by religion.

The Salvation Army has succeeded in reclaiming characters from lives of sin and wretchedness where all other bodies have failed, or have not even attempted the task. The Army is the conception of one man and his wife. To her influence may doubtless be traced the prominence given to women workers in the Army scheme, a factor which has had so much to do with making the Army the power that it is to-day. General Booth and his devoted band of soldiers, male and female, are every day saving souls and bodies in all quarters of the earth.

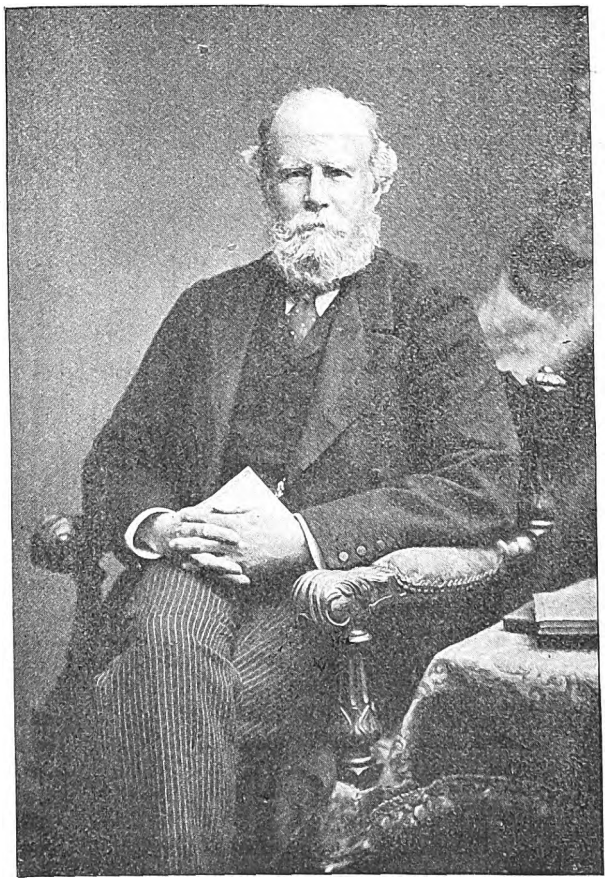

Photo by LORD AVEBURY. *Bassano.*

The Apostle of Recreation and Culture.

It is their mission to alleviate the hunger of the body as well as of the soul, to help those who are willing to work to obtain it, to which end there are some forty labour bureaus always open, and some sixty labour factories always at work.

General Booth has been, indeed, a faithful steward of the talents entrusted to him some years back by public subscription for the raising of the submerged tenth. That a very large proportion of the population still remain submerged there can be no gainsaying, but an enormous amount of good has been and is still being done.

No less than 20,000 destitute men and women are touched by the scheme daily, of which number 15,000 are housed every night in the 160 or so shelters and food depôts.

No man can make a pound go further than the General. One hundred pounds under his management sustains fifty persons for six months, or at the rate of £4 per person a year. Of course, the secret of this wonderful economy lies in the fact that everyone who receives benefit from the scheme contributes to it in some form of work. Had it not been for the General's power to get work out of what is usually considered hopeless material, that which has cost £260,000 would have cost a couple of million.

In the days prior to the Reformation there were a great many more holidays than at present, despite what has been done for the people in this respect by that public benefactor Lord Avebury, perhaps even now better known as Sir John Lubbock. Saints' days were almost as plentiful as blackberries, and every Saint's day meant a holiday.

When the Puritans came into power they went too far in the opposite direction; in fact, they made practically a clean sweep of all holidays whatsoever, and the nation as time went on grew in danger of becoming like Jack, the proverbial dull boy.

Gradually, however, common-sense people rebelled, and Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and Boxing Day were kept. Bank clerks, and thousands of others engaged in commercial pursuits,

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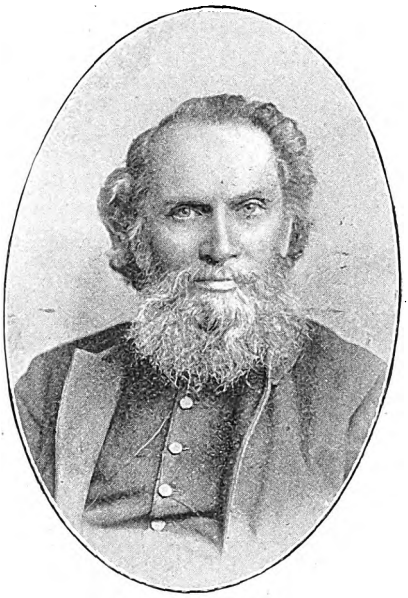
were still prisoners until the passing of the Bill in the sixties promoted by Lord Avebury authorising the payment of bills due on these holidays on the day after. This measure practically secured the days mentioned to the whole of the people, together with the first Monday in August, for, although not compulsory except in the case of banks, the closure of the banks gave a lead that the nation at large could hardly help following.

Lord Avebury has been well called the apostle of recreation. His work for the elevation of the people does not end with the institution of much-needed Bank holidays. He is a great believer in the elevating influence of healthy amusements which can be followed all the year round in spare hours. His little book, "The Pleasures of Life," pointed the way to self-culture; in it was the germ idea of the "hundred best books," an idea which has been followed by all the leading publishers, and which therefore, more than any other in recent, years has been the means of introducing to the masses the finest standard works. Latterly the idea has been extended to sets of hundred best pictures.

The man who gave to the children of England their great Charter of protective justice was not so many years ago a Congregational minister, working in a quiet, unobtrusive way at Greenwich. The name of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh has for some years been one to conjure with—a terror to the oppressor of childhood, and a man to be universally revered by all humane people.

During his ministry in the poor neighbourhoods of Deptford and Greenwich, Mr. Waugh's heart was often saddened by the cruel cases of child neglect that came under his notice. A man of tender sympathies, and of a keen intelligence, he constituted himself Childhood's champion. At this time he was editor of the "Sunday Magazine," and it was in a little room above the offices of that journal that Mr. Waugh, single-handed, carried



REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.
Who won for the Children their Charter of Protection.
Photo by A. Montville Evans, St. Albans.

on the work of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that he thus brought into being.

Working with the powers conferred by Parliament in the Children's Charter, Mr. Waugh brought no less than 4,000 cases of cruelty to light within the first year. Public sympathy was aroused, and the little room was given up in favour of adequate premises in Harpur Street, Bloomsbury. By this time Mr. Waugh had a number of willing helpers, though a mere nothing compared to the large army who are fighting the Children's cause to-day under his command. The society has now between 800 and 900 centres of operation, by which more than half-a-million children have been benefited.

REGINALD TURNER.

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THE PAID GUEST.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Author of "The Story of a Penitent Soul," "Beyond Recall," "No Saint," "Out of Due Season," etc.

I.

COURTNAY was dull. He had been feeling dull all day, and when a steady rain began to fall, and a raw February fog to obscure even the gas-lamps, and render crossing the road a matter of difficulty, he yielded to the influences of the weather, and became for once thoroughly depressed. His pleasant rooms in Piccadilly and the skilful attentions of his invaluable servant failed to cheer him; he smoked two big cigars, and was beginning a third, when a note was brought to him, which he opened without much interest, feeling that all the world and its concerns were but of small importance. But his face changed while he read the letter:—

"Dear Courtnay,—I am awfully sorry to bother you, but if you are passing old Granger's to-night, would you mind stepping in and telling him that I shall not be able to go to Reading to-morrow to report the meeting? I have got a touch of influenza, I think, and shall not be out for a day or two. I thought that, as Morley is such a favourite of yours, you might possibly care to run down in my stead, and Granger will probably suggest this if you carry him the news of my defection. —Yours, G.T."

"What a good fellow he is!" Courtnay soliloquised, laying down the letter: "It is not every man who would take the trouble to put the work he can't do into another fellow's hands. He thinks I'm in want of a job, that's what it is. All my own fault, for the fit of grumbling which I favoured him with, last time I saw him. Vapoured a bit about wanting work, didn't I? Yes, my good fellow, but not your kind of work; I've no ambition to be a struggling journalist. 'Pon my word, I don't quite know what I want to be or do; I seem to have lost all my energy since I came back from Switzerland last autumn. If only I could find that girl again, I believe I should be all right. But a more complete disappearance I never came across. Nobody knows anything about her, apparently, and she never gave me her address. If only I hadn't been called to England so suddenly just then! My dear mother couldn't have chosen a worse time than that September for falling ill—as far as I was concerned, that is. I told the dear old lady so the other day, but she only laughed at me.

"Well, what am I to do about this letter, I wonder? I hope poor old Thorpe isn't really ill. Doesn't look particularly strong, I fancy. Lives in lodgings, I remember he told me, but did not say where." He lifted the note again, and drew in his lips with a whistle of surprise. "Newport Buildings!" he repeated. "Why, those are not anything but workmen's dwellings, surely! He must be pretty hard up if he lives there. He never gave me anything but a club address before. As he *has* given me this address, I wonder whether he would mind my turning up at his diggings to see how the poor chap really is. He must almost expect to see me, I fancy, after writing that note. At any rate, as I can't very well do his reporting for him to-morrow, I may as well go and see whether there is anything I *can* do. Something to occupy one's mind, in this beastly weather."

It was not late, although the skies were so dark; it was not yet six o'clock; and as Courtnay pursued his way along the slippery streets his mind was filled with reflections concerning his friend Gilbert Thorpe, a man to whom he had been attracted during his visits to a literary club that held its meetings once a week

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in a little street off the Strand: attracted partly by the brilliant cleverness of the man, partly by something lovable in his nature, and partly—though Courtnay would not, perhaps, have admitted it—by a curious resemblance, which of late had forced itself upon him, between Thorpe and the girl with whom Nigel Courtnay had more than half fallen in love last autumn in Switzerland. It was a strange similarity; extending not only to complexion and feature, but to gesture and expression and turns of speech. Courtnay meant to ask his friend some day whether there were any connection between him and Celia Devereux.

At last he reached Newport Buildings—a group of dingy-looking "model" dwellings where it seemed wonderful to Courtnay that any man of refinement should care to live—and endeavoured to find the number which had been written at the head of Thorpe's letter. To Courtnay's dismay it was at the very top of the house. "Poor chap!" Courtnay ejaculated; "what a hole! Who would have thought it to look at him! I wonder if I'd better go back? After all, I don't think they'll mind me very much. He hadn't a scrap of false pride about him; and I'm sure I've been down on my luck before now." And forthwith Courtnay knocked at the door.

When it was opened, he thought he must have made a mistake. A young and very pretty but wan-looking girl, with a baby in her arms, stood before him and asked his business. Courtnay explained that he had come to see Mr. Thorpe, but——

"My husband is very unwell to-night, sir," the girl replied; "but I can ask him if he will see you. Do you come from Messrs. Blackly?"—naming an important firm of wholesale merchants in the West-end.

"No," said Courtnay, more and more astonished; "I have nothing to do with them." The young woman seemed doubtful. It was plain to see that she had no pretensions to gentility, but her face was sweet and gentle in expression, and her voice was low and soft. She went away to inquire, retiring to an inner room for that purpose, while Courtnay stood and meditated on the folly of men who married hastily, and evidently below their station. For, whatever Thorpe was, he was a scholar and a gentleman.

The girl returned presently, with an intimation that the visitor might follow her. Courtnay followed with some trepidation, and found himself in a tiny room, scrupulously clean, but almost entirely bare, where Thorpe awaited his friend. The young man was lying on a low bedstead, but to Nigel's surprise he was not entirely undressed; in fact from the preparations about the room one would have imagined that he was just going to dress for the evening. But his face was flushed with fever, and his voice was so frequently interrupted by fits of coughing that he could scarcely, at times, make himself intelligible. He smiled faintly when Courtnay came in, and held out his hand. "It is awfully kind of you to look me up," he said. And more than ever Courtnay remarked that visionary likeness to Celia. "I am not in very good trim, you see, or else I would not have bothered you about the meeting."

Courtnay was more embarrassed than his friend. "I must apologise for my intrusion," he said. "You see, I had no idea that you were—h'm—a—a——"

"A married man," said Thorpe, completing the sentence cheerfully. "Well, somehow one does not always think of mentioning it. I have no notion, now, whether you are a bachelor, or a Benedict with half-a-dozen olive-branches."

"Do I look like it?" asked Nigel. "But I ought not to say that, for anyone less like a married man than yourself I have seldom seen."

"Do I look so juvenile?" laughed Thorpe; then with sudden gravity he added: "But you are perhaps right. I married rather earlier than most men. I have, at any rate, the advantage of a good wife."

Courtnay marvelled a little and wondered whether the wedding of this good wife had not been the cause of all the young man's troubles. But he could not make inquiries on this point, so he went on rather hurriedly to his reason for coming. "It occurred to me that if you were ill there might be one or two things I could arrange for you," he said. "I'll go to old Granger's for you with pleasure. But I don't much care about doing the Reading work, unless by any chance you feel that you must go if I don't."

"No, no; it isn't that. There are plenty of people to do it. This attack's an unlucky thing for me; I was hoping

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to get on Granger's staff, but I know he has a mortal horror of illness, so I expect he won't see me again for weeks. He's far more nervous than a woman."

"Look here," said Courtnay abruptly, "we're fellow-workers, and I know well enough what a bore it is sometimes to be brought to a stop like this in the middle of one's work. I've got plenty in hand; in fact, I'm a bit of a fraud, Thorpe, for I'm not dependent on a profession at all, though I'm afraid I have let some of you think so at the Century, for the sake of good-fellowship; and if twenty pounds, or fifty, for the matter of that——"

"What a good fellow you are, Courtnay!" said Thorpe, in the pleasant voice which Courtnay liked to hear. "But indeed it's not so bad as you think with me. I've got some commissions, and I shall work at home, and, as the doctor said, keep warm and quiet. Thank you a thousand times all the same."

"Very little good thanking me when you won't let me do anything for you," grumbled Courtnay. "Come, Thorpe, don't be pig-headed. I would come to you at any time if I wanted help, sooner than to anyone I know. I am sure you need not mind taking a temporary loan from me, and I'll promise to dun you for it if I want it back. You won't be able to do much for the next fortnight, I can promise you, so why should you not make your mind easy?"

But Thorpe shook his head; and Courtnay would in no sense of the word have carried his point if at that moment Mrs. Thorpe had not appeared at the door, saying:

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Gilbert, but there's a message just this minute from Blackly's to say that they can't find a substitute, and they will be very much put about if you can't go. I told them how ill you were, but they wouldn't listen——"

"Never mind now, Mary," said Thorpe soothingly. "Is the messenger waiting? Tell him I'll be there without fail, if I possibly can."

Mary retired, and Courtnay looked at his friend with suspicion. "You do not mean that you are making arrangements already for your future work?"

Thorpe attempted a laugh. "My dear fellow, I'm not so bad as you think me. But—don't call me uncivil"—with a nervous glance at a clock which ticked on a table beside him—"but I am obliged—to say good-bye. Perhaps another time you'll stay longer! If it were not that I have an engagement——"

"You don't mean that you're going out!" cried Courtnay, a sudden light bursting upon him as he noticed the dress-suit to which Thorpe's eyes had strayed. "Impossible! Are you mad?"

"My dear Courtnay, you don't know the circumstances," said Thorpe, flushing like a girl. "It's a professional engagement—that is all. You know as well as I do that there are things of this kind which cannot be put off."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said Courtnay, a little roughly, for he was vexed with Thorpe for so sturdily refusing help. "Any engagement must give way when you are suffering as you are now. I'll go myself to the place, and tell them that you are too ill to come. Leave it, whatever it is, to me. Won't that do? You see, it is no use for you to nurse yourself up one day, and run into danger the next. It won't pay in the long run."

Thorpe smiled at the little lecture. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I can't find anybody to take my engagement." He flushed sensitively at the thought. "I'll tell you what it is, and then you may despise me at your leisure. Sometimes—I don't so much mind confessing this to you, Courtnay—I've been so hard up that I would have swept the streets if I could have got a living that way. I've not known how to get bread for my poor wife, or milk for the child. You don't know what it is to feel yourself so helpless, perhaps. Well, I happened to come into contact with a great London firm—in fact, I wrote some rhyming advertisements for them—and they suggested to me a way in which I could earn a couple of guineas a night, if I chose. There are dinner-parties—chiefly among self-made people who are trying to get into society—where men are wanted to act as guests. Now do you understand?"

"You were to have gone to one of these entertainments to-night?"

"Yes. And, as time presses, you must let me get up and go."

"Why should I not go in your place?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!"

"Why impossible? Can't I wear a dress-coat and talk small nothings as well as you? I suppose it's not a place where one would be likely to meet one's most intimate friends?"

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"I should think not. They are tradespeople, extremely rich, but so vulgar that even London hesitates to receive them. At the last moment they were disappointed of a guest upon whom they relied, and I was asked to take his place. But I must go myself; it would not do for you to take my place; you would not like it, and——"

"If that is all your objection, my dear fellow, I shall insist on going, whether you consent or not," said Courtnay with a laugh. "Like it! I shall think it the best joke I have had for years. Tell me all the details, and I'll be off directly."

"But you'll have to go in my name. Do you mind that? You can explain privately to the host if you think fit, but it would be better not."

"I'll do just as you like," said Courtnay light-heartedly; "I think it will be the biggest lark I've had for years. I hear myself introduced—Mr. Gilbert Thorpe—and——"

"Excuse me," said Thorpe, while a flush rose to his face, "Thorpe is my pen-name only. You will be announced as Mr. Gilbert Devereux."

Nigel stared; seemed about to ask a question, and then held his tongue. There was no time to go into matters of family resemblance or relationship. But he could not help that momentary start of astonishment. For the name of the girl he loved, and whom Thorpe so strangely resembled, was Celia Devereux.

II.

The house was in Portland Place; one of those portentously solemn grey mansions which seem to breathe wealth at every pore. A red carpet adorned the steps, and a carriage was just arriving as Courtnay's hansom drove up. He had to wait while the two ladies who occupied the carriage alighted; and although Courtnay could not see their faces he caught a glimpse of very gorgeous cloaks and dresses, and of a slim, graceful figure following a more ponderous one up the steps. He felt a thrill of interest and curiosity which he had certainly not expected to experience. "They may be vulgar people, but they may also know who are the right people to ask," he reflected. "I hope to goodness I shall not see any friends of mine. At a house like this, one might meet anybody in these degenerate days."

He was admitted, gave his name, and was rather disgusted to note that the footmen grinned behind their hands, as if they knew the terms on which he was admitted to the house. "Poor Thorpe!" said Courtnay to himself, recognising the fact that these derisive looks which affected him not at all were probably misery and degradation to a man who was forced against his will to put up with them. He was announced in due form, however, as Mr. Gilbert Devereux, and was received with a certain amount of *empressement* by the Jewish-looking gentleman who was the host, and who introduced him to an enormously stout lady in green satin and rubies, who informed him that "'er 'usband 'ad made hall 'is money in pork." Courtnay said to himself that Gilbert had been right, and that it was highly improbable that he would meet any of his intimate friends at the house of Mr. Isaac Goldstein.

But his confidence was destined to receive a rude shock. For, at that very moment, the door opened again, and the butler sonorously announced: "Lady Devereux and Miss Devereux." And Courtnay's divinity sailed into the room, in the wake of the gorgeous lady whose carriage had preceded Courtnay's hansom. At Interlaken, Celia had been accompanied by an aunt, but no doubt this gorgeous lady was her mother. Courtnay rather wished that he could sink into the earth. Suppose Gilbert were a relation of these people? Would not his situation then be very ridiculous, to say the least of it? He had half a mind to turn his back on the whole entertainment, plead illness, and return to his friend to explain the extraordinary *contretemps* which had occurred.

But he had not been prompt enough. Celia had seen him, and he could not be blind to the fact that her whole face lighted up when she saw him, as if she had recognised a friend. She bowed to him graciously from the other side of the room, but she had not time to speak to him, for dinner was announced at that moment, and Courtnay found himself going into the dining-room with the stout lady on his arm, and no opportunity of saying a single word to Miss Devereux. At that moment the folly of what he had done became painfully apparent to him. At any moment his host might address him by name; or Celia herself, who was

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not very far off, might speak to him. In either case, detection would immediately follow, and Courtnay would be the laughing-stock of the company. So, at least, he imagined, forgetting that the laugh would be turned against Mr. Goldstein rather than himself. His anguish of mind made him a very poor companion to the lady in green satin, to whom his remarks were spasmodically vague; and she, concluding herself to be despised by this young swell, as she designated him, became gradually silent and sulky, as one ill-treated by her host and his guest.

Mr. Goldstein had taken in Lady Devereux, and made jovial remarks to her in a loud voice from time to time—remarks which Courtnay could not help straining his ears to catch. But the moment that he had dreaded did not come until dessert was on the table; and Courtnay had suffered a martyrdom by that time. He was almost prepared for the worst when the ordeal came.

"It's an odd coincidence that we should have another guest of your ladyship's name, isn't it?" said Mr. Goldstein cheerfully. "Maybe he's a cousin of yours, my lady?"

"No, that cannot be, for we have no cousins, Mr. Goldstein," said Lady Devereux urbanely. Then she put up her long-handled eyeglass, and looked round the table. "Which is the gentleman who bears our name?"

"Sitting next the lady in green," said Mr. Goldstein in a lower tone. "The dark gentleman with a moustache—Mr. Gilbert Devereux."

Lady Devereux's start and change of colour were unmistakable. It was evident that she knew the name. "That is remarkable," she said, after a short pause. "I did not know that there were two persons who had a right to bear that name. It was the name of my husband's eldest son by his first marriage, and we have not seen him for some time. But of course this is not my stepson. I do not think I ever saw him before."

"Your daughter seems to know him well enough," said Mr. Goldstein with an unsatisfied growl. "I saw her smile and bow to him as she came into the drawing-room. I thought how lucky I had been in finding somebody that she *did* like." For Mr. Goldstein had already noticed that his eldest son and heir did not seem to be making much impression upon Miss Devereux. "Not that he's anybody particular," he continued, in a lower key, meant for Lady Devereux's ear alone; "the fact is that Lord Herbrand Clive, who had promised to come, was detained at almost the last moment, and as I did not want an empty place I got a—well, a friend of mine to send me a gentleman of good family and all that sort of thing: he comes for a consideration, you know. I'm told it's done in the highest circles, when there's a hitch. Just send round to Blackly's—and there you are, you know."

Lady Devereux went white with rage. "I am not accustomed to meet Blackly's young men," she said, in a perfectly audible voice; and she surveyed poor Courtnay through her eyeglass in a way which brought the attention of all the company upon him.

Courtnay could not of course catch more than a word or two of what was being said; but he heard enough to make him very uncomfortable. He wondered whether he had not better say a few words of explanation to his host when the ladies had gone, and then take his departure. But he was drawn into a conversation with one of his neighbours, and it was not until the men were making their way to the drawing-room that he had any opportunity of accosting his host. And then it was Mr. Goldstein himself who took the initiative. "Look here, young man," he said, cornering his chartered guest in the corridor, "I don't know anything about you, except through Blackly, but if I find that you ain't all that you say you are—why, I'll let Blackly know it, and you too! And it don't seem to me that you know your duties, neither, for you didn't hardly open your mouth to the lady that you had the honour of taking down to dinner, and I ain't going to pay my two guineas for nothing. You come upstairs and make yourself a little more agreeable, or I'll tell Blackly you're not worth the cost of your dinner."

Courtnay shrugged his shoulders—he could not help it—and for a moment thought of walking straight to the front door and telling Thorpe that the situation had become intolerable. But then he remembered that Thorpe was not so independent of Mr. Goldstein and of Blackly's as himself, and it seemed unfair to spoil Thorpe's chances of work for the future. So he followed his host upstairs, solacing himself with the reflection that at least he

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should have some chance of renewing his acquaintance with Miss Celia Devereux.

It was plain, at any rate, that she had as yet not heard anything to his discredit. She turned to him with smiling lips and outstretched hand as soon as he entered the room. It almost seemed as if she had been watching for him to come. "Oh, Mr. Courtnay," she said, "I am so glad to see you again! I am going to introduce you to mamma, who was not with me when I met you in Switzerland."

Courtnay would gladly have been excused. Lady Devereux was already bearing down upon them, with wrath in every line in her face and every fold of her silk brocade. Celia, evidently misinterpreting the signs, began quite innocently: "Mamma dear, this is Mr. Courtnay, whom I met in Switzerland, and whom you have said so often that you would like to meet."

Here was a dilemma. Courtnay bowed low, and hoped that Lady Devereux would have the discretion to let the matter pass. But Lady Devereux was not the person to let anything pass where her dignity was concerned. She stared coldly at Courtnay, as if she had not seen him; then attempted to draw her step-daughter away with her. "My dear, you are quite mistaken," she said in a voice that was audible to more persons than Celia and Nigel. "He is not named Courtnay at all, and I believe that he is nothing but an impostor." Celia blushed crimson, and she cast a sudden imploring glance towards Courtnay, as much as to ask him to excuse her step-mother's rudeness, which he was willing enough to do. But Fate was against him. Mr. Goldstein had overheard the words, and was pressing forward, his face inflamed with rage, to inquire into a matter which he vaguely felt concerned the honour of his house.

"What's that you say, young lady?" he called out, "what's that you say? This gentleman's name is Courtnay, you think, do you? That's curious, now, because he's here under another name to-night. Come into some property and changed it to Devereux, I suppose?"

"Devereux!" repeated Celia, with the colour again springing to her face.

"Mr. Gilbert Devereux, at your service," said Goldstein sneeringly; "and as it is not usual for gentlemen to have more names than one——"

"It is my brother's name," said Celia faintly; and she turned upon Courtnay a look of such anxiety and supplication that he felt his heart die within him at the thought of the explanations that he would now be obliged to make.

He turned savagely towards his host. "If it were not for your guests I should make you a very different rejoinder, sir," he said; "but as I think an explanation is due to them I will ask them, with your permission, to let me speak to them for a moment in private. I can then reassure Miss Devereux as to the use I have made this evening of her brother's name."

"Certainly not," replied Lady Devereux majestically; any explanation that you may have to give must be given in public. Neither I nor my daughter wish to hear it, but it seems probable that you owe an explanation to Mr. Goldstein, whose house you have apparently entered under a false name."

Courtnay turned rather pale. "I do not conceive myself bound to render any account of myself to Mr. Goldstein," he said haughtily, "and I could have made only a partial one to Miss Devereux; but I may say this—that I am here to-night at the request of the gentleman whose name has been introduced, and that I am sure of his support."

"Come, Celia," said Lady Devereux, turning towards the door. "This has evidently nothing to do with us. We had better leave Mr. Goldstein to settle the matter with his guest. I must say, however, Mr. Goldstein," she added in a tone of the greatest severity, "that it would be advisable for you to hesitate before you ask people of my position to associate with *paid guests*." And it was with a shudder of reprobation that Lady Devereux drew her silken draperies around her and was gone.

But in the meantime Celia and Courtnay had exchanged a word.

"You know my brother? O, Mr. Courtnay, for Heaven's sake, give me his address."

He gave it, not knowing whether he was doing right or wrong, and was rewarded by the loveliest smile of thanks that ever shone from mortal eyes. At least, he thought so, and he had always been accounted an excellent judge.

A brief but unpleasant interview with Mr. Goldstein formed an appropriate conclusion of the evening, and Courtnay got out of the house with the happy conscious-

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ness of having done as much mischief to his friend, and also to himself, as it would be possible to accomplish in the course of one short evening. Celia's smile was the only pleasant memory he could carry away with him.

It was with great misgiving that he made his way next morning to Newport Buildings and knocked at his friend's door. It was speedily opened, but not by Mrs. Gilbert. Celia herself stood in the doorway and held out her hand, with a face all April tears and smiles.

"I am here before you," she said, "and have confessed all your misdeeds."

"I am bewildered," Courtnay said, holding the slender fingers closely in his own, and looking unabashed into her lovely eyes. "How does this come about?"

"It was all Gilbert's pride and folly," she answered, but there was nothing save tenderness in her tone. "He had a quarrel with my father when he married the daughter of a farmer in our neighbourhood. She is a dear, sweet girl, I believe, and she has made him an excellent wife; but, you see it was a disappointment to my father, and perhaps to all of us, because we did not think that"—and here she hesitated a little—"that Mary had had quite the right training to make her exactly what a Lady Devereux ought to be. However, I daresay she will learn, and I mean to do all I can to help her. But my father and Gilbert had such a frightful quarrel about it that Gilbert said he would never come home again until my father apologised to Mary, and that he would cast in his lot with people who work for themselves, and earn his own living. And my father said he had done with him for ever."

"But that seems a deadlock, seeing that the situation has not changed," said Courtnay."

"The situation has not changed, but my father's views are modified," said Celia. "You see, he adored Gilbert, although he quarrelled with him, and he has not been the same man since Gilbert left home. He has long been wanting to find Gilbert, and make him any amends and apologies that my brother demanded; but the difficulty was that we had lost trace of Gilbert altogether. We advertised; but he would not answer. I suppose his want of success made him all the more reluctant to do so. I was growing desperate about it, and my father was breaking his heart. What we should have done if you had not so kindly—so generously—come to Gilbert's aid last night, I cannot imagine."

"I did not expect to meet anyone who would know me."

"I should think not—at that dreadful man's house! It was my step-mother who wanted to go," said Celia with a little blush. "She thought that as they were so wealthy it might be a good thing for us to know them. She meant well, but I don't think we shall ever go there again."

"I hope not," said Nigel gravely. "And does your father know that your brother is found?"

"He is with Gilbert at this moment, and I don't know which of the two is the happier. Gilbert and his wife and their dear little boy are all to come down to us in Gloucestershire as soon as he is well enough to be moved."

"Gloucestershire! What a long way off! That accounts for my never meeting you."

"You must come down to see us," said Celia, with a shy little smile. "We shall all want to thank you for your kindness to Gilbert. I don't know how we can ever repay you."

"Don't you?" said Courtnay, looking at her with all his heart in his eyes. And from the way she blushed in answer he was satisfied that she knew better than she chose to say.

It is certain, at any rate, that he ultimately gained the only reward upon which he had set his heart; and although Mr. Goldstein could never be induced to disgorge the two guineas which had been promised to Gilbert, Courtnay always declared that he had been an exceedingly well-paid guest.

[THE END.]

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LITERARY JOTTINGS.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A NOVEL has lately come out under the title of "The Peril of the Prince"? I haven't seen it myself, but I gather from the reviews that the "Prince" of the title is the present reigning Sovereign, and that the writer makes an English lord follow him about with the intention of assassinating him. The story begins by one Anarchist telling another that "the Brussels business has been botched," referring, of course, to the attempt by the wretched Sipido; and then the narrow escapes the Prince has at Ascot, in the train, in a yacht, etc., are minutely described. It is an absurd piece of fooling so far as I can see. But one reviewer declares in effect that it is a direct incentive to assassination. "Such a book might be the excuse for some madman's crime," says he. I don't believe it. Anarchists do not go to fiction-writers for suggestions. If they did they would make a pretty mess of their business, as this very "Peril of the Prince" abundantly proves. For who but a novelist's hero could possibly have escaped being done to death with so many assassins on his track?

A fellow-penman writes about girls' books. While admitting that these are better than they were, he thinks they are not so good as they should be, with the result that girls, when they get the chance, read the boys' books. It is perfectly true. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting for the girls' preference. Books written avowedly for girls are always more or less feeble productions. Their authors can't resist the pointing of a moral, and young people hate morals in books. They are well represented by the Scotch Sunday-school boy who being threatened with a moral by a platform speaker, exclaimed: "Never mind the moral, gie's another story." We want strong, healthy, and at the same time high-toned books for our girls. The story in which the good invariably die young has long been recognised as a mistake. It contains no invitation to goodness for any but the anæmic, and if our daughters throw it aside in disgust, who shall blame them? Were I a girl I should do the same.

With all the multitude of women writers amongst us, it is curious that so few set themselves to the production of the kind of book that girls so clearly demand. There is no girls' author of to-day with half the prestige that Miss Charlotte Yonge enjoyed in the seventies. The single recent recruit of promise is Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, whose fiction for girls has delicacy, unusual breadth, unusual wit, and a real literary flavour. Of the "practised hands," Mrs. L. T. Meade has discovered that she can write sensational tales for the man in the street as well as anyone in the three kingdoms, and naturally she sticks to what pays best. Mrs. Molesworth usually caters for the quite small girls. In short, we have no really first-rate writer for girls. We want someone who will do for them what Mr. Henty does for the boys; and surely in these days, when everybody seems to be taking to authorship as a duck takes to the water, the want need not remain unsupplied.

Mr. Russell Lowell's biography makes a big volume, but there is one good story I miss in it. Lowell had published his first book. Like most first books it was not a huge success, and the author was naturally disappointed. Presently a fire occurred in the publisher's warehouse, and all the copies of Lowell's book were burnt. How the publisher regarded the

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calamity I cannot say, but Lowell clearly had no regrets. In a day or two he was writing to his friends to say that "the entire edition" of his book had been exhausted! Probably a good many authors of first books would prefer a fire of that kind to the usual fire of criticism.

One of the great lessons of Lowell's life for present-day writers is that he would never consent to do mere hack work. What he did undertake must be up to the level of his own exacting taste. Edward Fitzgerald said of him: "A merit about Lowell is that he is in no hurry to write on any matter, but lets it gather in form within him until as complete as he can make it." The pity of it is that so few of us can afford to follow his example in this respect. We must write, as Sterne said (or was it Goldsmith?) "not to be famous but to be fed." And yet Lowell was a poor man up till nearly the end. He could have made a great deal more by his pen if he had liked, but he did not like. He would rather be poor than not give of his best. Why can't we all have a like courage?"

Mr. F. C. Kenyon has written a monograph on Mr. Hall Caine. He has not much to say by way of biography about the eminent novelist, and naturally so, for Mr. Caine has lived a singularly quiet and retired life away from the busy, bustling, nerve-destroying centres of human existence. He was born in 1853, and is of Manx parentage, as any careful reader of his books can readily see. His young manhood was largely spent in the Isle of Man. For a winter he was a Manx schoolmaster, living in a house which stood at the top of a desolate old headland called Maughold Head, and with poor boys and girls of all ages for his scholars.

During that time he was also a journalist. Stevenson used to decry all forms of newspaper work as being absolutely detrimental to the acquisition of a good literary style. There is something in this, no doubt, for the journalist has to produce his work under conditions which do not allow him a whole afternoon to turn a sentence or think over a nicety of expression. But style is not the only valuable thing for a writer to possess; and Mr. Caine at least has found himself none the worse, but all the better, for his early connection with the newspaper press. His beginnings were certainly modest enough. For nine months he contributed a series of articles to a Manx paper called *Mona's Herald*. The articles were anonymous, and Mr. Caine recalls with considerable amusement how the readers of the paper imagined the author to be some venerable greybeard of the traditional Father Christmas type. When it became known that a smooth-faced boy of seventeen had written these portentous papers the disgust was unspeakable.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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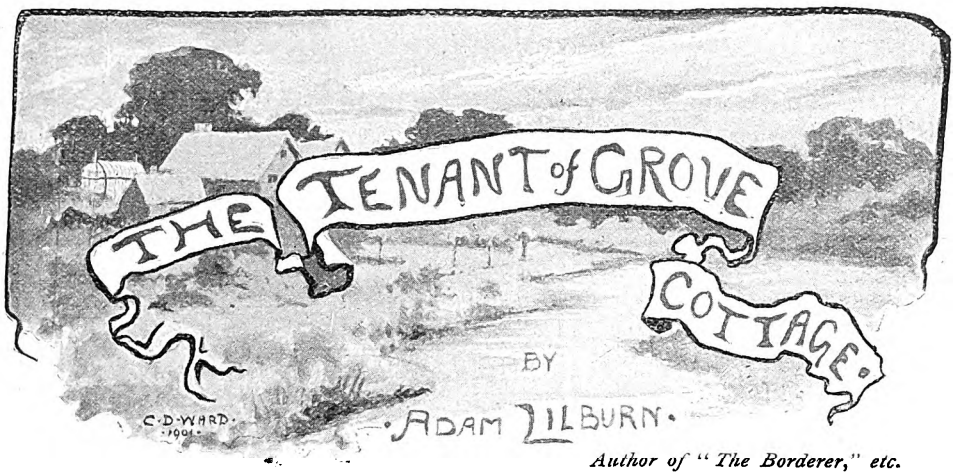

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nora Shelley, Mr. Pattinson's young ward, walking out with her uncle from his country cottage one day, discovers the dead body of a stranger who has been stabbed in Dredman's Lane. The knife with which he was stabbed belongs to Mr. Pattinson himself. He explains that he used it to cut his shrubs with, and left it in a place where it might easily have been stolen. Suspicion falls upon the village ne'er-do-well, Jerry Gobey, who is found in possession of the dead man's purse. He is taken into custody. The murdered man is identified as Mr. John Carlton, of Carlton and Co., merchants, in London. At the trial affairs look black for the prisoner, but on the evidence of a fellow-loafer who spent the night with him he is acquitted. Herbert Carlton, the son of the murdered man, returns from Australia. Father and son had quarrelled, and before Herbert left England he had been reduced to complete destitution. A romantic adventure befell him which proved a turning point in his career, and when he got out to Australia he was very successful in the goldfields. On his arrival in England he learns from his father's confidential clerk that Mr. Carlton owed a large sum of money to a money-lender named Solomon Bembridge who has not made any claim since the death. Herbert goes down to Hawkstone, the scene of the tragedy, and there meets a college chum in the local doctor. On Wensley Common, Carlton meets Nora Shelley, whom he recognises as the young girl who some years before had stayed him when about to jump into the river and given him all the money in her purse. He arranges to call at Grove Cottage to see Mr. Pattinson with reference to the murder of his father.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEA ON THE LAWN AT GROVE COTTAGE.

BERTIE was more fortunate upon the occasion of his second visit to Grove Cottage, when he found the tenant, Mr. Pattinson, busy amongst his auriculas, now in all their glory of many-hued blossoms.

Bertie expressed his admiration for the pretty flowers in warm terms; and the enthusiastic amateur beamed upon him, and took some pains to point out the various beauties of his collection. It was a pleasure to find a young fellow who cared anything about the products of Nature nowadays, he averred.

Upon the matter for which Bertie claimed his assistance, he did not appear to have much to say. He was willing to assist the young man in every way within his power, but, unfortunately, that was limited. To his ready sympathy for Bertie's personal loss, Bertie—rather to his own astonishment—did not warm. The latter told himself that he was too critical; but this did not alter his feelings.

It seemed to him rather the polite assumption of an emotion by one whose philosophy enabled him to stand aloof from all human sorrows, than the spontaneous response of one heart to another.

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The young fellow was annoyed, he knew not why, except that the cold, nerveless handshake of the auricula grower had roused a feeling of antagonism within his breast. Such details were indicative of character.

Nevertheless, he prosecuted his inquiries. Mr. Pattinson answered his questions readily enough. Without saying so outright, he conveyed an impression that he was of the same opinion as the village constable. He pointed out the fact that Jerry Gobey must have passed along the path beside the stream on the day preceding the murder. Indeed, the poor wretch had admitted this, even while swearing that he had never seen the fatal knife lying on the garden seat. No, he didn't lay much stress on the *alibi*, although it had convinced the jury. One thief would tell a lie readily enough to save the life of another, especially if that other were a chum.

That went without saying! But the poor wretch had been punished since, for suspicion still clung to him, and he was now a sort of moral leper to the rest of humanity. And really the creature ought not to be judged by ordinary standards. He was hardly responsible for his actions. Nature had been in an unkindly mood when she framed him. He was one of humanity's outcasts, scarce worth the price of the rope that would be required to hang him.

Mr. Pattinson talked like a philosopher, but he set Bertie's teeth on edge. The young fellow's eyes flamed.

"I can't understand your way of looking at it," he said, sharply. "You talk as though murder was but a venial offence. Of course, I don't expect everyone to feel so keenly as I do about the matter. But murder! Isn't murder the most atrocious of all crimes? Anyone can destroy life, but, alas! who can restore it?"

Mr. Pattinson stooped and quietly removed a caterpillar from one of the flower-pots, and crushed it under his foot.

"They are such pests," he remarked, in a pensive voice, then shot an odd glance at Bertie from behind his spectacles. "But what you say is true—too true! I hope you don't misunderstand me, Mr. Carlton! I have no wish to palliate the crime, which is, as you say, atrocious—only I would like to point out to you that the murderer may possibly not be quite responsible for his deed."

"It's impossible for me to regard it from any point of view other than my own!" cried Bertie, passionately. About a thing that affects one's love and loyalty one can only feel. And I tell you this, Mr. Pattinson, it would be bad for that same Jerry Gobey if I believed him to be guilty."

His hands worked and his nostrils dilated as he spoke, and the other watched him in an interested way. Then quite suddenly his mood changed, and he grew sad rather than fierce.

"If we had parted in love, it wouldn't have affected me so terribly, although I should always have done my best to bring his murderer to justice. But just think of the pity of it all! Put yourself in my place for a minute! I was fond of the dear old man and he of me, yet—yet we had quarrelled—quarrelled fiercely, as people do who—who love each other! And I hadn't been gone a week when I wished myself back in England, for just one thing—just to tell him how sorry I was, and how I knew myself to be in the wrong. I was an obstinate, conceited young fool, but—but I always hoped to see him face to face, and to tell him—tell him——"

Here a lump climbed up to his throat, and he choked over it. Mr. Pattinson drew a sharp breath, as though something in the speech had hurt him.

"And—and that villain has robbed me of forgiveness! Don't you see how hard it is? Death has taken my chance of gaining it away. I can never tell him now, never gain his forgiveness!"

The other man seemed more distressed than at any previous moment.

"I never thought of that," he murmured, half audibly; then, with an effort, he threw off the emotion, and smiled. "It's all very, very sad, Mr. Carlton," he said; "but you may be quite sure the forgiveness was yours all the time! No father, worthy of the name, would continue to bear anger in his heart for what was said in a fit of temper. Come, now, put aside your grief for a time, and join the ladies under the ash tree on the lawn. I see they're having tea there to-day. It's the first time the weather has been sufficiently warm for such a proceeding. And my ward, Miss Shelley, makes excellent tea, I assure you! Ah, yonder is the friend you spoke of, the gentleman who was to call for you. He must join us also. Let us hasten to persuade him."

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And, hurrying off, the hospitable man welcomed Hargreaves, who was just entering the garden. Bertie was following Mr. Pattinson, and was surprised at the effect the first sight of the latter appeared to have upon the astrologer. Hargreaves started back, as though alarmed by the mild and beaming countenance, and scarcely returned the greeting accorded to him. But in a minute he recovered his manners, though ever and anon his eyes returned to his host, and the latter appeared to grow uneasy beneath the curious gaze.

When they joined the group under the drooping branches of the ash tree on the lawn, Bertie, at any rate, lost consciousness of all except the presence of the girl who had promised to be his friend. If Nora had appeared sweet and womanly, and greatly to be desired, in the bicycling garb of Wensley Common, how much more so did she seem now as she dispensed tea to them, dressed in a pretty white gown, with touches of primrose showing here and there among the laces at throat and waist. Her quick, slightly imperious ways were subdued to tender grace as she paid little attentions to the blind mistress of the cottage, or performed the duties of her position as hostess, which Mrs. Pattinson had allotted to her.

The enamoured young man followed her every movement with his eyes, until recalled to a sense of propriety by noticing an amused smile playing about Hargreaves's face, when he quickly withdrew them. For if even the dreamy Hargreaves noticed it, he must, indeed have been making himself conspicuous.

So he subsided into a sort of day-dream through which he continued acutely conscious of her proximity, until rudely disturbed by the voice of his friend reminding him that he had promised to do five miles before dinner, and that if he intended to keep that promise, they must start at once. Inwardly blaming his own folly for promising anything so idiotic, when he might have had another half-hour of Paradise, he yet felt obliged to follow the example of Hargreaves, and take leave. But he contrived to detain Nora, as they made the tour of the garden before starting.

"When may I see you again? Is to-morrow too early for me to return?" he inquired, eagerly.

A pretty smile brought out the dimple he liked so much. "No, perhaps not, but —but I shan't be here! I'm going to stay at the Vicarage, and help with some bazaar work."

"Couldn't you make me useful too?"

"I don't know! I might ask Mrs. Courtland. Can you cut out garments for the Boriboos?"

"The Boriboos? Who are they, in the name of wonder?"

"Some natives of one of the South Sea Islands, of which Mrs. Courtland's brother has just been made Governor. That's the work I've got before me next week."

"A superfluous one, I should imagine, in a climate where—like the hart—the natives pant for cooling streams," Bertie said to himself, but aloud he only exclaimed: "Oh, indeed! I hope you don't use heavy material for their garments."

"Well, may I count on you as a recruit for the work?"

"I—perhaps I could read to you while you worked? Don't curates come in useful for that sort of thing sometimes?"

"Oh, yes, of course, and that would be jolly, but I sometimes lose my temper when the stuff is too coarse, and the needles aren't quite good. You see, there's a foolish economy practised in the matter of needles. We buy them cheap for philanthropical work, and they break! And then, if you saw me out of temper, you'd throw me down from that pedestal, you know."

Bertie was beginning to protest, when they overtook the others at the gate. He was forced to content himself with a murmured threat of calling at the vicarage, and seeing for himself that the needles were not dangerously brittle.

"What is your opinion of the gentleman whom we have just left?" asked Hargreaves, abruptly, after the two friends had walked briskly for about an hour, and were well away from the village. Bertie was not thinking of Mr. Pattinson at the time, and required to have the question repeated.

"Well, I don't quite know. He seems very pleasant and congenial, but——"

"Exactly," said the astrologer, with a laugh. "Your instincts, like my own, are against him. It required an effort for me to shake hands with him. And yet he's interesting, almost fascinating! When

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he sat and piped to those curious playmates of his, I was reminded of some elementary creature, some creature of an old world, born without a conscience, without a soul. When we were in the greenhouse, his spectacles slipped aside and gave me a glimpse of his eyes. Carlton, they are the eyes of a goat! Have you ever noticed what a singularly malicious expression there is in a goat's eyes? The cold, dull yellow of them repels me so that I can never look into them without shuddering. Well, that man's are exactly the same. He does right to hide them behind dark glasses. He's a survival of some antique race. He is a satyr, whose love for flowers, and trees, and wild creatures is but a remnant of his ancestral instincts. I'm quite sure he has neither heart nor conscience."

Bertie was accustomed to the astrologer's wild theories, but this one struck him as a peculiarly visionary one.

"But Hawthorn tells me he is benevolence personified. I can't remember how many charitable institutions he subscribes to. And Miss Shelley says he is perfectly delightful in private life."

Hargreaves paused to fill his pipe before answering.

"All that proves nothing. I daresay Fauns were good-natured creatures until they were thwarted, or their passions aroused."

"But just see what a devoted son he is! And his mother absolutely worships him!"

Hargreaves looked thoughtful.

"Yes; that's the one note of modernity in an antique character. But for that, he'd be perfect in his way. But the very fact of her loving worship helps to keep him nice to her. All the same, I wouldn't care to cross Mr. Pattinson's path. I'm quite sure that no scruples would prevent him from getting rid of me if I interfered with him in any way."

CHAPTER XX.

MOTHER AND SON.

The next few days were uneventful. Bertie summoned up sufficient courage to call at the Vicarage, and there he saw Nora for a few minutes; but the Honourable Mrs. Courtland did not approve of promiscuous young men visiting the girl while under her charge, and Nora herself appeared nervous and ill at ease. So he was forced to content himself with casual glimpses of her, out of doors; and it was the curate, after all, who read the books to the lady workers in the Vicarage drawing-room.

Meanwhile, Mr. Salter had sent several communications that seemed to promise well. He or his agent had succeeded in getting hold of Solomon Bembridge's clerk, and, from what they could gather, this young man had important information to divulge, if it were made worth his while.

Bertie wired back for Salter to use his own discretion in the matter, and on no account to spare expense.

Hargreaves and he were waiting until their friend, the doctor, should have a night disengaged, to carry out the scheme of spending a night at the haunted bungalow. Hargreaves stayed on for the express purpose, and studied the interesting personality of the tenant of Grove Cottage meanwhile.

The cottage seemed very quiet after Nora left it. The blind woman, conscious of failing powers, missed her greatly, and asked for nothing but to sit in the sun and dream. The son watched his mother with considerable anxiety, for the doctor had warned him that her heart's action was weak. Nevertheless, even Nora's absence had its advantage. There was a certain sweetness to both of them in being left alone together, for the tie between them surpassed that between most mothers and sons.

"Tell me, mother, have I made you happy? Has life gone smoothly since you came to me?"

They were sitting in the twilight, and her hand sought his in answer.

"It has, indeed, Daniel, my son. God has been good, and given me a peaceful old age. An' it's all a-owing to you, dearie."

It was an exquisite evening, and the windows were open to the balmy air, which was all heavy with the scent of early roses. A big faint moon sagged low in the heavens, its light growing stronger as that of the day faded. There was a murmur of running water from the stream at the foot of the garden, a murmur of caressing winds from the ash tree boughs. Some sleepy bird gave out a few notes, and a great moth thumped its heavy body against the window-pane, too stupid to discover that the window was half-open.

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The blind woman seemed to delight in the beauty, and to perceive it all without eyes.

"Aye, aye," she continued. "It was very different when I was young and in the old country. Times were bad then, so they were! There was little to eat, and hard work to get it. Blows, too, though it seems wonderful to think of them now. Not that anyone was to blame. It was enough to make parents short-tempered, when their children were a-cryin' out for bread, an' they hadn't got it to give them! When I was old enough to go to service things was different. I never was with but one mistress, an' that was our little Nora's grandmother. An' I served her faithful, that I did, Daniel! I should ha' stuck to her though, an' not married. 'Twas on'y then my troubles began. But then, again, it gave me you, an' what could I want more than such a son to look after me now I'm old, an' blind, an' useless?"

That same son stroked the hand that lay so passively in his own. He remembered those hard times only too well! The father, who was a mere fine animal, without one redeeming feature in his nature to counterbalance its evil; who would come home at night sullen and malicious, when funds were low, and did not admit of him getting drunk, and would proceed to vent his ill-temper upon the patient, industrious woman whom his handsome face and plausible tongue had wiled into matrimony; or who—compassing the end for which he seemed to exist—would return, mad and uproarious, knock her about, or, worse still, turn her and her boy out of doors, and bolt the door against them. Oh, the misery of those cold nights when—too proud to complain, or to seek refuge with a neighbour—they had huddled together in some shed or beneath some haystack; seeking shelter from the bitter wind or cold drizzle of rain. He had never forgotten them, and they had hardened him.

There were two sides to his character. Originally he had been created for happiness, a simple, kindly creature, though, perhaps, without much conscience. Circumstance helps to mould character, when a man has no religious faith for his guidance and protection, and brings to the surface hereditary traits that would otherwise lie dormant; and, in his case, circumstance developed certain hard, selfish, and relentless traits inherited from his father. He had come to the great city alone, poor and friendless, imperfectly educated, but with a fixed determination to succeed, if but for the sake of the mother whom he had left behind; and also because he wished some day to live the pleasant life for which he longed.

He had experienced all the usual hardships; had slept beneath railway arches, or on Embankment seats; chewed bits of rope, in order to allay the pangs of hunger, and associated with thieves in East End dens of infamy. But ever he kept before him one aim. If he lived, nothing should prevent him from succeeding.

At length his luck turned. One day a miserable-looking old man was knocked down by a hansom just before his eyes. He assisted the old man to rise, and his heart warmed when the cabman was saluted with a torrent of oaths in broad Somersetshire dialect. Daniel went home with the old fellow, who proved grateful. They were natives of the same county. When he died, six months afterwards, the old man left some money to the boy who had befriended him. Although, from his appearance, no one would have judged him worth five pounds, he proved to have amassed a considerable sum, and, what is more, he told the lad how this had been managed.

Daniel Pattinson followed in his steps. Being a sharp lad, and recognising that an education would be of considerable service to him, he waited for a year before commencing business, during which time he studied systems of finance and certain points of law. He never forgot to send remittances to his mother, who was, happily, by this time, relieved by death of the matrimonial curse.

When firmly established and in comfortable circumstances he went down to his native place and brought her back to live with him in the snug little cottage, remote alike from the madding crowd and from any disturbing whisper of his business affairs. His statement that he was an accountant served to reassure her as to the way he had made money, at which she had been inclined to wonder, for her ideas were elementary in the extreme. He traded under another name, after a modern City fashion, and kept his private address a secret even from his clerks.

He knew well that to her some of his transactions would have appeared little

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short of infamous, and he loved her fondly enough to wish to conceal them, both for his own sake and for hers.

"Well, if I've made you happy, mother, that's all I care about," he now said, affectionately. "You worked and struggled and suffered for me, and it's but fair that I should do the same for you in turn. And you've loved and believed in me always. But mother, I want to ask you something. If someone who knew me well, perhaps even better than you do, should come to you one day and tell you that the man whom you love so well was not what you think him—was, indeed, a hard, cruel tyrant, who lived by taking advantage of human weakness and human necessity—would you believe it?"

She shook her head. "No. I would tell them they did not know my Daniel. I would tell them that he has a heart brimful of love and kindness for everyone. I would tell them there isn't a finer man in the world than my son. For who should know better than the woman that bore him? But you—surely you're joking, Daniel? No one will ever come to me with such a silly story as that!"

SOMETHING IN HER VOICE AROUSED IN HIM A SUDDEN ALARM.

"I hope not. But if it were true, mother? If I were all they said, and more, if there were sins I could not bear to think of, but had committed, nevertheless, in wild moments of passion, it wouldn't alter you—you would still love me?"

"Does a mother ever cease to love the child she bore?" returned the blind woman, a shade of anxiety creeping over her placid face. "But tell me, Daniel. What's wrong with 'ee?"

He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, as though to throw off some burden.

"I don't know, mother. All day I've been conscious of some overhanging trouble. It's as though something were about to happen that would render life barren and worthless to me. Yet you know I'm not much given to fits of the blues. Perhaps it's but the absence of Nora and the lack of her brightness that makes the place seem dull and gloomy. Not that it isn't sweet to be alone with you again; just you and I together, and all the rest of the world shut out. I'm a good man when I sit at your feet, mother. Had fate permitted I might have lived a quiet, natural, humdrum life in the old home, at peace with the world."

"At peace with the world?" repeated the mother, wonderingly. "Surely you are that now, Daniel? But I often wish you'd never left me to go to that cruel, godless London. Not that I believe it's done you much harm, or you wouldn't be so contented here with only your silly old

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mother to keep you company. But when you were a boy you went to church regular, and said your prayers, and——"

"And now I prefer to potter about my garden rather than go to church and listen to the prosy platitutes of our worthy vicar," continued Mr. Pattinson. "But, really, if that was all my conscience had to burden it I would sleep soundly enough. We make our own creeds for the most part, however we may seem to conform with existing ones."

"I don't understand 'ee, Dan; but seems to me 'ee would do better to listen to the vicar, even though he do be a bit prosy. An' I did pray for 'ee when 'ee was a child, for though 'ee were good enough in a general way, there were times when your temper ran riot, an' 'ee were like some wild creature or other. Eh, deary me, how you'd go on then, tearin' things to bits an' tramplin' down the very flowers 'ee loved while the fit lasted. 'Twas born in 'ee, an' came from your father, it did. An' the worst to me was that you'd never be sorry after, or cry like other children. But 'ee growed better with time, an' I hoped 'twas because ye knew more about what was right and what was wrong."

"Perhaps it was only that I gained the skill to conceal my faults of temper," he murmured. "But so long as they haven't worried you, mother, I care nothing."

After that he was silent for a while, and the evening shadows lengthened rapidly. Suddenly he rose.

"Come, mother, we are getting altogether too serious," he exclaimed. "The sun has dropped behind the cloud, and I must shut the window to keep out the mist that rises from the stream. What shall I do to amuse you? Read aloud, or play you a tune?"

"A tune, Daniel, a tune for choice. It's just wonderful to listen to you. When you are playing I can imagine myself back in Oyston woods on a hot summer day. I seem to hear the leaves rustle, and the little streams tinkle, and the birds chirp overhead among the branches. It's a spell that leads me back through the long, long years and makes me young again. The blood dances through my veins instead of creeping there sad and slow, and all the foolish dreams creep back to say farewell to me."

He played to her for an hour while she sat and dreamt of her long-lost youth. She was young and gay once more, a lass desired of village swains. She laughed, and sang, and danced through life; for though life was hard and prosaic, it was overlaid as yet with the poetry and glamour of youth, and allured her on with a visionary future. The lambs bleated plaintively for their dams, and in the thickets all the birds sang of love. The maiden too, had her love-dream; and the sweetheart of her youth walked beside her beneath the spreading branches of the wood. This sweetheart had died before reaching manhood, but in the old woman's dream he was again young, and strong, and gay; as he twined hawthorn buds in her brown tresses or whispered honeyed words in her ear.

Once, when her son stopped playing for a minute and addressed her she did not hear him, for she was back through the years; and it was really a gay and happy lass who sat there hidden within the form of an old and white-haired woman.

At length the music ceased, and the player laid aside his instrument. There was no sound in the dim room but that of the foolish moth which kept ever thumping against the window pane. Mr. Pattinson stooped over the bent figure in the arm-chair.

"Are you asleep, mother?" he asked, gently.

She raised her head. "Not asleep, only dreaming. 'Tis said that, at the last, one goes back to one's early home and life and so it has been with me to-night, Daniel. But don't 'ee mind, I'm content to awake, though the dream was sweet."

Something in her voice aroused in him a sudden alarm. "You don't feel ill, mother?"

"No, but I'm tired. I think I'll go to rest now, and maybe then I'll keep on a-dreaming that sweet dream."

He kissed her tenderly, and rang for Susan to assist her to bed.

But when the girl came to the bedroom in the morning she found that the dream held her mistress bound for ever. Quietly had she passed away, with no one near to listen to her last words, or close her dying eyes. It was the death she had always desired.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOLOMON BEMBRIDGE DISMISSES HIS CLERK.

The sullen resentment long smouldering in the breast of Joseph Morton

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against his employer was fanned into a flame by a breeze of youthful, living sympathy with the pretty little schoolmistress, upon whom the unjust claim of the money-lender pressed so heavily. Strong is the power of youth and beauty, spite of the cynical attitude of the age; and it is quite possible that the clerk might have steeled his heart against the same amount of distress embodied in a less attractive form. But the money-lender's latest victim was an exceedingly attractive little person, with large grey eyes capable of expressing any amount of pathos without becoming red and swollen, and these said eyes proved too much for Morton's susceptible heart.

All fell out as he had foreseen. When she came to the office to beg for mercy, his was the unpleasant task of having to refuse it. It was a cruel thing that such a painful business should have been thrust upon him, and he felt himself a brute in that he had made it possible. When she went down upon her knees and wept, it was simply impossible for him to continue enacting the *rôle* of a stern and unyielding tyrant, and he abandoned it very speedily, promising instead to intercede with Solomon Bembridge, and to extend the time for repayment. He knew this promise to be valueless; but that mattered nothing. It was quite as unlikely that Solomon Bembridge would accede to his request as that the Druid copper mine—concerning which his chum had given him a tip—would continue to boom for long as it had been doing. But he was young and she was fair, and her piteous looks were too much for him.

He was, in some degree, prepared for the stormy scene which ensued when the money-lender heard of his leniency, but it turned out even worse than he had anticipated. Solomon Bembridge was at this time unusually restless and irritable. Morton fancied that he must be suffering from heavy money losses, though such a thing seemed incredible. Still, it was more incredible that he should be touched by any ordinary human troubles, for the clerk considered him a sort of monster, incapable of ruth or sorrow.

Nevertheless, the man was undoubtedly shaken and unlike himself. His hair had whitened visibly during his short absence from Thumb Court, and even his face seemed to have caught a touch of greyness. No flower enlivened the sombre hue of the coat he wore, or was laid upon his desk to give out fragrance amongst the dusty papers.

"The old Shylock!" commented the clerk. "Seems to me he's had a bit of a shake. Wonder what it was? Can't imagine his caring about anything but filthy lucre. Well, I'm jolly glad his sins are beginning to find him out. I'd ladle it out to him hot and strong if I'd my own way. She did look sweet when she gazed up at me, and her pretty lips trembled like those of a child. Poor little girl! Doesn't seem as though she'd anyone to stand by her or take her part. Never mind! I'm her friend in default of a better. So here goes to have it out with him!"

He contrived to give an account of the affair in an absolutely stolid manner, as though he had sinned more through stupidity than malice. But Solomon Bembridge could read men like books, and discovered the personal feeling underlying the surface stolidity. And for some reason this annoyed the money-lender more than all the rest. He felt like one who—whilst racing against time or fleeing from some threatening danger—is hindered in his course by the stings of some otherwise contemptible insect. His anger burst forth in a storm of bitter words. He had nourished a traitor. Whilst drawing the wage of an able man, Morton had proved himself a fool. A fool? Nay, worse! It was not want of sense but purposeful malice that had prompted his actions. He was disloyal, a spy, and a traitor; a cur that turned and bit the hand that fed him.

These wild words had very little effect upon Morton. The clerk had faced the situation before, and managed to retain both temper and patience of mind. He watched his employer with considerable interest. His hatred had grown to such a height that it craved food, and found this in the signs of Bembridge's discomforture. These seemed to Morton rather elicited by some deep anger against fate than by the trivial incident under discussion.

But no compassion for Bembridge's evident suffering prevented the clerk from seizing the opportunity to attack a hitherto impregnable citadel. He saw his chance and took it at once.

Waiting a moment or two after the money-lender finished to produce a proper

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effect, he began a deliberate discourse upon the iniquity of several recent transactions of the firm. He discovered such a complete understanding of the intricacies of the money-lender's schemes as revealed powers of observation that would have been invaluable to a detective. He possessed, in fact, sufficient knowledge to prove himself a dangerous foe, and yet appeared to keep much in reserve.

Bembridge grew pale to the lips, but he preserved a brave front. Evidently cowardice was not one of his failings. He dared Morton to do his worst, and declined to retain a spy in his service any longer.

This was no more than the other anticipated. He proceeded to hand over the keys of his desk and cash-box.

"I expected this," he said, in a fairly steady voice. "If I hadn't counted the cost beforehand I'd have held my tongue. But as for your nasty word 'spy,' I throw it in your teeth. I've been your catspaw long enough, and done no end of dirty work that won't bear thinking of, but there's some things one must draw the line at. No fellow with any self-respect could be content to drive a girl to desperation. Who knows what might happen in such a case? If she were to—to commit suicide, for instance, I'd consider myself a murderer—a murderer like yourself!"

Bembridge rose from his chair. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, sharply.

The clerk looked him over with a coldly critical gaze before answering.

"It was the little schoolmistress I meant, *this* time," he said, with some hidden significance. "Would it not be murder if one were to drive her to seek a refuge in the river from all her troubles?"

The money-lender drew a long breath. "Was that what you meant?" he said. "Much you'd have minded what became of the girl if she had been plain. Sentimental humbug all that! Why should every commonplace transaction have a tragic ending? But enough of this drivel. Have you any other accusations to make before we part for ever? I picked you out of the gutter and put you in the way of earning a fair livelihood, and this is your gratitude."

The younger man flushed hotly. "No thanks to you for that," he returned; "for only in the gutter were you likely to find an instrument fitted for your work. But you'd best keep a civil tongue in your head. I know more than I've hinted at. That poor girl isn't the only person you've driven to desperation. And though you've not been called to account yet it doesn't do to holler till you're out of the wood."

He slammed the door after him, and the money-lender looked thoughtful. After a moment he rose as though to follow, but seemed to think better of it and fell back in his chair.

"What does he know?" he murmured. "I wonder if I ought to have tried to propitiate him? But no—no! There is but one attitude for me to take now. To be bullied into leniency by a fellow like that would never do. Fate seems to be drawing a net around me, slowly but surely, and though I still might break through its meshes I don't seem to care to make the attempt. After all, what does it matter now? I'm just dead beat and heart-sick of everything.

Then he did a strangely inconsistent thing. Searching amongst the papers in his desk he presently found an agreement betwixt Solomon Bembridge and Priscilla Sexton, and proceeded to read it carefully through. Yes, it was without a flaw, and would stand good in any court of justice. But immediately he finished reading it he tore it across, placed it in an envelope, along with a half-sheet of notepaper, upon which he hastily scribbled a few words, and directed it to the little school-mistress. He smiled grimly as he sealed the envelope.

"I meant all the time to let her go, for the sake of—of her who died last week," he said to himself. "But it's one thing to surrender one's rights willingly, and another to be bullied into doing so. If there's any truth in the religion my loved one believed in, and she knows me now for what I am, perchance this may help to soften the truth a little."

As he was closing the desk his eyes fell on a small phial that peered from beneath a legal document. He took it up and removed the cork, smelt it, then re-corked it carefully.

"That's all right yet," he muttered. "An open door, when all others are closed. Socrates was forced to swallow hemlock, but I'm quite sure he was philosopher enough not to whine over the draught!"

. . . .

When Joseph Morton, boiling with anger and indignation, and jamming his hat over his eyes as though someone

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wished to steal it, emerged from the dusty purlieu of Thumb Court, a quietly-dressed, colourless-looking individual who had been standing at the entrance of it for the past half-hour watching the spiders, touched him on the shoulder.

Morton started, glanced round, and laughed wildly.

"Oh, you're there, are you? I long for vengeance on mine enemy, and behold the means are at hand! What the dickens are you here for?"

"Why, to see you, of course," returned the other, placing his arm within that of Morton. "But you needn't make such a row about it. We don't want to attract more attention that we can avoid. Mr. Salter would like to see you at once about that business you know of. He's communicated with the other party, who's prepared to come down 'ansomely for any information you can give us."

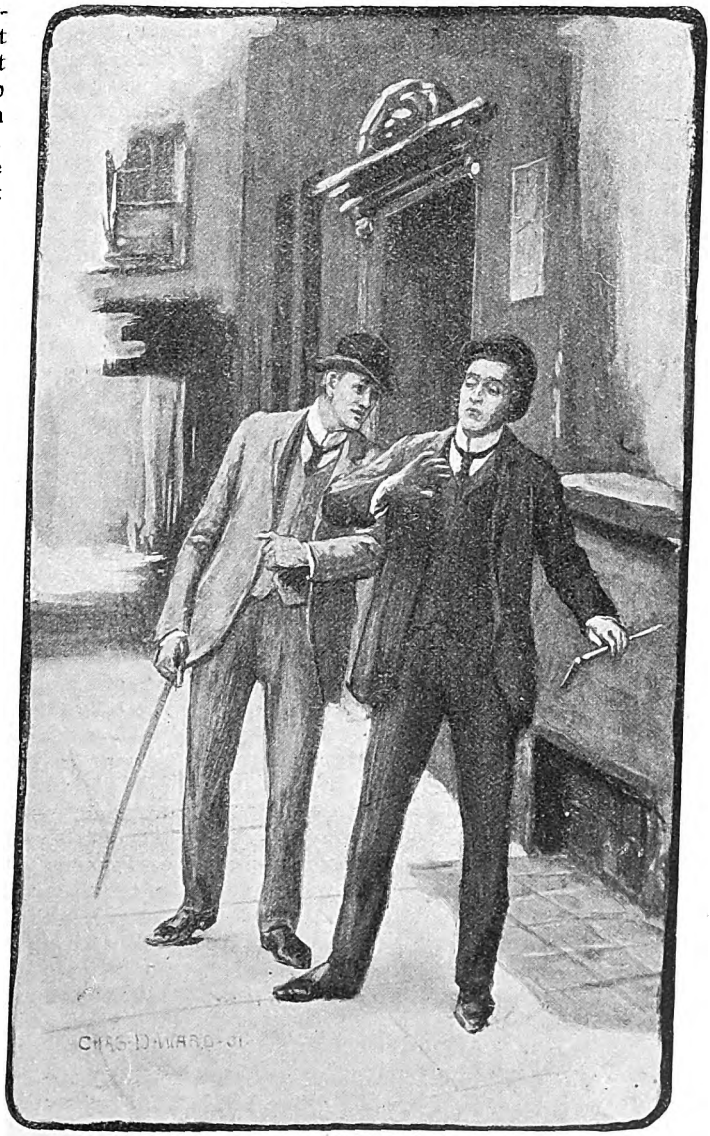
Morton attempted to free himself, but the other held him firmly.

"Look here," exclaimed the clerk, "I don't know that I'm prepared to go that length. He's a blood-sucking reptile, is Solomon Bembridge, and I've special reasons to hate him just now, but there's things a chap can't stoop to, you know. I won't have any blood money, I tell you."

"Don't act the goat," returned the other, firmly; "it's too late for scruples now. You've got to tell all you know, whether you like it or whether you hate it. It's on'y a question of doin' it willingly or on compulsion in the name of the law, so just make up your mind to come quietly to my chief. I've a cab waiting round the corner. We've no time to waste. One never can tell what such a downy cove as yonder Bembridge 'll be up to."

Again Mr. Morton attacked his hat. "Well, here goes," he exclaimed. "I'm a gentleman at large, if you care to know. My time's my own, and that's about all I can boast of at present. But mind, no blood money. I've said it and I'll hold to it, even if I'm left to die in the street."

The colourless man smiled as he closed the door of the cab. Heroics amused him, though he had long ceased to believe in them.



"IV'E A CAB ROUND THE CORNI R. WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE."

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CHAPTER XXII.

EVIL MUSIC.

After the sudden death of its gentle old mistress Grove Cottage lost its principal attraction, and seemed to her son an abode of desolation rather than a home. He scarcely ever spoke of his sorrow, but it clung the closer because unexpressed. He was to be seen carelessly garbed and unshaven, wandering restlessly around the house and garden. All his usual employments were neglected. The auriculas drooped for lack of water, and his curious pets sulked in holes and corners, missing his coaxing and the weird music to which they were accustomed.

Nora remained at the Vicarage under the wing of the Honourable Mrs. Courtland, and Bertie Carlton was forced to be content with fleeting glimpses of her as she passed out of doors. The aristocratic lady at the Vicarage did not approve of the girl's intimacy with a young man who had not been properly introduced and vouched for by some society person. Bertie was treated with such extreme and frigid severity upon the occasion of his call at the Vicarage, that he did not venture upon a second. But the love he cherished for Nora grew but stronger because of all the obstacles to it which loomed ahead. He knew how deeply she would feel the loss of her dear old friend, and his heart was sad for pity of her grief and loneliness.

And of a truth the girl required the sympathy of those about her, for life seemed very dreary, missing the gentle presence of the blind woman. Besides, the latter had been delightfully dependent, and it had been sweet to Nora to consider herself necessary to someone. Now she was but one of many in the crowded Vicarage which conventionality, in the person of Mrs. Courtland, would not allow her to leave.

Even her guardian appeared to think it a more desirable home for her under existing conditions. He did not respond to her timid suggestion that she should return to Grove Cottage. She went there to see him on the day following Mrs. Pattinson's funeral. He was strangely altered. Not only did he seem bowed to the earth with grief, there was more than this about him, more than the natural sorrow of an affectionate son for the loss of a fondly-loved parent. Nora detected another expression—something furtive, yet dogged. It seemed to her a recognition that fate had not done with him yet, but had further buffets in store; and that it was for this reason he had determined that her future should be dissociated from his own.

"No, no, child," he said, with a sort of wearied impatience, "you are better where you are, even though it may be dull and tiresome to have to give in to all Mrs. Courtland's restrictions. It is safe, at any rate. Nay, do not frown and think me unkind. Remember how Hamlet spoke to Ophelia—spoke to the girl he loved more than his life! It was love, not indifference, that bade her get to a nunnery, where she would be safe from whatever ills fate might have in store for him."

"But why should you do the same, Uncle Dan? Surely you have no reason to dread any other blow? I think you want me more than ever now; and you'll grow morbid if I don't come back. Why do you talk so strangely? I cannot understand you."

"That may well be, since I cannot understand myself, Nora. But this I do know. I've grown to love you, as I never thought to love any human being save my mother, and, like Hamlet, I would fain save you from the evil to come. Don't tempt me further, little one. I want you every moment of the day. But for your sake, we're best apart. The dogs are on me, and I'm too old and tired to escape their teeth. The gods forbid they rend you also!"

He opened the greenhouse door, and she followed him down between the rows of neglected flower-pots.

There was something strangely significant in the spectacle of these dead and dying plants, and Nora's steps dragged.

"Oh, the poor, pretty flowers," she exclaimed; "why, they haven't been watered for days! May I bring some water now and give them a drink?"

But he would not permit this.

"No! Let them die! Fly from this place as though it were plague-stricken, I tell you! Go and be happy, and enjoy the days of youth that speed—ah, how swiftly! Ah, but life is good, when—like you—one has that exquisite gift. To bask in the sun, to lurk in the leafy shade, to lure the small four-footed things of wood

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and moorland to one's side, with charm and music!

Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close,
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah! whence, and whither flown again, who knows?

I think the soul of some old Pagan has been reincarnated in my body, and is longing to be free to return to its ancient loves and life!"

He reached out his hand for his neglected pipe, and blew upon it a strain so piercingly sweet that the girl's heart melted within her breast, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Suddenly, however, she snatched the pipe from his lips, and threw it on the ground.

"Don't!" she cried. "I can't bear it another moment! It's evil, even in its wild sadness! It suggests the Pagan spirit you speak of; and if I listen long, I'll go mad or die. O Uncle Dan, don't let your mind dwell upon such horrors! Think of our dear one, and how beautiful her simple faith in Christ was!"

She turned away, for there was that in his face that both frightened and sickened her. It really seemed as though the soul of that old Pagan he spoke of was peering out from behind those dark glasses, and curling her friend's lips up in a satyr grin.

As she went slowly up the garden path, the evil music pursued her; so he must again have picked up the pipe. The air seemed full of the weird strain. It pierced, and echoed, and floated; rose to the highest boughs of the tallest trees, which threw it back to earth as though it were too evil to soar; then it crept along the ground, wailing and lamenting, until it appeared to gather strength for a fresh outburst of fiendish glee. Nora could bear no more; she put her hands to her ears, and fled.

She never heard it again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARGREAVES SEES A VISION.

Bertie Carlton was heartily dissatisfied with the progress of affairs. Weeks had passed, and the end seemed as far off as ever. The enigmatic Salter counselled patience, and declared that they had found a clue, but must decline to give any particulars. The impetuosity of amateurs had before this ruined many a promising case. It was better for his men to work alone and unfettered.

Snubbed by Salter, and likewise by the lady who had undertaken the charge of Nora, the young fellow grew fractious, and worried both the doctor and his friend with sudden outbursts of temper.

At length Dr. Hawthorn suggested that—the village being at this time in a deplorably healthy condition, and nobody in the least likely either to enter the world or leave it—it would be as well to embrace the opportunity, and carry out their proposed nocturnal expedition to Dredman's Bungalow. Hargreaves' holiday had almost come to an end, and he was due in a day or two to lecture on some occult subject in town. There would be no fun in going if Hargreaves were not to be there! Probably the spirits would decline to appear without the proper incantations. For his part, he intended to have a clinking time, despite the uncanny nature of their vigil.

"But, after all, we're three to one!" he concluded.

"No, we're not," cried Bertie; "we're three to three!"

"How d'ye make that out?"

"One, old Dredman," said the other, ticking them off on his fingers; "two, Bukta Lal; three, the tiger! You pay your money, and you take your choice! Which one will you tackle, Jim?"

"Not the tiger, truly! You ought to be skilled as a mighty hunter of wild game; so, if you please, I'll leave that fierce animal to you," and the doctor laughed, as he filled his cigar-case.

"There's precious little wild game left in the sandy deserts of Western Australia. Nathless, I'll do my best.

"But here comes the postman. A letter for me too."

Bertie had given Hawthorn's address to Salter, and the letter was from the detective. It was less enigmatic than usual. Salter stated that he had discovered something very important; indeed, he might now venture to say that the person who had committed the crime was, so to speak, within his grasp. He intended, therefore, to come down by the first train in the morning, when Mr. Carlton should be put in possession of all the facts.

Bertie grew excited at this news. He knew that Salter would not have written so confidently unless quite sure of his man.

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"But why is he coming here? He agreed to wire for me in the event of a discovery."

Hargreaves stood with eyes fixed upon him as he twisted the letter about.

"Have you really no idea of the truth?" asked the former.

Bertie shook his head. "I'm all at sea," he said, irritably; "but you—you seem to have your own idea?"

"Maybe I have, but I'm not going to give it away. You employed Salter, not me, to enact the part of bloodhound. Salter hates amateur work as much as Pawson; so I'll keep my notion dark, if you please. After all, I've nothing to go upon save an instinct," he continued, dreamily. "Nevertheless, I often see things that are hidden to others. The net is drawing closer around the form of the pursued, and there's no chance of escape. No, there I'm wrong! There's one door open; and, if I don't mistake, he'll pass through that, though it lead to darkness eternal!"

Dr. Hawthorn glanced at the mystic's face, which was fixed like one in a trance.

"Look here, old chap," he cried, "this second-sight business isn't a thing to be cultivated. It spells epilepsy sometimes. Mediums generally end by going wrong in the upper storey!"

Bertie was annoyed at Jim's interruption. He had been on the eve of a discovery. Hargreaves possessed the very power he had once longed for himself—clairvoyance, or whatever they liked to call it. But Jim's matter-of-fact tones dispelled the trance, and the power vanished.

"Come," he cried, "it's quite time we set off for the bungalow. I believe you both want to shirk the business, after all. For all Jim's bluster, I can see his heart is in his mouth, and he doesn't relish it a bit!"

Disdaining to reply, the doctor proceeded to examine the priming of a revolver which he had got into the way of carrying about the lonely roads when on night duty.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE HAPPY DREAM.

I dreamed that I was singing
A little song for you;
The happy notes went winging
Like swallows o'er the dew.
My heart so fondly pleaded
In strains by passion stirred,
No waking prayer were needed
If you had only heard,
Sweetheart,
If you had only heard.

Your glance was grief-beguiling,
It made my sorrow flee;
In peerless beauty smiling
You gave your heart to me.
But night hath fled, and morning
Brings back the old heartbreak—
To meet your cruel scorning,
Alas, why did I wake,
Sweetheart,
Alas, why did I wake!

Samuel Peck.

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UNREALISED IDEALS.

By the REV. SILAS K. HOCKING.

KING DAVID desired to build a temple in honour of Jehovah. It was to have been a sanctuary of unrivalled splendour and unprecedented magnificence. But his ideal was unrealised. Still, God gave him credit for his good intentions. A cynic has remarked that a man with ideals is a very uncomfortable person to live with. This may be quite true to people of low spiritual development; but to such as have a soul above money-getting and money-hoarding it is not true. On the contrary, such a man will be a constant stimulus and inspiration. In all ages of the world the great leaders of thought and action have been men who cherished lofty ideals; men who had it in their hearts to do some noble thing for God and humanity; men who could not rest in the lowlands of life while the snowy summits gleamed above them. Seeing visions that other men could not see, they led the van in the great fields of progress and discovery. To sluggard souls—to men without ambition and without enterprise—they may have seemed restless, irritating, uncomfortable people. But history has crowned them with immortality, and their praises the ends of the earth will sing.

One of the painfullest features of the present day is that there are so few people who are inspired by any great or lofty ambition. There is any amount of push and jostle and squeeze; any amount of struggle and scramble for unworthy ends. On all hands men are elbowing each other, and fighting each other, and ready to slay each other, for place and power and gold. But there is very little enthusiasm for moral and spiritual ends. Even the Church of Christ has become infected by the prevailing spirit, and can be aroused to enthusiasm only on some question of ritual, or some point of sectarian expediency. Moral and spiritual ideals are going out of fashion. We are living in an age of marked religious indifference. It is only a man here and there who has it in his heart to build a Temple for God. We are all busy building mud huts for ourselves.

Men everywhere are saying in effect: "Let us alone. Why should we exert ourselves? The world went on all right before we came into it, and it will go on all right after we have left it. We may work ourselves into a frenzy, and it will be all the same in fifty years." Now, a spirit like that is fatal to enterprise and achievement. The religious passion of John Wesley changed the face of England in twenty years. If our forefathers had had no loftier ideals than some of their children possess we should still be struggling as a nation in ignorance and superstition.

It may be laid down almost as an axiom that to possess an ideal is essential to enterprise and achievement. A man who aims at nothing will reach nothing, except by accident. We must have a purpose before we can strive, and the nobler the end we have in view the nobler will be our endeavour.

Any real success is impossible to the man who merely drifts. Character is built by effort. Disposition may be inherited, but character is the outcome of our own striving. Hence, to talk about success in the case of a man who has no ideals is an utter misuse of words. You do not call a man successful who inherits a fortune that somebody else won. You do not say that this man is deserving of your respect simply because he stumbled into a well by accident and found a bag of gold at the bottom. A great many so-called successful men are not successful at all. They have done nothing. They have not even tried to do anything. They have been pushed into place and position by the struggles of other people. They

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have had no ideals, no passion, no enthusiasm, no enterprise. They have simply been the puppets of fortune, and the same power that lifted them up may tumble them down.

The success is not what we put into our pocket, but what we build into our life and into the life of the world. He who does something that in the doing makes him a better man; he who strives after a lofty ideal, and in the striving wins strength to endure; he who accomplishes something that is for the general benefit of mankind, he is the successful man, and is deserving of honour and renown.

What the present generation needs, perhaps, more than anything else, is to be awakened to the necessity of cherishing some lofty purpose. It was good for David that he had it in his heart to build a house for God. We none of us know how much evil that good purpose saved him from, how many unworthy desires it choked back and destroyed. Year after year that unrealised ideal was before him, driving out all meaner desires, and filling his thoughts with plans and schemes which, though never carried into effect, left their indelible mark upon his life and character.

We are very apt to think because a man does not realise his ambitions that therefore his life is a failure. No greater mistake could be made. Success is not merely in achievement, but in effort and purpose. The shallow critic says:—"That man has been striving for twenty years after a certain end and has missed it. What wasted effort! What a failure is his life!" How little does he know! Good work is never lost. Noble effort cannot be wasted. In the economy of God's moral government no life is a failure that is given to noble endeavour. No man can strive for twenty years, or one year, or one day for that matter, in a righteous cause without being a better man for it. You say his labour is in vain. You only say that because you have no eyes to see below the surface of things, no means of measuring the silent forces that are ever at work in the realm that lies outside your narrow ken.

All this talk about wasted effort in our churches and schools, and in the great fields of social reform, is but the irresponsible chatter of people who are incapable of thinking deeply on any question. The wasted effort of the world is in other directions—in the selfish and dishonourable struggles of men for wealth and power and position—in the plottings and schemings and rivalries that go on in Church and State—in the prostitution of time and talents to unworthy and ignoble ends. But to say that any unselfish effort put forth for the good of humanity is wasted is to give the lie to the plainest facts of human history.

> Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
> The labour and the wounds are vain;
> The enemy faints not nor faileth,
> And as things have been they remain.

That is the language of the pessimist and cynic, the hopeless cry of men who have lost faith in themselves and God.

> If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
> It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
> Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
> And, but for you, possess the field.
>
> For while the tired waves vainly breaking
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
>
> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!—
> But westward, look, the land is bright.

It is ever so. Good deeds, striving after lofty ideals, operate in a thousand ways unknown to us. Even if others are not benefited by our efforts, we ourselves are better for the struggle. And yet how slow we are to believe this! All over the world to-day there are people mourning over perished ambitions and unrealised ideals. In the Church, in the Sunday-school, on the mission field, in the domain of social and temperance reform, men watch and wait in almost hopeless silence. Like David, it was in their hearts to build a house for God—to do some great thing for the world's uplifting; but they seem no nearer the realisation of their desires to-day than they did twenty years ago. Shall we say that "their struggle naught availeth;" that the moral enthusiasts of our country have done no good; that the heroes of missionary enterprise have thrown away their lives; that our Sunday-school teachers have laboured in vain; that our social reformers have been trying to store the lightning?

It cannot be. These idealists have been the saviours of our country and the salt of the earth. They have kept their own faith alive, and have kept alive the faith of others. Nay, more, they have helped to lay the foundations of the great temple of truth and righteousness, which in the

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ages to come shall lift its pinnacles clear into the light of heaven.

David did not build the Temple, and yet, had not the plan and purpose been in his heart, the chances are it would never have been built. He not only made it possible for Solomon to build it, but he made it imperative. He set in motion currents of influence that Solomon could not resist. Because it was in David's heart, he rooted the idea, and the ideal in the heart of the nation. We are doing things to-day because our fathers—who are sleeping in the dust—compel us to do them. They began the work, and we can but carry it on. Present achievements have their roots in past ideals. The dreams of a hundred or a thousand years ago are the realities of to-day. The men who see visions and dream dreams are in reality the most practical of all. All great reformers were idealists, and the greatest Idealist of all was Christ. He did not realise His ideal, but it is growing into shape with every passing generation, and the fullness of time shall witness its consummation.

So every right-minded man will hail it as a privilege as well as a duty to cherish some lofty purpose, and strenuously toil for its realisation. The fulfilment may not be in his day. But he knows the struggle will do him good, that others will carry into shape what he has planned, and that in the end "He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

SILAS K. HOCKING.

FINISHED IN WORLDS BEYOND.

I stood in the ancient minster,
Beside the white-robed choir;
And the faces of the singers
Seemed aglow with heavenly fire.
Their voices rose in the anthem,
Like birds on a soaring wing;
And even the angels must have paused
To hear them sweetly sing.

It ceased, and the organ-master
In rapture began to play
A theme which filled me with wonder,
And charmed my care away.
Through rosy-pictured windows
The sun its radiance shed
O'er the master, weaving a veil of gold
And a halo around his head.

He appeared as if transfigured,
So lofty were his lays;
Anon like solemn requiems,
Then like sweet hymns of praise;
Now soaring to heights supernal,
Now falling to depths untold;
My spirit rode on the organ's notes,
With its cadences manifold.

Ere long came a soothing calmness,
Which shrouded the soul with peace.
Methought the white-haired master
His seraph airs would cease;
But the hush was but the prelude
To notes sublime and grand,
Which stopp'd abrupt; for the throes of death
Had still'd that magic hand.

Thos. J. B. Casey.

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MY FIRST BOOK.

Some Well-known Writers on their Beginnings in Authorship.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

IT gives me much pleasure to comply with your request.

My first distinct impulse to write a book was given to me when a very young man by the sound of a flute on the shore of one of the English lakes. It was on a moonlight night and the flute breathed forth some notes from Mozart. I do not know how or why, but my whole mind and heart became possessed with a longing to write a novel which should have much to do with music. Well, I began my novel and disclosed my scheme to a friendly publisher. He was not discouraging, but he told me that the time was not favourable for such a subject, as the public just then only wanted sensation novels. He advised me to write a sensation novel, and urged that, if the experiment proved a success, I might then venture to bring out my musical novel under the shelter of my previously acquired renown. I wrote a sensation novel, my first published work, and it was rather successful—I long since suppressed it. Then my publisher, still diffident about the musical novel, recommended some quiet story as a kind of intermediate stage of authorship. I wrote the quiet story and then was allowed to go on with my musical novel. But in the meantime the story about music and musicians had been lying wholly untouched, and I suppose my inspiration had chilled off before I could return to my early purpose. But only see what an advantage that interruption has been to me! I can always tell myself and tell my friends that if I had only gone on with my romance of music under the spell of that first inspiration it would have been a masterpiece—and who shall say me nay?

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY.
Author of "Dear Lady Disdain," etc.

By G. B. BURGIN.

Isn't there something unkind in being taken back to those innocent days when one first began to write, to frequent literary haunts, to dream dreams? Isn't there rather a remorseful feeling when one takes down the first-born and it blushes for its parent? "Where," says the first-born—"Where, O my father, are the ideals I bequeathed to you before I parted company with the author of my being? You wrote me because you *had* to write, because then every woman was beautiful, every goose a swan, every friend a comrade to the death. You knew not doubt. You revelled in life, found the world fair, the soul of it sweet. And now you go to see

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problem plays, you say cynical things, you notice the husks left by the swine, you ponder on the motives of men, the wiles of women; you read Henry James, and you analyse the soul of things until there are no things left. Decidedly, my parent, you must renew your youth."

And this from the offspring ("Tuxter's Little Maid") of my youth, that child written at midnight until the first faint rays of light stole through my window, and I snatched a couple of hours' sleep, then away to the City of Gold, to coin—pence! I had been ill in the East—with typhoid—and came home to recruit, went into a City office in order to "have time to look round," and said to myself: "I must write my way out of this or die." And I nearly died in the writing.

Then came a letter from Messrs. Cassell's saying that they were considering "Tuxter." They considered to some purpose. "Tuxter" faced the light of day; and dear old ladies wrote nice letters to me and said that he was a rough diamond but a pure and good man, and I must go on writing about pure and good men, sweet girls, brave young lovers. And I have gone on ever since—with momentary intervals—and feel that I have made many friends; that, hard though the life of a writer be, it is the best of all lives for me; that if one honestly does the best that is in one, if one does not allow the irritable vanity and conceit of the craft to get the upper hand, there is always the reward—the man who pats you on the back, the stranger who writes a line to say that he is touched or amused, the person who "knows the same thing," the publisher with the modest shekels.

There is also the reviewer! Sometimes one feels when the reviews come in that Providence is a little too generous in the matter of reward. The reviewer is a hardworking man, but he cannot be expected to know your "pet" bits. Once he has placed you in a certain groove, it gives him additional work to find out that you have made a fresh departure. So, as a rule, he does not find out; and perhaps he is right. I am a reviewer myself, and have come to this conclusion on the subject: If a book deals with butchers, a shorthand man ought to go to a dozen butchers, give them the book to read, and then jot down what they say about it. Questions of technique could be left to professionals. The proper person to review a book is the person who is dealt with in it. He knows. The reviewer frequently does not. Hence, injustice. But when you consider how hard the modern reviewer has to work, the marvel is that he can be so just, so discriminating.

But about "Tuxter." I know he is full of "split infinitives," crudities, errors of form, of taste, perilously near to bathos when he makes his own coffin, and takes a sad pleasure in the way it fits him. I know he is impossible; that he "wouldn't work" in real life; but, for all that, I met him coming down Fiction Hill as I went up. With his strong right arm he helped me along, and then respectfully went his way.

Enough about "Tuxter." This is more what Mr. Weller calls "a referee" than an exposition. The writing craft is a good craft. In the days to come:

Only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are.

G. B. BURGIN.

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

My first book, "The Silent Shore," was written at a time when I was living in Paris and writing for foreign papers, as well as working in the great French libraries with a view to obtaining facts to serve for historical works on France and romances dealing with the history of that country. They came later, but meanwhile a case that occurred in French society gave me the idea of "The Silent Shore," and, in an English setting, formed the nucleus of that story.

After some difficulty a publisher was found for it (John and Robert Maxwell) and it appeared as a "shilling shocker"—that being the day for such things—and also in an eighteenpenny cloth edition, and received many remarkably good criticisms, especially for an unknown author. A good many thousand copies of the book were sold, and it was published in the United States, and also—as I long afterwards discovered—translated into Spanish and run as a serial in a South American paper. It was also dramatised

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MR. JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.
Author of "In the Day of Adversity," etc.
Photo by J. Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

and produced at the Olympic Theatre in 1888, Mr. Arthur Playfair making his appearance in a leading part (the hero) and the late Laurence Cautley in the second part. No particular profit accrued to me from the production of this book; the most substantial, perhaps, arising from the offer of the proprietor of a well known Continental hotel to pay £10 for the cover of the "shocker" for advertisements. The publishers and I divided this sum between us. Nevertheless, the book launched me, and, although I have since produced fifteen others, I have always regarded the first novel from my pen with a considerable amount of affection.

JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

BY "RITA."
(MRS. W. D. HUMPHREYS).

My first book was written for two reasons. One, because from a child I had desired to write—something; and the desire strengthened with every year. The other, because I had devoured so many novels, and some of them were so trashy and poor that I came to the conclusion I could do much better if I tried.

So I tried.

The first publisher to whom I sent the book refused it. The second (Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co.) accepted it—conditionally. It was published, and to my great surprise, rather well received and reviewed, except by the *Athenæum*, which from that day forward has been more than true to its first antagonism. However, if adverse criticism could check an author's ambition, few would succeed.

From the first book to the fiftieth is no mean output, and though I am now by no means proud of that first, I may venture to look back upon it as a very useful pioneer to the popularity achieved by its successors.

"RITA."

BY ROBERT BARR.

I plunged into the sea of letters because a pirate made me walk the plank. I was a guileless journalist in London with no wicked leanings towards authorship or any other vice, when it came to my knowledge, by one of those curious coincidences that happen in real life and are useless in fiction, that a pirate publisher was causing to be printed a shilling book containing

"RITA."
Author of "Dame Durden," etc.

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certain stories of mine which had appeared in a weekly paper, and on which the pirate seemed to know I had no copyright. Copyrighting a contribution costs five shillings, and a writer must have at least half a sovereign's worth of conceit in his own work before he makes that expenditure. He must also have five shillings to spare. Few journalists have either the shillings or the conceit. I determined to get out a book that would forestall the pirate's contribution to literature. I consulted with my friend, Mr. Horace Hart, now Controller of the University Press in Oxford, but at that time head of one of the largest printing houses in London. Although I was just over from America, I had come to look on Mr. Hart as a man who could accomplish the impossible in less time than any one else I knew. He gave me the address of a lightning-sketch artist; told me where to find a block maker who would do the processing while I waited; asked for the copy and went ahead. Five thousand copies of this book, with forty illustrations, were printed, folded, cut and bound in boards in a time so incredibly short that I dare not mention it, fearing to make New York rage with envy and unbelief. We had the book on the market while the pirate press was placidly thrashing away at the middle pages. The pirate's production never saw the light. The moral of this is that dishonesty is its own punishment. If the British publisher had been pure and innocent, the British public would never have been called upon to bear the infliction of my immortal works.

ROBERT BARR.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"My first essay in authorship" was when I was only thirteen. My first book —one of verse—was published when I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age. But my first novel? Ah, that was a different matter. I wrote a good many short stories and small serials which were printed in various papers. I also wrote two long novels for which I could find no publisher at all; and it was not until I was about thirty years of age that I had a novel accepted. In the year 1880, a friend sent me an advertisement, setting forth that a prize of £100 was to be offered by the publishers of *The People's Friend*, Dundee (Messrs. John Leng and Co.) for the best serial story submitted to them. I had a long summer holiday at my disposal and set to work at once. I racked my brain for exciting scenes and episodes, as I understood that the novel required ought to be as interesting as possible; and I thoroughly enjoyed writing it. I spent the winter in Egypt, and great was my delight to receive a letter intimating that my story had gained the prize! It was published first as a serial and then as a volume under the title of "Jacobi's Wife." But it was preceded in book form by a novel which was accepted by Messrs. Richard Bentley and Son shortly after my return from Egypt. This story—"Beyond Recall"—dealt with life in Egypt, and the beginning of Arabi's rebellion, and Messrs. Bentley and Son published it a month after acceptance. The book was well received—partly, no doubt, because it was of topical interest.

"Jacobi's Wife," however, though not published in book form until after the appearance of "Beyond Recall," was really my first novel accepted by a publisher; and never shall I forget the exquisite satisfaction with which I read the letter announced that I had gained the £100 prize. I am pleased to be able to add that the winning of this prize was the origin of my long connection with *The People's Friend* and with the firm of which Sir John Leng, M.P., is the head; and I consider it a very fortunate day for myself when that connection was first established.

ADELINE SERGEANT.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

I took to the pen as the beaver takes to building. I simply couldn't help it. No sooner had I begun to read stories and to understand them than I was seized with the desire to write. I was somewhere in my teens when I made my first attempt, and I am bound to make the confession that the motive was sordid enough.

A prize had been offered by some temperance society of £100 for the best story dealing with the evils of drink.

In those days £100 seemed an unlimited fortune, and I thought, if I could only win it, what good I could do with so much gold. So I set to work prompted by a desire for gain. Perhaps on that account my efforts were unavailing. The story never got completed. Before I had reached the

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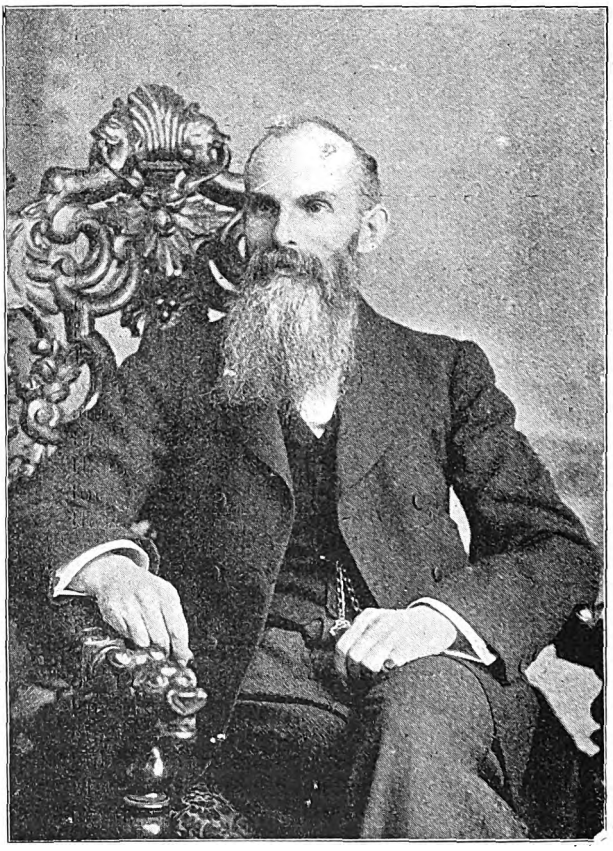

REV. SILAS HOCKING.
Author of "Her Benny," etc.

tenth chapter my characters got inextricably mixed up and refused to do what I wanted them to do. The elaborate plan that I had drawn out at the start wouldn't work. My principal characters possessed tempers that I was unaware of at the beginning, and by their headstrong ways produced some frightful complications. Indeed by the time I had reached the eighth or ninth chapter everything had got so completely mixed up that I gave up the whole business as a bad job and resigned myself, as well as I could, to the loss of £100.

I made no further attempts to write for a good many years. I started on a course of theological study, became a local preacher, and finally entered the ministry. Consequently my time and thought were turned into other channels. Still the desire never left me. Indeed it grew stronger as the years passed on, but the demands of my other work left me no time for its gratification.

One afternoon, however, being shut up in the house in consequence of a tremendous downpour of rain, and having nothing very particular to do, I commenced to write in sheer self-defence. I began without plan and without purpose. I had no plot in my mind. It was a case of the beaver building by instinct. The plot grew or evolved, the situations shaped themselves. My characters developed their own personalities, and so the thing went steadily forward. I became intensely interested in my work, lived with the creations of my imagination constantly, and never lost sight of them. They were with me night and day. I conversed with them, entered into all their joys and sorrows.

When the story was finished, a local editor ran it as a serial through his newspaper. Then my present publishers issued it as a little shilling volume. The reviewers naturally enough took no notice of it, which was very kind of them. I sold the copyright for practically an old song, and I believe the book has been selling ever since.

I have never dared to read it again. I expect it is full of the most glaring errors and improbabilities from cover to cover. However, it was a beginning. Having whetted my appetite for the kind of work, I have kept at it ever since.

You will see, Mr. Editor, that the story of My First Book is prosaic enough. It was simply a case of letting nature caper. I knew nothing of the art of composition or of story-writing. I just put down on paper what was in me, and I am inclined to think that it was the very artlessness of my stories that gave them their vogue—that and the other fact that I tried never to get out of my depth. I made a point of writing about things I understood.

Many writers have received more praise from the critics than I have, but I fancy very few have received more kindness from the crowd.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

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By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

In reply to your kind note, I cannot truthfully say that my first book, "A Bad Beginning," was my first essay at authorship; because, about a year previously, I had written several little stories and verses which all appeared, though not under my name, in magazines.

My husband then (1861) asked me to try to write a novel. When at last I had thought out a story, I began to write it by setting down, on scraps of paper, incidents of the tale here and there, as they came to me, not at all in sequence. I remember, for instance, that I began with Chapter V., and next wrote a bit almost at the end of the book, because the incidents there related presented themselves vividly, and I feared I might forget the way in which they had shown themselves.

At last, at the end of a year, the story was written and pieced together. I copied it and offered it to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., with very faint hope of success; though even then, I had heard of Mr. George Murray Smith's great kindness to writers. Only three weeks of suspense, and the M.S. came back; but accompanied by a kind letter from Mr. Smith; he praised the story more highly than I could have hoped, but suggested an alteration near the end.

If this could be made, he said, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. were prepared to make an offer for the book.

I at once set to work on the wished for alteration, and my husband and I called in Waterloo Place, saw Mr. Smith, and gave him the M.S. We were much impressed by Mr. Smith's genial kindness and encouragement. He soon after wrote and offered £50 for the book, and when I accepted the offer, he at once sent me a cheque for that sum.

This happened in the spring of 1862; in the following October, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. published "A Bad Beginning" in 2 vols. The book pleased the public, and the edition sold out in three weeks. It was not reprinted till some time after, when it appeared in one volume.

KATHERINE S. MACQOID.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

You ask me about "My First Book," and how I came to write it, and incidentally other succeeding ones. Let me confess then that it was an adventure story which, strange to relate, did not—as most first books do—fall entirely flat. It sold to the extent of some 450 copies, and, I presume, paid expenses. I did not make a fortune out of it however. I fear it was somewhat closely modelled on the lines of "Treasure Island," the author of which I knew and admired. But at all events, told originally night by night in a school dormitory, it was so much appreciated by the hearers that when some years later the editor of a minor publication asked me for a serial, I straightway set about to write down what I had told. Then, like many other more, and perhaps less, worthy serials, it came out in volume form—"bound attractively in red cloth and splendidly illustrated" as the publishers stated.

I can scarcely remember when I did not imagine stories, nor when I did not enjoy stories by other people. Intended for the Law, eventually for the Bar, I wandered off into the primrose and more often thorn-strewed path of journalism and novel-writing much as a duckling prefers swimming to climbing trees. I fear I wasted five or six valuable years of life trying to master the intricacies of equity, and the pitfalls which are strewn so thickly in the common law of this much lawyered realm. Perhaps it was fate which made me prefer Blackmore to "Blackstone," and a French dictionary to a Law Lexicon. Anyway, working before the shops of a country town are open, and often enough after most people are in that land of dreams which so seldom is obliging enough to provide us story-tellers with plots, I have no desire to turn back.

My experiences! They have probably been much the same as those of many other writers, and have gone far to prove that the profession of letters is not, even if one avoid the *coulisses* of literature, an easy one to follow—though perhaps more pleasant than many.

As to reviewers, I have (unlike more famous authors) naturally nothing to say against a class which, with so few exceptions that they are almost unremembered, has been singularly generous of praise. Amongst many hundreds of notices on this and the other side of the Atlantic, I have had perhaps half-a-dozen ill-natured ones. Bad ones have, of course, outnumbered these, but I cannot honestly dissent from the verdict. I know personally not more

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than three reviewers as likely to have the handling of any book of mine, although doubtless other friends of mine have done so.

A word of advice to those who are commencing to write or have only just done so. It ought to be *Punch's* "Don't," but they *will* if they have it in them. Here it is! Never ask for reviews, and never enquire who does any particular notice, more especially an unfavourable one. If the latter, it may have been written by a friend under (of course, the mistaken) idea that he is doing you a real service. This may look cryptic, but it's true.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

The simplest reply to your request is printed in the concluding lines of my first story, "Featherland; or, How the Birds Lived at Greenlawn." (London: Griffith and Farran, 1866.) They run:—

"A story thought of to please two little girls who were very fond of leaning up against somebody's knee in the evenings before the candles were lighted, and asking somebody to tell them a story."

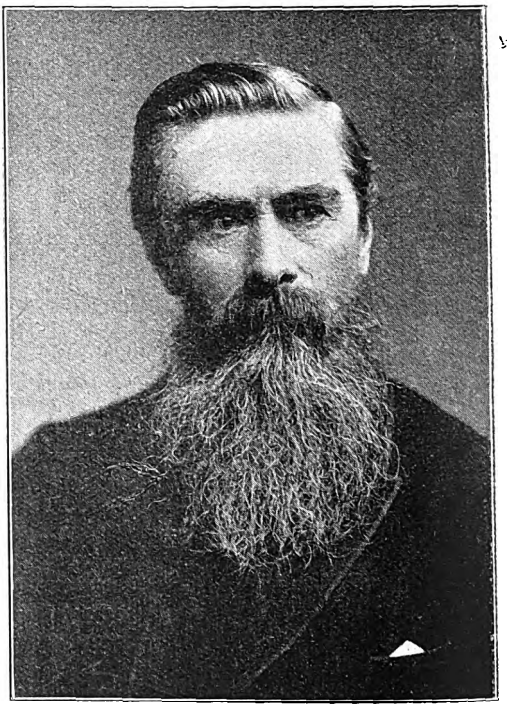
The experiences connected therewith proved to be as simple as the little work, which was sent to the publishers and followed by a letter from Mr. Farran, who liked it "very much," printed it, and I believe it is selling now, for I received one of the new editions, dated a few years back, intimating that it had become one of the reading text-books for children in connection with the School Board. It was all very easy work; the *hard* came later on.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

The first novel I ever wrote was published by Thomas Cautley Newby, of Welbeck-street, W. I was fresh from the sea, knew nothing of society, and therefore wrote fluently a quantity of drivel, which was published in three volumes. The work was minutely analysed by the *Spectator*, which enriched its columns by some 200 quotations from it as illustrations of all sorts of style, base, absurd, ungrammatical, hysterical, monstrous, and the like. This book must have been extremely bad to win the recognition it obtained. Newby used to publish for Captain Chamier, G. P. R. James, and other writers of that day. He would talk about them, and was entertaining in his way. He valued himself upon being the only gentleman in the publishing line. He did business in a back room, with an old lady who read MSS. for him and generally advised. I have some recollection of a pair of galoshes and a stout umbrella near the chair she occupied.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.



MR. GEO. MANVILLE FENN.
Author of "Parson o' Dumford," etc.
Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

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A FORGOTTEN CITY.

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

IF you look at a map of the Mediterranean you may see in the north-east corner, on the edge of the Gulf of Iskandroon, the little seaport of Mersina, but you are certainly not likely to see, marked by its side, Mezetlu, as the place is now called by the Cicilians, or Pompeiopolis, as it was called by the Romans, or Soli, as it was called by the Greeks. And no wonder! For this city, with its marble-fronted houses, its colonnaded streets, its magnificent harbour and fine theatre, is now forgotten by the world. Though as interesting as many a much-vaunted Greek town, it is quite out of the tourist-track; no volumes have been written about it, the guide-books hardly mention it. So the stately pillars left standing are given up to solitude and herds of wild goats. Not one person in five hundred who read this article ever heard of Soli. And yet when anyone uses an absurdity or impropriety in language, and you call it a solecism, you are unconsciously alluding to this out-of-the-way dead city. It was a Greek colony, but the colonists, by contact with the natives of Cicilia, came to speak their own language so badly that the Athenians used the word *solikos* in much the same way as we refer to malapropisms. And thus the ancient and the modern world rub shoulders, as it were, all through a very ordinary word in our speech.

It was quite by accident I came to explore Soli. I confess I had never even heard of it till, one morning, crawling vagabond-like round the eastern Mediterranean, I casually inspected the coast map belonging to the vessel in which I was travelling, and there saw mentioned the remains of an ancient town. The first day I landed at Mersina, with its ramshackle and vile-smelling bazaars, its crowds of idling, stupid-visaged Turks, and the streets thronged with slouching, badly clad soldiers, I set off to visit this forgotten place. The delight of that morning's ride comes back to me as I write, for the air was cool and fresh, and invigorating; on one side lay limpid the blue bosom of the great middle sea, and on the other rose the Taurus mountains, scarred and rugged, with a soft vermilion haze cresting their summits, while in the valleys the sun was playing in various harmonies of colour. The roadway was rough, and riding was hard, but as there were no hedges it was easy to turn upon softer ground when a particularly inconvenient piece of the path was encountered. The bright clad men, tilling with their oxen, hesitated in their work and gazed at us as we hurried by. The country was beautifully verdant. I had been previously spending some weeks in a part of the world where nothing but long stretches of blistering sand met the eye, and it was delightful to get once more in the neighbourhood of some trees, to find the birds chirruping and even hear a crow cawing overhead.

When I first caught a glimpse of the sentinel-like pillars of Soli, rearing above the sylvan land, I naturally enough, on that calm, sweet-breathed morning, sent my fancy dancing back to the time when the town had a foremost place in the ancient world, when its marbles were chiselled, its floors delicately mosaiced, when troops of Greeks lounged in the porticoed street, when the holiday-makers crowded the theatre, the legions filled the towers, and the ships, laden with rich merchandise, came gliding into the magnificent harbour. But that was over two thousand years ago, when the poet Aratus, who lived here, sang, and when my ancestors, I suppose, were wild denizens of the dark glens of Caledonia.

Roaming the ruins of Soli I had something of the ecstacy of a china crank who has found a Sevres vase amongst a lot of base kitchen crockery. Many were the traces of Soli's ancient grandeur. Take the street of columns that ran the entire length of the town. Though many pillars had tumbled, lying like fallen giants, a

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number yet stood. The style of architecture is Corinthian, but debased. The carving of the capitals is admirable, and as many were upon the ground, time eaten, there was no difficulty in inspecting them. In some cases the corners of the abascus rest upon eagles. Also there are lions rampant, busts, and even full length figures. The columns, over three feet in diameter, have in several instances projecting brackets, on which, no doubt, statues stood, and beneath are much obliterated inscriptions.

Soli is now largely covered with debris, but as it is not tourist run, and there is no demand for antiquities, I had not long been within the range of the battered walls before I began finding pieces of glazed crockery and old glass. In a case near the table at which I am writing is an exquisite bit of mosaic floor my foot kicked against, and on my bookcase stands a delicately-fluted piece of marble pillar. The shape of the town I found to be oblong, though the wall with the ruined towers is by no means regular in line. From the old gateway down to the beach I should say is about a mile; and climbing the remains of the towers, searching for the foundations of buildings, tracing the aqueduct, and standing in the impressive silence marvelling on the departed grandeur, while crowds of fancies chased through the mind, made the day one of captivating interest.

The walls of the city, built with pebbles set in strong mortar, and faced with hewn stone, must have been very strong. There are passages within the walls leading to subterranean caverns, the dark recesses of which I penetrated with a flickering candle. There was absolutely nothing to be found; only one was impressed with the vault-like stillness and the earthy, damp odours. The entrances were guarded by grooved pillars, and all around, half buried beneath the brush-growth, were masses of old jars. I could not help feeling confident that if systematic excavations were made the "finds" would be most valuable and interesting. But few traces remain of the theatre, horse-shoe shaped, which contained probably some thirty rows of seats. There is nothing of that now, and, as I sat down within the circle, I seemed to see through the hazy ages the magnificent spectacles that once graced this place and heard the shouts of the thousands of enraptured spectators. But they have all vanished like a dream, and big, frightened lizards run where beautiful Grecian ladies once reclined. The distant view, however, is still what it was then; the azure-tinted Mediterranean, the rich plain, and the range of mountains in the background with Bulghar Dagh, tipped with snow, further away still.

The ancient port must have been the scene of lively doings. But now it is nearly filled with sand. Yet the solid stone piers remain unmoved, held together with iron clamps. The port is gracefully shaped, but no boat now ever crunches upon its pebbled beach. The three of us rested on the wave-worn steps and mused over the loveliness of the scene. And then as the day was warm and balmy we stripped and plunged into the refreshing water. We had not thought of bathing; we had not a single towel or a pocket comb between us, but we enjoyed the swim—keeping a sharp look out, however, for the approach of sharks—and then we sat down, like urchins, on the stonework and waited till the sun had dried us. Had an ancient Greek suddenly risen from one of the tombs and seen three naked barbarians from an unknown land, talking an unknown tongue, he would probably have been quite as surprised to see us as we would have been startled to see him.

Strolling along the shrub-covered street of pillars was a source of great delight. An earthquake must have thrown down many of the columns, and others are in a tottering condition. Frequently I came across great black caverns into which it was impossible to descend as we had no ropes. But they seemed to indicate a passage which once ran under the town. Some day there may be an exploration of this famous Greek colony. When the Greeks deserted the town the Romans took possession. It was repeopled by Pompeius Magnus, and, according to the custom of those days, it was called Pompeiopolis. But neither Greeks nor Romans tread its ways in these times. They have forgotten it. So has the general world, and it was this knowledge, perhaps, that enhanced the pleasure I experienced in making even a cursory inspection. It is so refreshing to climb into a corner of the world that is practically unknown.

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

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FIRE-FIGHTING AND LIFE-SAVING AT HOME.

By ALEX. HENDERSON.

IT is by no means generally known to what a large extent steam and hand fire engines are now used in private mansions, not to mention a host of ingenious contrivances in the way of fire-escapes. Moreover, when such appliances are provided for private houses, large West End shops, prisons, asylums, and similar institutions, the apparatus undergo periodical inspection monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly, so that everything may be found in good order at the critical moment of great emergency. But it is no use having appliances for the saving of life and property from fire unless persons are instructed in their use. Many hundreds of lives are lost through not knowing how to escape from a burning building, or how to put out a fire. Then, again, millions of pounds have been lost through not knowing how to work a hydrant and hose or even use a few buckets of water advantageously. For example, there was the magnificent palace in Wiltshire, known as Clouds House, the residence of a gentleman well known in the political world. Here a hydrant system had been installed, with hoses and other apparatus, but when a fire suddenly broke out the hydrants were found frozen and the appliances mislaid, the result being a hopeless confusion. No one knew what to do, and the fine house, with its superb furniture and works of art, was destroyed.

On the other hand, at Blenheim Palace, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Marlborough, a steam fire-engine of full power is always kept ready for use, and a private fire-brigade maintained. Quite apart from practice and false alarms, what appeared to be a serious fire broke out not long ago, and the alarm was given by the Duke's own fire-brigade. The steamer got to work with such good effect that the fire was put out, although it had got a good hold. The damage done was covered by a few pounds, while the property involved had been valued at over a million sterling.

The well-known expert, Mr. J. Compton Merryweather, advises that in order to maintain the efficiency of a private fire brigade, periodical drills are necessary, and the servants should be exercised at least once a month by the steward, butler, or other important functionary.

It is by no means generally known that even our great cathedrals have private fire brigades of their own; and the priceless fabric of Canterbury has been saved from destruction several times during the past twenty years by the powerful Merryweather steam engine and private fire-brigade maintained by the Dean and Chapter.

Buckets of water should be hung conveniently in every house. A fire-bucket, however, only holds two gallons, and this is far more effective when thrown in a powerful jet than when simply cast direct from the bucket, and, therefore, a portable hand fire-pump should be provided. The home drill for buckets and hand-pumps is worked something after the following manner:—The alarm being given, the house brigade assemble at an agreed point, each bringing a bucket of water. The position of the "fire" being indicated by the head of the household, and the water supply known (it ought to be in the bath-room, where the bath can be kept filled), the order "attention" is given, and all the servants line up and "prove distance," by extending an arm to touch the shoulder of the next person. Then comes the passing of the bucket,

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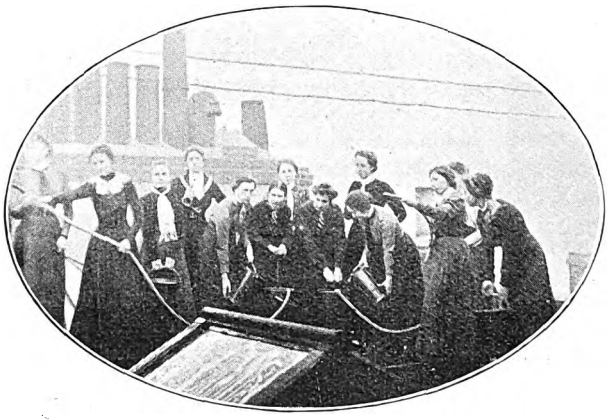
and a constant series of these keeps the hand-pump well supplied.

The Eastern Fever Hospital at Homerton accommodates nearly 450 patients, and the Medical Superintendent (Doctor Goodall), together with the matron, housekeeper, and night superintendent, have taken great interest in the training of the staff, both male and female, in the work of fire protection. The staff here are drilled by a regular fire inspector from Merryweather's, and the single drill, consisting of fixing standpipe to hydrant, and connecting 100 feet of hose and branch pipe, is done by the female nurses in one minute nineteen seconds. The "Professor" who attends to give instructions has had 139 pupils at this establishment.



THE FAIR FIRE-FIGHTERS OF BEDFORD COLLEGE AT WORK ON THE ROOF.

The late Mr. Holloway, founder of the great College bearing his name at Egham, omitted nothing when designing his great scheme; he even included fire-extinguishing apparatus of great elaborateness. Captain Shaw was consulted, and appliances of the highest quality fitted throughout. There are high pressure hydrants both inside and outside the building, in addition to "corridor" engines, and hand fire-pumps with buckets. Miss Bishop, the lady principal of the College, organises a periodical drill, and some time ago formed a ladies' fire-brigade, herself taking the position of Captain. There were ten students to each of the three sections, with a lieutenant to each. The drill supposed that there was a fire in the sitting-room, and the engine was run out, and a chain of buckets formed to keep it in play. The pump was handled by two ladies, while another trailed the little hose. Such was the celerity with which these manœuvres were executed that the engine was in full work in less than a minute.

Another interesting private fire-brigade "manned" by ladies is that at Sir John Blundell Maple's laundry on his Childwickbury estate. Here a smart little fire-engine, weighing less than 20 lbs., throws water at the rate of fifteen gallons a minute, under the supervision of the head laundrymaid. This is a wise precaution, because a fire might occur at any time, through an overheated flue or linen carelessly hung on the stove.

These drills are not only of vital importance in life-saving, but they also provide amusement for hundreds of young men and ladies in shops. A Luton drapery firm testify that twelve of their young ladies were got out of the supposed "burning" building in less than one minute and a half.

THE KIT BAG FIRE-ESCAPE WITH ROPE AND BRAKE, AS PORTABLE AS AN ORDINARY BAG.

According to the Factory and Workshops Act every owner of a business house employing more than forty persons is compelled to provide proper means of escape in case of fire.

The most simple domestic fire escape is the canvas chute, which consists of a long canvas

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tube with an iron framework at the upper or window end, forming the aperture into which those escaping from the fire might jump. This interesting tube is quite safe for invalids, women, and children, and can be used at a moment's notice, requiring no special knowledge to work it. One ought to have occasional drills with the chutes, however, so that everyone in the house may know where they are kept, and how to fix and use them. The drill consists in giving the alarm of an imaginary fire, whereupon everyone in the building makes for the window from which it is desired to escape. The chute is then rapidly taken from its place, the iron frame placed on the window sill, and the canvas allowed to drop out of the window. If no one is below to help, the first person to descend does so slowly, by pressing his or her elbows and knees outwards towards the sides of the chute, to act as a brake. On alighting on the ground the first person down then holds the end of the tube away from the building, and the others slide down at greater speed, until all are rescued.

ESCAPING IN THE KIT BAG ESCAPE.

An interesting instance of a fire-brigade at a private house is that at Waddesdon Manor, the famous residence of Baron Rothschild. There was a fire there on April 8th, 1890, the skirting board in the Baron's own rooms blazing up, followed by the panelling and the silk on the walls. Unfortunately a valuable Gainsborough was also destroyed. The servants and workpeople set to work in a businesslike way as trained firemen, using the powerful jet, and small pump, and the fire was out in fifteen minutes.

Similarly, a very serious fire broke out at Lord Wimborne's mansion, Canford Manor, which is thoroughly fitted with fire-extinguishing appliances, which on this occasion resulted in a hundred thousand pounds' worth of property being saved, including family paintings and tapestries, Worcester china, ancient Dutch clocks, panellings, antique furniture, etc.

An extraordinary number of eminent people now have fire-brigades on their own, including the Marquis of Bredalbane, the Marquis Camden, Lord Derby, Lord Brownlow, Lord Rosebery, Lord Craven, Lord Wolverton, Lord Leconfield, Lord

LADIES' CHUTE ESCAPE PRACTICE—THE DESCENT COMPLETED.

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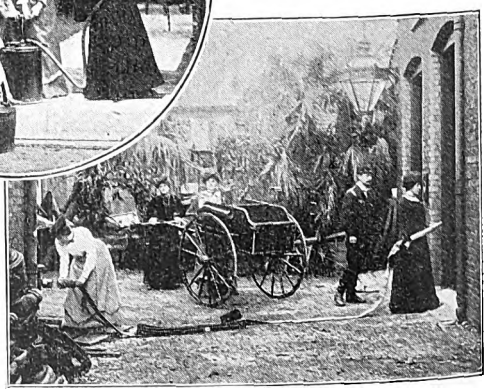
Brassey, Sir Matthew White Ridley, etc., etc.

The fire-engine usually kept in private houses is the powerful "Greenwich" steamer, throwing 750 gallons a minute. Regular uniforms and helmets are issued to the servants.

The well-known fire-engine builders, Messrs. Merryweather, have a regular "school" or academy for the training of male and female servants in private houses

THE LADY AMAZON FIRE-"MEN" LEARNING HOW TO WORK A FIRE-ENGINE.

LADIES BEING COACHED FOR HOME PROTECTION IN DIRECTING HOSE AND PUMPING.



ATTACHING BRANCH AND DIRECTING JET.

in the use of fire-extinguishing appliances. They keep no less than fifteen skilled fire-brigade artisans, who go round and inspect these appliances in private houses, and they also give gratuitous lessons, the drills including the use of the steam and manual fire-engines, the ladder fire-escape, the canvas chute, outside hydrant, hose-cart and reel, indoor hydrant, hand fire-pump, fire-bucket, and many other drills. The Church Mission House, in Salisbury Square, is well provided in this respect, and so are many other important philanthropic and public institutions, not to mention theatres, clubs, hotels, breweries, mills, factories, business houses, etc.

Great piles of flats, like Whitehall Court and Queen Anne's Mansions, are thoroughly provided with canvas chute escapes, and as these cost only £9 for a 36 ft. length, and about £16 if the window is 76 ft. from the ground, it will be seen that they constitute life assurance of a very valuable kind.

The dreadful fire at the Hotel Windsor in New York on May 17th, 1899, will be remembered, for no less than forty-three persons perished in the flames, as there were no means available for rapid descent. This terrible death roll might have been entirely averted had there been a few canvas tubes provided on each floor.

When fire breaks out, the women and children, if upstairs, should be sent down at once, and the hand pump used. So long as the water supply is kept up a powerful jet can be thrown forty or fifty feet with force enough in it to knock out any small fire. Talking of fire-escapes, one of the most ingenious is the kit bag, whereby one carries one's life in one's hands in a very literal sense.

The price of this kit bag is not very much greater than that of an ordinary first class piece of luggage or portmanteau — about 12 guineas; and you can pack things in it as you would in a kit bag of the ordinary kind. This is the traveller's fire escape pure and simple, being carried in his luggage. When you consider what danger of fire there is in country houses and hotels at home and abroad (many of these latter being entirely of wood) the necessity for some easily portable fire-escape will be realised. The kit bag fire-escape consists of an ordinary first-class leather kit bag, containing in a small pocket, which does

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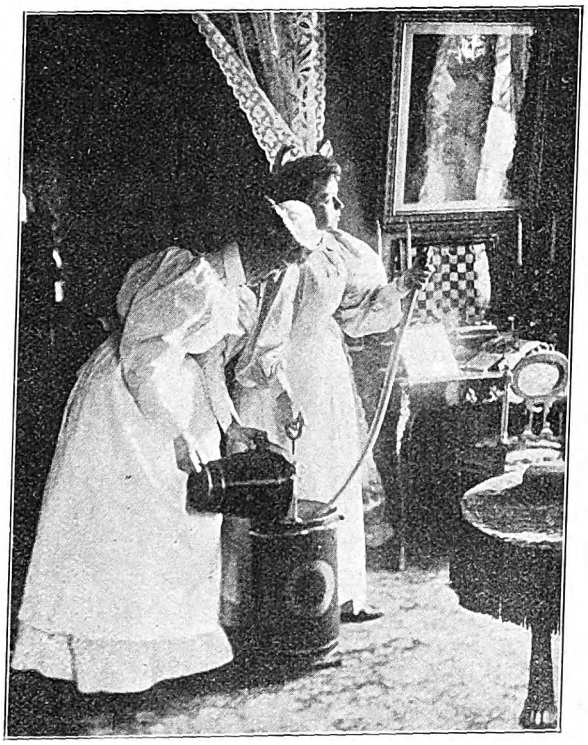
not in the least interfere with the holding capacity of the bag; a coil of a special kind of rope, provided with an automatic metal brake and steel snap hooks. The rope is long enough to reach to the ground from a three-storey window, and is strong enough to bear the weight of two men. All you have to do when fire breaks out is to attach the bag to the rope, and the rope to a bedstead, fire grate, or any other heavy or fixed article in the room. Then you put the bag out of the window, get into it, and automatically regulate your descent by the brake. If a number are to be saved, the bag is hauled up again after the first man reaches the ground. This most ingenious of fire-escapes is absolutely safe for any weight up to and even beyond twenty stone, and it may be relied upon not to get out of order. It can even be used by invalids or insensible persons.



SERVANTS DRILLING IN ORDER TO LEARN HOW TO DEAL WITH CURTAINS ON FIRE AND FIRES IN ROOMS.

Another form of fire-escape adapted for persons of any size and weight consists of a kind of canvas sling, such as can be used in the most boisterous weather, entirely independent of outside assistance. When out of use the escape can be detached from the hook and stored in a suitable box just beneath the window from which it is to be used when occasion arises. The rope can be immediately detached from the brake, and women and children quickly and safely lowered, besides chests and articles of value. The speed of descent may be controlled by the slightest finger pressure.

These escapes ought to be used at least once a quarter, by way of practice, to inspire confidence, and prevent the apparatus being forgotten. If you are a very shy person, however, afraid of the ridicule of the neighbours, you can lower a box out of the window, or any other heavy article.

There is yet another fire-escape, consisting of a collapsible canvas bag, and this is perhaps preferable to any other form, although the plain belt and rope has its advantages.

At that well-known ladies' school, Westfield College, Hampstead, there is an admirable Girls' Fire Brigade, provided with all appliances, including the canvas chute. And, indeed, if we teach our girls to swim in order to save them from drowning, then to be consistent we ought to educate them as fire fighters, in order to save them from a still more dreadful death.

At Bedford College a loud horn is blown for the alarm of fire drill, and it is astonishing what the young ladies can do in the space of a minute and a half.

At the Cheltenham Ladies' College there is a first-rate fire-fighting corps of 39 members, divided into companies of seven or eight "privates" commanded by a "lieutenant." There is a hand-pump on each floor, which can be easily wheeled or carried to any part of the house. No excuse is taken in case of a fire alarm, and even hair washing or early bed must be sacrificed. If a flag is seen waving on one of the staircases it indicates that an "all house" practice is called, and every

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inmate of the building (sixty or seventy of them altogether) must take part. On such occasions the fire is supposed to be so serious that it is desirable to leave at once. When the grand staircase is "on fire" the whole house can be emptied in four minutes from the sounding of the alarm. Practice with the regular brigade at the Cheltenham Ladies' College sometimes takes place as early as 7 o'clock in the morning on the lawn.

At Girton there are no less than 80 members of the Lady Fire Brigade, and a special crew is allotted to each length of hose.

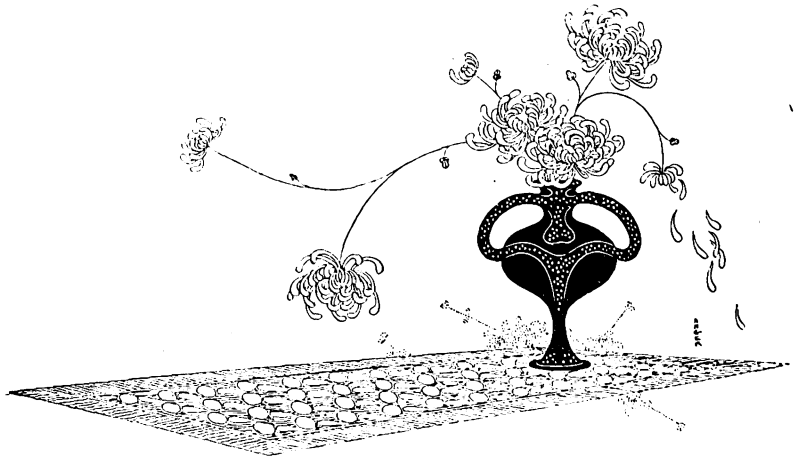
At Newnham College there are also well arranged Lady Fire Brigades, and others at Clough Hall, Sidgwick Hall, and Old Hall; the last, perhaps, the best of all of them. Besides hoses, hand-pumps, and buckets, there are pails full of sand provided at Old Hall for such troublesome fires as burning oil.

It is well known with regard to private houses that fires often break out in the day time when there are no men available, and it is therefore eminently desirable that ladies should be instructed in the use of fire-extinguishing appliances. Not long ago a serious fire at a country mansion crammed with valuable property was kept at a minimum by the prompt action of the daughter of a well-known peer, who raised the alarm herself, and then ran to the engine house, and actually carried out the preliminaries of getting the steam fire-engine to work, lighting and stoking the boiler fire with a skill worthy of a trained fireman.

At Marazion, in Cornwall, will be found one of the most enterprising lady fire brigades in this country. Some years ago, for practice purposes, they erected a wooden tower, 30 or 40 feet high, and surrounded the base with shavings steeped in petroleum. They next ignited the entire tower at a given signal, and then came up at the "double" with their own steam fire engine. When the signal was formally given that "danger" was over, the ladies gave an exhilarating exhibition with the scaling ladder and the jumping sheet, bringing down endangered persons, etc.

Then, again, at Lord Northbrook's splendid house at Stratton, quarterly drill takes place among the servants, so that it is pretty safe to assume that, were a serious outbreak of fire to occur, there would be no confusion and no loss of precious human life.

ALEX. HENDERSON.



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From the City of Darkest Night.

THE STORY OF A WORK OF MERCY.

By A. WELLESLEY IRETON.

IT is a remarkable fact that the origin of some of England's noblest charities is positively unknown, while others are found to have arisen from the most insignificant circumstances.

Nearly fifty years ago a Christian gentleman, returning home late one night, saw what appeared to be a bundle of rags huddled up in a dark corner of a back street near Trafalgar Square. Curiosity prompted him to prod the mass with his walking stick, when a human face appeared, and, to his astonishment, he found that what he mistook for a bundle of rags was really the crouching figure of a woman, huddled up to keep herself warm. A few kindly words sufficed to ascertain from the poor creature that she was homeless and destitute. Late though it was, he felt he could not leave her in such a perilous condition, and she was very soon following him to the nearest casual ward.

There were no "homes" or refuges in those days, for the spiritual deadness which was at that time almost universal had produced even in Christian people an appalling apathy and indifference to the sins and sorrows of the Great City. The incident, however, was not lost upon the good man. He sought out a Christian woman, a widow, whose heart responded in motherly sympathy to his appeal, and an arrangement was soon made by which she agreed to take into her own home two or three of these poor homeless creatures. In this way was begun the modern missionary effort for the reclamation of degraded and unhappy young women and girls in London. The work, once fairly started, grew apace, and success attended the efforts then made for the moral and spiritual restitution of the despised and neglected wanderers of the streets.

But it was not till 1857 that it became thoroughly organised, and in that year the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution was founded, and a Home for sixteen inmates opened off Euston Road, near St. Pancras Church. The house was in a back street, and the surroundings were not particularly cheerful, but doubtless it represented all that the founders at that time were able to see their way to accomplish.

A canary in a cage lent an air of homeliness to one of the rooms. One day a visitor called—having heard of the new philanthropic effort—and gravely remarked, as he looked at the bird, that it would need a great many canaries to make the place as bright as it ought to be, and further enquired if it was not possible to find a more suitable house. Ascertaining that *money* was the chief obstacle in the way, he soon showed his practical interest in the effort then being made to seek and save the lost. This was the beginning of the first forward movement of the new Society, for the assistance given by this timely visitor enabled them to move into more commodious premises, viz., No. 200, Euston Road, which has since become well known as the head-quarters of the Institution.

Not long afterwards it became necessary to extend the operations of the young society, and it was resolved to open another Home. Money was at that time the only obstacle in the way of extension—for applications for the benefits of the Institution were very numerous. One day a gentleman, whose identity has never been ascertained, walked into the bankers of the Institution and enquired if the Society banked there. On being answered in the affirmative, he handed the chief cashier a £1,000 Bank of England note, and requesting the amount to be placed to the credit of the Institution, he walked out. On four subsequent occasions the same act was repeated within a few years. This unexampled generosity was the means of placing the struggling Institution in a more prosperous condition, and Home after Home was opened until there are now five distinct

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and separate asylums, in addition to an Open-all-Night Refuge, in which 180 young women and girls are housed and trained for useful and respectable positions in life. Before leaving this part of our narrative it will be interesting to give a brief account of the establishment of this Open-all-Night Refuge.

The awakening on the part of the religious public to the claims of the oppressed poor was undoubtedly aided by public writers and poets. Most readers will call to mind the pathetic ballad by the late Thomas Hood entitled "The Bridge of Sighs," and the terribly sad and touching picture presented was only too true forty or fifty years ago. Waterloo Bridge, which was but little frequented in those days, became notorious for the number of suicides who leapt from its parapet into the silent river flowing in darkness below. Very many were young women who had been allured to London under various pretences, and had been speedily borne down to ruin and even to utter despair.

Efforts were made by the Founder of this Institution, and the Committee, to obtain leave to place a board at the entrance to the bridge directing young women to the office at 200, Euston Road for help, but the authorities could not sanction such a step. In the year 1867, however, at one of the annual meetings of the Society, a speaker said he thought it would be an admirable thing if the Committee of the Institution could keep a place open all night, in which any poor creature could find shelter and help. The late Mr. E. W. Thomas, who must ever occupy the place of honour as the developer of the Mission in those early days, then said that if any lady or gentleman would send £100 for the experiment to be tried for a year he had no doubt the Committee would undertake it. In due course his speech appeared in print, and was seen by a benevolent merchant, who sent a cheque for the sum named with a brief request to try the experiment, and from that day until now this "Ever-open Door" has been ready to welcome and help young women and girls who seek its shelter, day or night, Sunday or weekday. The extent of the work carried on at this Refuge may be better realised, perhaps, by recording the fact that nearly 29,000 otherwise homeless and destitute poor creatures were, up to the end of last year, aided by it, a very large number of whom have been permanently assisted.

While on the subject of figures it may be as well to remark that they totally fail to convey any true or adequate idea to the mind of the real nature and value of the work that is done. But this is an age of statistics, and those who have a liking for big figures will not be disappointed by a glance at the records of the Society. No less than 37,308 poor creatures have been admitted since the year 1857, and, in addition, 13,813 former inmates have for various reasons been re-assisted, making a total of 51,121. Of this large number 12,168 were young women of respectable moral character, or young girls taken out of dangerous surroundings; and it is to-day one of the most hopeful phases of the work that is being done that applications for assistance for this class have greatly increased of late years, and the helping hand so promptly given at the opportune moment to many thousands of poor creatures in distress and imminent moral peril has been the means of saving them from utter ruin.

It is sometimes thought that the attempt to reclaim these moral wastes is hopeless; but this view is held only by those who know little or nothing of the work. True, at times it may be wearisome and disappointing—and it requires much patience—but it is never hopeless. Many years ago an effort was made to save a young woman, which for the moment unfortunately failed, and she rushed headlong into all kinds of excesses. Years passed away and the late Mr. E. W. Thomas was informed that a poor creature who was dying in the workhouse wanted to see him. He went, and on being shown into the ward, an old woman to whom his attention was directed said "Shure now, and are ye a Praaste?" and when she found that he was not she said, "Shure thin it's not the likes of ye that I'm wanting," and so he left her.

A little later on in the day the conviction became so strong that there was a mistake somewhere that a second visit was paid to the infirmary. It then transpired that two women of the same name were lying there dangerously ill. A visit was paid at once to the second woman. She saw Mr. Thomas enter the door, and stretched out her long bony arm to beckon him, and as he approached she

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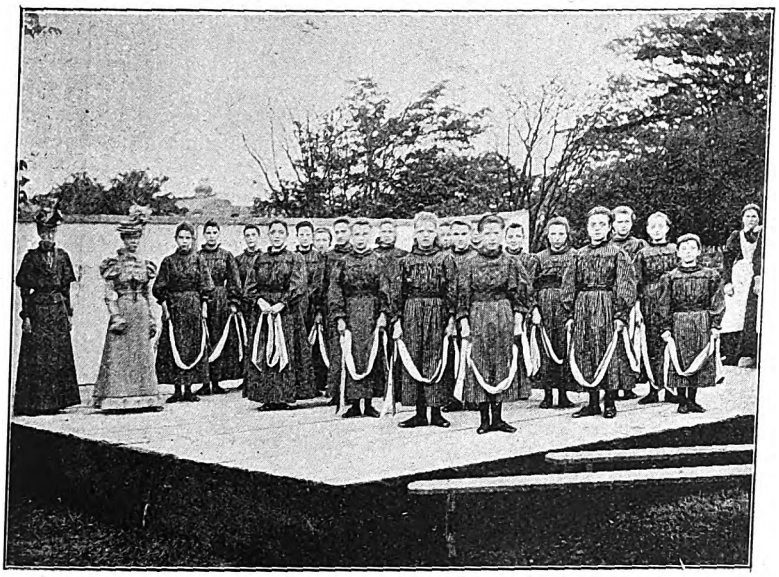

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY—THE GIRLS ABOUT TO GIVE A DRILLING DISPLAY.

slightly raised her worn, emaciated form and in a weak, almost inaudible voice uttered the solemn but consoling words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Is that your hope, Kate?" was asked, and she answered *that it was.* She was the same poor creature who years before had unheeded the warning voice, and, though now reaping, literally, the wages of sin, the smoking flax once kindled had at length burst into a flame of Hope and Faith! True, her poor degraded body was within a few days buried in a pauper's grave, with her name indistinctly scrawled in chalk on the rough "shell" to mark her identity, yet there can be little doubt that the prodigal had returned in *repentance* to the loving forgiveness of the Heavenly Father, "and the lost was found."

Another former inmate now fills the honorable position of Missioner, and, were it not for the fact that published particulars of her former condition may meet her eye, and be productive of renewed mental anguish by recalling the fearful past, the reader would be amazed to learn from what hidden depths she had, by God's grace, been raised. But to multiply these instances is not necessary. They abound.

This Society believes that the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only lever to lift up fallen humanity, and a living

THE MORNING DRILL.

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ALL THE ARTS OF HOUSEWIFERY ARE CAREFULLY TAUGHT.

personal Christ the one great need ot the human heart. Its evangelistic efforts have been eminently successful, and the 2,000 services, Bible, Temperance and other classes held in the Homes every year have produced a harvest of good results. But it is the godly lives of the Matrons, and their loving sympathy, together with their earnest labours for the salvation of those committed to their care, which follow these young women even after they have left the Homes, that are productive of permanent good.

Many hundreds who were once inmates are known to have joined various churches, while not a few have developed into Christian workers, and become engaged in various parts of the world in seeking to save their fellow-creatures. One is now occupied with her husband in a large seaport town doing good work among sailors. Another who was raised from the very depths became the matron of a Home in a distant colony. Another was, until her marriage a few years ago, the superintendent of an institution for young women, and so instance after instance might be quoted.

Mr. William J. Taylor, the present Secretary of this Institution, first entered its office when it had only been opened for a short time. He was for twenty-five years the trusted assistant and confidant of the late Mr. E. W. Thomas, at whose death, in the early part of 1893, Mr. Taylor was appointed to the secretariat. He has been thirty-four years engaged in this work of rescuing the fallen, and he is one of the best known men in London labouring on behalf of destitute young women and girls.

Mr. Taylor has never allowed the work to depress or overwhelm him, and he has some amusing, as well as some pathetic, stories to relate. Very recently a good man wrote to say he was desirous of *helping* the Society, and added that if Mr. Taylor could get the sum of 10s., which had long been owing to the writer, from a certain "bad payer" he might have it for the Society!

On another occasion when a successful effort was made to obtain a commutation of the sentence passed upon a young woman for a crime committed under exceptionally distressing circumstances, one good man in the country sent to the Institution a letter intended for her late Majesty's Secretary for the Home Department, in which he said that as he (the writer) had himself been on juries, he could recommend the head of the Home Office to grant the commutation sought.

It is perhaps impossible to say what were the circumstances which led the prophet Jeremiah to exclaim, "Oh, that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day

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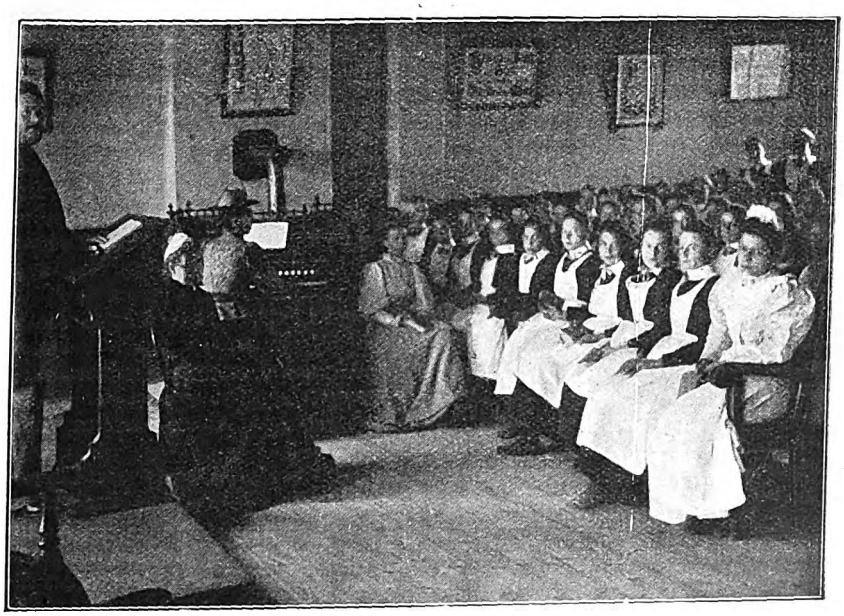
and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," but the words are so applicable to the work carried on by this Institution that the late Dr. Guthrie, in a most eloquent passage in the first of his sermons on "The City, its sins and its sorrows," used them in an impassioned appeal for the rescue of the Fallen. The sermons were published in 1857—the year in which this Institution was founded—and we give a brief extract from the one referred to :—

Some of us are about to make a new effort for the reclamation of fallen women, and the protection of such as are willing, Magdalene-like, to bathe Christ's feet with tears, and wash away their deep sins in His blood. As a preliminary step to this Christian enterprise, we have procured accurate statistics of the extent of this great sin and sorrow of our large cities. Of them I will say nothing more than this, that, while they were read, men held down their heads with shame, or held up their hands in horror, or burst out into expressions of deep indignation. By that ravening wolf that wastes our folds, I had seen one, and another, and another, and another lamb plucked out of this very flock. I had seen fair and promising flowers that I had cultivated in this very garden plucked by the hand of the spoiler, and cast forth as vilest weeds—trodden in the mire of the public streets. I have seen the fall of a daughter—that bitterest of household sorrows—blanch a mother's head, and, still more terrible to look on, turn a father's heart into stone. I had known how a mother, when we all were sleeping in peace, with weary foot and weeping eyes, had wandered, Christ-like, up and down these streets, searching many a foul den of sin to seek and save her lost one. . . . It is not of property, but of virtue that families are p undered. It is not life, but souls that are murdered among us.

The startling truth of these burning words can only be properly realised by those whose mission it is to work for the salvation of these social outcasts. Often and often have misguided young women who have been inveigled to London been admitted to the Open-all-Night Refuge when destitute in the streets at night. Some of these have, alas ! fallen a snare to the deceiver, but others have been mercifully saved *before* ruin overtook them. It is not an uncommon incident for parents to come to London to the Institution and take their erring children home, or to forward means for them to be sent back. Not long ago a Scotch girl arrived in London only to find herself friendless and homeless in the streets of the great city, and was directed to this Institution. She had been brought up in a highly respectable manner and was of superior education.

At first she would not divulge the address of her relatives, and, in order not to frighten her away, she was not pressed on the subject. At length her confidence was obtained, and her father was written to. A telegram came in response, "Cheer up, Bessie; letter coming." In due course a letter containing sufficient money



MR TAYLOR LEADING THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

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to pay her fare home was received, and she was soon restored to the bosom of her family.

Still more recently a German young woman came to London through the representations of a man whom she met on the Continent. For two years she maintained a respectable character, in spite of his efforts to lead her astray, but she fell at last, and it was only when in an almost starving condition that she was mercifully directed to 200, Euston-road, and safely lodged in a Home. In another instance two girls came to London. After admission it was found that they were so ashamed for their friends to know anything about them that, unknown to the girls, their people were communicated with. A letter came by return of post to say that one of the parents was coming up to London forthwith to take them home, and the poor girls, when they found that all was known and forgiven were but too thankful to return again.

And so, year in and year out, the good work goes on. Rescues are effected, and some of the rescued, after training and discipline in the Homes specially adapted for them, are restored again to society, while others are more speedily assisted by reconciliations with their kith and kin. It will be seen that this is not work that can be carried on upon "a cut and dried system." Each application varies, sometimes in most essential characteristics, from others, and has to be dealt with individually; and, for this, great experience, tact and perseverance are requisite. It is not everyone who is qualified to engage in such work—work which is carried on in the name of the whole Church. But everyone can assist by providing the means requisite to enable those who are grappling with the difficulties day by day to labour on.

A. Wellesley Ireton.

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

Softer than south winds blow
  Heavy with balm,
Airs of the Spirit flew,
  Bringing us calm;
Melodies sweet and low,
Stilling the spirit's woe,
Making life here below
  One holy psalm.

List, then, O heart of mine.
  List and rejoice!
Each note of joy divine
  Utters His voice.
Each bird on swaying limb,
Chanting a morning hymn,
Sings like the seraphim
  Songs of His choice.

Sweeter than honey-dew
  In sun-kissed flower
The love He pours for you
  Each day and hour.
If thou, from out thy store,
For others love shalt pour,
Soul, thou shall have the more,
  This be thy dower.

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THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LANCE MARTIN.

By CLARA MULHOLLAND,

Author of "A False Step," "John Lawson's Ward," "The Mystery of Abbeylands," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Two Against One," etc.

"'SOME are great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them.' Alas! poor me! I come not under any of these heads—so humble and insignificant I must remain."

And the speaker, a dark-eyed girl in black, lay back in her chair with a heavy sigh.

"None of us are exactly great," replied her companion, a pretty golden-haired maiden, daintily dressed and wearing several rings upon her slender fingers.

"Well, you are not far from it. You are talked of as a beauty—made much of as an heiress——"

"'Tis kind to remind me of that."

"My dear Elaine!" looking up into the lovely pouting face. "Why unkind?"

"Because it is not pleasant. No one likes to think that one is made much of—only on account of one's money."

Barbara laughed and arranged a curl upon her forehead.

"I did not say *only* because of your money, dear. But if you knew the world as I do. If—— But there, I will not open your dear simple eyes. Remain innocent and believing till—well, till you find things out for yourself. But what a pity we could not change places! If I were rich, I'd glory in it, and care little why people made much of me. As it is, I know the reverse. Papa"—sighing—"died almost a pauper. My inheritance is nil."

"Excuse me, your inheritance is a valuable one."

Barbara shrugged her shoulders.

"Nil, I say," gazing at herself in the glass. "Not even a good complexion."

"No; that I grant you. But you have a cool head, plenty of talent, a heart that will never inconvenience you, and a way of making people give in to you, and do exactly as you please; a pair of eyes that flash out dangerously and attract——"

"Spare me." Barbara stuck her fingers in her ears. "Spare me."

"I'll say no more." Elaine's cheeks were hot and flushed, and her eyes had an angry light as she fixed them upon the girl's face. "But you deserve all I have said. You are continually reminding me of my money. Some day I expect you to tell me that Lance cares nothing for me, and is marrying me merely because I am rich."

"Had he not been rich one might have been a little suspicious, I confess. But since he is rich——"

"Lance is not rich. His aunt left him something very small. But"—blushing deeply—"I am sure—quite sure—he loves me, as I love him, for myself only. If I were poor he'd love me just the same."

"Of course. It's a way men have. But there, don't look so fierce. My experience is not yours, and it's not likely that it should be."

"Because you won't let it be. Because you are hard and——"

"My dear, I am what the world has made me. I was poor, and he tired—and he left me. To better himself, of course, for he's now about to marry an heiress."

"Poor Barbara!" Elaine's blue eyes filled with tears. "You have certainly been badly treated. But all men are not

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the same. When you know Lance you will see that he is very different—from —from——"

"Anyone I ever knew? I daresay. But time will tell. Meanwhile, I'm afraid my opinion remains as before. Men are not to be trusted."

"You are incorrigible. There is no arguing with you," said Elaine, impatiently. "So now I'll leave you. It is time to dress for dinner." And she hurried out of the room.

"Little fool!" Barbara set her teeth and clenched her fists. "She fancies she's his first love—sought out and loved for herself alone. But I know better. Had she been without fortune, he'd never have looked the way she walked. For Lance loved me, I'll swear he did. And I am resolved to win him back. Had I only been patient all would have been well. His aunt's money would have set us up. But Lance was so poor in those days. Of good family—cousin or nephew to a lord —but poor as a church mouse, and I thought it better to send him away. That I now see was a mistake—the greatest I have ever made. Very soon—indecently soon—he got engaged to her, and then just afterwards his aunt died. Too late then to withdraw, and Elaine the heiress flatters herself that he loves her. Bosh! I'd delight in making her change her mind. And she's only a soft little goose. She'd soon console herself. Whilst I—— To settle myself is imperative. And Lance! Well, in the days gone by he loved me, and he might be won. His money would be enough for me, and I have few opportunities. With her wealth she'd have many. So I have no remorse. She drew a pretty picture of my inheritance, and a fairly true one, I think. Well, we shall see; at present a cool head and not too much heart is just what I want. And I am sure I shall not be troubled by the latter. So take care, sweet Elaine; your pleasant dreams may soon vanish. I have, as you say, a way of making people give in to me. So beware."

Three years before this story begins, Lance Martin had been engaged to be married to Barbara Lyon. But the fates had been against them. He, work as he would, made no way in his profession, and Barbara was without fortune. So, seeing that marriage was impossible for many years, if ever, the worldly-minded, ambitious girl broke with her lover and dismissed him.

Broken-hearted, and bitterly disappointed, Lance went to London, and, entering a solicitor's office, as a salaried clerk, began life afresh.

Some eighteen months later he made the acquaintance of Elaine Ward, an extremely pretty little maiden, and a considerable heiress.

Elaine was warm-hearted and impulsive, somewhat spoilt and self-willed, but, with all her faults, most lovable and attractive, and before many weeks had elapsed Lance was passionately in love with her.

But, on account of the girl's wealth and his own poverty, Lance held back till his aunt, an elderly lady, with whom he lived since his coming to London, urged him to declare his love, assuring him that he would be warmly received by Elaine and her friends.

To his surprise she proved a true prophet. Elaine loved him; and after a very small amount of persuasion her mother consented to their marriage. A few weeks after their engagement was announced his aunt died, and quite unexpectedly Lance found himself enriched by several thousand pounds.

Anxious to improve his position, for Elaine's sake as much as his own, he sought and obtained a partnership in a first-rate firm of solicitors, and was soon on the high road to fortune.

Down in her lonely country home Barbara heard the great news, and, furious at the thought of her own short-sighted folly, vowed she would win Lance back again. But he did not come near her. They never met. And very soon she heard of his engagement to Elaine Ward.

"Not that that would matter," she told herself, "if I could but meet him. A word from me, a smile, a sigh, would soon bring him to my feet once more, and separate him from this girl. But where shall I see him? How meet him? That is the question."

Her faith in herself and her own attractions was certainly great, but she might never have had an opportunity of proving her power or disturbing even for a moment the peace of the happy lovers had not an unfortunate and unforseen accident led to her being the guest of Elaine's aunt, Mrs. Fleming, at the very time when the girl was arriving to pay her a long visit.

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This unexpected occurence was brought about in the following manner.

Riding back late one night from visiting a patient, Barbara's father, Dr. Lyon, was thrown from his horse, close to Mrs. Fleming's gate. He was carried up to the house unconscious, put to bed, and carefully attended to. Next morning he was very ill, and his daughter was sent for. The following day he died.

Barbara was genuinely fond of her father, and her grief for him was great.

Touched by the girl's sad loneliness and sorrow, Mrs. Fleming pressed her to prolong her visit, and, extremely thankful for the invitation, Barbara gladly consented to do so.

At the time of Dr. Lyon's death, Elaine, her mother, and Lance had been staying with some relatives in Scotland. Then he had gone to France on business, and Elaine, leaving her mother in town, had journeyed down to Fen Court to stay with Mrs. Fleming.

Lance had promised to follow her there on his return from Paris; but his mission proved a more lengthy one than he had supposed, and when Elaine had been at the Court for some three weeks he was still abroad. And so it happened that at the beginning of this story Barbara had not as yet seen Lance again, and no one in the house had the faintest suspicion that she had ever known or met him.

To Barbara, Elaine had from the first taken a violent dislike, and was often tempted to ask her aunt to send her home. Then, remembering the girl's poverty and friendless condition, she upbraided herself for being selfish and unkind, and did all she could to treat her with courtesy and attention. But, wishing to avoid a disagreeable subject, she did not mention her when writing to Lance, and so he knew nothing of her presence at the Court. Having resolved to separate these two and bring Lance once more to her feet, Barbara made up her mind to begin by creating suspicions in Elaine's mind, by shaking her faith in his love, and making her curious about his past. But this was more difficult than she supposed. The young girl's nature was a trusting and generous one. She loved Lance, and believed him all that was true and noble. Other men might be base, deceitful and cruel, as Barbara said, but he was different, and nothing would ever induce her to think ill of him. Her strength of character and great spirit surprised and amused her tormentor.

"She'll be all the harder to bring round, once she begins to doubt," Barbara said, with set lips, "and that she will soon do, if I only keep rubbing in a few unpleasant suggestions."

And before very long an opportunity arose, that she saw at a glance was not to be neglected. Coming down to breakfast one morning, Elaine was much grieved at not finding a letter from Lance, and took no pains to conceal her disappointment.

"Your simplicity is charming," said Barbara, laughing. "I sometimes fancy you believe in this love of yours absolutely."

Elaine's blue eyes opened wide.

"I—of course I do," blushing brightly. "Why, Lance is truth itself."

"Indeed?" with a covert sneer. "How too sweet! And you know all about him, I daresay? All about his past? The girls he loved? The women he—— "

"Barbara! How dare you?"

"Dare I? My dear child, please don't be offended," drawled Barbara. "But you really ought to know."

"But"—Elaine's eyes flashed angrily—"there's nothing to know. I——"

"You think"—smiling—"that you are his first love? But I could a tale unfold about your Lance——"

"You! What do you know about him?"

"Much. You look astonished. But, for your sake, my friend, I have made inquiries, and a little bird has whispered many——"

"Don't say another word." Elaine was pale and resolute. "I love Lance. I have promised to be his wife. What he pleases to tell me I will know—no more."

"How dove-like! Really, quite pathetically so. But if I were in your place, I'd find out all I could. Ask him one or two questions—about the girl he loved two years ago, tired of and cast aside. But, of course, if you're afraid, if——"

"I will ask him. He comes to-morrow afternoon. I'll meet him in the meadow as he walks from the station and soon hear everything. I—I am not afraid."

"That's right. I'm glad to see you have some spirit. And I hope sincerely that your opinion of him may never change."

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And she rose from the breakfast table and walked away.

"I'll not believe her. Why should I?" Elaine cried with beating heart and eyes full of tears. "I dislike the girl intensely. Yet she fascinates me—has some strange, unpleasant power over me. But I'll not believe her. She does not know Lance, and because someone behaved heartlessly to her is full of unworthy suspicions. I wonder who he was. Some cruel, unkind man, very different from my dear fellow. I'll forget her insinuations and believe nothing against him."

But in spite of her brave resolution, doubt entered the girl's soul. All night long and all through the following morning she was tortured and tormented by strange misgivings. She began to dread the answers she might receive to her questions, and bitterly repented ever having promised to ask them.

"For if I find that he once loved someone else, and left her, I'd—I'd be miserable. I'd rather not know," she sobbed. "But now—I must! I must!"

At lunch, Elaine was sad and silent, and when the time for her lover's arrival drew nigh it was a pale-faced, heart-sick little maiden who set out across the meadows to meet him.

But as she went along her drooping spirits revived, her faith in Lance grew stronger.

"When I see him all will be well," she told herself. One look into his honest, truthful eyes——"

She started suddenly, and the colour faded from her cheeks. A little way off amongst the trees she saw Lance Martin walking slowly towards her, and beside him, one hand resting upon his arm, her face raised to his, her dark eyes full of sadness, was Barbara Lyon.

Absorbed in thought, Lance did not see Elaine's slim figure, half hidden behind a massive oak. But his companion saw it distinctly, and knowing well that her words would reach the girl where she stood, she said, in a voice broken with emotion:

"Till she came—till you thought it useful to marry money—Lance, you loved me—loved me well."

"That I do not deny. I once loved you, Barbara, but——" And, as they passed on, Elaine heard no more.

"O Heavens! How terrible!" cried the unhappy girl, her faith in her lover completely shattered. "He loved—perhaps loves her. It was he, then, who treated her so badly. How miserable—how wretched I am!" and she sank weeping at the foot of the tree.

An hour later Elaine stole up the back-stairs to her room, and drawing down the blinds, rang her bell for her maid.

"Tell Mr. Martin that I am suffering from a headache," she said from the sofa, where she had thrown herself, "but that I hope to see him in the drawing-room before dinner."

But not till the last moment did Elaine appear, and as Mrs. Fleming and Barbara were present her meeting with Lance was merely calmly polite.

During dinner, and all through the evening, an unusual gloom hung over the little party. Elaine was pale and depressed, with heavy rings under her eyes, which Mrs. Fleming tried to persuade herself were only caused by her headache that afternoon.

Vexed by Elaine's coldness and Barbara's unexpected presence at the Court, Lance maintained a sullen silence, and looked worried and annoyed. Even Barbara was less talkative than usual, and contented herself with stealing surreptitious glances at Lance, managing to meet his eyes in a way that embarrassed him, and filled Elaine with anguish.

"They understand each other. Oh! why was I ever born?" cried Elaine at last, and springing from her chair she left the drawing-room.

As the door closed behind her, Lance flung aside his book, and strode into the conservatory. Here Barbara quickly followed him.

"You see how sad she is," she whispered. "She longs, yet fears, to tell you, for I know she has changed. Her heart is no longer yours. You never told her you had loved, been engaged to another, and she cannot bear deception."

"There was no deception. I——"

"You only concealed—kept it back."

"Don't torture me. I will explain all."

"Torture!" She laid her hand upon his arm. "Oh, Lance, such words from you to me!"

He shook her off roughly.

"For goodness sake, leave me in peace. You were not so careful of my feelings two years ago. Why need you trouble about me now?"

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"Because"—she sighed, and put her handkerchief to her eyes—"oh, can't you see—understand?"

"I see—understand nothing about you. You are too deep for me. But I can see that you have made mischief; that, having trumped up some story to Elaine, you have made her unhappy, and placed me in an extremely awkward and disagreeable position."

"Oh! you are unkind, cruel, and heartless," sobbed Barbara. Then, seeing Elaine coming across the drawing-room, she fled past her and hurried upstairs.

Elaine's face was white and set, and she uttered a little cry of dismay as Barbara disappeared.

"Elaine, my darling, at last!" exclaimed Lance, coming in and finding her alone. "I thought," trying to speak playfully, "that you were about to cut my acquaintance. It is quite a relief to see you come willingly to speak to me," and he took her hand and drew her gently towards him.

With a little gasp and a slight quiver of her lips, Elaine pulled her hand away, and steadying herself against the writing-table, said in a low but firm voice:

"Were you once—two or three years ago—in love with Barbara Lyon?"

"Yes." He flushed hotly. "But"—and he took a step nearer—"I——"

She waved him back. "You were engaged to be married to her?"

"Yes. But, Elaine, I—let me explain——"

"No explanation is possible or can make any difference." She drew herself up haughtily, her lips pressed firmly together.

"But I assure you I——"

"Can you deny that the engagement was broken because you—she—both were poor."

"No. But she——"

"Then she was right when she said you loved me—for my money?"

"Elaine, sweetheart, no. I do love you. I——"

"I cannot believe you." She pressed her hands tightly together. "Were I poor—— But I'll say nothing of that. You had loved, been engaged, and yet told me nothing."

"I was wrong. But I thought you would not care, and——"

"Would not care! Would not care that I was deceived!"

"Elaine!"

"Yes. I say deceived, led to believe. But there, all is over between us. My faith in you is gone. Were I poor you would treat me as you treated her."

"You are cruel and heartless," he cried bitterly. "And since your love is dead, I'll trouble you no more. Good-bye," and, white with passion, he strode away from her.

At the door he paused, looked at her for an instant, then opened it and went out, shutting it swiftly behind him.

Next morning Mrs. Fleming came hurrying to Elaine's room.

"My dear child," she cried, "I am terribly distressed. Lance has gone. He tells me you and he have quarrelled and have broken off your engagement."

"Yes. That is true. And please, auntie, ask me no questions," implored Elaine. "I—I could not bear them," and she burst into tears.

"My dear, I won't," putting her arms round her and kissing her tenderly. "But I am very sorry. Lance is a noble fellow. I am afraid you will live to repent your rash decision. You're a little spoilt, Elaine, and expect too much. But there, I won't scold. You look miserable enough." And she went away to order up the girl's breakfast.

"Miserable, wretched, indeed I am," sobbed Elaine. "Oh, Lance, Lance, bitterly do I repent, madly do I regret, my words to you last night. But it is too late now, and you are lost to me for ever. And yet—who knows?" She sprang out of bed and began to dress in frantic haste. "If I go home he may come to me; ask my pardon; explain more"—her face shone radiantly—"tell me, assure me, he——Mary," to her maid, "pack up at once. I must go by the ten train. Quick! Go and tell my aunt, and order the carriage to take me to the station. Quick! there is no time to be lost."

"Yes, miss, yes," answered Mary, and she flew to do her bidding.

An hour later, Elaine drove away from the Court, and in due course reached home, where her mother welcomed her with eager delight.

"What you tell me surprises me, I confess," she said, when informed of the breaking-off of her daughter's engagement. "But I can hardly say I am sorry. I liked Lance. But with your money and your beauty, you should have done better.

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I had always hoped you would make a brilliant marriage."

"I hate money, and beauty, and—and everything," cried Elaine, pettishly. "And I shall never marry anyone but Lance."

"Yet you have quarrelled with him?"

"Yes, and our engagement is at an end. And yet," to herself as she went upstairs, "I still hope and pray he may forgive and come back."

But although Elaine waited and watched day after day, and night after night, Lance neither came nor wrote.

"He is gone for ever" she cried, as the months passed, and he made no sign. "I have nothing to live for—and yet—and yet I cannot die, but must live on to bewail my folly, to weep bitter tears of repentance for the harsh and haughty way in which I treated him. I deserve my fate. But oh! it is hard."

This constant repining and wearing remorse soon told upon Elaine's health, and fearing that if it continued the girl would fall into a decline, the doctor ordered complete change of air and scene. So at the beginning of the following winter Mrs. Ward took her daughter abroad.

Time is said to heal all wounds, and thus, at the end of two years, when Elaine had been practically round the world, and seen much to interest and amuse her, her health was so much better, her spirits so much brighter, that her mother thought she might venture to take her back to England once more.

Elaine was delighted at the idea.

"I'm tired of roaming," she declared, "and I should enjoy a real bright, frosty English Christmas again. Let's write to auntie and say we'll spend it with her at Fen Court."

"But that would be dull, dear, for you. Kate has nobody there now, not even that Miss Lyon."

Elaine raised her eyebrows, and drew a deep breath.

"Indeed? Where is she?"

"Gone to Australia, and Kate hopes she'll marry and settle there. She's not as fond of her as I fancied. Did you like her, dear?"

"Not much, mother dear, and I too" —smiling—"hope she'll stay in Australia."

"Mrs. Carson, who told me about her, said she was pretty sure to marry out there. When shall we start, dear?"

"When you please." Elaine spoke more cheerfully than usual. "It will be nice to see auntie and Fen Court again."

"Yes, for indeed, Elaine, there's no place like home."

"Poor dear mother! How cruel I have been to keep you away from it so long!"

Mrs. Fleming was overjoyed to hear of the great improvement of Elaine's health and spirits, and the news that she and her mother were to spend Christmas with her gave her immense pleasure.

"It will be like old times," she cried, in delight. "And if only the weather is kind to us it will be charming. I'll kill the fatted calf in earnest, and ask the very nicest people I know, to give the child the happiest Christmas she ever knew. That is, if—— I never knew the ins and outs of the quarrel, but if only they could meet I somehow fancy things would come right. But, satisfied as she was with Lance Martin, I somehow imagine Lord Lucas would be more likely to please my dear sister as a son-in-law. I must break it very gently to them that he is living so near me."

A few days before Christmas Mrs. Ward and Elaine were driven up to the Court in the midst of a snowstorm.

"You dear things, how cold and tired you must be!" cried Mrs. Fleming, embracing them affectionately. "I do hope this snow won't last, as it will spoil all our fun."

"Oh! It is lovely," cried Elaine —"like the Christmas of one's dreams and stories. I don't want it to stop snowing."

"Well, I do. I want a hard frost and a clear sky," said her aunt, "for on Christmas Eve Lord Lucas has invited us to Lynwood Park, and he hopes to be able to skate on the splendid lake there."

"Lord Lucas? Is he a new neighbour?" asked Mrs. Ward.

"Yes. His first winter amongst us," said Mrs. Fleming, stealing a glance at Elaine. "He has just succeeded to the title, through the death of an uncle."

"How interesting," said Mrs. Ward. "But I suppose he's old and gouty?"

"You suppose wrong. He's young and extremely charming," and she looked after Elaine, who had wandered on into the drawing-room.

"She'll never forget," said Mrs. Ward, following her glance. "So it's no use thinking about it. She fancies she treated

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Lance badly, and bitterly repents. I suggested writing to him. But she nearly went mad at the idea. It's a sad business and has ruined her life."

"She's very young—and—well, they may meet again."

"I'm afraid not. He's left the firm he was in—gone away, he didn't know where, said the boy I saw at the office the other day."

Mrs. Fleming started. "My dear Lydia, was that wise? To go to the office! I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I wanted to hear something, for the child's sake, but pray don't tell her."

"Trust me. Why, she'd never forgive you. So you heard nothing?"

"No. The boy knew nothing—merely that he had gone away."

"Lucky for me he didn't," thought Mrs. Fleming, "as my little surprise scheme would have been knocked on the head."

"It is all very strange and mysterious," continued Mrs. Ward, slowly.

"What is?"

"The whole thing. That quarrel—and—and his disappearance. I always fancied that Barbara Lyon was at the bottom of it. Did she go alone to Australia?"

"Alone? What do you mean?"

"He did not go with her?"

"My dear Lydia, are you dreaming?" Mrs. Fleming laughed heartily. "Lance and Barbara? Oh, it's too funny! Why, she hated him, and never had a good word for him. Lance marry her? I should just think not."

"I thought you liked her."

"I did till I found her out. She's a regular little adventuress. And I'm happy to think I'll never see again. She met a man on board ship; what he is I don't know; but she married him, and is done for, as far as I am concerned."

"Then the disappearance of Lance Martin is more mysterious than ever."

"So it would seem. But deeper mysteries are cleared up every day. Perhaps soon you will know all about him."

"Kate, you know more than you pretend."

"Perhaps, but don't try to find out what I know. For I don't intend to tell you."

That night Mrs. Ward broke the news of Lance Martin's mysterious disappearance to Elaine.

"Your aunt told me all about it," she said, carefully suppressing the fact that she had introduced the subject by telling her of her visit to the young man's office in London.

"It's no affair of ours," said Elaine, shortly. "He is surely free to go where he likes," then, rushing away to her room, she flung herself weeping on the bed.

"Oh, Lance!" she moaned, "had I but listened to your explanation, had I not allowed my silly pride and ill-temper to master me, things might have been different to-day! I have repented sorely and have suffered bitterly for my conduct towards you. Barbara went alone to Australia, thank God for that. But all hope for me is over. I shall never see you again."

During the next few days the snowstorm raged, and the three ladies did not dare to leave the house, but sat reading and working together in the comfortable morning-room.

"If this goes on the fun will be spoilt," grumbled Mrs. Fleming. "And I was looking forward so to that day at Lynwood Park."

"I declare you grow frivolous in your old age, auntie," said Elaine, laughing. "I never heard you long for a day on the ice before."

"Nor do you hear me longing for one now for myself, dear. But you are dull, Elaine, and I want to see you merry and bright amongst a lot of young people."

Elaine sighed.

"I don't care for young people, auntie. I'm old and staid now. And I really believe I have forgotten how to skate."

"It will soon come back to you; and Lord Lucas will teach or help you. He is splendid, I hear."

"Indeed! He seems quite a paragon, this gentleman. You're always telling me of things he can do. I believe you have lost your heart to him, Mrs. Fleming."

"Perhaps. But that's my secret, Miss Pry. You might respect my feelings and my blushes. A man, I believe, may not marry his grandmother. And as I am verging on sixty, and he is not quite thirty, I'm afraid I must love in vain. Have you a pretty dress suitable for skating in, Elaine?"

"Yes, an exquisite dark green velvet, trimmed with sable, and the sweetest of toques to match. My vain and foolish

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mother insisted I should get it in Paris."

"I applaud her vanity and folly for once. And now I am more anxious than ever that Christmas Eve should be fine. I see you already skimming round in that dress."

"And if I refuse to skim? If I sit at home, grumpy and alone, whilst you play about on the ice, what then?"

"You'd vex me more than I can say," cried Mrs. Fleming, quickly. "But you won't do that, Elaine? Promise me you won't."

Elaine kissed her softly.

"No, dear. I'll do nothing to vex you. So, if Christmas Eve is fine, I'll don my pretty gown and follow you where you please."

"That's right"—with a sigh of relief—"for if you didn't come to Lynwood I'd—never forgive you."

"That sounds a little harsh," said Elaine, smiling, "and I really think you have Lord Lucas and Lynwood on the brain, auntie dear."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Fleming. Then, laughing softly, she whispered to herself: "And you will soon suffer from the same complaint, my pretty Elaine, or I'm much mistaken."

That night the snow ceased to fall; but the frost continued, and the cold was intense. "The ice will be splendid," said Mrs. Fleming, and her spirits rose visibly.

And at last, to her great joy, Christmas Eve broke bright and clear. The trees and lawns were white with snow; the sky was an exquisite blue, the sun warm and brilliant; whilst, on every pond and pool, the ice was several inches thick.

"An ideal day!" she cried, rubbing her hands together in delight. "And I fancy," as Elaine, in her pretty velvet and furs, stepped after her and her mother into the carriage, "that you, my dear niece, will create something of a sensation amongst the company to-day. I wonder if Lord Lucas——"

"I'll turn back, auntie," cried Elaine, with crimson cheeks, "if you mention that man's name again. I'm beginning to positively hate him."

"You'll change your mind when you see him, dear child," answered Mrs. Fleming calmly. "Since the strange disappearance of Lance Martin I've seen no one who pleases me so well—and I am sure you will soon agree with me."

"Oh, aunt!" gasped Elaine. Then, with a deep sigh, she turned to examine the landscape.

When the party from Fen Court entered the beautiful demesne of Lynwood Park skating on the wide lake was already in full swing.

It was a very charming and animated scene, and Elaine stood still upon the bank, lost in admiration, as she watched the graceful skaters flit swiftly past her across the ice.

Not noticing that the girl remained behind, Mrs. Fleming and her sister pushed on through a crowd of spectators, pausing occasionally to greet an acquaintance or speak to a friend.

"If you see Lord Lucas, please tell him I'm here, close to this old oak," said Mrs. Fleming, to a young man in a fur coat. "Say that I am anxious to speak to him."

"Certainly"—bowing. "But I don't think he has come out yet." And he skimmed lightly away.

"I'd better follow my chaperons," thought Elaine, after a time, "or they'll think I'm lost. This is the quietest place, but——"

"Can I persuade you to put on your skates, Miss Ward?" said a voice that sent the blood surging to the girl's brain, and made her heart beat tumultuously.

"Lance!" She turned and faced him, white as marble, trembling in every limb.

"Elaine, I am not a ghost. Don't look so terrified—or do you hate me so much that——"

"Hate you? O Heaven! If that were possible." She covered her face with her hands. "But how are you here? They said you had disappeared—mysteriously."

"Disappeared? I? Oh no! I have lived here, openly, for a considerable time."

"That is strange, for auntie said——"

"Elaine"—he drew her arm within his own, and as she offered him no resistance, he led her away from the crowd, down a secluded path—"two years ago you refused to listen to my explanation. Will you hear it now? Will you believe me when I say that I loved you for yourself alone; that I did not treat Barbara Lyon badly, but that she herself dismissed me, and that I rejoiced at my freedom when I met you, my only love? Can you believe this?"

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"Yes, Lance—and I deeply regret——"

"And you love me, and will be my wife? Speak, Elaine, may I hope?"

"Yes. I love you, Lance. I have alway loved you."

"My darling!" He drew her towards him. "My love! God bless you!"

As they stood together, absorbed in happiness too deep for words, Mrs. Fleming came suddenly down the path.

"Well," she cried, beaming with delight, "so you have found each other at last?"

"Oh, auntie — yes." Elaine blushed divinely. "But Lance declares he never disappeared."

"Lance Martin did. He is now Lance, Lord Lucas."

"Lord Lucas?"

"You don't mind, Elaine?" cried Lance, growing scarlet.

"Mind? Oh, no. But why such mystery?"

"That was my joke, dear," laughed Mrs. Fleming, "made by the merest accident. But come, let us go and explain to your mother the strange mystery of Lance Martin's disappearance. She rather liked the young man, and will be much relieved."

[THE END.]

GRIEF AND JOY.

Sorrow and pity had clutched my heart,
Lashed its chords to their infinite chain;
They watched dull-eyed, as I sat apart,
A pallid fate at the gates of pain.

Torturing thoughts from an empty past
Surged within, like a hurrying pack
Of hungry wolves which before the blast
Fretted the snows in the beaten track.

Colder than where they jibber and glide
My future beckoned across life's way;
I turned and shivered and crept to hide
Where ruined hope on my hearthstone lay.

When lo, a presence! I saw him stand
Rosy and smiling, a dimpled child
Draw near and eye me, with outstretched hand
"Catch me who will! I am free and wild!"

He took my fingers the damp had chilled,
To his little red mouth's wooing breath.
He touched my hair that the nights had filled
With wan wet dews of despair and death.

Round my heart he threw warm red roses,
Bound and pulled me with artful grace,
Subtly sweet with imperious poses
He clasped me close in his soft embrace.

Trembling, frightened, with feet that stumbled,
"Tell me thy name, oh, thou pretty boy!"
He laughed at my voice that fear had humbled,
"Ho, foolish coward, my name is Joy!"

Julien Gordon.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

TO take up the study of an Art and to attain well nigh perfection with no outside instruction other than that which can be obtained from books, could only come to one who has an inborn love and taste for the subject, and this Miss Craigie Halkett possesses in an altogether wonderful degree, as is evidenced by the beautiful and artistic photographs she has produced. Six years ago, the present of a camera was made to her, and she took her first photograph with no other idea than to take it up as a pastime; but her success in this single instance was so great that she determined to give both time and trouble to the subject, and the result has fully justified her decision.

Born at Cramond, a beautiful ancestral home in Scotland, her life up to the last few years was devoted to country pursuits, riding and driving being her favourite outdoor recreations; and it was, perhaps, a desire for something further to do that first prompted her to take up photography with such zest. She is one of the seven charming daughters of Colonel Craigie Halkett, her mother being the daughter of Mr. Davidson, the laird of Tulloch, who was considered one of the handsomest men in Scotland, while her grandmother was a daughter of Lord Macdonald of the Isles. Mr. Davidson was an extraordinary man in many ways, one remarkable fact being that he married five times. On the occasion of the late Queen's first visit to Scotland, he was one of those singled out in company with Lord Breadalbane, the late Duke of Athol, and the late Duke of Hamilton to dance a reel before Her Majesty; and afterwards, the Queen sent for him more than once, on his death requesting that his photograph should be sent to her.

MISS CRAIGIE HALKETT.
One of the most artistic exponents of the Photographic art.
Photo by H. Montague Cooper, Taunton.

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Miss Craigie Halkett is an ardent photographer, and she is well known for her charmingly illustrated articles published in various papers. Her first introduction to this kind of work arose from a request from the Editor of the *Sketch* to be allowed to reproduce some of her photos taken at her cousins', the Ladies Hope's, Shetland pony farm, at Hildenborough, Kent. The publication of these artistic pictures created quite a boom in Shetland pony photography. Since then, she has written and illustrated many delightful articles—one, showing cider making in the West country in its various phases, being specially interesting. She is present with her camera at most great functions—on the occasion of the C.I.V.'s home-coming service at St. Paul's Cathedral, taking them from the lofty altitude of one of the outside balustrades, where she had been placed by special permission. She took General Mackinnon the next day at the Photographic Association in Brook-street, of which she is a member.

In proof of her ability, Miss Halkett has taken seven silver and bronze medals at various photographic exhibitions and competitions, besides editing the photographic column of more than one paper; while she is also a member of the Royal Photographic Society and the Edinburgh Photographic Society.

THE REV. J. E. HARGREAVES.

One of the most enterprising of Methodist Ministers, who is his own architect in the erection of new chapels.

Photograph by T. C. Turner, 10, Barnsbury Park, N.

THE genial features and massive form of the Rev. James E. Hargreaves will be recognised by most Methodists and by many beside, for his work has brought him into contact with all classes, and his ministry has been exercised over a widespread area. Very few ministers have been engaged in a greater variety of work, as the following account will show.

James E. Hargreaves was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, and was the son of the late Matthew Hargreaves, of His Majesty's Inland Revenue. Entering the ministry in the year 1864, he was sent at once to Carlisle, where he began the Caldewgate Mission, building a new chapel for the work. At the same time he was interested in the welfare of the city, and formed the Carlisle Volunteer Fire Brigade, an organisation much needed at the time. This is to-day the recognised force in the city, and whenever Mr. Hargreaves preaches in Carlisle the members of the C.V.F.B. make a church parade and march in full uniform to hear him.

At East London he had a share in the erection of buildings for the Mission which he helped to found on Bow Common. In his next circuit at Charlestown, Shipley, his building capabilities were tested in the erection of a new chapel and schools; and at Derby the successful development at Rose Hill was pioneered by him. The school built at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, was a triumph over inadequate means. By means of working bees the concrete foundations were put in, and the walls were erected at a bare cost for materials, the mechanics in the parish giving labour free during the long summer evenings, Mr. Hargreaves working with his own hands.

While in the Portsmouth district he was for five years the District Secretary. This position he also held under the Cornwall Synod on removing from Freshwater to

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that county, where he remained eight years. No respite from building could be obtained, for the beautiful chapel at Helston, one of the finest in the district, was erected through him; thus ending years of division and difficulty among the members.

At St. Ives Mr. Hargreaves' boldness and freedom from red-tape was shown. The evangelist, Rev. T. Cook, came to hold a series of meetings in the chapel, but expressed his regret at the inadequacy of rooms to which inquirers might retire from the chapel. He asked Mr. Hargreaves if better provision could not be made, and Mr. Hargreaves suggested that the difficulty might be overcome by knocking a hole through the wall at the side of the pulpit, thus affording access to more convenient and commodious vestries. This change could not legally be made without consent of the Trustees, but a fortnight's notice was necessary to summon them, so the difficulty was surmounted by Mr. Hargreaves taking matters into his own hands; making the alterations and obtaining consent afterwards.

His next change put him in the chair of the Zetland District, and while residing at Lerwick the property of the church was put into good order; manses being renovated and enlarged, and several chapels built, Mr. Hargreaves drawing his own plans to lay before the Chapel Committee at Manchester, and superintending all work. After three years he was removed to the Chair of the Isle of Man District, and while here drafted a Bill for resettling all Methodist property on a common Trust deed. This model deed incorporated the benefits of the Fowler's Act, and has been a great boon to Methodists of the Island. After drawing up the Bill he consulted the Attorney-General (now Clerk of the Roll) who was surprised at a Methodist minister undertaking such legal work, and shortly after, meeting a prominent Methodist layman, a member of the House of Keys, said, "I do not know what sort of a preacher Mr. Hargreaves is, but in making him a minister you spoiled a good lawyer."

While at Douglas Mr. Hargreaves' health failed, and he has been for a few years seeking strength at the well known health resort, Bishop's Teignton, but continues to aid as far as possible the churches in the vicinity.

This summer a long cherished scheme of his saw its completion. Some years ago he instituted a movement to place on our coast a lifeboat to bear the name of John Wesley. The fund has been some time closed, and Barry, on the Welsh coast, chosen as a station for the boat, but delay in launching occurred owing to the authorities refusing to place the boat on her station till certain dock alterations were effected. These changes completed, the launch was performed, amid great enthusiasm and much congratulation, this summer, and it is hoped the coast between Penarth and Porthcawl will be benefited through this effort of one of the practical followers of that "practical" clergyman, John Wesley.

IMBUED by nature with a keen love for animals, with a rapid perception to note their various tastes and idiosyncrasies, and with great skill with the brush, it is little wonder that Miss Frances C. Fairman, the well known animal painter, has achieved great success. The daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Creed Fairman, Miss Fairman's earliest recollections are associated with country life, where, being a keen huntress and rider, many of her happiest hours were spent in the saddle. After her father's death, she and her mother came to London, where she took lessons from Mr. Felix Moscheles. Here she stayed until her mother's death, when she went to live at Sunninghill, there giving up painting for a time and devoting herself to another favourite occupation, gardening. Visits to Florida, Brazil, the Argentine State and La Plata followed, from which places she brought back several folios of beautiful paintings of birds and landscapes, this being a form of art in which she excels equally with her favourite dogs.

Soon after this, monetary losses compelled her to turn her great talents to account, and having studied for some time under M. Deschamps in Paris, she started work with Mr. Krehl's toy bulldogs and Mr. Sprague's bulldog, "Don Pedro." After this, commissions began to flow in until one day she received an invitation from Lady Probyn to stay at Park House, Sandringham, and paint her celebrated Jap "Hisa." Sir Dighton Probyn had already shown some of her pictures to the King, then Prince of

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Wales, who was so pleased with them that he asked her to paint the late Duke of Clarence's favourite dog "Venus" for him, afterwards giving her other commissions. She also painted dogs for the Duke and Duchess of York, and the six delightful weeks of her visit to Lady Probyn found her constantly at work at Sandringham. This was followed by a command from the late Queen for her to go to Windsor to paint a head of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg's Irish terrier; and later the Queen's pets "Marco," "Turi"—a Florentine Spitz—a pug, and an oil of the beautiful collie "Roy." She painted in the room known as the artists' room, and it was on one occasion when Her Majesty had come into the room to examine Miss Fairman's work, that she personally gave her the order to draw the heads of "Marco" and "Turi." Later on she had the order to paint a pug and a favourite dachshund belonging to Prince Christian, and permission from the Queen to paint "Fern" for the Dogs' Brigade Fund.

LADY DIMSDALE.
Lady Mayoress of London.
By kind permission of the "Ladies' Gazette."

Since then Miss Fairman has painted many celebrated dogs and exhibited in the Academy, New Gallery, and elsewhere, all her pictures bearing the stamp of love and knowledge of all that appertains to dog life.

Women's progress has been very remarkable in art, which fifty years ago was considered an impregnable masculine stronghold.

THE rôle of Lady Mayoress to the great city of London is not an altogether easy one to play, and especially heavy will be the duties during the forthcoming Coronation festivities, but there is no doubt that Lady Dimsdale, with her bright geniality, will carry them through with every success. It seems impossible that the new Lady Mayoress should be the grandmother of a small two-year-old maiden. The only son of Sir Joseph and Lady Dimsdale is in India, but they have two daughters, the one being married and the other still only a child. In order to help her mother in the onerous duties of hostess, Mrs. Lancelot Dent has taken up her residence at the Mansion House for the year her father is in office, so that a somewhat unusual element will be introduced into the stately building—the prattle of a child's voice.

Comparatively seldom has the Lord Mayor had the pleasure of saying that one of his ancestors held the same great Civic position, but so it is in Sir Joseph Dimsdale's case. He is justly proud of his long lineage, not a few of his family having distinguished themselves laudably.

THE name of Stormont Murphy is inalienably associated in the minds of London cabmen with a man who devoted his life to their welfare, who was the first to organise the erection of cab

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shelters twenty-six years ago, and whose influence brought about a great reform in the class of men employed as cabdrivers. His last act was to have a water-post erected in Soho-square for the horses, and the respect in which he was held was shown by the fact that at his funeral in 1893, a line of cabs a mile long followed his body to the grave. He is still remembered among them as the "Cabmen's Friend," a memory which his sister, Miss Helena A. Stormont Murphy, has kept green for the last nine years by giving both summer and winter treats to the pensioners of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association and London sheltermen, these being immensely appreciated.

Miss Stormont Murphy, who has a remarkable talent for invention, comes of a clever family, being the seventh child of the late Dr. Edward W. Murphy, Professor of Midwifery for twenty years at University College, London, and the author of many well-known books on chloroform and midwifery, the former of which, in connection with the late Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, he was the first to introduce into England. She is also the niece of the late Ven. William Lea, Archdeacon of Dublin. Her treats for the cabmen have largely increased in size during the last few years, the number being now three times as great as formerly, and though there is sometimes a difficulty in the matter of funds, still Miss Murphy keeps them up bravely, and always succeeds in giving her guests a delightful time. There are many other charitable works in which she is interested. She is a strong Evangelical and religious writer, her tract, "What is Salvation?" written at the time of the Church Mission, having a large sale; while she has contributed special articles to many papers.

MISS STORMONT MURPHY.
The Cabmen's Friend.
Photograph by Thos. Fall, 9, Baker Street, W.

Her favourite relaxation would seem to be invention, and many are the clever things which have emanated from her prolific brain. Before she was 20 she had thought out a special hair restorer made from seaweed, which she had discovered to have peculiar properties for strengthening the fluid of the hair, and, four years ago, she invented some wonderfully useful and pretty Fire Tea Trays for keeping tea and cakes hot, which have had the honour of being patronised by Queen Alexandra. Later, an Antarctic Cooker was used with great success by Sir George Newnes in his Antarctic Expedition, and has now been taken out in the *Discovery* by Captain Scott. Many are the other clever inventions which bear her name, among them being a war shield which has been used to a certain extent during the present war, and an undressed sheepskin Curative Chest-preserver, such as is largely used by the natives of Iceland and the Faroe Islands for all chest diseases.

Miss Murphy is an adept in Palmistry—and, in fact, she herself introduced it into England just twelve years ago. She considers that it is closely allied to Phrenology, and could be used with great effect in the detection of crime. She has given many lectures on its origin, its use and abuse, and has always been generously ready to give her assistance at bazaars or other charitable functions.

AN organisation, widespread in its influence and capable of unlimited good results, is the "Children of the Empire" League, founded by Mrs. Roland Trimen a few months ago. This lady, who has spent many years in South Africa, is the wife of Mr. Roland Trimen, F.R.S., Director for many years of the Cape Town Natural History Museum, and long before the war broke out she felt how necessary it was that the ties between the

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Colonies and the Mother Country should be strengthened in every possible way; while the bad effects caused by the perhaps almost unconscious superiority evinced by visitors from the old country over the colonists caused her to realise how little true Imperialism was really understood by those of her own generation.

During a two years' stay on an ostrich farm, and, later, on a sheep farm in a Boer district, she personally experienced the discomfort caused by the lack of domestic knowledge when, during a period of Kaffir discontent and unrest, the servants, as usual, ran away; and she emphasises the fact that all intending colonists, whether men or women, should bear in mind that it is no use depending upon intellectual achievements, but that it is absolutely necessary that they should learn some useful handicraft, such as carpentering, farriery, etc., while the girls should have a knowledge of needlework, typewriting, housework, etc., as then they would find no lack of employment.

The League, which was formed to fit young men and women for colonial life, is under the presidency of the Countess of Jersey, and was only started last May, and already it has met with enthusiastic approval. There are now fourteen branches, including one in New Zealand, whilst Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the larger colonies are each to have a separate executive. The great desire is to work without friction with any existing organisation, and it is in harmonious alliance with the Guild of Loyal Women in Africa, the Daughters of the Empire in Canada, and the Victoria League. Already classes have been arranged for young men and boys to learn riding and all things connected with horses at some of the best riding schools at greatly reduced terms; while, though in no way a military association, efforts are made to provide suitable shooting ranges, for which there is a great need.

Furthermore, to still increase the usefulness of the League, a system of correspondence has been organised, by means of which any member of the League who desires may be given a "Correspondence Comrade" in some other part of the Empire, the idea being that the comrades shall write to each other describing the ordinary life, pursuits, and natural history of the place in which they live. This has already worked wonderfully well, many schoolmasters being highly in favour of it, while the Minister of Education in Western Australia has even suggested the advisability of incorporating this system of comradeship in the school's curriculum. In one girls' school in Natal seventy of the pupils are already enrolled in the ranks of "Comrades"; in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, Mr. Sargant, Director of Education, has given his support; branches are going to be started in Natal, in Cape Colony there are already many correspondents, and thus the whole of South Africa has practically been secured, and the meaning of the "Hands all round" motto of the League has been carried out to its fullest extent.

MRS. R. TRIMEN.

Founder of the Children of the Empire League, whose purpose is to fit young men and women for Colonial life.

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son, 27, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.

IT is no mere statement of partiality or inexperience, but sober, historic truth, to say that no man is more beloved and trusted throughout the Presbyterian Church of England than the Rev. John More, of Woolwich. What he prizes most, however, are the proofs of affection and confidence which he receives almost daily from some "Tommy" or other, kilted or "breeked," in Africa, India, or such-like "furrin parts abroad."

As chaplain to the forces in Woolwich, and as minister of the Presbyterian

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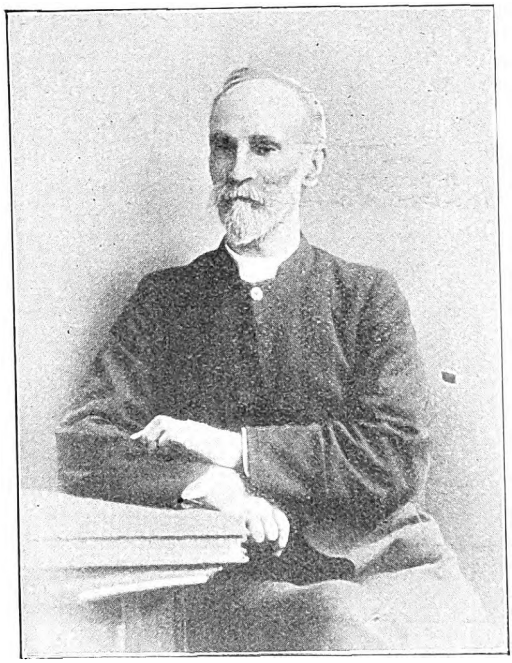

REV. JOHN MORE.
Presbyterian Chaplain to the Troops at Woolwich.
Photograph by Tasma, Woolwich.

Church in that ilk, the Scottish Tommies gravitate to Mr. More, as rills seek out the stream, and once they have got him, or he has got them, their hearts have no more parting. This on the spiritual side. On the other, and more temporal one, Mr. More is often in awkward predicaments, for no sooner has one of the Scottish fighting lions succumbed to some weakness in the piping times of peace than he hastens to Mr. More as to an advocate who shall speak a good word for him to the commanding officer. All of which the commanding officer knows right well, with the result that he often hails the good-hearted chaplain with a query as to the other "lamb" that has strayed—with a kindly twinkle in his eye all the time. For all of which, and other mercies, Tommy loves the chaplain, and the officers have a sneaking fondness for him too.

A Borderer by birth, and a Jew to look at, he has the characteristics of both clans—brave and Christ-honouring as his namesake the Baptist, yet deep in the lore of the Scriptures as any scribe. His converts are many, both in his present church and in Dudley and Cheltenham, where he was before, his power lying chiefly where so many fail—in dealing with the individual at close quarters. Three at least of his converts are themselves now in the ministry; these in their turn have led at least seven others into the same calling, and these again have had their "seals." From such seeds what harvests there must be in the end!

A genial, kindly man, full of fun, fond of children and adored by them, yet of a clean, pure, noble spirit, little wonder that children and soldiers, and all others of the like child-like spirit, should love and honour the man. His duties are most exacting and incessant, shepherding both civilians and military; only a passion for souls could sustain him in it. While such men can be found in pulpit and hospital the flag of the Crimson Stain will never be struck.

THE ONLOOKER.

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The Revolution in Arcady.

By REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

THAT word Revolution is an ambiguous word. It ought to mean no more than the moving round of a body on its own axis. When a body has made a revolution it has got itself round to the exact position in which it was when it began to turn. But nowadays, when we talk about a revolution, we mean something very different from that. In common parlance we understand by a revolution such change in the body politic, or in the condition of a class, as has resulted in a readjustment of the constituent elements of that body, or in the physical, moral, and social improvement of the members of that class. At any rate, that is what I mean when I talk of a "Revolution in Arcady."

Also, when I talk of Arcady, I mean that favoured land which, in common parlance, is called Norfolk, and if there is any other land which presumes to call itself Arcady, I know not where to look for it, or where to find it.

"When I use a word," said Humpty Dumpty, " . . . it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less!" Humpty Dumpty was a profound philosopher, and I am one of his disciples.

. . . . .

Far the larger number of dwellers in Arcady earn their bread by their manual labour, in the tillage of the soil, and as such they belong to the class of agricultural labourers. We have among us no great manufactures, no mines, no potteries, no coal, no commerce, no important seaports, no great capitalists, employing industrial armies. The great bulk of our people are pretty much in the same condition as those happy islanders who are said to make a livelihood by taking in one another's washing. Our people live upon one another, and how they do it is known only to themselves. Nevertheless, they *do* live, and, somehow or other, during the last fifty years there has come about so steady an amelioration in the physical, mental and moral condition of the great mass of our people in Arcady, as compared with their condition at the beginning of the reign of the late Queen Victoria, as to amount to what I call a Revolution. My first business is to try and show how this has come about, and my second business will be to point out how far it has extended.

During the latter half of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—and if you don't know when that was, more shame to you!—England had many more *moneyed* men than she had ever had before. That is, there were numbers of men who were faring sumptuously every day, *not* on the produce of the land, but on the profits of foreign trade and commerce. These men were far richer than the mere landlords. They did not look to make an income out of broad acres, and they had little sympathy to offer, and little thought to spend, upon the country labourers or their concerns. They lived in big new houses, in or near London and the rising towns; insomuch that the Queen tried to stop this desertion of the old country houses, and tried to send the rich men to spend their money in the rural districts. But they would not go.

So the villages were slowly neglected, the landlords became more and more non-resident, and the increase of poverty among the labouring peasantry more than kept pace with the increase of wealth among the upper classes. It was pretty plain that something must be done. So the first measure for the relief of the poor was passed, in 1601, and, under the circumstances, it was a wise one. The framers of this law looked facts in the face, and tried to make the best of them. The first fact was that England was then, as now, divided into about 14,000 geographical divisions, called parishes, varying very greatly in size and extent, and in the number of inhabitants which those parishes severally contained. Each of these parishes managed its own affairs, pretty much in the same way as a

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chartered borough or corporate town does now, and every man was a parishioner of some parish; and, as such, he belonged to his parish pretty much as a black slave in Virginia or Georgia belonged to some plantation or other. If the parish wanted him and his service, in the parish he had to stay, and do the labour he was bound to do. If he wanted the parish he might claim to be kept from starvation—that's all. If he ran away from the parish he was flogged for being a vagrant.

For ages there was work on the land for the men that were born on the land—the demand and the supply of labour pretty nearly balanced one another. But now things had changed. There had been a good deal of running away from the villages, and when a man could not find work at home he went in search of it elsewhere. The object of the first poor law was to provide that the parishes should find work for those who could work, and find food and shelter for those who could not work—the halt, the blind, the idiots—and they were to do so by building poor-houses for these helpless and destitute creatures; and as to the men who were congenitally lazy, they were to be whipped and put in the stocks, and sent to a House of Correction to be cured of their laziness. They were very rarely corrected, because, for the most part, they were incorrigible, and as soon as their term of punishment was over they ran away again as tramps and sturdy beggars.

Forty or fifty years after this Act was passed the great Civil War broke out, and there was confusion worse confounded. Up and down the land the old order changed, and the baser sort did much as they pleased, and wandered about at their own sweet will; and I suspect country life wasn't all cakes and ale for the agricultural labourers by any means.

But the war came to an end, and the Restoration came; and, when things were beginning to settle down again, the townsmen opened their eyes to the fact that they were in danger of being eaten up by the countrymen and were supporting great hosts of tramps and scamps and runaways, who did not belong to them, but who did belong to the parishes where they had been born and bred or apprenticed, or had, in some way or another, acquired a settlement. So another Act was passed, in 1662, the object of which was not only to help the townsmen by getting rid of the sturdy beggars, but to help them to get rid of the industrious countrymen from their midst, who were entering into competition with the townsmen in the labour market. And this Act aimed at sending back every man who was not wanted, say, in London, or Bristol, or Norwich, to his own parish, where, in many cases, he was even less wanted; and there was a general game of "Puss in the corner," and the labourers were sent to their parishes, the best of them, you may be sure, being kept by the townsmen, and the worst of them hurried off to their villages, to come upon the rates and to fill the poor-houses, or to drift away no one knew where and no one cared.

If it had not been for the great increase in our iron and woollen manufactures, and the expansion of our commerce generally, during the next hundred years or so, it is difficult to believe that the great crisis would not have come much sooner than it did. But it came at last. The burdens upon the ratepayers for the support of the poor, little more than one hundred years ago, had grown to be well-nigh crushing and unbearable.

Happily, there had been one clause in the Act of Queen Elizabeth whereby a small and poor parish, which could not possibly support all its own labourers, was enabled to tack itself on to another and richer parish; and sometimes half-a-dozen parishes were associated to bear the common burdens. If it had not been so, many a little parish where the land was poor and the landlords needy would have been actually bankrupt, the rent being more than swallowed up by the poor-rate. The union of parishes provided against this danger. Let me take an instance near at hand.

The parish of Scarning, in Norfolk, was united, after a fashion, with the prosperous little town of Dereham, to which it is contiguous. At Dereham there was a very considerable poor-house, in which, if I am rightly informed, at least a couple of hundred paupers were housed, clothed, and fed (after a fashion), marched to church twice on Sundays, and guarded like so many West Indian negroes. These paupers were drawn from two or three surrounding villages and hamlets, which could not all have kept up each its own poor-house.

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But, in each of them, there was always a residuum of able-bodied labourers who were also *partially* on the rates of the small parishes, and these labourers earned, at odd jobs, only just enough money to keep body and soul together. Poor wretches! They must have had, and they had, a very, very, very hard life of it. Housed, were they? Yes; if such wretched hovels could be called houses. But in the year 1790 or so there were in this parish where I am writing fifty-five inhabited houses, including at least five substantial farmhouses, and those fifty-five houses were occupied by seventy-five families. Think of that, my masters! Fed, were they? Aye! the bread they ate was the colour of Thames mud, and the taste of a wheaten loaf was known only to the favoured few who shared in the distribution of a shilling's worth of "*white* bread" provided by some benefactor who died a long while ago, and left a small rent-charge for giving out this bread every Sunday after Divine service to the poor and needy, who were not likely to forget the gracious miracle of the feeding the five thousand! Oh, ye very dreadfully wise ones! Do ye want the proceeds of such picturesque bequests to be diverted for the endowment of scholarships in a school for technical education, where smart boys shall be taught how to shoe a horse or mend a bicycle?

But the end was coming; it was near at hand when Thomas Gilbert, M.P. for Lichfield, brought in his famous Act, known as the Gilbert Act. Mr. Gilbert, like the Elizabethan legislators, looked facts in the face, but he did not know how to deal with them. The fact which struck him with dismay was that there were hundreds of labouring men in Arcady who were living on starvation wages because they could not get employment for more than two or three days a week—strong men and willing men, gaunt and famished men, and men who were a menace to the well-to-do when hunger made them reckless and fierce. But Gilbert, though a benevolent enthusiast, was a benevolent bungler; his enthusiasm won him the support of a majority in the House of Commons, and his bungling dealt the heaviest blow to the well-being of the agricultural labourers that they had ever known.

His theory was that every man who was out of employment on the land should be paid as if he were at work. Giles could not get more than two days' work a week, and Roger could only get three. Poor fellows, they ought to be found in work—the will must be taken for the deed. So Giles should get his wages for the four unemployed days and Roger for the unemployed three days *out of the rates*. And if Giles had six children and Roger ten, an allowance was to be made to them for each child, to encourage the growth of the agricultural population. In little more than ten years' time *the vast majority of the agricultural labourers in England* were receiving allowances from the poor-rates. These rates had amounted in 1795 to the very respectable figure of two millions and a half. In 1832 they had risen to the enormous aggregate of eight millions; and as the population of England and Wales in this year did not much exceed fourteen millions, the poor-rates alone cost every man, woman, and child in the country rather more than twenty-five shillings a head! But observe what this meant. It meant that the ratepayers in town and country alike were being charged with the payment of the agricultural labourers, while the actual employers of those labourers were relieved from a huge share of their labour bill. The less the farmer paid his men the higher the poor-rate rose, and the tradesmen and the professional classes were becoming loaded even to the crushing point.

But there was something even worse than that which Gilbert's Act brought about. The labourers themselves felt the disgrace of the system under which they were losing all self-respect, independence, and every spark of honourable ambition. It may safely be affirmed that never since England was a nation—certainly not during the feudal times that people talk about so glibly—never did the peasantry of England pass through such a period of humiliation and degradation, body and soul, as they did during those forty years that elapsed between the passing of Gilbert's Act in 1782 and the passing of Lord Grey's Act for the Reform of the Poor-law in 1834. That same year, too, negro slavery was abolished in all the colonies of the British Empire; and three years later Queen Victoria ascended the throne of her ancestors.

The agricultural labourer was a free man again now. The law of settlement still continued to operate, but languidly.

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It was not long before the countryman began to follow the labour market, and where there was the demand there came the supply. The enormous development in the construction of our railways during the period between 1830 and 1850 brought with it such a call for the kind of labour which only the rural districts could supply that the surplus population of our villages was soon absorbed. The agricultural labourers joined the great armies of "navvies" who got good wages and regular work, and they who stayed in their native villages soon began to find that they were wanted at home, and that the weekly pay they could earn by the sweat of their brow brought in more grist to the mill than the odious "parish allowance" which was doled out to them as supplementary to the payment for their honest toil, which heretofore had been infamously less than was the peasant's due.

Nevertheless, the weekly wages of the countrymen during the 'thirties—that is, seventy years ago—were miserably inadequate for the support of a man and his family. Every article of consumption imported into the country was taxed—butter, cheese, cured fish, cotton and woollen manufactures, leather—where am I to stop?—all groceries, the corn that supplemented what the farmers grew, and the very food for cattle which they could not grow. During the five years ending 1846, Sir Robert Peel had absolutely abolished all import duties on six hundred and five articles—some of them the very necessaries of life. The crowning point of the great Minister's triumph came when his Bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws was passed in May, 1846. That was the beginning of a new era for the labourers in Arcady.

Yes! it was the beginning of the new era. I don't mean to say that all of a sudden, all at a bound, the farm labourer rose up a new man, body and soul. When the tide turns it does not come in with a rush and a scream like a ball from a cannon. Great changes come gradually, "with kingly pauses of reluctant pride and semblance of return." And so it was in this case. The farmers never had a much more prosperous time than during the thirty years that succeeded the Repeal of the Corn Laws. And yet during those same years the agricultural labourers were, to put it mildly, having a great deal less than their share of this general prosperity. Yet they were even then beginning to assert themselves, in a grumbling, bungling way. They were already beginning to clamour for equal rights with the tradesmen. In 1870 elementary education in England was made compulsory. In 1872 voting by ballot at Parliamentary elections was introduced. In 1884 the labourers were given the franchise, and since then the influence of the landlords as a political power in Arcady has practically been reduced to a shadow, with no substance behind it.

Where are we now?

Sixty years ago the peasantry were in a condition which differed only in name from slavery. The peasant *belonged* to his parish; he was actually put up to auction, and the farmers bid for him. In harvest the wife and children earned as much as the father and husband did. He dressed in a smock frock—yclept a *slop*—which in many cases covered little more than nakedness. Except in cases where the parsons set on foot here and there an elementary school, there was practically no education. A man might walk twenty miles and more from one village school to another. The personal dirt of the children in the villages was astounding, incredible. "Soap!" said an old woman to me some twenty years ago, "soap! lor! when we was children we didn't know much about soap. Who was going to buy soap for the eight of us? Why, I've heerd say the soap was that taxed it got into your eyes if you used it." Skin diseases among the villagers were disgustingly prevalent. The itch and the ringworm were always to be found in the country hovels. I verily believe that a shilling in 1836 would not have bought as much as sixpence does now. If I put fourpence for the sixpence I should not be very far wrong.

Coal was hardly known except in the great houses of Arcady when Queen Victoria came to the throne. One of my informants distinctly remembers the first time that she saw coal sold retail in Dereham market; and then she carried home some lumps of it on her head, tied up in a piece of sacking. Hereabouts the chief fuel in use was turf, which was brought to us from the Cambridgeshire fens for the most part. The turfmen made a good living by selling their loads, and delivering them at the doors of the villagers. They have only ceased paying

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their visits to us within the last twenty-five or thirty years. In the old days the trimmings of the hedges were a serviceable adjunct to the turf, and the thrifty ones would stack it. Now the labourer cares so little for it that in October you may see huge fires of the hedge-toppings blazing all round the horizon. It seems to some of us a sad waste, but we are told that it is not worth carting off the land.

Sixty years ago the ordinary public-house was kept open as long as anyone could be found to call for anything. In the back yard of the Chequers, or the Brown Cow, or the Red Lion, wrestling and fighting were always going on. "I've see ten fights in a week at the Green Dragon!" said one old woman to me. "Why, we used to like it somehow!" And as she spoke her old face rippled over with a joyous laughter, as if the remembrance of those days made her gay and light-hearted again. "My first husband, he was a big, strong man he was, and he'd fight anyone. I've knowed him fight a man for a quart of beer many a time when he'd got a score on the door and he couldn't get no more. There was always lots o' folks as would stand the beer, whoever won."

. . . . .

Nothing has produced a more beneficial effect upon the habits and morals of Arcady than the closing of the public-houses at ten o'clock. The mere money saving for the peasants is incalculable. So far from their not being able to live on their weekly wages—as the wiseacres of the towns, and especially the wiseacres of the drawing-room meetings, are never tired of affirming — the agricultural labourers nowadays seem to have money for everything. They won't tell you how much they have deposited in the savings bank. But some years ago a dreadful case occurred, not two miles from where I am writing, of a man of little more than fifty who had hoarded up as much as £83, and was robbed of it all. He was an old bachelor, indeed, and a bit of a miser. But there it was! I married a couple a year or two ago — they were, on both sides, of the labourer class, but the bride wore white satin or white kid shoes (I'm not sure which), and abundance of rice was showered upon the pair.

It is considered a bit disgraceful for a labourer's father and mother not to have a tombstone. It is a very pretty sight indeed to see the way in which the baby is dressed at a baptism in church. As for the children in the schools, they are quite enchanting! They dress sometimes with exquisite taste, and they do their hair like little fairies. Even their very speech is getting almost too refined. "Lor', sir! one don't never hear bad words, same as one used to. My neighbour Rossin, he says they aint a bit better than they'd used to be. They've only forgot to swear, he says, and he says as he shouldn't wonder if they took to it again—he says." But they don't yet.

But the facts of the case come crowding up upon me too thickly for me to put them down in due order.

This, however, is the conclusion of the whole matter. The farm labourers of Arcady, as compared with those who were tillers of the soil at the beginning of this century, are living in a new world, and a world of freedom and enlightenment, of prosperity, luxury, and hope. This, and not that, is the golden age. The much and glib talkers of the towns, the soft-voiced theorists of the drawing-room meetings, still continue to talk frothy gabble about the low estate of the peasantry here, there, and everywhere in England. I'm not at all sure that they have not drawn the long bow too tight; and I should not wonder if the recoil is near at hand.

Already we are finding instances of our labourers who have tried a spell of town life sneaking back to their native villages, "and glad to get there." Such repentant sinners have had a glimpse of the world of streets and the docks and the seamy side of "urbanity," and they have come to the conclusion that Arcady and its old life is not so bad as they thought. Old life, did I say? No, it's not the old life which men passed when King George wore the crown. It's the new life which has been the outcome of such a Revolution as this fatherland of ours has never known before—a Revolution which has been all for the better, and the betterment is still going on. The millennium has not yet come. There is something still before us. Who is it, or what generation was there ever, that does not, and always will, need reforming?

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"MY FAIRY TALE."

The flow of fancy still goes on, fresh as at the first. If we elder ones possess it not, it is another proof of the fact that we are all journeying away from the gates of Eden, and the further we go the more we lose sight of the gleaming and beautiful presences that are there, and we try to console ourselves by saying we are growing wiser. Perhaps yea! perhaps nay! Anyway, many of us would give much—very, very much—to be able to see again what once we saw when our stature was smaller but our eyes were brighter and keener. Tom Hood endorses this.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

I can but hope and trust that these young authors, bursting into print with their fairy tales, may long retain the far-seeing eye, and the heart that always is the wisest—the heart of a child.

As to the stories themselves, I again put them simply in the order of the writers' ages, and dare not trust myself to make comments beyond this—(1) That Fairies seem very much in the matrimonial line; (2) That Darwin didn't know everything, as the "Fowl" tale tells; and (3) That the Magic Nut seemed able to stand more cracking than common or shop ones do.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

There were once two sisters who lived in a wood—one was very pretty, and the other was cross and ugly. The ugly sister's name was Prilicka and the pretty one's Merna. Prilicka was jealous of Merna because she was so beautiful, so she always tried to keep her from being seen by anyone. One day an old woman came to the door and asked for some food, but Prilicka told her to go away; then the old woman raised her stick, and Prilicka vanished. The old woman spoke to Merna, and said she was a fairy and had sent Prilicka away. Then she gave Merna a lantern, saying that, if she put it in her window on Christmas-eve, "good luck" would come of it The fairy then disappeared. On Christmas-eve Merna put the lantern in her window. By-and-by a Prince riding past saw the light, and thought perhaps he could get a rest there, so he went to the house, and Merna was so kind to him, and so beautiful to look upon, that he fell in love with her, and took her away to his castle, where they were married and lived happily.

MARY DOROTHY DEAN.
Delamere, East Bank Road, (*Age* 9.)
St. Anne's-on-Sea.

This letter will interest, as will also the tale which follows, from the same writer. He seems to have a fine fancy:—

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—Thank you so much for the beautiful book. I received it last night, and shall enjoy reading it immensely. I have always wished to have "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," as a friend of mine told me what delightful stories they were.—With very many thanks,

Always yours sincerely,
EDWARD P. SMITH.

Hetherset,
Leigham Court Road,
Streatham, S.W.

THE WHITE WOLF.

Maud had a tobogan given her, and being very anxious to try it, she went to a hill called "the Wolf's Slope," and began sliding down. Suddenly,

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as she rounded a bend, a lot of beautiful white wolves, with ugly little women on their backs, darted out of the undergrowth. In the middle of them was one all forlorn and sad; the saddle on his back was empty, and the silver of the harness of the others was bright, while his was rusty and besmeared. Maud, who was a tender-hearted child, went to comfort the poor beast. No sooner had her hand touched its fur than all the women were turned into beautiful ladies, and the wolves into handsome men. "Oh, Madam," said one, "our prince and we were turned into these forms because he stole a golden raspberry from a witch's garden, to right a wrong the hag had wrought upon us, and she, in revenge, turned us into these forms till a lady should consent to marry him." So Maud, who had fallen in love with the prince at first sight, was married and lived happily till she died.

EDWARD P. SMITH.
(*Age* 10.)

THE FAIRY AND THE LION.

"Once upon a time when pigs were swine, and turkeys cured tobacco, and birds built their nests in old men's beards," there was a very cruel old woman who had seven sons and one daughter. One day the old woman sent the girl away and said she was never to come back, and she walked on and on till she came to a place, and she was so sorrowful, so the King sent her away and she saw eight coats hanging up on a tree, and she thought, "why these must be my brothers," and a fairy stood close by and touched the girl three times with her wand and turned her into a lion, and by-and-bye her brother came out and ran away when he saw the lion. But the lion called out, "Brother! brother!" and he came up to the lion. The lion begged the boy to cut off her tail; so the boy did, and she turned him into a prince and she said a magic word, "ompom," and a palace came, and she called her mother and brothers and she became Queen and lived happy ever after.

KATHLEEN SIMPSON.
(*Age* 10 *years.*)

(Address not given: letter with Plymouth post-mark.)

THE FAIRY AND THE STAR.

There was once a little boy whose name was Ronald. He ought to have been very happy, but he was not. He longed to be a star, to shine at night and give light to all around him. He thought of this till he could think of nothing else. "Oh, if I could be a star, how happy I should be to be seen and loved by everybody!" Ronald went to bed that night as usual. Suddenly there appeared to him an old woman with such a sweet face. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am Fairy Helpful," she answered. "If you are a fairy and a helpful one, you can help me," said Ronald. The fairy looked at him. "Ronald," she said, "you want to be a star." He did not answer. "Why not try to shine here in people's hearts and help them, instead of thinking of yourself?" What shall I do?" he asked. "Go and see poor little lame Tom in the village. Help old Mrs. Blake to gather her sticks." Ronald woke, thinking of his dream. That morning he went to help Mrs. Blake and Tom, and forgot all about wanting to be a star.

ENID D. MERCER-ADAM.
(*Age* 11¼ *years.*)

16, Lansdown Place East,
Bath.

THE MAGIC NUT.

There once lived a wood-cutter who had three sons, named Grumblum, Grendel and Jolly. When he died he left his house to Grumblum, and an axe to Grendel. He had nothing to give Jolly, his favourite son, but a nut. This was a magic nut which had been given to the wood-cutter by a fairy. Attached to the nut was a note which said that he was to crack the nut when in danger. One day, when Jolly was in the wood, he was attacked by a large bear, and he had no weapons. When he had given up all hope, he thought of his nut, and cracked it, and out came a sword, with which the bear was killed. Another time, when the brothers were in bed, the house got on fire, and they did not know what to do. So Jolly took out his nut and a fountain of water came out and the fire was quenched, and they were all saved. You see the nut saved three lives and they all agreed that Jolly's share was the best.

ETHEL HEWITT.
(*Age* 12.)

Burleigh Villa,
68, Rose Hill Street,
Derby.

THE MAGIC FLOWER.

Far away there once lived a just king. He had no queen, but had two ungrateful sons, and one beautiful daughter named Snowdrop. Once he offended a fairy, and as a punishment she said that he should live in an iron cage for the rest of his life. Then suddenly regretting her stern verdict, she exclaimed, "But Prince Eric, who is under an enchantment, can release you. *He* must be released first, and only by a flower in the possession of the Gorgon, a terrible creature who lives far away." She then disappeared. Everybody thought the sons would free their father. But they said, "No, while our father is captive we can do as we like." At last Snowdrop offered to go. Her father was loth at first, for she was the sunshine of his captivity, but he soon consented, and she departed. Snowdrop braved many dangers, and reached the Gorgon's home safely. He was terrible to look upon, but, nothing daunted, she asked him for the flower, which he willingly gave her. Snowdrop then proceeded, and ere long released Prince Eric, who also quickly released her father. Snowdrop and Eric were married soon after, and lived happily together with beautiful Snowdrop's father.

PHŒBE HALL.
(*Age* 13 *years.*)

35, Shaw Road, South Shore,
Blackpool, Lancs.

PRINCESS SNOWFLAKE AND THE SNAKE.

Once there lived a king who was greatly troubled about a band of robbers that lived near the castle. Their time was taken up by drink-

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ing, swearing, and gambling. The king's daughter, Snowflake, was so distressed that she promised to marry the prince who could help her to stop them. Many princes came, for they all wished to marry her, for she was good and beautiful. But Snowflake listened to none. One prince brought a witch who promised to turn the robbers into snakes until they repented. Just then, up the steps came a great snake, and the prince fled, leaving the princess alone! But it did not sting, it hissed "*I* will help you." So she lifted him up, wished her parents good-bye, and set out. Soon they saw the robbers round a fire. The snake slipping out of her arms wriggled near. The robbers, startled to see a snake, jumped up. One took a stick and hit him, and immediately he changed into a handsome prince. Then Snowflake stepped forward and asked the robbers to become the king's servants, and give up their former life. Then they gave in, and went back with her. The king received them gladly, and Braveheart and Snowflake were married.

DAISY TRELEASE.
Castle Bailey House, (*Age* 14 *years.*)
North Gate,
Bridgwater, Somerset.

WHY FOWLS CANNOT SWIM.

Long, long ago, when fowls used to swim with the ducks and swans, a great disagreement sprang up because the fowls, with their sharp beaks used to peck the young ducklings and cygnets and take away their food. Well, the old mother birds said they would tell their queen, "the Fairy of the River," all about this. One day they all set out to the queen's palace and told her all about it. The queen was very sorry that the fowls had behaved so badly, and said she would punish them. The next day she (the queen) came. She called all the fowls together and told them she was going to punish them. She parted their feet so that they couldn't swim, and caused a comb to grow on their heads in remembrance of the blood they had shed. From that day to this, no fowl ever swims, and they still wear their combs. So you see whatever evil deed is done, it is sure to be found out. Even a fowl's.

ELSIE S. JONES.
"Darmstadt," (*Aged* 14 *years.*)
Newport Road,
West Cowes,
Isle of Wight.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Marie Antoinette was reclining on a couch in her boudoir one evening, just after a day of gaiety. Suddenly a gust of wind filled the room, and a tiny fairy alighted in front of her and began speaking rapidly. "Marie Antoinette, I am Fate. I have come to warn thee to treat thy peasants better, or I must give thee a tyrant's death. I love thee, oh, I love thee, yet I must be fair." Haughtily Marie Antoinette rose from her couch, and said "Who are you to speak to me thus? Begone!" Instantly the fairy disappeared in another gust of wind.

. . . . . .

After the death of Marie Antoinette, unseen by the jeering fanatic crowd, a light, fairy-like form descended on the scaffold, and kneeling, began to weep piteously, her long hair streaming on the ground. "My Marie, oh, my Marie, proud, haughty and beautiful. I have loved thee as I never loved another. Why did'st thou rebel against me when I would have made thee a queen of queens? Must I give haughty Napoleon the laurel that should have crowned thine and thy husband's heads? If thou had'st lived thine would have had the glory. But nay, I shall curse his dying day, for I have loved too long."

EWRA AITKEN.
Teviotside House, (*Age* 15 *years.*)
Hawick.

THE LEGEND OF THE EDELWEISS.

In Switzerland there once lived a shepherdess named Edelweiss. Hers was a hard life, and when, in the rosy Alpine glow, she saw the rainbow-robed snow nymphs, she would stretch out her arms to them and cry, "Oh, let me dwell with you, even if it be but as a flower, for I am aweary of my life!" One day, when she was bemoaning her lot, an eagle swooped down, and, seizing her, flew up towards the blue sky. He hovered over the mountain tops, then suddenly released his hold, and down dropped the poor girl. The sun set; the mountains put on their snowy caps; around the motionless form of Edelweiss collected the beautiful nymphs. "Her desire to be a flower shall be gratified," said one sprite. "Let the flower be woolly and white like the sheep she tended, and let it be called Edelweiss," said another. Slowly they danced round the child's body chanting a sad air; as they sang the form vanished, and in its place grew a small, starlike flower. Still on the mountains blooms this pure blossom, and once a year at midnight a white maiden roams through the fields, sighing like the south wind, and the villagers whisper, "It is Edelweiss mourning for her past life."

GWLADYS E. WYNNE.
13, Linthorpe Road, (*Age* 15 *years*, 1 *month.*)
Stamford Hill,
London.

HOW HANS CAUGHT JENNY.

There once lived in a beautiful palace a beautiful lady named Jenny, and near her a handsome Prince named Hans. Now these two loved each other, but a witch lived near by, whose delight it was to make people unhappy. So one night she turned Jenny into a horse which nobody was (supposed) able to catch, and took her to live at a castle near by. Now Hans determined to catch her, so he at once tried but found it impossible. So he sat by the roadside, sorrowful. Presently something touched him, and looking up, he saw a little fairy, who said, "You are in trouble, tell it me; perhaps I can help you." It was soon told, and she replied, "Answer this question sensibly, and you shall be helped. How soon could anyone visit every village in the land?" A moment's thought, and Hans replied, "That depends on the rate of travel." "Well done," replied she—

"Take this key,
Climb yonder tree,
And you will see
What appears to be—

a small cupboard. Unlock it, and you will find

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shoes of swiftness." Off set Hans, found the shoes, and soon caught Jenny. As soon as he touched her she turned to her original form, and they married and lived happily ever after.

ALICE E. MANNING.

(*Age* 15 *years.*)

The Mills,
Great Barton,
Bury St. Edmunds.

This last tale has been judged the best, and the Prize Volume has accordingly been sent to the writer.

The next competition will be on :—

"CURIOUS MISTAKES ON THE LESSONS."

You cannot have been long at school without having made or heard some droll mistakes. One of my Sunday School teachers, for instance, was explaining to her class the other day about how Moses had to put off his shoes when standing before the burning bush, and she naturally asked when the lesson was ending, "And what did Moses do next?" The answer came promptly: "Put on his boots again and went down to Egypt!" This was pretty good, and you must have heard many a similar answer to some questions on scripture, or geography, or history—answers such as schoolboys call "regular howlers." Send me the oddest of these you have known, and for the best paper I shall give a handsome volume. Write on one side of the paper only, with name, address and age (under 16), and send, *not later than the 14th of this month*, to Rev. J. Reid Howatt, the Crescent, Camberwell-grove, Denmark-hill, London, S.E.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

The following letter speaks for itself :—

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I trust I am not troubling a busy man like you, but I cannot refrain from writing to thank you most gratefully for your Crutch-and-Kindness League. I was getting into a very bad state, and cultivating a very bad disposition, all because of some troubles that I had, and, having time on my hands, and being much alone, the bitterness and the badness were growing rapidly. The fact was, I was becoming thoroughly enclosed with myself, and if there is anything that can make all things black, and rob the soul of every bit of sunshine, it is that. In one of my worst moods, however, THE TEMPLE came into my hands, and my eye fell on your page. A touching little item arrested my attention, and I read on. Before I had finished, the sight of the poor suffering cripples, and the sight, as it were, of the many good-hearted people who, simply for pity's sake, were doing what they could to soften the hard lot of these children, broke me down, and quite broke down all the hard and bitter crust that had been gathering round my heart. I saw how selfish I had been growing, and how my misery was my merciful punishment. I joined your League at once, got a dear little cripple put under my care, and whatever I may have been able to do for her, she, with God's blessing, has been able to do far, far more for me. It is three years since I first corresponded with her. and, one thing leading to another, they have been three of the happiest years I have had, and I put it down simply to this, that though I live so far away and in such a lonely place, yet you have shown me the way of being able to do a little part, at least, in helping on the world's great need—that the strong should help the weak, and those that are blessed should pass on the blessing. Again thanking you most gratefully, and wishing you all blessing and success in your noble work,

I am, yours, most sincerely,

After such a letter I would say little this month beyond stating the case of the League in a few words. It is this: there are six thousand poor crippled children in London alone, and when I say *poor*, I am not using the word in the sense of pity, but in the sense of poverty. The father is, perhaps, only a labourer, the mother taking what odd jobs she can do while keeping as close in attendance on her suffering child as she can; or one or other of the parents is dead, and the little invalid's lot is all the harder. These are the extreme cases; there are others a degree better, but however it may be for food and shelter, in all the six thousand cases I have mentioned one thing is common—the pitiful loneliness of these children. Their trouble shuts them off from playmates, for however good-hearted a healthy child may be, it is not natural for him to shut himself up more than he can help with a little weak neighbour, and the stern struggle for bread makes it necessary for father and mother often to leave the patient little sufferer alone for long and weary hours.

To break these awfully lonesome times, and bring a little brightness into the lot that is already all too sad, the Crutch-and-Kindness League was started. All that it asks of its members is, that each should take one cripple

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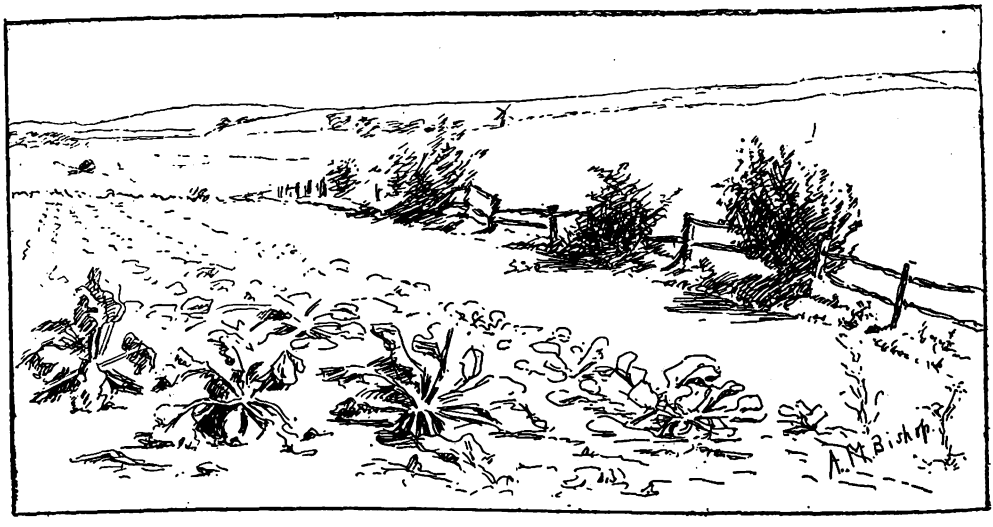
under his care or hers, for the purpose of sending a letter, or old illustrated magazine, or a toy, or such other pleasant "cheer up" once a month, to his or her charge, but a monthly letter by preference. All particulars concerning the child put into the member's care for this purpose, are given. The kindness done in this way, it will be seen, can be done anywhere, by anyone, young or old, weak or strong, and, as much as it proves a blessing to the lonely cripple, as much or more is it a blessing to the one who does the kindness by "breaking up the hard and bitter crust" which is apt to gather round the heart of all who take the good of life without thinking of doing some good again to others who are worse off. The names of new members are printed here from month to month, and from the list below it will be seen that this merciful work is being carried on from all parts of the world.

Space forbids my saying more now, but I trust enough has been said to induce many to join the League. All particulars concerning the League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Mr. R. Fowler, Weymouth; Miss Nicholson, Scotland; Miss F. A. Waterall, Croydon; Miss Vaughan, Guildford; Miss Gertie Ashton, c/o Miss Underwood, Luton; Miss Bishop, Balham; Miss Grace Bardwell, Miss Lily Winters, Miss Olive Bardwell, Miss Hammond, Miss L. Brinchley, c/o Mr. Dawson, Waltham Cross; Miss H. Baker, Eastbourne; Master E. H. Allard, Margate; Miss E. F. Griggs, St. John's; Miss Grace H. Deykin, Birmingham; Miss E. M. Yerbury, Doncaster; Miss A. Peat, London; Mrs. C. Scott, Miss Norah Scott, Miss Mabel Scott, Miss Queenie Scott, Butler's Cross, Bucks; Miss Mary Gavin, Miss Evelyn Gavin, Grangemouth; Mrs. Windle, Upper Edmonton; Mrs. Cotterell, Miss Jennie Hill, Miss Annie Beard, Miss Gertie Slinger, Miss Nellie Dixon, Miss Nellie Jones, Liverpool; Miss London, Cirencester; Miss Lizzie Rennie, Surrey; Miss D. Adamson, Edinburgh; Mr. H. Cracknell, London; Mrs. K. Scovell, Sandown, Isle of Wight; Miss Daisy Roberts, Miss Nellie Stowe, Miss Alice Atkinson, Miss Ethel Carr, Miss Erica Dickenson, Miss Millie Smith, c/o Miss Priestley, New Zealand; Mr. A. W. Wills, Weymouth; Miss M. Heaton-Ellis, Buntingford; Miss Ethel de Jersey, Guernsey; Miss A. Beaumont, Huddersfield; Miss Elsie Warneford, Miss Olive Warneford, Southsea; Miss Mary Clark, Miss Winnie Shand, South Africa; Miss Elsie Atlee, Eastbourne; Mrs. H. F. A. Roche, East Molesey; Miss Wilson, Suffolk; Miss James, Leamington; Master Richard Edmonds, Africa; Miss B. Williams, Weymouth Junior C.E.; Mrs. Blackmore Fletcher, Southsea; Miss E. M. Bye, Lincoln; Miss Ethel Allkins, Verulam.



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£5 will rescue two girls from a life of shame.
£5 will maintain two slum sisters for six weeks.

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The Bishop of Durham writes: "The Evangelical Alliance is a grand means for the promotion of the spiritual sympathy and co-operation of Christians of many lands and Churches, scattered locally as to organisation, yet one in the Lord. It is also a powerful agency for the practical aid of the weak and oppressed, which God has largely used."

Rev. B. F. Meyer writes: "In my opinion the Evangelical Alliance was never more needed than in the present day, as the common meeting ground of those who are one in their loyalty and love to the one Divine Head."

Rev. G. C. Morgan recently wrote: "I look upon the Evangelical Alliance as a splendid organisation for the accomplishment of just the work our age needs."

Principal J. Oswald Dykes says: "The Alliance seems to me to render a service to Evangelical Religion which hardly any other Association can accomplish. I hope therefore it will continue to rally fresh supporters and receive a large measure of encouragement in its good work."

In sending financial help, or the names and addresses of new members, please direct to

The SEC., 7, ADAM ST., STRAND, W.C.

URGENT.

To complete the Good Samaritan Work of the

'Liberator' Relief Fund.

A further **£10,000**, or **200,000** shillings, still urgently needed to give **relief** to hundreds of aged, destitute, and afflicted victims of the great "Liberator" fraud, who were taught and trained in habits of temperance and thrift by their trusted leaders, only to find themselves suddenly robbed of their life-savings, and driven to face the dreaded workhouse, in spite of their endeavours to make some provision for their old age.

Ninety per cent. of these sufferers are members of some section of the **Christian Church.**

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

There are **3,014** cases on the Books of the Fund, of whom—

1,548 are Widows or Spinsters. **1,486** are over **60** years of age. **824** are over **70** years of age. **223** are over **80** years of age. Over **400** deaths through the disaster.

The Bitter Cry For Help

Is still coming to the Committee from sufferers who have bravely borne with their difficulties, till sickness or great destitution has compelled them to apply.

Cheques and P.O.'s should be made payable to the "Liberator" Relief Fund, crossed "The London City and Midland Bank," and sent to the Secretary—

REV. J. STOCKWELL WATTS,
16, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Royal Hospital for Incurables,

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W. DAVID NEWTON, Secretary.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

FOR HOME AND SUNDAY READING.

VOL. 6. MARCH, 1902. No. 6.

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FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

MATRON'S MANTLE.

At last the matrons have found a fashionable coat, or cloak, which is very becoming. The three-quarter-length cloak, which has been adopted by young and old alike, lends itself most happily for making up the rich brocades and heavily stamped velvets which

matrons love. One of the newest materials for such long mantles is a rich black Lyons silk, heavily worked in scrollings of chenille. The effect is most pleasing, while in amongst these most elaborate scrollings we see single dots of velvet almost as large as a sixpenny piece. Such a mantle can be trimmed in various ways, sometimes with heavily-crimped frills of thin silk, hemmed at the extreme edge with chenille to match the scrolling, as shown in the sketch; or, again, fur can be added right the way round, but this has by no means so dressy an effect. If extreme warmth is wanted in the mantle itself a wadded lining can always be added. The sleeves of this mantle are of the bell shape, provided with deep falling frills of chenille-edged silk, to match the trimmings used down the front. Some women—those of the tall and graceful order—can carry a further frill of the same, coming from under the bottom edge of the mantle, and, where this is becoming, it is very becoming indeed.

ABOUT BOOTS.

Ten or twelve years ago it was thought a slovenly thing to wear shoes for outdoor exercise, and no one dreamt of doing so in winter. Now boots are the exception, and the British ankle feminine has taken the opportunity to spread. Give the ankle an inch and it will take an ell. The toes do not abuse freedom in the same way. They do not grow thick and clumsy as the ankle does when unsupported by a boot, and bearing the entire weight of the body. Boot-makers should help us in reforming our foot-gear by making the soles at least as wide as those of the foot itself, and by studying the anatomy of the foot with a view to adapting the boot to it, instead of suiting the foot to the boot, as is the usual plan. The result is frequently a busy manufacture of corns and bunions, to say nothing of deformed toes. Our feet are among our most useful servants, and they are often very vilely treated. They never, however, fail to protest in telling fashion.

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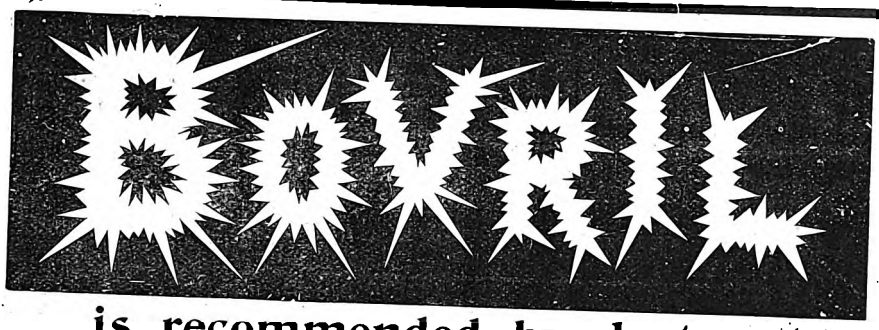

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It is no exaggeration to say its restorative powers are exceptional.
It acts like magic on people in low health.
Sold by most Licensed Grocers, Chemists, and Wine Merchants, 3/- and 1/9 per bottle.
Name and address of nearest Agent sent by return of post.

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EVENING BLOUSES.

The two evening bodices here sketched are respectively very simple and rather elaborate. The first is made of tucked white gauze frilled round the shoulders and provided with long sleeves, also tucked and frilled. The second is made of soft white silk, spotted with any color and trimmed

round the shoulders with a berthe of embroidered velvet. The velvet should match the spot on the silk. Turquoise blue embroidered with steel would be beautiful, or old rose velvet embroidered with mother-o'-pearl sequins of dull silver.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their soul into ours. God be thanked for books; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers; they give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.—W. E. CHANNING.

A SERVANT'S LIFE IN BERLIN.

English maid-servants who complain of their lot, and pant for ever to go out walking with their young man, should know what has just been elicited by statistics about the condition of their class in Berlin. Wages in Germany were always low, and, though they have risen, even now they only reach about two-thirds of English wages. Then these women have no rights; their employers may do pretty well what they please. If a girl leaves her place before the time specified she risks a fine; if she refuses a place after having accepted it, she is liable to be fined, and, perhaps, get five days' imprisonment. Few of the servants have a room to themselves; many of them sleep anywhere—in the bath-room, the passage, or in the kitchen. Others inhabit garrets where the roofs slope so that they cannot stand upright. Sometimes the window only opens on to the staircase or into another room. In some places the sleeping apartments can only be reached by a ladder. Occasionally two or more sleep in the same room, which is also used for the storing of old things, lumber, dirty linen, etc. Certainly, the condition of our servants contrasts very favourably with those of Germany; in addition, the hours of work are less long.

FENCING FOR WOMEN.

There are growing signs that fencing is more and more becoming a pastime for women, and assuredly of all sports it is one which none can decry as unsuitable to the sex. For promoting grace of carriage, quickness of eye and movement, and working all the muscles of the body, fencing is about the best exercise a woman can take. It is because it affords such good exercise that it is so much to be commended to girls and women who live in towns and have few means of getting the necessary amount of muscular work which all need if health is to be taken into consideration. Fencing, like ping-pong, can be indulged in at home, and produces excellent results in a very brief time, whilst it has this great advantage over most sports which are good from an exercising point of view, that it is an eminently graceful pastime.

One of the surest signs of immortality is the fact that we attain nothing here for which we have longed and striven, but that it presently crumbles and loses its substance. So all desire is simply a passing on and on from symbol to symbol, until we shall at length be satisfied by grasping the reality.

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EVENING DRESS.

The sketch illustrates a picturesque evening dress made of Pompadour English silk strapped with *panne* in such a way as to simulate a shaped flounce. The bodice is coat-shaped, and is composed of velvet in a bright tone of old rose, matching the tint of the principal flowers on the silk. The coat is

also strapped with *panne*, like the skirt, and has rather a full basque. The collar and sleeves are turned back with Irish lace, and the silk muslin vest is headed with a vandyke of similar lace. The belt and neck velvet are both black. The skirt would be lovely in painted chiffon and lace.

HIGH LEVEL BUSINESS.

The business man who regards his pursuit as a school of virtue rather than a sphere of selfish interests, who is daily studying its lessons of fidelity, integrity, and honour, will ever win its loftiest moral prizes. He may acquire a fortune or he may lose one; but in either case he will gain that which no wealth can bestow and no poverty take away—an unblemished name, an unsullied character, a fidelity to truth, and a conscious rectitude of purpose. These are the real treasures, pure and incorruptible, which the conscientious pursuit of business can bestow.

FLUSHED FACES.

Nothing is more unbecoming than a flushed face, and the consciousness of having to go through a whole evening with scarlet cheeks makes many a girl nervous and ill at ease. Washing the face in water as hot as it can be borne is a fair, but not infallible remedy. A refreshing preparation, chiefly made of cucumber, and widely removed from anything in the nature of a cosmetic, is admirable for keeping the cheeks cool and smooth during exercise of any kind. A great many girls really suffer by their unfortunate propensity to flush with excitement or exertion, and to remain obdurately crimson for hours. In the evening especially this is to be dreaded, for the whiteness of the uncovered neck shows up by contrast the hot cheeks.

ORIGINALITY NOT THE CHIEF THING.

Originality is not the greatest thing in the world. It is not the best thing for us to have, nor the thing for us to strive after. It is better for us to repeat a loving expression that we have said over again and again ever since we were children, than for us to use an utterly original expression that has not so much love in it. "Good-morning," "Good-night," "God bless you," "I love you," are not novel or original expressions, but they are all the better for that. They even gain in precious associations by their often repetition. Love is a thousand times more valuable than novelty or originality.

The people who help us most are those who make light of our achievements and have faith in our possibilities.

It is in the vexatious and humdrum duties of the home that our patience is developed. The way a man behaves when breakfast is late is a better test of his religion than is the way he behaves in church. It is comparatively easy to be sweet tempered when we have nothing to vex us, but to keep our hearts light and our faces bright 'mid the uninspiring labours of the home life, we must have the spirit of God dwelling in our hearts. Such living is possible. Not only is it possible, but necessary, if we would receive the greatest benefit from our religion, and live up to the fullest possible measure of our responsibilities. The Lord expects us to be true to Him in our homes during the week, as well as at church on the Sabbath, and we are not fulfilling His commands when we fail to live every hour of every day in accord with the high standard He has set before us.

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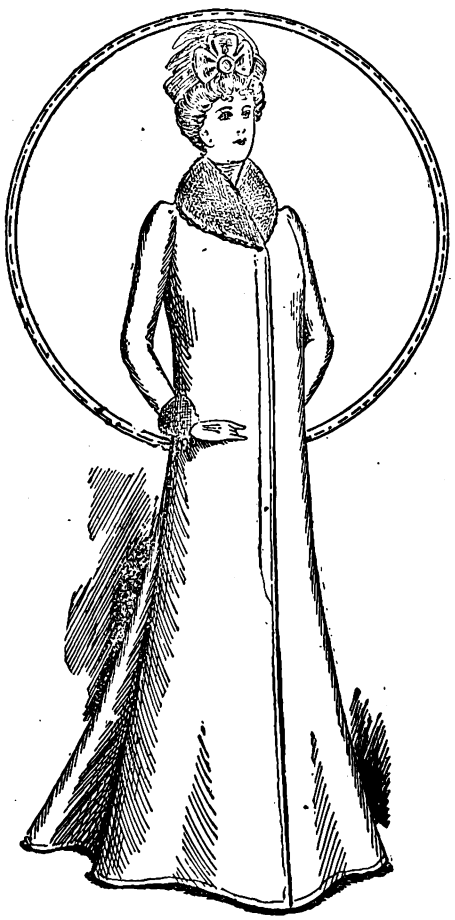
A TRAVELLING CLOAK.

Long travelling cloaks are just now very fashionable, while they can be made of fur or of cloth. The former, however, is far too expensive for most folks' purchase; therefore let us content ourselves with a really good cloth of black, chocolate brown, or biscuit colour. This may be lined throughout with some dainty shot silk, or, better still, some inexpensive fur. A good idea is to have the whole coat lined throughout with



silk. Then a small jacket piece of fur, reaching to the hips only, should be loosely tacked into position, so that it may be quickly removed when the weather gets warmer and brighter, and so in no way interfere with the ordinary cloak lining provided. Collar and revers, as shown in the sketch, or even a cape-like piece of fur, add not a little to the dainty appearance of such a mantle, while, for such purposes, astrakhan or mink will be found the most serviceable trimming.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

It is an interesting fact that in the Anglo-Saxon period of our history the wife of the reigning Sovereign could not legally wear a crown of state. But we have a record of the first Queen Consort who was crowned Queen, namely, Judith, the wife of Ethelwulf, King of Wessex. Ethelwulf, being apparently a man of some force of character, called together his Parliament to legally sanction the Coronation of his Queen. Parliament proved agreeable, and the ceremony was duly carried out, the young Queen being anointed and crowned. The greater part of the service in this early ceremony is preserved, and there is little doubt that some of it will be incorporated in the coming Coronation Service of the Queen Consort. Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, was crowned at Winchester, and on this occasion William, who had been previously crowned at Westminster Abbey amid bloodshed and tumult, was recrowned. She went to the Cathedral Duchess of Normandy, surrounded by Norman followers. She returned to the Coronation banquet Queen of England, and was henceforth served by the English. Of Henry VIII.'s Queens only two, Katherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn, were crowned. The third, Jane Seymour, would have received this honour only the plague was raging round the Abbey.

THE QUEEN AS POULTRY-KEEPER.

The Queen is the first poultry-keeper in the kingdom, and a regular exhibitor and prize-winner at all the great shows. One of her favourite varieties is the Silkie, a quaint little fowl with wonderful white plumage of silky texture. They are said to be excellent mothers for rearing pheasants, and are much in request at Sandringham. The Queen also has some of the tiniest and smartest bantams in the country, and their excellence from a show point of view is proved by the number of prizes they win.

There is nothing a man of good sense dreads in a wife so much as having more sense than himself.

It is seldom that a man loses his temper, even under the greatest provocation, without having cause, sooner or later, to regret his want of self-command. There are few of our fellow-creatures so unimportant that it is not worth while to conciliate them, none that may not some time have it in their power to inflict on us an injury.

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CHILD'S FROCK.

The sketch shows a child's frock in the ever useful blue serge. The skirt, which hangs from a yoke, is arranged in box-pleats. The girdle is kept in place by

passing underneath these pleats as in a Norfolk jacket. The collar and turn-back cuffs are of cream or blue silk, trimmed with straps of satin ribbon.

GIVING BETTER THAN GETTING.

No true love, no right service for another, is ever lost. Even if the one for whom it was intended fails to appreciate it, or to receive its full benefit, the one who gives the love or renders the service is uplifted and ennobled by its outgiving. What right-minded person can regret that he gave love, even though it was not returned, or that he did a service which was not acknowledged? After all, there is even greater gain in loving than in being loved, in serving than in being served, and it is ever more blessed to give than to receive.

A man should not place happiness as the sole aim of his existence; he should strive to win honour and distinction, to benefit his fellow-men, and, above all, to fulfil his duty, with no higher reward here below than his own approval.

TIARAS AT THE CORONATION.

That tiaras are to be worn by the peeresses at the Coronation is the cause of undoubted satisfaction. The days when these were trying and unbecoming ornaments are past, and one has only mentally to recall a gala night at the Opera to know how imposing and stately they are. That the order for them to be worn will do much good to jewelers is doubtful. Most of our peeresses possess tiaras, some of them no doubt old-fashioned, but these very few. There may be some re-setting, and there will be much cleaning of family jewels, but the greatest cause for pleasure in the definite order is the gain to the display on the historic occasion. Peeresses, it is reported, are troubled in mind as to the becoming disposal on one head of a tiara and a coronet. Indeed, it seems somewhat difficult, especially as modern tiaras are crown-shaped, and a coronet poised on the top of a crown of jewels seems rather odd to the mind's eye. Women are very clever, however, and a way out will be found. Of course it will be but for a moment that coronets will be donned. Perhaps if peeresses poise them over their heads just for that moment it will do.

SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

Science, so far from annihilating the supernatural, has demonstrated it; every great scientific work confesses it. And if it were true, which I cannot admit, and some day hope to disprove, that science to-day has discredited the supernatural in the Bible, it has only been by showing that the Bible itself is supernatural. That a creature sprung from a piece of protoplasm, like man, should have lived to write this Book, and have thought such thoughts, and seen such visions and cherished such inspirations, or that should have grasped God and have communed with Him, as they do commune, should have lived in Him and died in Him, unblenched by the shadow of death, and their heart unshaken by the wrath of the world—this is all unexplained by any natural laws, and is literary supernatural and cannot be explained by any science, so-called, except by the supreme ancient and modern science—theology.—R. F. HORTON, M.A.

The performance of small duties, yes even of the smallest, will do no more to give temporary repose, will act more as healthful anodynes, than the greatest joys that come to us from any other quarter.

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AN EVENING CAPE.

One of the newest evening capes is arranged with a pointed front, and the back

also falling in a rounded droop. Such a garment must be by no means short, otherwise the style will be entirely lost. The best length is for the front points to reach within two or three inches of the knees, sloping up to some five or six inches shorter at the elbows, and drooping again rather longer at the back than it is at the front. Such a cape may be perfectly plain, of a good fine cloth, finished with handsome sable or mink collar. Again, a good glacé silk may be arranged in this fashion, a new and dainty notion being to cover the groundwork of the silk with rosettes of very narrow ribbon.

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As yet no very decided fashion has asserted itself among the tailors who cater for our sex. Broad stitched strappings, with medallions of velvet of a contrasting colour, make a smart gown. *Panne* is now being treated to resemble broadtail, and very beautiful dresses are the result, especially when trimmed with ermine. Blouses of sable are trimmed with Venetian point, and have handsome belts studded with jewels. Broad lace ties in the front are being worn with simple cloth skirts accompanied with the evermodish flannel shirt. Cloths are embroidered with leaves in satin *appliqué*, and trimmed with fur; and sometimes tufts of fur figure in the embroidery.

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THE GREAT MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.

AMONG the Illustrated Articles in ***THE QUIVER*** for March is one entitled "AND YE CLOTHED ME," which describes the work of various organisations in the Metropolis which have in hand the special task of clothing the ragged. The VICAR OF BURTON-ON-TRENT gives a number of instances of "PREACHERS' DILEMMAS," and MR. E. BRUCE LOW tells the story of the Covenanters of Scotland, one of his series of papers on "HEROES OF GOD." MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD writes an interesting and chatty paper on journeyings "IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL." There are instalments of the two Serials by S. BARING-GOULD and DAVID LYALL. The DEAN OF GLOUCESTER writes in his usual able manner on "WHAT I SAW IN THE CATACOMBS," and the REV. A. J. HARRISON, the well-known missioner, contributes an article on "CHRISTIAN FAITH." The number also contains four complete stories, one of which is specially suited for young readers, and a new hymn tune is given.

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THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Who advocates Practical Instruction in Technical Education for Women.

Photo by [*W. Grove, Brompton Road.*

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LADY WARWICK AND HER WORK FOR WOMEN.

By WILFRED MARK WEBB.

IT has rightly been said that while many educationalists were content to talk about their subject, Lady Warwick set to work and did something to fill the gaps in our system of teaching. Lady Warwick's labours have in a great measure been directed towards the educating of those who wish to get their living in the country on the land, and her undertakings—at least those which have the largest scope—seek to provide useful employment for women. In pursuance of the last mentioned idea Lady Warwick was, a short time ago, the proprietor of a shop in London in which the output of her school of needlework was systematically disposed of. The school in question was carried on at Bigods Hall, near Dunmow, and was attended by the country girls who lived on the Easton Lodge estate. This property was inherited by Lady Warwick from her father, Viscount Maynard, upon whose death the title became extinct.

The writer well remembers a pleasant visit to Bigods Hall when, under the guidance of the founder of the school, he was enabled to watch the many lasses as they sat round a great table and busily plied their needles. He also saw the buildings erected for Lady Warwick's Rural Secondary School, which was almost, if not quite the first of these institutions to be established in England and still remains one of the few, which it has been pointed out may well serve as object lessons to the country at large. Bigods Hall is now the boarding-house in connection with this establishment, which is carried on as a "School of Science," as defined in the regulations of the Board of Education. It follows, therefore, that there are good laboratories in the school buildings, where such subjects as chemistry, physics, and the study of plants and animals can be carried on practically. Furthermore, there are workshops for wood and workshops for metal, together with a kitchen used for teaching purposes, while one of the attractions for the guests at the prize-giving last summer was the recently opened model dairy with its fittings complete.

A WINNER OF FIVE PRIZES.

The pupils are boys and girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen years, and their ranks are not recruited to any

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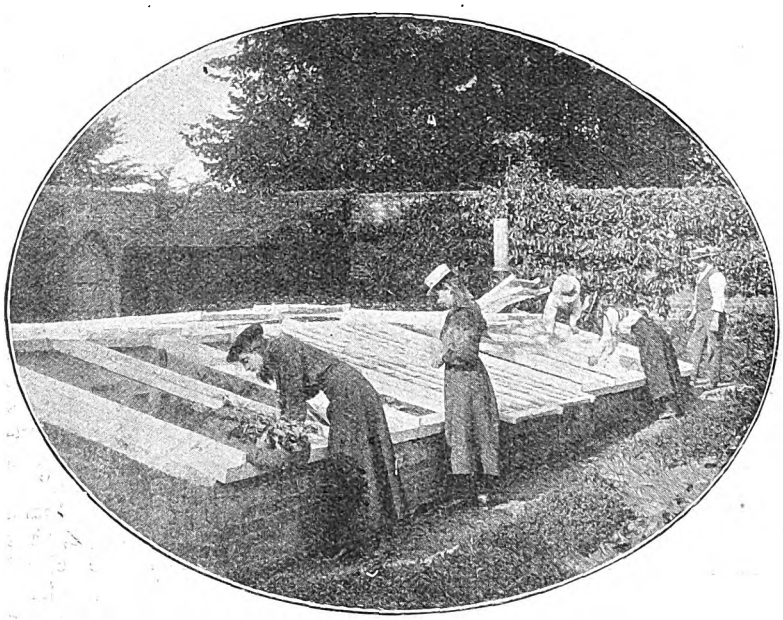
appreciable extent, as might be supposed, from elementary schools. For the first two years the education imparted is intentionally of a general character, but it is one in which a training in science forms (as it should do in all schools) an important branch. In most educational establishments, sad to say, science is still treated as if it were a subject like geography or history and the time allotted to it in the time-table is in proportion with this antiquated idea. To obtain the valuable training which a knowledge of scientific methods alone can give, a pupil must practise them for himself and this necessitates a comparatively large expenditure of time.



A CORNER OF THE OLD WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN—THE GIRLS ARE STORING TENDER PLANTS IN THE COLD PITS.

After the second year at Bigods a more agricultural bias is given to the work, and half the time-table is occupied with agriculture and horticulture, dairying as well as the keeping of poultry and bees. There is no farm attached to the school, and many of those who are in a position to form an opinion upon the subject are not inclined to recommend the addition of one, but frequent visits are paid to those in the neighbourhood and a great deal is made of the experimental garden —an acre or more in extent. Here, the chief plants and their varieties used for crops are grown and new sorts are tested. Besides this, experiments in the use of artificial manures are carried out and others demonstrating the theory of crop rotation similarly arranged.

There is already a staff of five teachers under the direction of the Principal, Mr. E. E. Hennessey, B.A., B.Sc., whose subjects are agriculture with dairying, mathematics and English, drawing, wood work and metal work, domestic training, and gardening. To science pure and simple, among other things, the Principal gives his attention. This high state of efficiency has been reached in the short time which has elapsed since Lady Warwick planned out the main idea in 1897. In elaborating the scheme she has had the benefit of the advice of Professor Meldola and the sympathy of the officials of the old Science and Art Department, now merged into the new Board of Education. The Essex County Council Technical Instruction Committee has also contributed a modest grant of money, and several neighbouring landowners have offered annual scholarships, while important fittings such as the fire engine on the workshops are the gifts of those interested in the success of the undertaking.

The Lady Warwick Hostel at Reading is but a part of its originator's agricultural scheme for women with its registry and information bureau and the *Woman's Agricultural Times* for an official organ. The latter is issued every month under the editorship of the Countess of Warwick. This scheme was first mooted by Lady Warwick in the Christmas number of the *Land Magazine* for 1897, in an article entitled "Women and the Future of Agriculture," which opened with the following words:—

The increasing pressure of our female population into every channel of employment is, perhaps, of all our nineteenth century

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problems that which confronts us with the greatest difficulties. And only second to the problem in its national urgency is the continuous catastrophe of agricultural depression. If, therefore, it were by any means possible to discover profitable employment, and employment upon the land for very large numbers of women, such a project as this might, indeed, take rank among the supreme triumphs of social science.

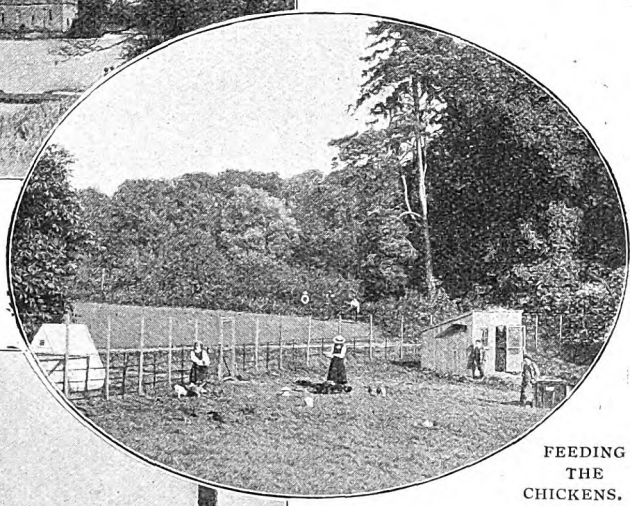
In furtherance of this brilliant idea, Lady Warwick proposed to open an Agricultural Training College for Women, and to establish Women's Agricultural Settlements in different parts of the country.

WARWICK CASTLE.
The Beautiful Home of Lady Warwick.

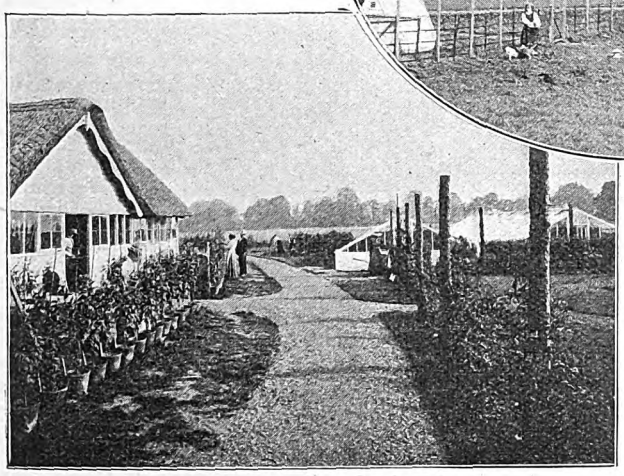
With regard to the first project—in August, 1898, the Lady Warwick Hostel was started at Reading to accommodate twenty-four women students. The great expense of maintaining a full college staff was obviated by an arrangement whereby part of the work was done at Reading University Extension College. Shortly afterwards Brooke House was taken as a residence for fourteen additional students, while within the year Maynard Hostel was acquired to provide for sixteen more. In May, 1900, two large greenhouses were erected, and a pair of six-roomed cottages were added in September of the same year.

The Women's Settlements have of necessity had to wait until there was a supply of trained students available for carrying them on. This is now becoming the case, and several have already made application to start work during the present year.

Returning once more to the Hostels at Reading,



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.



IN THE ROSE GARDENS AT READING

we find that the students, who are the daughters of professional men, and over the age of sixteen, get most of their theoretical instruction at Reading College during the morning, though the consummation of Lady Warwick's ideas will see the whole of the work done at a Women's Agricultural

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College. Similarly practical butter and cheese making are learned at the British Dairy Institute. As, however, there are sixteen acres of land and some three or four hundred feet of glass houses available in connection with the Hostel, it is possible to carry on practical work there in horticulture, as well as poultry and bee-keeping. There is also a marketing department, in which the special training required for this important branch of the work can be obtained, and another dealing with preparation for colonial life has recently been added. It is very interesting to spend an afternoon in the grounds of the Hostel. Here the girls may be seen looking after the chickens and working in the open air at the general operations of gardening, or occupied in the houses with flower or fruit culture. The growing of mushrooms is also carried on with much success, and at the time of writing a most satisfactory crop is to be found in the dark house specially set apart for this branch of horticulture. This house, it may be said in passing, was most useful as a temporary dark room in which to change one's photographic plates on the occasion when the pictures illustrating this part of the article were taken.

BOYS AND GIRLS AT WORK IN THE DAIRY—CHURNING AND BUTTER-MAKING.

A two years' course is the minimum, and little difficulty has been experienced in obtaining posts for those students who have been through the curriculum. Three or four have been chosen to fill appointments at the Hostel itself, others have become instructresses in dairying or horticulture, dairy or poultry managers or gardeners, while others, again, have started in business for themselves. Not the least interesting are the cases of students who have agricultural property of their own, and take back with them a practical experience which must be of great value. There seems, however, to be considerable likelihood that, unless the whole scope of the undertaking be enlarged, students will soon have to be turned away. At present there are about fifty, or nearly the maximum that can be accommodated.

Lady Warwick says that her scheme is not philanthropic, and that it is why it has not appealed as it ought to do to the women of this country, who are ever nobly generous in the cause of charity. She thinks, however, that it is quite as noble and certainly as practical to help women to help themselves; to educate and advise and launch efficient skilled workers who will, independent of others, earn the right to their place in the community. There is no likelihood of the property now in use at Reading being purchased, as it is valuable for building upon; but there is no doubt that when the funds for the completion of the scheme are forthcoming, a neighbouring landowner will part with some of his property upon special and most generous terms. It is to be hoped that the experimental stages of the work will soon be past, and that all the teaching will take place in one institution, a condition of affairs which must remove many difficul-

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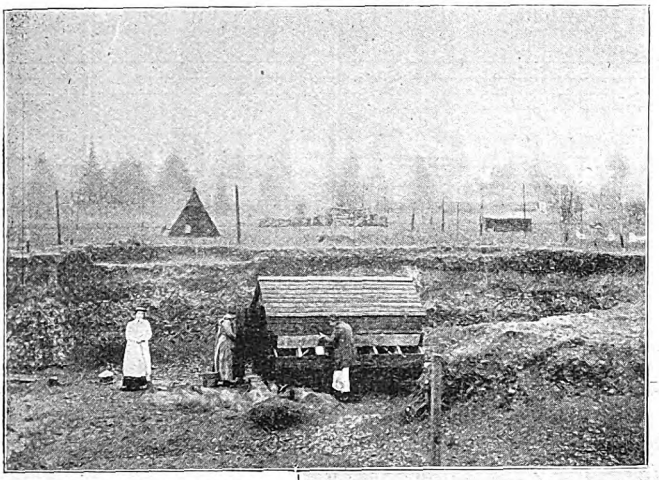

ATTENDING TO POULTRY HOUSE.

ties and objections quite as obvious to the promoters of the scheme as to those who critically regard its actualities rather than its possibilities.

We must pass over with but brief mention the Agricultural Association for Women, which first saw light in February, 1899. Its members are all those, both men and women, who are interested directly or indirectly in agriculture, horticulture, or rural industries. Its useful registry is however confined to women who are dairy teachers, gardeners, florists, or otherwise occupied with agricultural work in its widest sense. It must be borne in mind, however, that the suggestion throughout the whole scheme is that women should be trained in order to fit themselves to take up the lighter branches of agriculture. In the pages of the *Women's Agricultural Times* many telling and useful articles have appeared. In some of the early numbers there was a tendency to depreciate the value of the scientific side of horticulture which, in these days of technical education, was rather a pity. A practical training in any industry by itself is all right, so long as things go smoothly and no originality is required, but once let difficulties arise the need for the training if not the facts gained from science work is at once apparent. One of the criticisms passed upon the present education system for the army is that it does not encourage that initiative which is such a necessity for an officer.

Another and important work into which Lady Warwick is throwing herself with her usual energy and enthusiasm is the organisation of an exhibition of all branches of nature-study work, which it is intended shall be held in London during the coming summer. We will not attempt to discuss what nature study is or is not, but simply say that for the present purpose it means eveything connected with the teaching of country lore or rural industries, and the result of practical work and experiment. The efforts of any educational establishment may be represented, and doubtless prizes will be offered for collective exhibits and for the work of a single pupil, for competition among elementary and continuation schools, those coming under the heading of secondary as well as Home Office and Poor Law Schools.

THE GIRLS ARE ADEPTS IN THE USE OF THE SPADE.

At the present time, when the Board of Education has followed the suggestion of the Agricultural Education Committee, and is doing all it can to give country children, more especially, some interest in the knowledge of the animal and plant life around them, an exhibition of this kind must have a special value and importance. Moreover, County Councils are striving to train existing teachers for the work and the Government is providing for those who will become teachers opportunities to gain the proper qualifications.

WILFRED MARK WEBB.

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A CHARMING FELLOW.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

"ALL I hope is the poor dear won't go into a decline." These words might have been addressed to the chandelier which signally failed to light a large drawing-room in Leinster-terrace, to a huge mirror over the white marble mantelpiece, to a grand piano—"Erard's very best," as Mrs. Broxdaile often assured all and sundry—to a group of palms and ferns, which lent some grace to a rather dreary apartment; to any one, or anything, in fact, save the quiet-looking gentleman who, with "self-made" writ large all over him, sat beside a shaded lamp reading the *Engineer*.

Nevertheless, it was he who, laying down that most admirable, though not amusing, journal, "in which," Mrs. Broxdaile said, "his life was wrapped up," asked:

"Why should she do anything of the kind?"

"If you remember, her Aunt Sophy went off that way."

"I thought she died of measles?"

"So the doctor said; but measles wouldn't have hurt her if she hadn't got into a low state of health fretting about a young man across the sea before she took them."

"Eva has had measles; therefore you need not be uneasy concerning her," replied matter-of-fact Mr. Broxdaile, which common-sense answer elicited the startling rejoinder:

"Ben—Ben—I always knew you could be stubborn as a mule, but I never thought to find you hard as the nether millstone."

"How have I been hard?"

"How? Why, just look at that sweet child pining and dwindling away under your very eyes; fretting ever and always; her silvery laughter silent; scarcely a smile to be seen; hardly a word to be got out of her—and all because you won't let her marry the man of her choice."

"My dear wife, I don't prevent her marrying the man of her choice. This is a free country. In a very few months she will be of age, and then she can marry any man she pleases; that is, supposing he pleases to marry her."

"But how are they to marry without money?"

"That is a question Mr. Sidney ought to have asked himself before he proposed."

"How was he to know you would refuse to give her any fortune?"

"Why should I give her a fortune?"

"Why?" replied Mrs. Broxdaile, dropping her knitting as she spoke. "Isn't she your only child? the only one left out of seven? Have you ever denied her anything till now? Has she not been dearer to you than aught else in the world? When a baby, if she had cried for the moon, would you not have striven to bring it down to her? And now—and now——"

"She is crying for a husband instead of the moon, which I could not have got for her had she cried for a year."

"And you won't give her the husband she has set her heart on."

"Most certainly I will not. As I said just now, she can marry Mr. Sidney in a few months without any consent of mine if he likes to take her, but I utterly decline to give her a dowry, which is all the man wants. If he had not known I was fairly well off, we should never have heard a word of this nonsense."

"Mr. Sidney has lots of rich relations."

"Then let them find the sinews of war. I never will."

"And he such a perfect gentleman—Mrs. Vennett's own words—and you know she kept a school for the first in the land."

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"I do not care what she kept. I say the man's an imposter and a cad."

"Dear, dear, when he won't even let me open a door for myself. He's up like a shot the minute he sees me stir from my chair."

"Oh!" said Mr. Broxdaile, who could not be accused of erring in the way of excess as regarded such delicate attentions.

"And he is the best of good company. He can keep the room in a roar. As Mrs. Stark said no later than last week, nobody need hire professionals when privates can sing and act like him."

"I have no doubt he can act a part very well. I only wish he had refrained from giving proof of his powers in this house,"

"Ben, what has come over you? I have often heard you talk nasty; but I never did hear you speak so spiteful as about Mr. Sidney, who, as everybody, except yourself, declares, has not a fault—unless being too nice is one."

"I was not born in the purple, Susan, but I think I know a gentleman when I meet one."

"That is just what gets over me. Why is it you can't, or won't, see Mr. Sidney comes of the best in the land?"

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Sidney cannot lay claim to any high origin."

"And his father in the 'Commons and Waste Lands' Office for six-and-twenty years."

"If he had been in it for six hundred and twenty, it would make no difference to me."

"Not when your only child's life is in danger?"

"I would rather see her in her coffin than married to Mr. Sidney—she'd be safe if she were dead; but I don't know what she might have to go through as his wife."

"Is that your last word, Benjamin?"

"Yes; if the girl wanted to take poison, I would not give it to her—and I am not going to help her to the man she has gone crazy about. As I said just now, I can't prevent the marriage, supposing they choose to marry; but I can refuse to throw hard earned money after a foolish daughter; and I do refuse, most distinctly, to let your friend have the handling of a shilling of mine. That is my last word, Susan, and I shall stick to it."

Whereupon Mrs. Broxdaile retired from the room in tears, and sought her pretty daughter, who wept freely when she heard—not for the first time—Mr. Broxdaile's stern decision.

"And when he sets down his foot," finished the foolish wife and mother, "wild horses could not make him take it up again," which was true; though it is only fair to add the "self-made" one rarely set it down without good reason.

"What Clement will say I'm sure I can't imagine," sobbed pretty Eva. "It really is too dreadful. I wish there was not such a thing as money in the world."

All very well in theory, but when the innocent child's soul longed for a "sweet bonnet," and a "just too lovely dress," she did not disdain the humble cheque, which speedily made unto itself wings.

What Clement said later on in the "snatched" interview, which was all the happiness Mr. Broxdaile's "peculiarities" permitted, may be summed up as follows:—

"Never mind, darling; I must only work the harder. The seven years seemed but a day to Jacob while serving for his Rachel, and love will make toil sweet for me. Of course, *my* father will do all he can. He is not a millionaire, however, alas! If he were—but there ——" He lapsed into a silence which pointed, more eloquently than words could have done, the mental and moral difference that existed between Mr. Stephen Sidney, late her Majesty's servant in the dead and buried "Commons and Waste Lands," and Mr. Benjamin Broxdaile, unjustly singled out by Fickle Fortune as a fit and proper person to receive many good things.

"You are a hero," said Mrs. Broxdaile. Pretty Eva said nothing, only held out her hand and looked at him with swimming eyes.

Then he kissed Eva, and Mrs. Broxdaile kissed him, an attention with which, under the melancholy circumstances, he could, perhaps, have dispensed. So the affecting interview ended. Mr. Sidney passed out into the night, thinking thoughts unnecessary to chronicle. Eva went to bed, and, spite of her grief, fell asleep, which young folks have a happy facility for doing. Mrs. Broxdaile returned to the dreary drawing-room, where she reproachfully regarded her husband, who, buried behind his paper, seemed unconscious of his wife's displeasure.

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But his stolidity was assumed, for he loved Eva, and it vexed him to deny her anything—even so poor a thing as he considered Mr. Clement Sidney.

II.

In the early spring of that year business had called Mr. Broxdaile to America, and compelled him to remain there for eight months, during most of which period the house in Leinster Terrace was let—and Mrs. and Miss Broxdaile luxuriated in "foreign parts." They had, indeed, a delightful time, for Miss Broxdaile could converse in many languages; and although Mrs. Broxdaile understood only her own, and that imperfectly, she met with plenty of people able to understand and talk to her.

Money abounded, for Mr. Broxdaile was not mean, and the only unfortunate part of that long holiday proved its end. Agreeable things always do end, whereas there is a quiet persistence about the stay of unpleasant matters, which needs reform. Mother and daughter journeyed back leisurely to Flushing, where they took boat for Queensborough, at which port, being unaccustomed to travel, they experienced some difficulty with a large quantity of luggage.

The hour was early and they were late. They became confused and flurried, and would have lost their train or been separated from their effects had not "a total stranger taken all the trouble on his own shoulders," according to Mrs. Broxdaile, travelled up with them to Victoria, where he saw their possessions taken out of one van and safely put into another warranted to convey trunks, boxes, hold-alls, and various mysterious packages to the destination desired.

More than this, when they arrived at —— Street, "Lo, and behold!" to quote Mrs. Broxdaile's artless phrase, the same gentleman assisted them to alight, hailed a cab, saw everything was correct, told the driver where to go, refused the elder lady's invitation to accompany them to Leinster Terrace and partake of breakfast; but asked if he might call in the course of a few days and inquire if she and her daughter had recovered from the fatigue of their disagreeable journey.

This was the beginning; the end can be imagined by anyone familiar with the foolishly trustful way in which some individuals make, not merely acquaintances, but intimates of utter strangers.

Mr. Sidney in due time called and was received by Mrs. Broxdaile as though she had known him from his infancy. Every circumstance he omitted to tell her on their journey through pleasant Kent concerning his family, his position, his antecedents, his hopes, he managed to recount on the afternoon when he availed himself "of the lady's kindness." Other visitors dropped in. "Fortunate always," he thought, for from them also he won golden opinions.

"He is perfectly charming," said Mrs. Wellman to her daughter, as they wended their homeward way to Finchley Road, a statement repeated by so many persons during the next few weeks that the song of praise swelled into a chorus which, proclaiming Mr. Sidney to be "handsome, distinguished, delightful, attractive, amusing, well-informed, courteous, highly-bred," and many other things of a like sort, sunk into pretty Eva's heart and caused it to throb with joy and anguish—joy that "he should be considered such a paragon," anguish when she remembered how unlikely it was he should ever, ever, ever deign to think of her who ever, ever, etc., would think unceasingly of him.

Which only proved how foolish a little maiden her father's darling was; in fact, the most foolish, romantic, unselfish, loveable little maiden who could have been found in the length and breadth of London. She had no more worldly sense than a baby in arms, which was only natural, remembering her bringing up.

Through her brief life she knew few save weak women and sentimental girls, heard little except stupid uninteresting gossip and silly love talk; read nothing more elevating than the sensational and unreal tales which beguiled her mother's far too abundant leisure, and did not think much of anything beyond the prince destined to come, the castle to which he would take her, and the fairyland wherein they would dwell for ever after!

Which was the fault as much of clever Mr. Broxdaile as of his certainly not clever wife. Unknown, perhaps, to himself, the former held the Oriental faith that women should be kept in seclusion, at all events as long as possible, and this faith had its root deep down in all that was most tender and most chivalrous in the self-made man's nature. His daughter

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was the last and best dream left to him out of the many delusive visions that had cheered him on to worldly success.

His wife he loved as well as, perhaps more than ever, but that dream was now a prosaic reality. His wealth was real enough, it is true, but, though he once believed wealth alone capable of conferring happiness he believed in that delusion no longer. He had dreamt dreams concerning sons, who were to help him in his business and carry his name to greater heights than he had ever aspired to climb, and behold, one after another, six sons were born only to go in their tender infancy where earthly titles are of no avail, and money is as naught.

Then she, the little Eva, came and did not die, but stayed to fill the home with happiness and sing her childish songs and play with her doll and kitten, at "Merrie Islington"; to run out and greet "da, da," to grow into girlhood and go to school and practise scales and play her little tunes to "father," and be sent abroad to learn languages, and return to lighten the Leinster Terrace house, and be altogether the sweetest and most irresponsible creature who ever committed the great mistake of falling in love with the wrong person; while her male parent still persisted in wandering through the Egyptian wilderness of regarding her as a child who, one day, might be asked in marriage by some good young man of his own type, not above his station, yet ambitious—some good young man who might be made first a knight and then a baronet, and then——?

Such is the stuff, not altogether unsubstantial, modern commercial dreams are made of, but which, judging from results, often does not prove more satisfying than the gossamer threads of those romances that have come down to us through the ages.

Let, however, the material be worth what it might, Mr. Broxdaile was in America shaping a serviceable garment, "warranted to please" everybody, out of it the while his daughter was pledging her troth to a total stranger.

From the moment Mr. Sidney courteously offered his services, her poor little heart had fluttered out to "the charming fellow," as Mrs. Broxdaile's connection soon called him.

Tremblingly, at the end of five weeks, she confessed his love was returned. Without any trembling at all Mrs. Broxdaile accepted him jubilantly as a future son-in-law.

"But it's only fair to tell you," said that worthy lady, in a burst of frankness, "I'm nobody; it's my husband you'll have to do with. I have no authority to speak one way or the other."

Mr. Sidney said he was not at all daunted; he knew he could satisfy Mr. Broxdaile. Though he had not the income he could desire he should soon have it. Very shortly he would be able to place his darling in the position that was her right. Now that he had Mrs. Broxdaile's approval he would write to Lord Barnfield and Sir Theodore Megwell, two of his father's kind old chiefs, and tell them of the happiness looming before him. Either could answer any questions Mr. Broxdaile might think needful to ask, as also Dean Alperton, and, he might add, the Bishop of Rutland, who had known him nearly all his life.

"As I always told you, dear Mrs. Broxdaile," finished Mr. Sidney, who was "nothing if not straightforward," "though I have little money, I have heaps of friends."

"Indeed you have," answered the good lady, "and they are better than money."

"It is very kind of you to say so," he laughed. "Still, if Heaven had been pleased to give me the choice I fancy I should have preferred money."

"There you go," said Mrs. Broxdaile merrily. "You are just like all the men."

"I assure you I am not," returned Mr. Sidney, with more truth than his mother-in-law-to-be supposed. "Nevertheless, I hope you will write soon and inform Mr. Broxdaile there is for me but one woman in the world, and that is—his sweet daughter."

"He'd best see you first, and then he'll be as much pleased as I am."

To which opinion the speaker adhered with such persistence that Mr. Sidney's heart often misgave him as to what the result might prove to be. He grew so uneasy, in fact, that at last his fears found expression in such sentences as:

"I cannot tell what I dread, but I do *wish* that interview were over, as I never wished anything before in my life." Or: "O darling, if we could only walk quietly to church one morning and return man and wife!" Or: "Supposing your father should not like me, and refuse his

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consent?" "Dearest, if we were but married and the matter beyond recall."

To which, and many similar remarks Mrs. Broxdaile would reply:

"There is no need to be uneasy; Mr. Broxdaile will like you, never fear." And Eva: "Father is the best father in all the world. He has never refused me anything."

Which was quite true; but then she had never asked before for a husband, and this was probably the reason that, as the time of Mr. Broxdaile's return drew near, mother and daughter became so palpably nervous. Mr. Sidney shook in his shoes, and referred more than once to the "good old days, when valiant knights were wont to carry off their lady-loves and so set cruel parents at defiance."

All unconscious of the surprise awaiting him, Mr. Broxdaile, eager to see his family as soon as possible, left the Cunard boat at Queenstown and travelled *viâ* Dublin to London, where he arrived tired, but happy, one evening when Mr. Sidney was "basking" in that bliss he had never enjoyed till made free of the Leinster Terrace drawing-room.

When Mr. Broxdaile departed for America he sailed from Liverpool; therefore, Mrs. Broxdaile made sure he would return by the same route. Had she not felt so positive about this matter Mr. Sidney might not have been "sunning himself" in the eyes of his beloved when the self-made man suddenly appeared before his astonished family.

Talk of "a skeleton at a feast," of Banquo's ghost, of apparitions! Why, any number of spectres could not have produced greater consternation than the sight of poor Mr. Broxdaile, who, entering his own drawing-room, sure of a cordial welcome, was greeted by a shriek from his wife and the sight of an almost fainting daughter, supported by a total stranger.

It is often said "matters arrange themselves," and, as if to prove the truth of this axiom, matters did arrange the dreaded explanation that night with a vengeance.

Mrs. Broxdaile was the first to speak.

"Lor! how you did frighten me, Ben," she exclaimed.

"So it seems!" Ben answered grimly.

"Why could you not have sent a line or a telegram?"

This time Mr. Broxdaile made no reply—perhaps he was thinking, "quite as well I did not."

"Terrifying the poor child too!"

"Evans wanted to announce me, but I thought I would give you a pleasant surprise! It was inconsiderate, perhaps."

There was such a dry irony about this remark that Mr. Sidney felt as though iced water were running down his spine. He had placed Eva in an easy chair, and, feeling his presence might, under the circumstances, be considered *de trop*, would have modestly retired had not Mrs. Broxdaile interposed with: "Pray don't go, Mr. Sidney. Ben, this is a gentleman we have become acquainted with since you went away."

Mr. Broxdaile bowed, Mr. Sidney bowed and timidly put out his hand, which the former did not seem to see; at all events, he did not take it.

"I am sorry to have intruded on a family meeting," said the charming fellow nervously.

"Thank you; but my return was, as you see, quite unexpected."

"I really must be going," declared Mr. Sidney, as Mr. Broxdaile moved across the room to speak to his daughter.

Mrs. Broxdaile raised a warning finger, and intimated by a grimace that her lord and master "had a very bad pain in his temper," but she only said aloud:

"Well, if you must be off—good-night. I hope it won't be long before we see you again"—a speech meant more for the benefit of Mr. Broxdaile than her departing guest.

The conversation which ensued that night after Eva, with a nervous headache, had sought her room, need not be set down. It can quite as well be imagined as described. Suffice it to say that, after a series of equivocations, Mr. Broxdaile eventually managed to extract the naked truth from his wife.

"He'd question the dead out of their graves," she subsequently declared to Mr. Sidney. "He ought to have been a lawyer, that's what he ought to have been." A statement which did not greatly comfort the disheartened lover, who knew he would soon be under the harrow himself.

Mr. Broxdaile did not say much to his wife, but what he did say was to the point. He would see Mr. Sidney.

"And I could not get another word out of him. I know no more than that

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piano," referring to Erard's *chef d'œuvre*, "what he has in his mind," commented Mrs. Broxdaile.

Mr. Sidney thought he knew, but imitated the "self-made" one's reticence.

The momentous interview, however, passed over quietly. Mr. Broxdaile did not storm, or reproach, or express astonishment—the aspirant for Miss Eva's hand would have felt more satisfied had he done any of the three.

With one leg crossed over the other, his elbows resting on the arms of an easy chair and the finger-tips of his right hand lightly touching the tips of his left—his favourite attitude when "at attention"—he listened to all Mr. Sidney had to tell, and reserved his decision.

In London it is tolerably easy to get to know most things without calling in the aid of a detective, and Mr. Broxdaile ere long learnt everything which concerned his daughter's suitor.

When he had done so, he wrote declining the honour of the proposed connection.

Immediately there ensued a very bad time in Leinster Terrace. Mrs. Broxdaile might have been Xantippe herself, so admirably did she act the part of that celebrated matron. Many, many vials of wrath did she pour on her devoted husband's head, but he took no notice of her angry words—only tried to forget them.

It was harder to deal with Eva, who clung to his knees, weeping, and piteously asked why she might not marry Clement.

"I thought my daughter loved and trusted me," he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her tear-stained cheeks.

"I do, I do," she said, "but I love Clement too; I shall die if I am parted from him."

"And yet six months ago, you did not know such a person was in existence?"

"I never really lived until I met him," sobbed the girl.

It was on the evening before the eventful day Mr. Broxdaile "topped" a long course of "disagreeableness" with his "cruel letter of final rejection," that the conversation duly recorded in Chapter One took place. Then Mrs. Broxdaile was in an excited, irritable state of mind; but when Mr. Sidney, after being forbidden the house, ceased to call or make any sign, she became like one insane.

"*How* you must have insulted the nice creature!" she fumed. "He wrote to me he could not, with any respect to himself, ever enter your doors again."

"He had better not."

"But what did he do to be forbidden the house?"

"He wanted my daughter, or rather the fortune he thought I would give her."

"And he'll marry her yet, fortune or no fortune, or I am much mistaken."

"I think not."

"Then your only living child's death will lie at your door."

Mr. Broxdaile turned away. It was a sore trial. He did not wish to tell his wife the causes which influenced his decision—moreover, he was well aware even had he done, they would not have convinced her reason, because she possessed none!

He talked kindly and rationally to Eva, but without producing the slightest impression. The girl's heart was gone, and her body seemed as if it were going too.

"Plenty of people, as good as you, and better, too, are glad enough to have Mr. Sidney at their houses, though you did turn up your nose at him," Mrs. Broxdaile broke out one evening. "Mrs. Wellman met him at General Holmwood's, where he was the life and soul of the party."

"Then he is consoled. There is an heiress among the Holmwoods I believe?"

"Really, I wonder to hear you talk in such a way—and that poor dear girl broken-hearted upstairs!" retorted Mrs. Broxdaile, beginning to cry as if her heart were breaking also.

"What can I do—what ought I to do?" thought the much tried gentleman. "If Holmwood's ward goes crazy also about the fellow, there will be a nice kettle of fish; but didn't old Lancewell tie up the money in some extraordinary way?—yes, he did, I feel almost positive. To make sure, however, I'll go to Somerset House to-morrow and take a look at the will."

He need not have given himself the trouble, for old Lancewell's granddaughter had not the slightest intention of throwing herself away.

She thought Mr. Sidney pleasant and amusing; she liked his singing and comic recitations, also hearing him "make believe," as she said, "to have fallen in love with her all the while he was inconsolable for the loss of that Miss Broxdaile she heard was so pretty."

Meanwhile, Mr. Sidney's circle of

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desirable acquaintances was steadily widening. People do not, as a rule, in London, inquire too curiously into the antecedents of a man who is good-looking, well dressed, agreeable, apparently destitute of non-desirable relatives—possessed of sufficient money to hire cabs, tip servants, and, in a word, ape the ways, manners, and doings of those in receipt of goodly incomes, and, really—as many people said later on—Mr. Sidney was such a charming fellow, they never thought of asking where he came from.

And if they had the result would have been just the same. Most men, as a rule, take other men at their own valuation, till the valuation is proved false. So men—and especially women — took Mr. Sidney, till, from the humble foundation of Mrs. Broxdaile's favour, he grew as big as the fabled frog—then, unhappily, he burst!

It all came about in this way. Of course everyone knew, even his latest acquaintances, that he had been very badly used. "Invited, *urged* to visit Leinster Terrace, asked, in fact, to fall in love with the daughter, and then in a moment, cast adrift because, forsooth, he could not count down guinea for guinea with Mr. Broxdaile, who had risen from nothing—a fact of which Mr. Broxdaile seemed rather proud than otherwise. Mr. Sidney, from the beginning, had been perfectly straightforward"—thus Society chattered—"and taken a rational view of the whole matter. He loved the girl to distraction. He had family, she money—what could any sensible man want more?" But, in effect, Mr. Broxdaile was absurd enough to want more, that the affair was at an end. "He wished to see his daughter a countess—a most ridiculous idea!" gossip went on, simply because someone had said, Mrs. Broxdaile said, Mr. Broxdaile would not hear of the match because his daughter's delighted suitor was only the son of a younger son."

"Mr. Sidney behaved admirably," thus the talk ran; "though he had been dreadfully insulted he spoke in the nicest manner of the '*nouveau riche*' who would not welcome him as a son-in-law. Anyone could see how the blow had told. He was too brave and proud to show what he felt, but his high spirits were all put on. Watch him for a moment when off guard and notice the sadly anxious expression of his face." With much more to the same effect, for, though society does not approve of love matches that involve the appearance of poverty on the doorstep, it dearly loves a love-tale, which is the reason, perhaps, for the axiom, that all stories should end with the joyous clamour of wedding bells.

Poor Mr. Broxdaile! What he suffered during the months which followed his dismissal of Eva's charming young man, no words could tell.

His wife regarded him as a "cruel tyrant." His daughter grew pale, thin, and spiritless. She remained in Leinster Terrace for her lover to marry if he liked, but apparently he did not like, and that, also, was imputed as sin to the unfeeling father. "He had been too sorely insulted," Mrs. Broxdaile declared again and again, and still Mr. Broxdaile held his peace.

He did not want to ruin anyone. No word of his should hasten the inevitable end; therefore he possessed his soul in silence and patiently waited to see what Time would do for him.

Perhaps it was this patience that induced Time to hurry a little, or it may be that the old enemy considered Mr. Sidney had gone far and fast long enough, and ought to be stopped.

Succeeding socially beyond his wildest expectations, mounting rung after rung of society's ladder he found himself one evening singing his very best at a party where statesmen, wits, beauties, millionaires, and a fair sprinkling of lesser human lights were gathered together. His song was a great triumph, the last he ever had! As he rose from the piano and moved towards the inner drawing-room, he accidentally jostled a gentleman who had just arrived and was standing beside the folding doors.

Always courteous: "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sidney, but before the words were well out of his mouth the other had turned and exclaimed:

"Hil-lo!" not in a friendly or pleased manner, but in a tone of utter amazement.

It was Mr. Sidney's employer, Mr. Cawaller, the head of that great City house in which Mrs. Broxdaile believed her future son-in-law would shortly be a partner.

Even had time or warning been vouchsafed to him the Charming Fellow could scarcely have brazened the matter out, and

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as things were he avoided all questions and the slightest explanation by getting out of the room and the house as quickly as possible.

Without showing his hand Mr. Cawaller made some few inquiries about the "gentleman who sang," and—drew his own conclusions, which took him to the City next morning somewhat earlier than usual.

Mr. Sidney did not appear, and when sought for at his lodgings the information given was that he had been suddenly called to Ireland.

He must have changed his mind, however, for he was arrested at Brindisi.

Mr. Broxdaile knew nothing of this till he chanced to see in the *Times* that Clement Sidney had been charged at the Mansion House with embezzling various sums, altogether amounting, so far as was known, to nearly four hundred pounds from his employers, Messrs. Cawaller and Co., Billiter Square, E.C.

As there had not been time to go thoroughly through his accounts, he was remanded, bail being refused.

That evening, Mrs. Broxdaile, who had latterly said little concerning the lover question, chanced to recur to the vexed theme.

"Would Eva still like to marry him?" asked Mr. Broxdaile.

"Of course she would," answered his wife briskly, for she thought there was a tone of relenting in his voice.

"And you?"

"Just speak a word of consent and you'll see the proudest and happiest woman in England."

"I am not going to speak any word of consent. And if I were, I should like you to read this first," and he handed her the *Times*.

Whatever her faults might be, Mrs. Broxdaile was staunch to those she "took up," and honest exceedingly; therefore pitched so suddenly on the horns of such a dilemma she declared it could not be the same man.

"It is precisely the same man. There can't be two Clement Sidneys, aged thirty, clerk in the office of Messrs. Cawaller and Co., Billiter Square; two Clement Sidneys with good voices and pleasant manners, getting into decent society on the strength of their father having been for twenty-six years in the defunct Commons and Waste Lands."

Mrs. Broxdaile sat as if spell-bound for a minute, then she burst out reproachfully:

"And you knew him for a thief and would not tell——"

"I knew him to be a liar, not a thief. Indeed, if this report"—and he touched the *Times*—"may be trusted, he did not begin his mal-practices till he became intimate here."

"The wretch! But I can't believe it true; and he so nice and always spoke so beautifully."

"I gave him a chance," said Mr. Broxdaile, as if thinking aloud. "I told him I understood his reputed father, who I believed was worthy of all respect, had been for twenty-six years in the Commons and Waste Lands—but *only as a messenger;* that of the four gentlemen he had referred me to, Lord Barnfield and Sir Theodore Megwell, formerly in the Commons and Waste Lands, the former was dead and the latter a lunatic, that the Bishop of Rutland was paralysed, and Dean Appleton senile. After that I ventured to point out that, after all, truth was more likely to win the day than falsehood, and earnestly entreated him not to pursue the path of deceit any longer."

"And yet you would have let him pursue it as long as he pleased." She was thankful to find a hole in her husband's armour.

"I did not think, and do not think it was my business to unmask the man; and I pitied his father so-called—a good and loyal husband to a bad, faithless woman, who was singing at a low Music Hall, when he unfortunately fell across and married her. It is sure to come out in the course of his trial, so I don't mind telling you now."

"If you had told me at first it would have saved a lot of trouble."

"You would not have believed me" was the calm reply.

"And I can't now," she said, "He was such a charming fellow. Everybody thought him so."

"I did not," ventured Mr. Broxdaile—but then he was nobody.

"If he came from nothing," began the lady after a pause, which showed how the phrase had rankled and how good her memory was, "I'd like to know how he got his education."

"His father was an officer," replied Mr. Broxdaile, "who, till his death made

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the wretched mother an allowance which a maiden aunt continued by paying for this boy's schooling and clothing. When she died that stopped, but Lord Barnfield, who, before he succeeded to the title had been in the Commons and Waste Lands, got the lad a situation from which he worked his way to Cawaller's. There you have the whole matter in a nutshell, which, of my own good will, I should never have cracked."

A few nights later Eva was on her knees before her father praying and beseeching him to save Clement. Think of him—think of him in gaol!" she cried.

"Why, you do not mean to say you care for him still," exclaimed the amazed parent.

"No, but I did care for him. Father dear, do buy him out of wherever he is, and I'll try to get well and strong and never vex you about anything again."

"Are you sure, darling?"

"Quite—quite sure," and the dear arms clasped his neck, and the sweet lips touched his with a tenderness they had not done since he started for America, while a trembling voice said:

"Forgive me, father, for I am sorry."

Straight away next morning went the happy man to Mr. Cawaller, who proved hard as flint.

He had many clerks; he could not and would not withdraw the charge or say a word in mitigation of sentence. There was such a thing left in the world, he still hoped, as a sense of right and wrong, and he did not intend to weaken it.

The young man had sinned, he must take the consequences. His trial was to come on at the Old Bailey where, Mr. Cawaller trusted, he would be awarded a punishment likely to deter other young men from committing such offence.

In his heart Mr. Broxdaile believed the merchant prince had reason; nevertheless he returned home sorely grieved because he was unable to take any good news to his foolish, soft-hearted daughter. All he could say was:

"When he comes out, dear, I will help him to go abroad." Which he did.

. . . . . .

Eva is now a happy wife. She tells most things to her husband, but concerning the episode that so nearly spoilt her life she maintains a strict silence. Her husband knows all about it, but he keeps silence, and both heartily concur in Mr. Broxdaile's sententious remark:

"There should be sense in love and love in sense."

On the rare occasions when Mrs. Broxdaile refers to Mr. Clement Sidney she styles him "That Wretch!" instead of "A Charming Fellow."

[THE END.]

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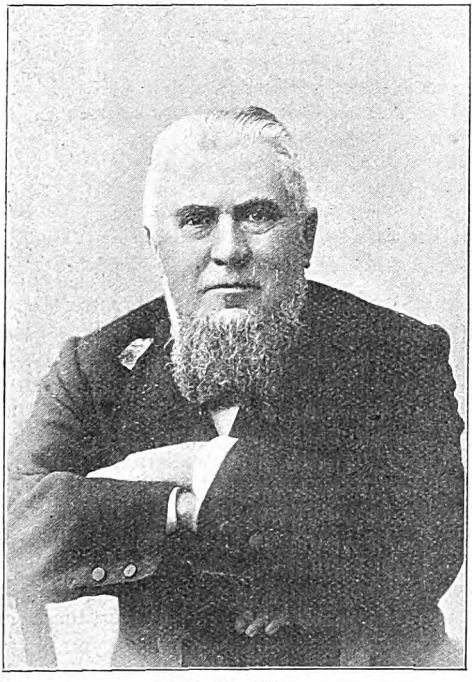
WHAT LED ME TO BECOME A MINISTER.

Eminent Divines on Their Call to Preach the Gospel.

By Rev. W. CUFF.

A SYMPOSIUM on such a subject ought to be both instructive and interesting to all who may read it. There are so many misconceptions, and wrong judgments on the matter. Not a few think and say that most of us who are ministers entered the ministry because we could not succeed at anything else. The old saying is still flaunted about, "Oh, he'll do for the Church, for he is the dolt or cripple of the family." If that was ever true it is false now, for I venture to think that there is scarcely a business or profession in which a man finds his level and his worth more quickly or more surely than he does in our Free Church ministry.

But however that may be, I say very frankly that I became a minister *because I could not help it.* I was converted to God when I was just twenty years of age. The change in my life was radical and complete, and altered my whole thinking and action. Plenty of my relatives and friends are living now who knew me well before and after the change came. There was no mistake about it. It was a clean cut from the old life to the new. I was in business, and doing very well, and was very happy and comfortable. The only books I possessed were the Bible and Bogatsky's "Golden Treasury." These I began to read with closest attention and regularity. Then a dear godly soul gave me Matthew Henry's Commentary. I began to read that and a new world opened up before my mind. The influence it had upon me was overwhelming. I soon lost all interest in the business, and yearned for books, and study, and someone to teach me. Everything else lost its charm.



REV. W. CUFF.
Pastor of Shoreditch Tabernacle, and ex-President of the Baptist Union.
Photograph by E. Debenham, Gloucester.

It was an accident that I began to preach. A business man in Cheltenham who was also a very acceptable village preacher asked me to accompany him one Sunday to a village called Uckington, where he was going to preach in an old thatched cottage. About six o'clock that Sunday evening we reached the place. There were about a dozen farm labourers and their wives in the cottage. At 6.30 the little service began. I gave out the

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hymns, and that was the first part I ever took in a public service. My friend gave a short address, and then said, "My young friend Mr. Cuff will now say a word to us." I declined, saying I could not do so as I had never tried to do such a thing. But he persisted, and I tried. The die was cast. From that night I heard and felt the call of God in my soul. Nothing could shake it off, and day and night it haunted me. The one thought was, "You must preach, and give up everything else, and devote your life to the service of Christ."

I was at once sent into the villages to preach in small chapels and cottages, and in the open air. The gift of speech seemed to come to me at once without an effort on my part, and I was soon preaching every Sunday, and every place I went to was crowded. But there came upon me a great mental darkness, that lasted on and off for nearly three years. I did not know what to do. Great searchings of heart mingled with the darkness of mind, and increased the perplexity as to what I should do. There was a good business; I was in it, and perfectly understood it, and could make money. Should I give it up for what might be only a dream, a disappointment, and a failure? On the other hand, there was the call of God in my soul, vivid, distinct, and unmistakable. About this I did not dream, neither was fanatical. I took time to brood over it, and think, and pray. I felt the deep solemnity of the step to be taken, and waited.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.
For many years Pastor of the old Surrey Chapel and Christ Church, Westminster.

Just at the time when I was at the most critical period, that I *must* decide what I would do, Mr. Spurgeon came to Cheltenham to preach at the chapel where I was a member. I heard him, and then all doubt and perplexity left me. A great burden was rolled off my soul, and all was calm, resolve, and peace. For good or for ill, failure or success, I would give my whole life to the ministry of the Gospel. All difficulties seemed to vanish one by one.

Then came more clearly and distinctly the thought of going to college for education and training. This had been on my mind for three years; but every door seemed shut. Now they soon opened, and the way seemed clear. In the church of which I was a member the old plan was rigidly adhered to of a young man preaching before the pastor and church before he could be recommended for the ministry. This I did, and I was put back for one year. At the end of that year I preached again, and was then set apart, though in no formal way. At the end of that second service, in the school-room, a good man patted me on the back, and said: "Well, William, so you will give up your business and go to college." "Yes, sir, if I can," was my reply. "Yes," said he, "and starve on forty pounds a year." That did not trouble me then; and up till now I have not starved on forty pounds a year.

Application was made to Mr. Spurgeon for me to enter his College. The papers were filled up and all questions answered, and a letter soon came, saying "Mr. Spurgeon will be glad to receive you into the College on such a date." I waited for the happy day to come, and was in my business up to the day before I left and came to London. All the rest has been hard but most blessed work. To-day I can say from the depths of my heart:

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great.

Every man's call to the ministry may not be so loud or distinct as was mine; but surely one ought to be able to give a good reason for undertaking such an august and wonderful work as the

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ministry of the Gospel. When I was young I heard a good deal about "man-made and God-made ministers." The old-fashioned saints demanded the latter; and I now think they were right. The need of to-day surely is *God-made* ministers—prophets and teachers for the pulpit—lofty, mighty, meditative souls, with tongues of fire and hearts of love, to preach the everlasting gospel of the one unchanging Saviour. The saintly Dr. Doddridge wrote the following lines in 1736, and they are to the life:

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

The great and good Dr. Guthrie, refering to the ministry, says, "Of the man who has adopted the ministry as a profession as other men adopt the law, the army, or the navy, and goes through the routine of his duties with the coldness of a mere official; filled by him, the pulpit seems filled with the ghostly form of a skeleton that in his cold and bony fingers holds a burning lamp."

I can but breathe the prayer, May the Lord deliver our great Empire from such a pulpit official as that!

W. CUFF.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.

The chief impulse in prompting me to enter the ministry was a deepening sense of the supreme importance of proclaiming the Gospel and seeking to win souls to Christ. This supremely, and no ambition for worldly gain or applause. I felt that the humblest position in the work of preaching the Gospel would be a stronger attraction than any which the office of "minister" could hold out. I feel so still, and that there is no "Divine Call" apart from it.

NEWMAN HALL.

BY REV. F. B. MEYER.

I cannot remember the time when the bent of my mind was not towards the ministry of the Gospel. As a little boy my father used to take me to hear Dr. Brock preach at Bloomsbury Chapel, and I used to be deeply stirred by seeing the crowds of people and by his impressive utterance. It seems to me, however, that this was only the spark that ignited my

REV. F. B. MEYER.
Pastor of Christ Church, Westminster.
Photo by F. Gutekunst.

spirit, which had from my birth been prepared by God for His holy ministry. This desire lay hid in my heart for many years. I do not think that even my parents realised how strong it was until the age of sixteen, when I first told my father. I shall never forget how, when I was quite a lad, and being very anxious to know whether the bent of my mind was in the direction of God's choice for me, I took a large piece of cotton wool and laid it out on a patch of the little plot which my father had given me in the large garden belonging to our house at Clapham, eagerly hoping that during the night it would be dry or wet, I forget which, to indicate, as in Gideon's case, what God's purpose was. This experiment was carried out entirely in my own way, and the secret of it was told to none. What finally led me to tell my father that my mind was made up was the falling open of my Bible, after protracted prayer for guidance, at Jeremiah I., where to my unutterable astonishment I found that Jeremiah also had been called from his birth to be a prophet of the Lord. Ever since then Jeremiah's career has been exceedingly interesting to me.

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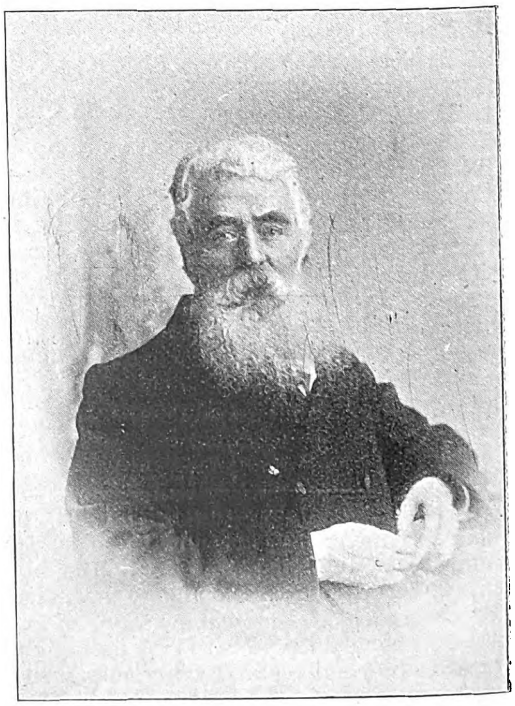
When men ask me to help them to diagnose their call to the ministry it always seems to me necessary to ascertain whether in their case also there may not have been a distinct summons as I had, and which positively refused to give me leave to take up any other line of life. This one thing I have done, and do.

F. B. MEYER.

BY REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

When I was a boy at school I had no other thought than to follow the footsteps of my father, who was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church. This vague idea received very definite encouragement from my father's friend Dr. McCosh, then Free Church Minister in Brechin. But when I became old enough to make definite plans, it came across me with great force that neither father nor mother had said a single word in support of Dr. McCosh's suggestion. From this I concluded that for some reason they were against it. About the same time I began to realise what a struggle they must have to keep their family of seven children on a very small stipend; and I had the impression that if I were to devote myself to study it would mean an additional burden. This decided me to accept a kind offer from my uncle in Glasgow to take me into his office at a small salary, which enabled myself and my elder brother, who by this time was in receipt of what seemed the large sum of £30, to keep ourselves in Glasgow without any help from home. I was two years in my uncle's office; and though I was only the boy I did learn a little which has been of use to me since. But my heart was not in the work, and though I think I discharged all my duties faithfully, the hours I enjoyed were those I spent in study in the early morning and late at night. I had the Spartan idea, which was not uncommon at that time, that severity of discipline was good in every way, for health of body as well as of mind, and as we had to sail very close to the wind, instead of kindling a fire at five o'clock in the morning, I would put on my great coat, wrap a plaid about my knees, and sit till I shivered with cold. Moreover, I know now that I did not take enough nourishment. The result was that my health completely broke down. The change had been so gradual that those who saw me every day had not realised it. I can remember to this day my father's blanched face when he came to see me. I was taken home at once, and what a joy it was! Recovery was gradual but quite satisfactory, and during the time of convalescence I had long walks with my father and talks with my mother, in the course of which I made the discovery that they had both been very desirous that I should study for the ministry, but thought it was wisest not to say so. With the utmost eagerness, I dropped the idea of business and addressed myself with new vigour to my studies. From that day my health rapidly improved, and though I have had some very severe spells of work, it has never seriously failed me since. And so kind were the ways of Providence to me that I was able to earn enough to carry me through my whole course of seven years, four at the university and three at the Divinity Hall, not only without help from home or from anywhere else, but with ease and comfort.

I have confined myself to the circumstances which as it were hedged my way in. There were, of course, deeper things; but I have great difficulty in speaking about them. I am afraid that in these years the love of study was much stronger



REV. DR. MACKENNAL.

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than the love of souls, and yet the latter was not wanting. I believe that all through there was the dominant desire not only to make the best of my life, but to render some service to the Master who had been so faithfully and lovingly commended to me at home, and whom I definitely, and I believe sincerely, confessed at fifteen years of age. But as I look back and see how mixed my motives were, and how much of selfishness was in my life, and when I follow the course of my ministry and think how much of the "wood, hay, and stubble" there have been in it, and so very little comparatively of the "gold and silver and precious stones," I feel thankful to recall the circumstances which do seem to have been an expression of the will of God that I should have been entrusted with a work of which I was and am altogether unworthy.

J. MONRO GIBSON.

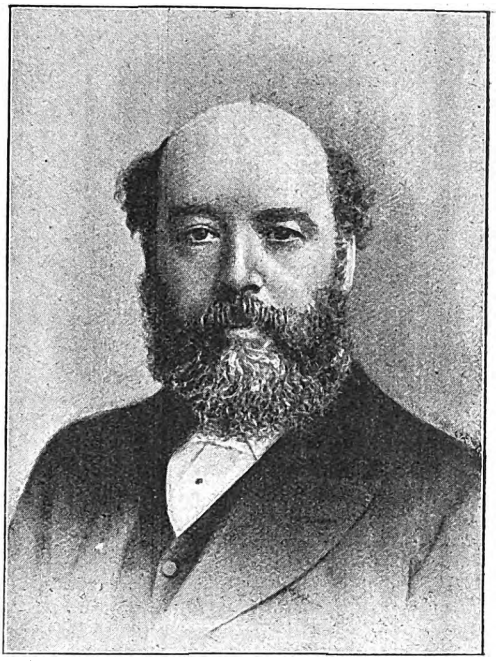
BY REV. DR. MACKENNAL.

My answer to your question, "What led me to become a minister?" is not according to the Evangelical tradition. I deliberately chose the ministry as a profession. I knew it to be the noblest service a man could render. I knew that it would overtax all my faculties and endeavours, and that only the grace of God could enable me to discharge its obligations; but I also believed that such powers as I possessed would be more usefully employed in it than in any other way of life. Nor were my motives either mercenary or ambitious—"let me live and let me work," that was all I asked. Often when I have been sitting on College committees and seen how applicants were tested as to their "call," I have felt that such a test would have excluded me at the beginning of my course, and would exclude me to-day. But I have had many an opportunity of reconsidering my position. I have had searchings of heart, and depression, and failure of resolve. And I have always come back to the conviction that I am where I ought to be; that every reason I have for being a Christian is also a reason why I should be a minister.

A. MACKENNAL.

REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.

I was only in my sixteenth year when I left school, and like most boys of that



THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.
Pastor of Park Chapel, Crouch End, and ex-President of the Congregational Union.

age, I had no definite preference for one calling over another. One thing, however, I had settled in my own mind, namely, that I would *not* be a minister. My father, wise man that he was, earnestly sought to discover any special gifts or tastes in me, but I did not appear to have any. After a long and memorable conversation on the subject of my future, he finally said, "Well, I will see if my old friend, Mr. Samuel Morley, will take you into his warehouse. A few years there will give you business habits, and they will be useful whatever you become." His friendship with the Morleys dated from an earlier generation, for he was a welcome visitor to old Mr. John Morley during his last illness. Happily for me I was accepted and approved by "Mr. Samuel," whose gracious friendship it was my privilege to enjoy to the year of his death. At that time it was customary for lads to enter the warehouse direct from school, and many of them, at the close of their apprenticeship, left for some other business or profession. Among them were lads of good education and considerable culture, so that the "Youths' Debating Society," with other similar institutions in the house, was well maintained. It was in

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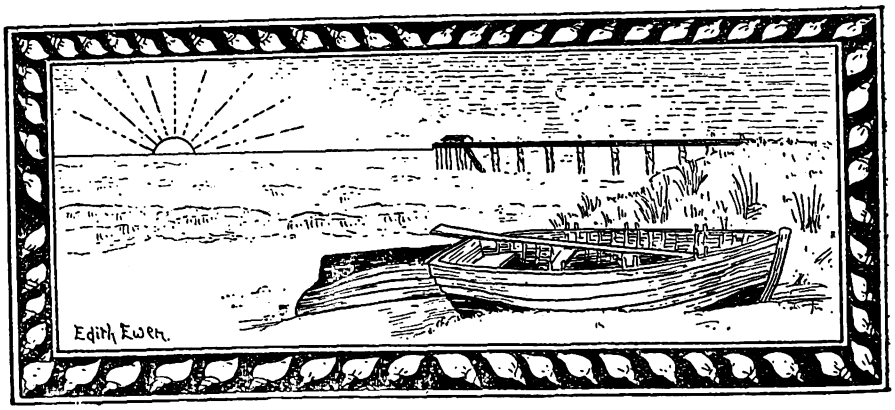
connection with it that I first ventured to speak in public, and I soon connected myself also with the "Surrey Mutual Improvement Society," at Surrey Chapel, where Rev. Newman Hall was then at the zenith of his popularity. As often as possible my chum, Morell Blackie, and I took part in the meetings held in the old Surrey schoolroom, and thus we acquired a certain amount of facility in speech. Meanwhile I attached myself to the church in the Poultry, and was greatly helped in my religious life by its pastor, the Rev. James Spence, D.D. He was a tall gaunt Scotchman, dignified and courteous, a little difficult to approach, but very easy to love after one personal interview; and from the first he was kind to me on the few opportunities he could afford in his busy life. I became a teacher in his Sunday-school, then superintended by the brother of the Rev. Joshua Harrison, who continued to hold office when the school and church were transferred to the City Temple, nor did he leave it till he had served in that office for over half a century. In his last years he became a member of my congregation at Crouch End.

On one well-remembered Sunday afternoon I had to address the school, and did so with fear and trembling, for Dr. Spence himself was present, although he considerately hid his tall form, as far as possible, from the nervous speaker. It was to his encouraging words after the ordeal was over more than to anything else, humanly speaking, that I attribute my definite resolve to become a minister if the way opened up before me. I was introduced to Dr. Richard Alliott, then the Principal of Cheshunt College, who was good enough to interest himself in me. At his request I made analyses of Butler's sermons, which pleased him, and he urged me to enter Cheshunt as a student. But after my four years' residence in a large business house I had a strong preference for the non-resident system prevailing at New College, and accordingly applied for admission there. My father's friends — Revs. Thomas Binney, Joshua Harrison, and John Graham—gave me special welcome, and on their recommendation, together with that of my pastor, Dr. Spence, I was received by the Council, and shall always thank God for the fashioning of capacity and character by the professors and fellow students of my Alma Mater.

ALFRED ROWLAND.



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The Mystery of the Watch Chain.

By GRACE LATHAM.
"Author of "O, Poor Ophelia."

TO many the great charm of London is the freedom to be enjoyed in it; other people are too busy to notice or interfere with you. But there is no place so utterly lonely if you drop out of the running through trouble, age, or weakness. There is no general society; your next door neighbours' name and appearance are scarcely known to you—indeed you might be buried before they found out you were dead.

The great exceptions to this are the children and the servants. Scraps of news spread from one area to another, get carried up to nurse, and curly heads whisper it all over again as they see the neighbours pass below.

Now, near Cavendish Square there is a street of irregular old brown houses, where there lives an American dentist, married to an English lady, and the happy father of four small children, who live in the airy third-floor nurseries, and keep a bright look-out upon the street below. At the time of our story they were most interested in a small gloomy house, which seemed to have squeezed its way in among the bigger ones by mistake.

It had a front door and one large window, two long ones in the drawing-room, two shorter in the bed-room, and two quite little ones in the attics; everything in it was scrupulously clean and intensely respectable. Here a Miss Jenkins led one of those monotonous lives which often fall to the lot of a lonely woman.

Slight and frail, she probably looked older than she was, being dressed, like most of her generation, very poorly and plainly, and having a hurried, tripping walk, giving the impression of feebleness and timidity. Every fine day she went out for about an hour attended by her maid; sometimes, rarely, she drove out, always with the same cabman. She kept two servants—one, whom nurse called Sarah, had been there as long as the children could remember, a tidy, rather good-looking woman, with a pale face and thin lips; the other was a girl who lived in the kitchen, and never stayed more than two or three months. There seemed to be nothing to call for remark, but, Margie, the dentist's eldest child, had woven quite a romance about the dull, little house. It was the entrance to fairy-land, Miss Jenkins was the fairy godmother, Sarah the bad fairy Kabbalistica, the little servants were naughty princesses brought there to be reformed, and Miss Jenkins was always trying to protect them from the severe Kabbalistica.

It was a great event when the children met Miss Jenkins and Sarah going into papa's operating room.

The little lady stopped, asked names and ages, and said they must come to tea some day; but Sarah snapped out:

"You'll miss your appointment, m'm, if you dawdle so." And Miss Jenkins hurried away with Sarah walking close behind her.

The invitation never came, but many stories were founded on the encounter, and on her curious watch guard—short lengths of thick gold chain, joined by large beads of carved coral—which she continually twisted round her fingers. It was enchanted, Margie declared, and so long as it was not broken that wicked Sarah could not hurt the fairy godmother.

It was the 14th of February, and Margie had been so naughty that when the others went down to father and mother, before the late dinner, she was left upstairs. Injured and unhappy she took refuge at the nursery window. The

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gas lamps were reflected on the streaming pavement, the postman was coming down the street; the dining-room blind in the fairy house was up, showing the table laid for tea. He stopped, giving the knock which means an answer. Instantly the fairy godmother opened the door—no one could mistake the slight, tremulous figure—took in the letter, wrote on a paper, gave it back to the man, who touched his hat and went on. Hardly had he done so when Sarah appeared, snatched the letter out of Miss Jenkins's hand, and banged the door. You could hear the clap in the nursery. What a disappointment to lose such an exciting scene.

But they reappeared in the dining-room! A violent quarrel was going on! Miss Jenkins tried to seize the letter; it fell to the ground. She ran towards it. Sarah caught her, threw her into a chair, kicked the letter away, and then rushed to the window and pulled down the blind.

The moment the next day broke, Margie crept barefooted to the window. The area gate was padlocked—Fairy Godmother had gone away. About two months later the street was thrown into a state of excitement by the news that the police had found a couple of drunken tramps leaving Miss Jenkins's dining-room window at four o'clock in the morning.

Where was the lady?

Nobody knew.

Who were her belongings?

No one could tell.

The story got into the papers.

In a day or two this produced Mr. Jenkins, the old lady's nephew, but he could throw no light on her movements; of late years, for no apparent cause, she had withdrawn from her family, not even answering letters. He was, however, able to give the addresses of her banker and solicitor, and then a curious state of things was revealed. For the last half year Miss Jenkins had been selling her securities, and drawing out her balance; the remainder, fifty pounds, had been sent her in ten pound notes on February 14th.

On leaving town she usually sent her plate and ornaments, which were of some value, to the bank, but this time she had not done so, or given notice of her departure to the police.

Two of the notes were traced to her butcher and baker, who told the same story, that late on February 14th Sarah Martin had come in, had paid what was owing with a ten-pound note, saying her mistress was leaving town, and wanted change.

"Did Sarah Martin usually pay the bills?"

Yes, always, and mostly with a note. "Oh, yes, she paid regularly, but her orders had been much smaller of late."

Matters began to look very queer indeed; three other tradespeople came forward to say they had cashed the notes making up the fifty pounds that same evening. Still no trace could be found of Miss Jenkins or Sarah.

To Mr. Jenkins and the police the state of the house was significant. The kitchen and dining-room had been left in disorder by the tramps, but the drawing-room and bedrooms were in perfect order, as though the family might come home at any hour. The plate-chest was found hidden in a lumber room and quite empty; the wardrobes were locked, but everything of value, like lace and fur—and Miss Jenkins had had a fair share of both—was gone. So were her ornaments; while a black mark on the wall was the only trace left of Gainsborough's portrait of her grandmother. It looked as if Miss Jenkins had quietly stripped the house and fled. But how could so respectable an old lady have so urgently needed money? What was the meaning of her flight?

It was at this juncture that the American dentist was laid up with a violent chill.

"Margie," said her mother, "go and sit with father and amuse him, don't let him fret over his work."

Now father was Margie's dearly beloved playmate and confidant, so that before she quite knew how or why, she was telling him all about Fairy Godmother and Kabbalistica's cruelty to her.

"What made you invent this?" he asked lazily, more to please her than from any interest in the story.

"I didn't invent it, it's true. Nurse always says that Sarah has a vile temper, and keeps Miss Jenkins in such order that she can't call her soul her own. The charwoman's daughter was cook there, and she told nurse. Besides, I *saw* Sarah beat Miss Jenkins."

"Beat her! When?" said the dentist quickly.

"On Valentine's Day. Mother would not let me go downstairs, and I saw Sarah

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slap Miss Jenkins in the dining-room, and shake her."

"The day they went away?" said her father quietly.

"The day Miss Jenkins went away," corrected Margie, delighted by his interest. "I got up and looked out next morning when it was just getting light; the blinds were down and the gate locked, but I saw Sarah peep out of the front door, and when she saw me she went in again."

The American dentist was not too cautious a man to help a neighbour; he sent at once to Mr. Jenkins.

The charwoman's daughter proved to be an untidy, blue-eyed mortal, very willing to tell all she knew, but she had only been with Miss Jenkins a month, three years ago.

"Sarah was that aggravating that I wouldn't have stayed, no, not for three times my wages. Missus was a poor frightened creature. I've heard Sarah scold her till she cried for ringing the bell for the lamp."

"Did she ever beat her?"

"Not that I saw, but I heard her threaten to give her up to someone, and missus wouldn't never stir out of doors without Sarah."

"Did this sort of thing go on constantly?" asked the family solicitor, who was examining the girl.

"No, sir. Missus was mighty perlite to Sarah, and Sarah was mostly as sweet as 'oney to 'er. It was me as cotched it. Things was always gettin' lost, and I'd be blamed. It's my thinkin' Sarah could have told you more about 'em than me. They never kept a servant. Sarah didn't want anyone to know too much. That's my idea."

"Why do you say that?"

"Didn't I go to Sarah's workbasket for a pin, and didn't I find missus's gold thimble, that there'd been such a row about, and a pair of black silk stockings with missus's 'nitials 'arf took out? 'Where did you get 'em from?' says I. 'She give 'em me,' says she, 'and you cut back to your work, or I'll give you somethin' too.' If she ain't took 'em, they was 'ush money, they was."

This, however, was only a theory, and Mr. Jenkins steadily refused to entertain it; but the police clung to it as the only one which would fit the facts of the case.

The charwoman's daughter had heard of the place at a well-known registry office; its books were examined by the police, and furnished a long list of girls who had lived with Miss Jenkins. The proprietors said she had the character of being a kind mistress, but that Sarah Martin could do anything she liked with her, and was said to be a violent-tempered woman, very unpleasant to those under her. The last girl, Alice Groves, had, however, stayed for the unusually long time of four months. She had not been seen at the office since she paid her fee, but the milkman said she had taken in the milk on the 14th of February, and had told him she was leaving that night to go out to Canada to her brothers.

"Every clue we seem to get breaks off short in our hands," said poor Mr. Jenkins, "but my wife is coming up to-morrow, and she may help us."

Mrs. Jenkins was a bright-eyed, bustling little woman, with a surprisingly accurate memory for trifles. She was taken over the house in which Miss Jenkins had lived, and at once missed a quantity of little ornaments.

"Why the Battersea enamel candlesticks are gone, Fred," she said, "and where is grandmama's watch?"

"What watch?"

"Why the one with the enamelled case, and the shepherdess on the back. Oh, yes, I see the Gainsborough is gone, but where is the painted fan that used to hang under it? I wonder if Sarah left a box behind her."

"My dear, we have looked through it," returned Mr. Jenkins, who was somewhat overpowered by his wife's energy.

"Yes, but perhaps I might recognise things a gentleman would forget," said Mrs. Jenkins diplomatically, and the police-officer in attendance instantly led the way upstairs.

In the little front attic, under the hard, grey light of a sunless London spring, the two boxes and chest of drawers which had belonged to Sarah Martin were opened.

First came a layer of the usual servants' prints, then some plain dark clothes, then——

"That's auntie's black silk damask mantle with the Mechlin lace; I remember the pattern. Oh, yes, Fred! roses—wild roses with a spray connecting the sprigs. I always thought it so ugly and so handsome; and the white lace, so old maidy!"

"She might have given it away."

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"She might, but it's not the sort of thing one gives a servant; though dear aunt would give the gown off her back if she thought anyone else fancied it. Oh, yes, Mr. Constable, but a woman knows a woman, and I tell you it is quite impossible dear auntie would ever have had a secret in her life. Why, she could not keep one for five minutes."

The officer turned away silently, as one who has a conviction but will not express it, and lifted a little square parcel out of the box!

"Why, there's her turtle-shell box she was so fond of. Fred, you remember nothing! Smell it! She kept a bottle of attar of roses in it, and her thread for mending lace."

The little lady chattered on, recognising one thing after another, while the heap of Miss Jenkins's things grew higher, and the policeman's note-book fuller.

"There's not much doubt where the plate went," he said, with a grim smile.

"Isn't it strange, if Sarah stole these things, we have not found the plate too?" said Mr. Jenkins, one of those amiable people who refuse to believe in the guilt of a fellow-creature.

"That went to the melting pot, it was too risky to keep; she'd say this was given her."

While his wife added with supreme scorn

"My dear, can't you see that everything here is what a woman would like to keep for her own use? Though I can't think how she could be so stupid as to leave it where it was sure to be found."

"Had to make a bolt all on a sudden," said the constable.

"Sarah had, perhaps," cried Mrs. Jenkins, "not my aunt. If you had seen her you would know it was impossible, and we who knew her gentleness, her unselfishness, her——," for the man's tone had betrayed more than he meant.

"Excuse me, m'm; it will be explained, no doubt, but what's become of Miss Jenkins? Ladies like her don't go away and leave no address; not as a general thing. Then there are no marks of a struggle downstairs, no stains, nothing!"

"Stains!" echoed the lady, and then she stopped short.

With the denseness of those who have little imagination, and live very much in the present, she had taken in the fact of her relative's disappearance without realising that there were only two possible explanations of it—flight or murder—but with characteristic courage she faced the situation.

"You think," she said slowly, "that my aunt has some secret which Sarah knew, and had to be paid for keeping, and that the letter which the little girl over the way saw delivered was connected with it."

"Yes, m'm."

"And that the money she drew out was re-invested somehow, so that she and Sarah could live elsewhere."

"Yes, m'm."

"Well, I don't believe it. I had rather think my poor auntie was murdered than that she ran away like that."

"I am afraid whatever you like to think, my dear, won't alter matters," remarked Mr. Jenkins; he was annoyed and pained by the discussion, and, though of his wife's opinion, wished to stop her tongue.

Returning to her work she laboured steadily on, and when the last drawer was empty, she raised herself, drawing a long breath as though to shake off fatigue. The sun had come out, and was pouring into the attic—a yellow, glaring sun, shining through fog, dust, and dirty windows. She was thinking what she would not give to bring the murderer of the kind old lady to justice. Unlike most attics, this one was fitted with shutters, lifting out of a casing below the windows. These casings had been covered with paper which matched that of the room, while the flaps closing them had been painted, so that they only looked like deep window sills; but as Mrs. Jenkins stood there, her eye was caught by a tiny bit of sewing cotton sticking out from the flap, and touched by the rays of the sun so as to become visible. Then she remembered the old shutters. With a quick impulsive movement she opened the casing, and tried to pull one up, but it would not move; only after much knocking and coaxing was it taken out; then the policeman thrust down his arm, and brought up three reels of cotton and a pincushion.

"That's auntie's; it used to be in her travelling work-box," whispered Mrs. Jenkins. "What else?"

The next thing was the tiny inlaid box itself, which had been carefully fitted into a corner to allow room for the shutters; it still contained a carved ivory thimble.

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"If she didn't take her work-box, she certainly never went away!" cried the lady.

"Sarah might have taken a fancy to it," said the officer, but his tone was eager, as though he expected some fresh development; and the next find, of no less than thirty-five empty purses, he seemed to be much interested in.

"Where did Sarah Martin come from?" he asked.

"I don't know; I fancy my aunt got her through an advertisement."

"Do you know if, when she went out, she went by omnibus?"

"Yes; at least her friends lived a long way off. Why?"

The man seemed not to hear, he went to the other window, and pulled at the shutter; here again was resistance, and when it came, a little ivory-backed brush came with it, marked with a monogram "M. J."

"Auntie's brush, and put away all in a hurry, for here's her poor hair still in it; no, it's not Sarah's, hers was black, Auntie's was grey, and fine like this. Oh!" she went on with a sharp sob. "There's no doubt now, the brush was hidden to make it look as if she had run away." Then suddenly recovering herself, she added,

"Isn't it odd, that there is not a letter or photograph to tell us anything about Sarah?"

"No, m'm. I should be very glad to find a photograph of her," remarked the officer, grimly.

Nothing more was found, except unopened letters, which the Jenkins's recognised as some they had written at different times; the policeman had grown silent, and nothing could be got out of him, but "If you could find a photograph of Sarah, m'm, I should be glad."

The next morning Mrs. Jenkins declared she must go home for the day, and she departed, vouchsafing no explanation. In the afternoon Mr. Jenkins returned to the house to meet the police inspector, and at the door stood a young woman.

"I'm Alice Groves, sir," she said, "I've been in Canada, and I only heard of missus's disappearance three weeks ago. I'm very sorry I left without telling all I knew."

She sat down by the dining-room table, waiting till the inspector had got out his note book, and began.

"I'm a north-country woman; I was born in York; when father died, I went into service. I've lived in very good families, but in my last place but one the lady quarrelled with me over the butter. I was six months out of a situation, and had to draw all my savings. Oh! I can give you the lady's address, sir, and you'll find what I say is quite true; she has nothing against me but that. I don't go to registry offices as a rule, but this time I had to, and when Sarah Martin came, I was thankful to get a roof over my head. She made a great favour of taking me, but Miss Jenkins said she'd give me a chance. The first evening Sarah says to me: 'Miss Jenkins has got you in here, but you're not her servant, you're mine, and if you can't hold your tongue, off you go. Miss Jenkins is a bit silly, and the family pays me to look after her, that it mayn't come out. You've got to be very civil to her, but if she gives you a letter to post, bring it to me.'"

"Was she a little weak?" inquired the Inspector.

"Never to my knowledge," returned Mr. Jenkins, "and I certainly never paid anyone to look after her."

"Well, next morning," Alice continued, "I took Miss Jenkins her hot water, and she says, 'Where's Sarah?' 'Dusting the drawing-room, m'm.' And then she brought out two letters. 'Alice,' says she, 'you take these to the post without saying anything to *anyone*!' One was to you, sir; but when I got out of the room, there was Sarah. 'So she's at it again,' said she, and whipped them out of my hand.

"Did you ever get your letter, sir?" asked the inspector.

"No," said Mr. Jenkins, "She had not written for three years."

"Miss Jenkins was a very kind lady," Alice went on. "If I met her on the stairs, she'd say, 'Good morning, Alice, I hope you are getting on, and doing as Sarah tells you; we must all do as we are told in this life,' and then she'd look round in a frightened sort of way, and once Sarah heard her, and said, 'It would be a good thing if you remembered that, m'm.' and missus looked as if she'd struck her, and went into the sitting-room and shut the door."

"Did Sarah beat Miss Jenkins?"

"No, sir; as a rule she was most respectful, but she kept her tight. She never let her see anyone. If the visitors' bell rang, up Sarah would go. 'No, m'm,

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Miss Jenkins isn't well enough to see anybody.' Then out missus would come from the drawing-room. 'Who was that?' 'Only a man, begging,' and then she'd say to me, 'She can't see visitors, they'd find out.'"

"Did you ever see any signs of her being, well—not all there?"

"No, sir, never. She wasn't strong; Sarah never let her go out alone; she said if she got her palpitations, she might drop dead in the street."

"Did she ever have an attack while you were there?"

"Yes, sir. Nothing would get it out of her head that one of the pictures was missing, and one day she began about it before me. 'I can't imagine, Sarah, what can have happened to my grandmother's picture, the Gainsborough; it always hung over the piano; there's the mark now.'"

"'You're dreaming, m'm,' says Sarah, looking like thunder. 'It's not been there in my time.

"'Oh yes, Sarah! It disappeared last spring.'

"And then Sarah went up, and said quite low and determined, 'No picture has ever been there; didn't I see you, myself, making that mark?'"

"'I was rubbing it out, Sarah,' says missus, all of a tremble.

"'You was *making* it, to get me into trouble, and if you talk like that about pictures that never existed, they'll shut you up with all them lunies.'

"'Oh no! no!' cries poor missus, and fell back in a palpitation. Sarah ran for her drops, and missus catches hold of me. 'Don't let them take me, I'm not mad, I'm not mad.'"

"What did you think of it all?"

"Well, I almost believed it. Sarah has such a convincing way, but she was a bit afraid of me, too, so when she found out I was saving to go to my brother in Canada, she made Miss Jenkins raise my wages and helped me with my needlework, so that I hadn't to spend a penny.

"'Early in January,' she said, 'you'd better take your passage for the middle of February; we shall be going away.'

"'I haven't the money,' says I.

"'How much will you want when your wages are paid?'

"'Six pounds; there'll be the journey on.'

"Well, on the 14th of January, missus give me notice and steerage ticket to Canada for the 14th of next month; at first I didn't like it—I don't choose to be indebted to anyone, but Sarah laughed me out of it. A day or two after that missus had toothache fearful and was begging and praying Sarah to let her go over the way to the dentist.

"'You sold out your shares,' says Sarah, 'and you're drawing your balance, and yet you want to go spending money on your teeth.'

"'You know you have the money safe, Sarah,' says Missus.

"'Yes, m'm; to keep it from them Jenkins's for you,' begging your pardon, sir; 'but if I take the risk, I've got to be paid.' And then missus began to cry, and Sarah came out and found me in the hall.

"'What are you doing?' says she.

"'Cleaning the brasses,' says I.

"She looked at me, but I went on with my work. Another day I heard her rating Missus into sending for more money, and she was crying and saying she would be a beggar. At last, on the 13th of February, they had a frighful row, and in the evening Sarah came down with a letter.

"'I've written to Mr. Jenkins,' says she, 'I can't stand it, he must take her away.'"

"That she never did," broke in Mr. Jenkins.

"I offered to stop on and help, but she said, No, she could manage all right.

"Well, next day we had an awful time. missus went out of one palpitation into another, but yet she wouldn't go to bed, but sat at the window watching; after dark came a postman's knock, and she ran out and got the letter. Sarah came rushing upstairs, twisted it out of her hand, pushed her into the dining room, and slammed the door. I heard them going on inside. Presently Sarah came out, looking very white.

"'Missus has fainted,' says she; 'she has read the letter, and she knows who is coming. You get your box and be off.'

"I wanted to go to her, but Sarah said, 'No, she's quiet now.' She helped me down with my box, but she was shaking so she nearly dropped it."

"'You are upset,' says I.

"'So would you be,' says she. 'Don't make a noise, I hope she's asleep.'

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"So she took one handle of my box, and I took the other, and we carried it between us to Baker Street Station; she gave me my ticket to Liverpool, and that was the last I saw of her, but I often wished I had left my box, and gone right off to the police. I'm sure there was something queer about Sarah. One day I asked her to come and be photographed with me, and she turned on me like a tiger; she never had been photographed, and never would."

"Yes, but she was," said a voice.

There stood Mrs Jenkins holding a faded old family group, in which, looking out of a window behind, was a square cut face with a thin hard mouth.

"That's she!" almost screamed Alice in her excitement.

Mrs. Jenkins explained. "It was the last time poor auntie stayed with us; Ernest had just got his camera; you never saw such a temper as Sarah was in about it. 'She wouldn't be caricatured by an amateur.' But one day, when we were all grouped, she looked out of the window and was caught; what a state she was in! She tried to steal the negative."

"No wonder," said the inspector. "That's Elizabeth Bourne; we've 'wanted' her for seven years for housebreaking."

It was all explained. The suspicions of the police had been turned into the right channel the day before by the discovery of the purses, one of which had clearly been cut from the side of its owner.

"It was not uncommon," said the inspector, "for a clever female criminal, finding herself 'wanted,' to take a quiet situation, and to carry on her profession on her evenings out; Bourne was a very old hand, who managed dangerous jobs with the greatest dexterity. To secure a clear field for her operations, she had boldly invented the story that Miss Jenkins was deficient, and that her family were only waiting to seize her money and shut her up; dinning this into the ears of the poor, nervous lady till she more than half believed it, and parted with her capital to her fancied protector, Sarah. But she evidently had a grasping nature; her covetousness had made her keep the purses and delay her retreat till she had got every possible scrap of plunder."

Miss Jenkins's fate remained a mystery; the only theory that could be formed was that Sarah intended to murder her after completing her own arrangements, but that she had had to fly without delay, as the poor lady's heart had given way during the last stormy scene, and she had been lying dead when Alice and Sarah crept through the hall on their way to the station.

Her niece and nephew dined that night with the American dentist

"Miss Jenkins came to me in November," said their kind host. "Her teeth were in a dreadful state. I told her the only thing was to have them all extracted, and have a nice comfortable set made. I even took a model of her upper jaw, but her maid, who seemed to order her about pretty well, set her face against it; she persuaded the poor old lady that it would end in a dangerous heart attack.

"I've got the cast," he continued with professional enthusiasm, "the front teeth are the only ones left, and they have a queer twist, especially the right eye-tooth."

The Jenkins's went home, and the street fell back into its usual calm state, when some months later the American dentist was visited by his old friend the inspector.

"If you have the time, sir, to come round into the next street, I should feel obliged. We've had a queer find."

The next patient was overdue; the dentist left a message for him, and followed his visitor to the road behind his own. Here the areas are deep and narrow, with excavations running under the road leading out of them. These are usually divided into two or more compartments, and from one of these, belonging to a house which had been unlet for the best part of a year, there had issued so horrible a smell that the neighbours had complained to the sanitary inspector, and an examination had been made. It came from a locked door, which had shut in a quantity of lumber, behind which, in a dark corner, was a big tub, of the kind formerly used for water butts, and here had been found the body of a woman, of middle age, spare and well nourished. No possibility remained of identifying the features; the back teeth were gone; the front were curiously twisted, especially the right eye-tooth, and were firmly clenched in death on a fragment of gold chain, to which hung a single carved coral bead. Margie's unconscious prophecy had come true.

Elizabeth Bourne is still wanted.

THE END.

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A Worthy Successor to a Great Inheritance.

A SKETCH OF REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

By REV. MAURICE SNELGROVE.

TO dissociate the name of Spurgeon from the world of Religion would be as impossible as to disengage the name of Huxley or Darwin from the world of Science, Tennyson or Longfellow from the world of Poetry, Raphael or Michael Angelo from the world of Art, Matthew Arnold or John Ruskin from the world of Letters. When we think of these different departments, names of great leaders instinctively arise; and surely the Church has produced throughout the ages men as great as those found in the fields of Science, Art or Literature. The world will not readily forget Whitfield and Wesley, Luther and Melancthon, F. W. Robertson and C. H. Spurgeon—and the last is by no means the least.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has told us in his charming essay on Cardinal Newman that there are some men whose names are inseparably and exclusively associated with movements; there are others who are for ever united in human memories with places! To apply Mr. Birrell's words concerning the leader of the Oxford movement to Mr. Spurgeon, "he made good both titles to an estate in our minds and hearts." The Baptist Denomination particularly is not likely to forget him as the leader of a significant, though by no means great or historic, movement; and few inside or outside the Churches will be likely to forget him in his long association with a place—world famed and hallowed—the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

REV. THOS. SPURGEON.
Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.
Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W

It will take some time for the Christian world to recover from the blow it received when on the 31st of January, 1892, news was received that the great preacher, who had sought renewed strength at Mentone, had succumbed to a long-standing and painful disease.

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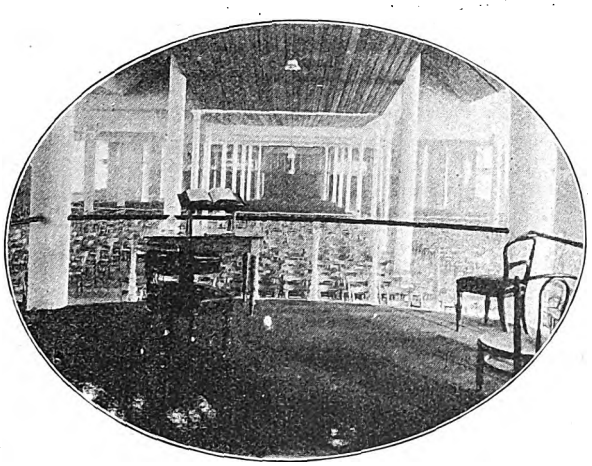
The Metropolitan Tabernacle was by far the largest Free Church building, for exclusively religious purposes, in England, and Mr. Spurgeon had gathered together a great congregation. Elijah's mantle invariably falls on an Elisha, but the Elisha is seldom easily discovered. Mr. Spurgeon's position was unique, his powers were most singular, most rare, and only an exceptional man could gracefully and successfully wear the prophet's robe.

It is not surprising that the very name of Spurgeon has become musical to the ears of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, and it was natural, seeing two grown up preacher sons had been left behind, that the eyes of the people should have turned toward the one or the other.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon had been compelled, through ill-health, to leave England in the year 1877, and though he had from time to time—four times altogether — returned, he had finally settled in 1881 at Auckland Tabernacle, New Zealand, the largest church but one in Australasia. There he met with great success, and was constantly in touch, through letters and poems, with his father's church in London. Not only so; his disposition was so like his father's, his gifts so similar, that the hopes of the members of the London church were toward him, and it is not surprising that they invited him to "supply" for three months. The engagement was fulfilled to mutual satisfaction and Mr. Spurgeon returned to New Zealand.



LECTURE HALL IN THE NEW TABERNACLE.
Photograph by E. Johnson.

Another invitation was subsequently sent asking if he would preach for twelve months. This he consented to do, but long before the probationary period had expired, the hopes of the people materialised; he was elected Pastor of the Church, and in the month of February, 1894, he stood upon his father's rostrum as the minister of his father's people. A new appointment in any sphere may determine either the perpetuation of success or the incipiency of failure. It was an anxious time for pastor and people, both hoping that no mistake had been made in the appointment. Mr. Spurgeon, sen., has, by almost universal opinion, been accorded premier position as preacher, pastor and organiser, and only Mr. Thomas Spurgeon can say what it meant to take up the work which his father had laid down. In the shadow of great objects lesser objects grow dim, as smaller peaks crouch at the foot of the Matterhorn; and a man of average ability following so noble a lead would have been overawed and subdued into real or apparent ineffectiveness. It speaks volumes for Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's ability that, after ten years' ministry at Newington—in spite of the fact that the neighbourhood is constantly changing, becoming less residential every day—nothing started by the first pastor has been given up, and the college, the orphanage, the Church, the colportage—to say nothing of the multifarious agencies—are maintained at a high standard of efficiency.

"Like father, like son" is by no means always true; very often father and son are as opposite as the poles, but the gifts and graces of the world-renowned Charles Haddon Spurgeon have, in measure and degree, been handed down to the son. The father was one of the wittiest of men; his sermons sparkled with natural humour, and this gift was no small factor in holding the immense audiences invariably attending his ministry. He did not allow his humour to interfere with the plan or impression of his discourse. He would probably have agreed with Mr. Barry Pain that "you must not dwell on humour for a second; it's like a *soufflé*, the more

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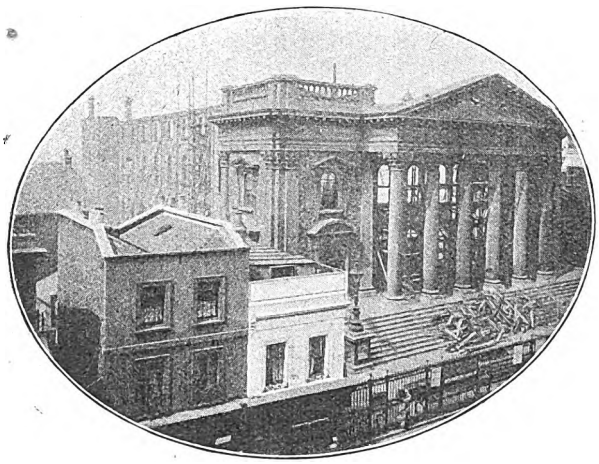


THE OLD BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE OF 1898.
Photograph by E. Johnson.

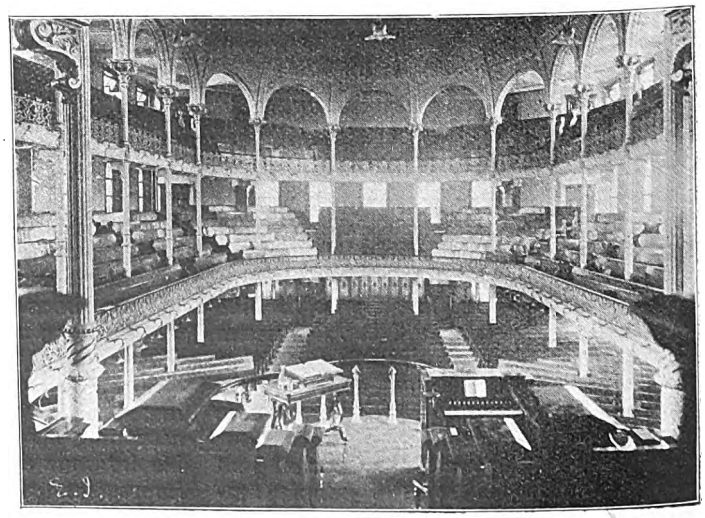
lightly you handle it the better it is." Mr. Spurgeon gave expression to his productions by its guarded use.

"Son Tom," as he is lovingly and familiarly designated, has this faculty in no small measure. He puts windows, to use one of his father's metaphors, into his sermons by its introduction. Quick in repartee, he can always hold his own. It is reported that one of his truculent critics—who thought that Mr. Spurgeon's position and popularity were altogether dependent upon his relationship to the "prince of preachers"—said to him on one occasion, "Mr. Spurgeon, where would you have been without your father?" to which Mr. Spurgeon gave the caustic reply, "I don't know; where would you?" In pulpit style Mr. Spurgeon can be said to have no style except that which is purely natural. Gesticulations are conspicuous by their absence. He moves but little on his rostrum; he speaks slowly. There is a marked absence of Latinised words in his language; he excels, as did his father, in Anglo-Saxon. Apt similes and metaphors, thoughtfully conceived, delicately expressed, are made contributory to the impression and interest of the subject under consideration; intense earnestness characterises every movement, every sentence.

Mr. Spurgeon's humour has been mentioned; it is well to notice humour's near neighbour—pathos. Those who have heard the present pastor of the Tabernacle preach must have been impressed by the manly pathos breathing in his discourses. He evidently preaches what he feels, and the consequence is that the people feel what he preaches.

Moreover, the impressiveness of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons is partly produced by the fact that he is an extempore preacher. Very different definitions of preaching obtain to-day from those held in days gone by. Like Drs. Parker and Clifford and the late Henry Ward Beecher—like his own father—Mr. Spurgeon believes that the whole man preaches, and he realises the value of the "kindling glance of the eye," the eloquence of the whole bearing. Mr. Spurgeon is gathering, for sermonic purposes, all the week; he reads widely, and is a student of human nature—a prolific study for pulpit uses.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, like his great father, is pre-eminently and conspicuously *a preacher*. He has no time for larger literary work than the production of



INTERIOR OF THE NEW TABERNACLE.
Photograph by E. Johnson.

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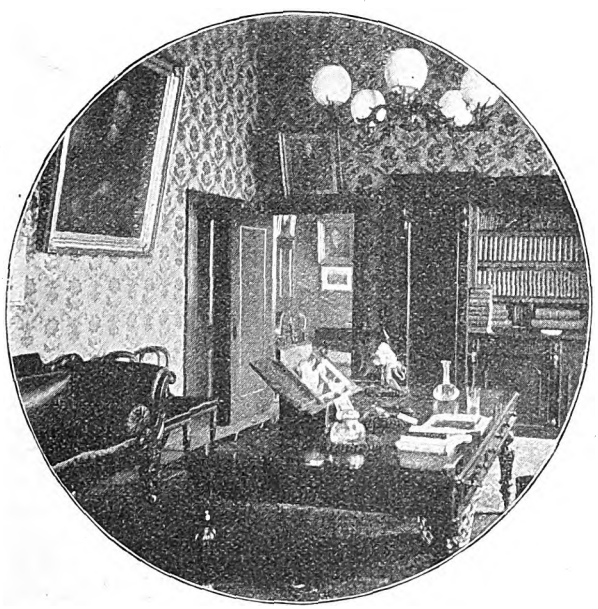
sermons. In the preface to a small volume published in 1867, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon remarked that writing was to him the work of a slave; and after making this candid admission he adds, "Well may a man's books be called his 'works,' for if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work indeed to produce a quarto volume." Yet though specifically a preacher, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has published a small volume of devotional and Temperance sonnets under the title, "Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue." Coventry Patmore, comparing the scientist and poet, has told us that, whereas the scientist is all thought and no vision, the poet is all vision and no thought. In these poems we find thought and vision in happy association.

The late Mr. Spurgeon "was impatient of poets and their pottery," writes Mrs. Spurgeon, senior, "but," she adds, "whenever I read to him one of Son Tom's pieces the result was sure to be smiles or tears . . . . and the verdict always satisfied me." Probably paternal regard lent tone and colour to his verdict. However, the book has found a snug, and by no means forgotten, place in many a bookcase, and the contents a warm corner in many a mind and heart.

The spirit of the poems displays the disposition of the man. It has been said of C. W. Von Gluck, the celebrated musician, that, like Milton and Bacon, who put on record their knowledge that they had written for all time, "he was magnificently conscious of himself." This is just what Thomas Spurgeon is not; he is magnificently unconscious of himself, and this, to a large extent, accounts for his wide influence and popularity.



THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S PRIVATE VESTRY.
Photograph by E. Johnson.

The Duke of Wellington ruled his soldiers by force and ability; Napoleon Bonaparte governed his men by ability and thoughtfulness. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is not lacking in ability, but his gentleness has made him great. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* certainly does not apply to him. One of the most genial of men, brotherly, thoughtful, intensely spiritual—considerate of men's failings, helping them in trouble, guiding them in perplexity, rejoicing with them in their successes—he rules men by love; and the Church, the college, the orphanage, are the better and stronger for his gracious presence and counsel.

Mr. Spurgeon has for many years felt compelled to refuse to submit to be interviewed; yet in his own well appointed vestry, with a waiting-room full of people anxious to speak with him, he readily verified the main facts of his life. The majority of people looking at Mr. Spurgeon, either close to or from a distance, would judge him to be older than he is, seeing he is still on the "up-hill side" of middle life. Forty-five years ago Mr. C. H. Spurgeon received the intelligence that two boys had been born into the world to him, which news called from him the witty exclamation, "Not more than others I deserved, yet God has given me more." Thomas and Charles, the twin brothers, attended school in the neighbourhood of Clapham, and after a good grounding, Thomas was entered as a wood engraver, at the same time attending art classes at South Kensington, being most anxious to become an artist. But the desire to preach was in his heart. The histories of Thomas Coles and many others have taught us that if a man be an

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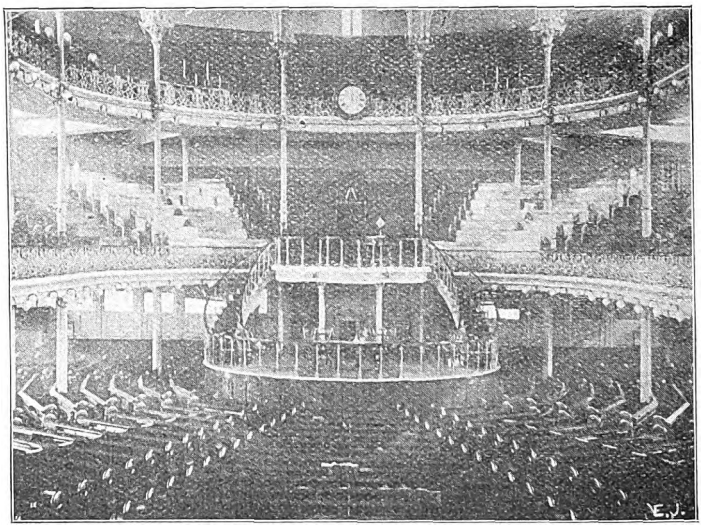

Photo by INTERIOR OF OLD TABERNACLE. *E. Johnson.*

artist born an artist he must be. On similar lines, if a man be a preacher born a preacher he must be. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that, at an early age, he, with his brother, started preaching at a mission-hall in Wandsworth. Unfortunately Thomas's health gave way and he went to Australia, returning the next year on hearing that his mother was ill. He entered the Pastor's College the same year, but after a brief stay in that institution returned to the Colonies and started preaching in earnest. His subsequent career has been outlined in previous paragraphs. It is often found that good men have come from a godly ancestry. Mr. Spurgeon has been thus privileged. His father, grandfather (who is still living, the venerable Rev. John Spurgeon), and great-grandfather were preachers; and he was doubly advantaged, for, to use John Ruskin's words concerning his own mother, his "mother's influence was conspicuous." To these sources may be traced a good deal that has been formative as to character and influential as to service.

If Mr. Spurgeon be weak in body he must store what strength he has well, and use it wisely, for the calls upon him are many, the demands are great.

A cursory glance at the more important services Mr. Spurgeon has to render will show how little time he can have for indulgence in predilections and pleasures. He has the presidential care of the great undenominational Orphanage at Stockwell, requiring £20,000 a year from voluntary contributions for its maintenance; the direction of hundreds of colporteurs in all parts of the country; the oversight of sixty students constantly in the College; and the pastoral care of the great Church meeting in the Tabernacle. The responsibility of the Tabernacle alone and ordinarily, must have been a heavy burden to bear—but an inconceivably great load was Mr. Spurgeon's, when in April, 1898, the building erected in 1861 for his father, was burned to the ground. However, he had learned the secret of success in knowing how to use, not what he had chosen, but what was forced upon him, and after two years' migration, he returned with his people, to the occupancy of a new building which had cost £40,000—a monument of gratitude for the father, a token of confidence in the son. Some idea of the importance of the work can be gathered from statistics. The new Tabernacle seats comfortably 3,000 people and has a church membership of 3,553; 21 mission stations, with sitting accommodation for 6,740 people are supported; there are 598 teachers and 8,000 scholars in the Sunday schools; and it may be taken for granted that the societies in connection with the Church are multifarious and onerous. Yet all are vigorous and prosperous.

It is impossible to pass through Newington Butts without noticing the great building—with its Corinthian pillars and aspect of solidarity—true indications of importance and strength within; and thousands of people all over the world earnestly hope that the Church and its Pastor (who is ably assisted by the Rev. C. B. Sawday) may long abide as centres of permanent usefulness in this, the greatest City of the World.

MAURICE SNELGROVE.

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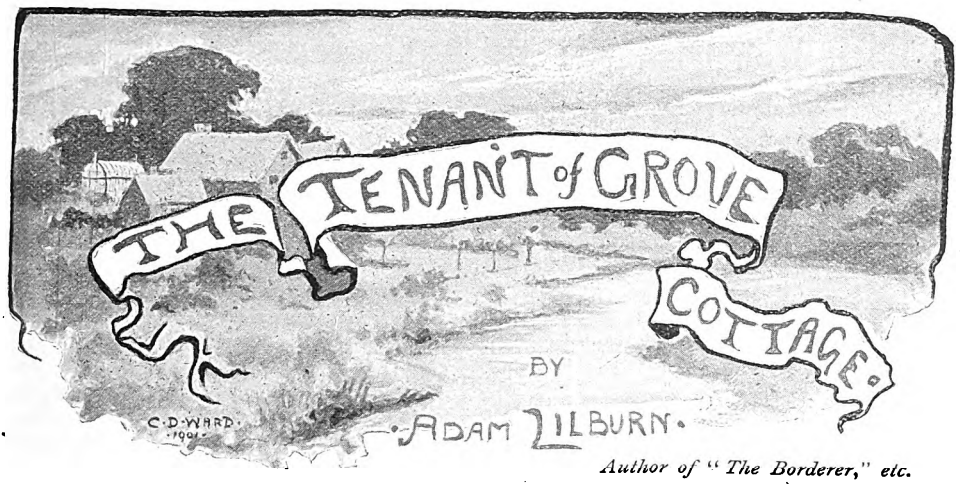

Author of "The Borderer," etc.

Illustrated by CHAS. D. WARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

THE adventurers took with them such necessaries for comfort as they could gather together on a short notice, and, accompanied by Jack Ditton, who had been promoted to the post of doctor's boy, they proceeded to render the dismal old bungalow as habitable as possible. Jack lit a fire, spread some rugs on the floor, unpacked a hamper, and fled forthwith, preferring rather to brave the dangers of the dark lane than any that might await him in the haunted bungalow.

Jack was, in a small way, a hero both in his own estimation and in that of the villagers; but there are limits even to the courage of heroes. The importance the youth had derived from having been the first to discover the murder in Dredman's-lane was growing dim as the interest in the affair subsided; so he was not altogether averse to being associated—in a safe degree—with the dangerous enterprise of these three misguided young men.

Dr. Hawthorn laughed at Jack's rueful face as the latter ran off shaking his head.

"The young monkey doesn't expect to find any of us alive in the morning," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "And, after all, there's method in his madness! If the ghosts don't destroy us we'll certainly contract fevers and ague, for the place smells like a vault."

Jim appeared to grow irritable and depressed after Jack's departure. Certainly the prospect was not cheerful. The walls reeked with moisture which the warmth of the fire seemed to increase. The chimney, being as damp as the walls, smoked incessantly; an odour of decomposing vegetable matter pervaded the atmosphere. Jim Hawthorn detected another odour which he declared to emanate from defective drains. Curious creaking sounds from unexpected quarters were trying to the nerves; and altogether the adventurers had not a pleasant prospect before them, even though the ghosts should leave them alone.

Despite the smoke, Bertie crouched close to the fire, for his residence in a hot climate rendered him susceptible to cold. Jim smoked in sullen silence, nursing a grievance. He was annoyed with himself for adventuring upon this wild-goose chase; but, being intensely human, preferred to throw the blame of his folly upon others. It is always pleasanter to consider oneself a good-natured person who yields to the persuasions of others, than one who does foolish things of his own

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accord. Hargreaves was the only one who seemed really interested in the affair. He leant against the window-sill and gazed into the tenebrous depths of the shrubbery as though eager to miss nothing which might happen there.

"Cheerful company you two chaps are," grumbled the doctor. "Carlton doesn't seem to have a word to throw at a dog, and Hargreaves is too busy acting pointer to spooks to care about making himself agreeable to mere mortals!"

Bertie laughed, but Hargreaves did not take any notice. Annoyed by this absence of mind Jim went over to the window and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Come, old man, wake up, or tell us what you're watching so intently out there! I can't see anything but trees myself."

"What do I see?" repeated the Astrologer, in a soft, even voice that seemed to come from a long distance. "I see something big, and soft, and stealthy, lying low amongst the bushes, and waiting its time to leap upon its prey! Isn't that interesting enough to rivet one's attention? I, too, am waiting and watching for the consummation of some great tragedy."

"Great Scott! You make me feel creepy! Where is the beast you speak of? I can see nothing!"

"Look over yonder beside that clump of elder bushes. Don't you see something close to the ground—something like two green lamps? Well those are the eyes of the great beast I speak of!"

After one glance in the direction indicated Dr. Hawthorn fell back, trembling in every limb.

Was it merely the effect of his own wild imaginings, or had the other man hypnotised him into seeing what had no existence? At least it is certain that he ever after averred that not only did he distinguish the eyes, but likewise the dim outline of some huge beast that crouched behind the bushes.

"This is too awful!" he gasped, wiping his forehead, which grew wet with clammy moisture. "Why are such things permitted? I wouldn't have believed it unless I'd seen it myself."

"Did I not warn you that we would have to deal with foes terrible and unknown? You're not the first who came to mock and remained to pray."

Curiosity drew Bertie to the window also, but he could distinguish nothing.

"Where is it?" he cried, impatiently. "Let us go across and try to rout it out. In all probability it's only some wild cat or other that's hiding there."

His hand was on the clasp of the window as he spoke, but Hawthorn would not permit him to open it.

"No, no, Carlton! I won't have it, I tell you! It's bad enough as it is. It's bad enough for you two hare-brained chaps to drag me into such a wild-goose chase without—without you exposing yourself and—and us to more dangers than are absolutely necessary. If the—the powers of evil, as Hargreaves calls them, are outside the house, for Heaven's sake let us keep them there!"

His voice quavered into all sorts of keys. Bertie was hard-hearted enough to laugh.

"All right, Jim! I won't let them in, but, all the same, I'm afraid this shaky old window isn't much of a barrier if they're disposed to besiege us. Besides, after all, what are bolts and bars to immaterial beings?"

Hawthorn mixed himself a stiff glass of whisky, heaped some coals on the fire, rolled himself in a rug, and laid his long length on the floor.

"If I don't have a few hours' sleep I'll be no good for my work to-morrow," he said. "I sleep lightly, so I'm sure to awake if anything happens.

He had the doctor's gift of commanding sleep, and before long, in spite of his fears, his regular breathing indicated a blissful oblivion of his uncomfortable surroundings.

The other men sat in silence, waiting for what they knew not. Once Bertie fancied he heard a stealthy footfall on the stair, and rushed to the door; but the candle he carried merely threw a faint circle of light around himself, leaving all that lay beyond in greater obscurity, so he discerned nothing but countless legions of crawling things which scurried off at his approach. He returned to the fire and his quiet companion, and presently began to dose and nod. Thereupon he followed Jim's example, rolled himself in a rug, and fell into a sleep—a sleep of strange dreams.

He was by turns pursued by a huge tiger, stalked by a black man, who wore smoked spectacles like Mr. Pattinson, then found himself flying from a bush fire, as he had once done in reality when in Australia. Long miles of road kept

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getting hotter and hotter, and the flames raced him in leaps and bounds. At length one great tongue of fire licked his face, and with a shriek he awoke to find the dream a reality. The room was full of smoke, a red glow shone in at the windows, and overhead he could hear the fire crackling and roaring.

Dreadman's Bungalow was devoted to destruction.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RESCUE.

Bertie's first thought was for the safety of his friends. Groping about in the dense smoke, he discovered that they were both of them in a state of insensibility. They had succumbed to the influence of the smoke, and had not Bertie been aroused in time it is probable that all the three would have perished in their sleep.

Fortunately the room they occupied was on the ground-floor, and had a French window that opened upon the verandah; so, without much trouble, the young fellow contrived to drag them singly across the room, and, as he could not undo the fastening quickly enough, he wrapped his hand in a rug, and, breaking the glass, contrived so to get the window open. Then the smoke rushing at once to the opening and leaving the room comparatively free, he discovered a jug of water on the table, which he instantly dashed over Jim's face.

The latter sat up and rubbed his eyes, for he had not been long insensible.

"What in the name of wonder's the matter, Carlton?" he exclaimed. "Anything exploded? Fancy I smell chemicals!"

"Get up and help me to carry Hargreaves out of this," cried Bertie, sharply. "The rotten old place is on fire, and burns like tinder."

Dr. Hawthorn pulled himself together and obeyed. But even a keen sense of danger failed to subdue his inclination to grumble.

"Well, I'm not a bit surprised," he muttered, "my prophetic soul told me we were in for a nasty night of it! Great Scott! If I get safe out of this, you won't persuade me into spook-hunting again."

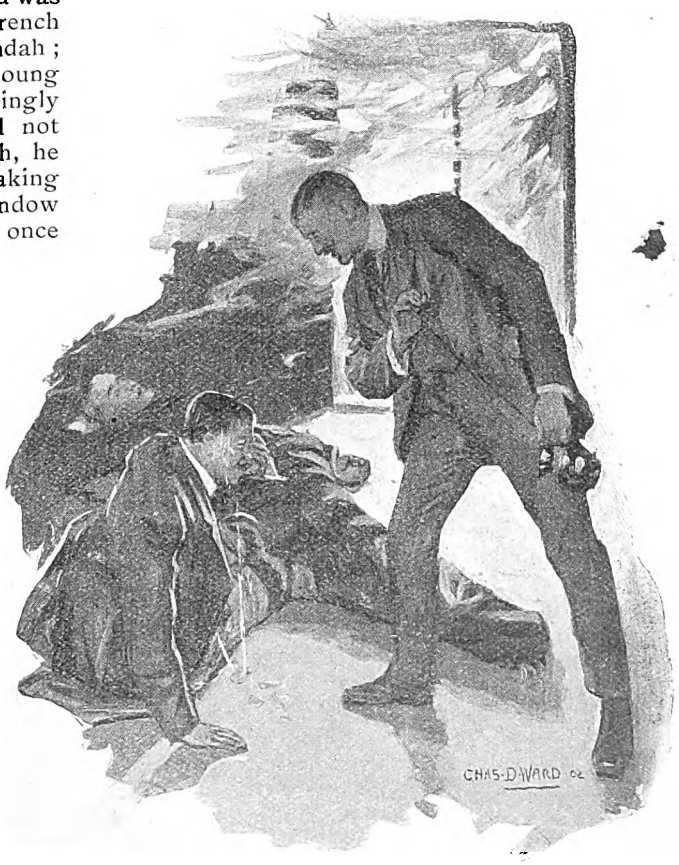
They carried Hargreaves down the garden, and then turned back to look at the fire. The bungalow presented a strange and lurid spectacle. Flames leaped from every window on one side of the house, and the enveloping greenery fell in blackened ropes as the flames scorched it.

"I wonder how it originated?" said Bertie, in astonishment. "Our fire was burning quietly enough, and we did no exploring, so it couldn't have arisen from any carelessness on our part."

Jim felt in his pocket, and, discovering no pipe there, bemoaned his loss in no measured phrase.

"It was the cleanest and sweetest pipe I ever possessed," he murmured; "and such a good one to draw. I'll never look upon its like again!"

"Oh, confound your pipe!" returned



JIM SAT UP AND RUBBED HIS EYES, FOR HE HAD NOT BEEN LONG INSENSIBLE.

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Bertie, irritably. It's a mercy you didn't lose your life instead of merely your pipe!"

"Only for you, I'd be a charred stick!" returned the other at once; then spoilt his concession to gratitude by a return to his former mood. "But I was a fool to come with you, all the same! And as for my pipe—it's wife, and bairns, and home to me! If it wasn't for the loss of it, the old place might burn, and welcome!"

He turned to attend to Hargreaves, who now showed signs of returning consciousness. "Come, old man, wake up and see the last of your ghosts! I'll venture to say that we'll get no help from the village!"

Bertie was looking intently at the burning house.

"How was it that the fire broke out in the upper part of the building, when we were on the ground-floor, and were, so far as we know, the sole occupants of the bungalow?"

"There must have been someone there besides ourselves," returned the doctor, "and, by Jove! if he isn't there still!"

He pointed to a window where someone undoubtedly stood waving arms and gesticulating in order to attract their attention. Bertie looked about, and found a dilapidated ladder leaning against a wall. Without further ado he proceeded to drag it towards the house.

"I say, Carlton, you're not going to trust yourself on that rotten thing?" exclaimed Jim. "Why, it'll give way with you before you're half-way up; and it's much too short any way."

"Never mind; I'm going to venture. One can't stand here and see a fellow-creature burnt to death without making same attempt to save him."

The ruddy glow of the fire made the night as light as day; and as the young fellow neared the Bungalow, he could see quite plainly the figure at the window. A ragged, miserable scarecrow of a figure it was, as it kept waving its arms about in frantic appeal. Fear had evidently driven the poor wretch mad for the time being.

One side of the burning house was now almost a wreck and quite impossible of approach; but, fortunately, the wind had blown the portion where the man still was almost free from smoke and flames. Bertie cast a quick glance over it, and decided he would try to clamber from the roof of the verandah to the window.

He placed the ladder in position, and it was—as Jim said—too short by many feet. But Bertie had been on board a sailing ship to good purpose, and proceeded to clamber hand over hand up the creeper, which hung in great ropes about the pillars of the verandah and had not yet caught fire. By this means he contrived to reach the window where the figure still stood waving its arms. As he approached, however, it drew back, as though it deemed even fire preferable to any contact with man.

"Come, quick!" gasped Bertie, clinging to the slippery roof. "Don't you see I'm here to help you down?"

But the poor demented wretch still held off. "Is Pawson there?" he cried, in a hoarse voice. "I'm not a-goin' to be copped this time! 'E's always had a spite at me, 'ad Pawson. 'E tried to get me scragged once! If 'e's yonder, I'd rather stop where I am!"

It was evident the poor creature had lost his wits through fear. There was no time to lose, so without further ado Bertie scrambled over the window-ledge and got hold of him. There was a struggle, but the half-starved creature had no chance with the young athlete, whose muscles had been toughened by hard work under hot suns, although the latter was half strangled by the thin, clinging arms. By this time, too, the fire had invaded the room they were in, and was licking the roof of the verandah; so the position of both would-be rescuer and rescued grew perilous in the extreme.

Now, however, the doctor came to the assistance of his friend. Securing the rug which had been wrapped round Hargreaves, he saturated it with water from a pond in the garden. With this rug he followed Bertie up the ladder, and laid it on the roof, so as to afford a safer and firmer footing.

"Make haste, Carlton," he cried, through the smoke. "Throttle the beggar, if he won't come without! The fire has spread below, and there's not a moment to lose!"

Bertie dragged the now quiescent form of the man to the window, and proceeded to hoist it over the sill; then with it held tightly in his arms, he slid down the roof of the verandah until he reached the edge, where Jim awaited him on the ladder. Between them they managed to get the poor wretch safely down; though not

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without sustaining some damage, for the ladder caught fire in two places, and there were great flaming gaps through which they were forced to pass as best they could.

By this time Jack Ditton had arrived on the spot with the dog-cart; and, leaving the burning Bungalow to its fate, they were all driven to the doctor's house to have their injuries attended to.

With the exception of the man who had been rescued from the burning Bungalow—who proved to be the unlucky Jerry Gobey—these same injuries proved to be of a slight character. Bertie's heavy cloth coat had saved his arm, though the sleeve of it crumbled into dust at a touch. But Jerry's unfortunate predilection for Dredman's Bungalow was like to cost him dear; for his burns were serious and would, in all probability, prove fatal.

Bertie contrived to snatch an hour's sleep on the couch in the surgery before the arrival of the train which brought the inscrutable Salter and one of his myrmidons. This latter was the same colourless individual who had watched the spiders in Thumb Court while waiting so patiently for Solomon Bembridge's clerk.

Sitting on the edge of his chair, and acutely conscious of the presence of his superior, this man narrated—in a voice as colourless as his face—the methods he had employed to gain or force the confidence of Mr. Morton. He had found out that the clerk had never liked his employer, still less his employment, and of late there had been considerable friction betwixt the men owing partly to a—well, an affair of sentiment. Strange that such trivialities should be allowed to influence business relations; but so it was in this case. It was his business to seize every chance presented by temper or weakness. The young man had still some foolish scruples about betraying secrets—scruples which required strong arguments to abolish; but after a warm scene in the office Morton proved at length amenable, especially when threatened with the terrors of the law. The colourless man finished his narration by telling how he had lured the clerk into a cab, and so on to the presence of his chief.

Then the said chief took up the tale. His communication proved to be of so startling and unexpected a nature that long before it was finished Bertie grew pale and unnerved.

Good Heavens! It was simply incredible! Was it possible that such horrors could exist beneath the calm surface of ordinary life? All the wild surmises that had ever arisen in the young man's mind paled before the sheer horror of this discovery!

Salter spoke in a quiet and unemotional manner, as though there were nothing extraordinary about his statements. Bertie wondered dully and irrelevantly whether anything had ever surprised Salter or his myrmidon?

But Salter's was not the only revelation in store for Bertie that morning. Scarcely had the former concluded his amazing story than Jim entered in haste.

"I want you for just a minute, Carlton," he cried. "That poor fellow upstairs is conscious, and is crying out for you! I can't quiet him myself; so you must come with me."

"Oh, I am awfully upset, Jim! Salter has just told me something almost too awful for belief! I really don't think I can stand any more just now."

"Oh, come now! You needn't stay," urged the doctor; "but I may contrive to pull him through if I can keep his mind easy. He declares that it is most important he should see you without delay."

"All right; I suppose I shall have to come. Wait here for me, Mr. Salter, and we will talk things over when I return."

The inscrutable Salter agreed. Dr. Hawthorn invited him into another room, but he declined to move. He rather liked surgeries. There were so many interesting things—anatomical plates and books, and what not. If he had not been a detective, he thought he would have been a doctor for choice.

"We're not so very different, after all," returned Jim, politely, offering him a cigar. "We dissect different parts of one organism, that's all—mine the body, yours the mind."

Bertie went up to the side of a bed whereon lay Jerry Gobey, swathed in cotton wool, his great eyes full of a pathetic appeal and the terror of a frightened child.

"I don't want—to die yet—although it's orful the pain is, sometimes! I'm a bad lot—I know—but I never had no chance. Pawson always had a down on me, yer know. But we did 'im that time, me and Bill did. He'd have given his

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ears for wot Bill found—at the entrance of the lane that night—the night wen the pore old gent was murdered. It was all crumpled up like, and thrown in a hedge, as though someone had done it in a wax—a bloomin' temper, yer know. Bill he never passes anything now, cos once a pal and him see a bit of piper lyin' in the road, an' it turned out to be a flimsy—a fiver! An' though we couldn't make much of this 'un, Bill thought it might be worth money some day, and so I've kep' it ever since. Accordin' to wot the doctor says, you are the party most concerned—and you saved my life—not 'as 'ow that's worth much—so if you look in the breast-pocket of that coat over there, an' if it isn't burnt, you will find that there piper in a pocket-book wot I found. No, if I'm to die, I'd better make a clean breast! I sneaked it from the gent! Bill, he's a holy terror, and 'twas him put me up to it."

Bertie's hands trembled with excitement when he discovered the paper uninjured in the stolen pocket-book. Crumpled and dirty, and torn, it was yet quite legible, and read as follows:—

Thumb Court, October 2nd.

"SIR,—I am surprised to find that a man of your experience should make the mistake of imagining that one of mine could be intimidated by threats. It will undoubtedly be unpleasant if you carry out your intention, invade the privacy of my quiet home to-morrow night, and endeavour to blacken my character in the eyes of those I love. But I warn you once again that Daniel Pattinson knows well how to guard the secrets of Solomon Bembridge. I will keep watch in the lane until after the arrival of the last express from town, after which I shall feel safe from intrusion; but I sincerely hope that both for your own sake and for mine you will reconsider your determination.—Yours,

"BOTH THE MEN YOU KNOW."

THE PAPER DROPPED FROM BERTIE'S NERVELESS HANDS—THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED AT LAST.

The chain of evidence was complete. Daniel Pattinson, the philanthropist, the model son and village potentate, was no other than Solomon Bembridge, the shady money-lender of Thumb Court. His own handwriting convicted him; and "Both the Men You Know" were concerned in quieting for ever the tongue that threatened to expose them.

The paper dropped from Bertie's nerveless hands. The mystery of Dredman's Lane was solved at last. Daniel Pattinson—the good, the genial, the pleasant—was the murderer of Bertie Carlton's father.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE MURDERER ESCAPED.

Bertie's brain reeled with the effort to grasp the revelation which had just been made to him.

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The thing was monstrous, incredible, shocking beyond words. Could it be possible that this man, whose salt he had eaten, and who had welcomed him with such apparent cordiality, was the murderer of his father? This seemingly sweet-natured person, who was always spoken of as a lover of all things good and innocent, this model son, this general benefactor, was at heart a creature of blood and secret crime, an oppressor of the poor, a being without ruth or scruple in the pursuance of his objects! Why, it seemed rather like some mediæval legend than a modern instance.

But all the details fitted together with the accuracy of a child's picture puzzle, and doubt was no longer possible.

He suddenly recalled his own feelings when they first met. Why, it was nature giving him some hint of the truth. As he shook hands with the tenant of Grove Cottage his flesh had shuddered and recoiled, as at some unnatural and monstrous contact. That cold, limp clasp warred against all his pre-dispositions in Mr. Pattinson's favour.

And yet it was beneath the roof of this human monster that Nora, the girl Bertie loved, had resided for a couple of years. Good heavens! What a risk she had run! Bertie's blood ran cold to think of it.

But then again, she was fond of him. He must have acted his part well to have deceived her so completely. If the revelation of his infamy had been terrible to the young fellow who was but an acquaintance, what would it be to poor little Nora, who had always looked up to and admired him? He had ever been her kind friend, almost her playfellow—the winsome Uncle Dan of her gayest hours.

Bertie felt the pressure of the situation strongly. What ought he to do? The revenge for which he had waited and schemed was in his grasp, and he hesitated about seizing it. Ought he to abandon it and leave it to God to punish the guilty?

He groaned, but knitted his brows. Not that, not that! Man would require to be a Christ to forgive such injuries. And Bertie was human, not divine; so his lips took a firm curve and his fist clenched itself involuntarily.

Then all at once he remembered, with a sigh of relief, that the matter had gone out of his hands. Salter had set the wheels of the law in motion already, and he was powerless to stop them. Salter had taken things for granted, and, leaving word that he would return before acting further, had gone off to the nearest magistrate to procure a warrant for Pattinson's arrest.

Meanwhile it was impossible for Bertie to remain inactive. He decided to walk to Grove Cottage, and Hargreaves, panting with haste, joined him just at the entrance of the lane.

"May I go with you, Carlton?" he asked. "The interest of the tragedy culminates, and I would fain see the last act."

Bertie winced. "The tragedy affects me so closely that I cannot quite appreciate your attitude of spectator," he replied; "but come, by all means. Though with your curious powers I daresay you can tell how it will be when the curtain falls."

"Perhaps that's the reason why I wish to accompany you! Don't be angry with me, old man. It isn't that I don't sympathise with you."

They proceeded in silence until they reached the gate of Grove Cottage. After a moment's hesitation Bertie opened this, and they entered the garden. The whole place had a strangely deserted appearance. It was evident that the servants were absent, for Bertie tugged at the door-bell for several minutes without eliciting any response. He scarce knew why he had come; but whatever motive actuated him his visit seemed fated to be futile. The men looked at each other blankly.

"Has he heard something and escaped?' asked Bertie.

Hargreave's eyes quickened with sudden intelligence.

"Escaped?" he repeated. "Perhaps, but not in the way you mean. Escaped? Yes, but through the only door that was open to him."

He hurried down the path in the direction of the greenhouse as he spoke. The door was bolted on the inside, but Bertie set his shoulder against it and the bolt flew.

Hargreaves had guessed correctly. The man they sought was there. He was sitting propped up against the frame of the stand containing his auriculas, and on the ground beside him lay the tin whistle upon which he had evidently been playing up to the last. One of his pet toads still squatted on his shoulder, and the lizard slid across the path and disappeared as the men entered the place of death.

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The man of two lives had escaped from the just vengeance of his pursuer, and, as Hargreaves said, through the only door left open to him.

* * * *

Dr. Hawthorn, who came on a hasty summons, decided that the murderer had died from a dose of some powerful vegetable poison, in all probability one he had distilled himself, for he was skilled in botany, and the properties of all plants. Hemlock, opium, or digitalis would have sufficed, but Jim declared that it would require more than a cursory glance to decide upon the particular poison.

A post-mortem was imperative. The chief fact, however, was that the man had escaped from the consequences of his crime. His death saved a good deal of trouble and perplexity.

It was ascertained that he had given the servants a week's holiday the day before, spent the night alone, and at the very time when the fire broke out in the Bungalow, had shut himself up in the greenhouse and swallowed the fatal dose. A sealed packet directed to Bertie was found among his papers. It contained a full confession of the crime in Dredman's-lane. From sundry hints he had received lately (notably one from his discharged clerk, Joseph Morton, who through some curious freak of conscience had warned him to fly before the bloodhounds ran him down) he recognised that the game was up, and that there was but one way of escape open for him.

"Yes," continued the written confession, "I killed your father. It is useless to deny it longer. He was obstinate, and drove me to desperation, and in a sudden access of fury I stabbed him. He had written me a threatening letter, and I knew him to be resolute in carrying out his plans. It was not that I cared for threats or abuse myself, but I wished to spare my mother the knowledge of my real character and occupation.

"I did not tell the truth about the knife. It never lay upon the garden seat, for I did not use it until late in the afternoon, and kept it in the pocket of my gardening coat, which I put on again when I went to meet your father. So it was that, unfortunately, the weapon was there when the impulse came, and I remembered that it was in my pocket by feeling the sharp point prick my hand a moment before. Until then no such thought was in my head. But I grew desperate, a blind fury seized me, and the world around me was red with flame and blood.

"It was in a sudden fit of disgust with myself that I left the knife where it was, and fled homeward. But long before I reached the garden gate my common sense returned. I reasoned that the deed was done, and was irretrievable. Nothing I could do would avail to restore the life I had taken. I was sufficiently conversant with the laws of anatomy (to which I had devoted considerable time) to be quite sure that the blow I dealt was a fatal one. This being the case, what was the best thing for me to do? Must I abide the consequences of my hasty act and consent to be branded as a murderer? Must I allow myself to be held up to public execration, and, what was worse, bring shame on those I loved? No, this was more than I could endure. For one thing, it would certainly break my mother's heart, and at all risks this must be prevented. Therefore I stole back, moved by an instinct of self-preservation. My arms are long and muscular, and I did not experience much difficulty in dragging the body of my victim into the field, where I fancied it might lie unobserved by the few persons who were likely to pass that place that night. I took the precaution of searching his pockets in case there might be in them any document of an incriminating character. I had written to him on the previous day, and not, perhaps, with my usual caution. But, whether he had destroyed this letter of mine or left it at home, at least it was not about his person. I removed his purse, in order to provide some possible motive for the crime, and I intended to take his watch as well; but as I stooped to do so, some wayfarer drew near, whistling to keep up his courage, and I fled before him, keeping close to the hedge.

"Afterwards I attempted to return and withdraw the knife from the wound; but discovered, to my astonishment, that I had reached the limits of my endurance. For the first time in my life, I developed nerves, a perfect frenzy of fear fell upon me; and, throwing the purse into a sullen pool beneath the bridge, where I fancied it would lie safe until morning, I rushed indoors and locked myself into my room. There I swallowed a certain narcotic I had before found useful, and which I knew to possess no harmful after-effects.

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I was conscious of no more until morning, when I awoke early and with my mental balance completely restored. I would fain have spared my dear little comrade the gruesome spectacle presented by the body of the murdered man; but could not insist upon her remaining within doors without exciting her wonder. The rest you know already. I will say no more, for time hastens, and I must perform the last dread task which I have set myself."

Thus abruptly the strange document ended, as if time pressed upon the writer and warned him that the fatal act must be accomplished now or never.

"I wonder how Nora will feel when she hears of it?" muttered Bertie, as his eye travelled over the last lines, and he thought sorrowfully of all that that confession would mean to her. "I must go and see her at once. Even that dreadful woman will not deny my right to be with the girl I love after what has happened. But, oh, my poor little love, what a blow it will be to you! For he was your ideal of all that was good, and kind, and thoughtful, and you never seemed to have any suspicion of the cloven foot."

For the young fellow did not know of that last scene in the garden, when the girl had fled in haste from the suggestions of the evil music. Poor Nora could not bring herself to speak of this to anyone. She had hidden it away in the depths of her inner consciousness, where it lay, a shuddering horror, ever ready to creep forth and terrorise her afresh when she was alone at night.

She was a loyal little woman, and it seemed hateful to harbour such doubts and fears of her aforetime friend; but they were there, nevertheless, and refused to be routed.

They grew, indeed, darker and more formidable as time went on, for she remembered many a strange speech and action which had passed almost unnoticed before.

So when Bertie's revelation came it was not altogether so astonishing as it might otherwise have been.

But when Nora cried herself to sleep that night, it was her dead friend, Sarah Pattinson, she thought of. Fate had been kind in removing the dear blind mother before she sustained the shock of knowing what a monster she had given birth to. But, oh, the pity of it! How he had been loved, and looked up to, and prayed for by that same good mother!

CHAPTER XXVII.

AGAIN ON THE HEIGHTS.

Fully two months had elapsed since the self-inflicted death of his father's murderer had saved Bertie from the painful duty of delivering him into the hands of justice.

Again, as upon that day in spring, the young fellow had climbed the heights, and sat gazing over the wide extent of Wensley Common, seated beside the girl he loved.

"What a long time it seems since we met here first!" remarked Nora, whose look of brightness sorrow had dimmed a little. "Ages have passed—and suffering makes the time seem so very long. Then, it was all fresh and green and young, while now——" and she waved her hand around significantly.

All was, indeed, changed since that spring sunset glorified the world. Then the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the earth was glad because of the renewal of her youth. Now the saddening touch of autumn was over all. Yet was the scene beautiful in its mellow sadness, with its mantle of golden bracken, its reddening trees, its dreamy mists.

"Now, at least, we are together," returned the lover, with a tender look; "now, at least, there is no one to forbid our love! We are both alone in the world, both well-nigh friendless; but what of that, since we have each other."

Nora's eyes filled with tears. "Doesn't it seem a little heartless in us to be happy after the tragedy of both our lives?" she said, sadly. "O Bertie, how I wish I could forget it all! I dream of it every night, and awaken trembling and afraid."

He looked at her with some anxiety, recognising that even love was as yet powerless to dispel the fears that clouded her young life, and that only time, the consoler, could effect this.

"My darling, what can I do to help you? A man feels so powerless in such a case. And I know so little of the intricacies of a girl's mind. I can only love you."

"Oh, but indeed, that's a great deal," returned the girl. "If I hadn't your love, I think I'd go mad! But you know how it is—one felt so sure—and I liked

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him, and trusted him even more than I liked! If you had lived with him—his devotion to his old mother—his gentleness to us all! My world has crumbled around me. Who am I to believe in?"

"Try, at least, to believe in the reality of my love for you, dearest," returned the lover. "Nora, I don't profess to be anything but a very ordinary sort of fellow; but I do love you with all my heart and soul."

She yielded her waist to his arm, and her lips to his kiss.

"Ah, yes, you love me, and I'm glad of it," she said, with a half sob; "for, O Bertie, I'm so very, very lonely! I ought to be strong enough to stand alone, but I'm not—I'm not. In the old Chelsea days, I didn't mind. I was younger then; and I had the courage of ignorance besides. Now—oh, you can't tell what a little coward I've grown!"

She hid her face on his shoulder. He was very pitiful, for her weakness appealed to his strength. It made her adorable, for she clung to him for protection against the unknown dangers she dreaded.

Soon she rallied, however, and commenced to question him concerning several persons who had been associated with the tragedy. He did his best to satisfy her curiosity.

Jerry Gobey was recovering, although slowly. His enfeebled constitution was against him; but Jim had taken a fancy to the poor fellow, and was doing his best to pull him through. They must all do what they could for Jerry, who had undoubtedly suffered sufficient at the hands of his fellow-creatures to establish a claim upon their sympathies. Even Pawson admitted this, and was eager to do his share to make amends for his unjust suspicions.

Morton, the clerk, had found a situation that suited him. Well, yes, it was in the firm of Carlton and Co. Bertie believed that the young fellow was engaged to be married. The lady was a schoolmistress, whom he had met while with the—the other firm in Thumb Court.

Hargreaves was busily engaged in writing an account of the night they had passed in the haunted Bungalow, and it was to be published by a well-known occult society. Jim Hawthorn still continued to grumble at the fate which tied him down to the life of a general practitioner in a country place, and to bemoan the loss of his favourite pipe.

"And now for our own affairs, Nora," said Bertie, taking her hand. "How long do you intend to keep me waiting for you? I'm becoming very impatient, I can assure you."

The girl gave him one of her old mischievous glances. "Well, really I don't know what to say. There's that uncomfortable pedestal upon which you would persist in sticking me. No man's a hero to his valet—no woman a saint to her husband. Perhaps we'd better not—— It's a prosaic relationship, anyway. Don't scowl so horribly—I'm only quoting Mrs. Courtland. Hadn't we better defer it indefinitely?"

He was so delighted to see that pretty dimple again that he quite forgot to be angry with her waywardness. He immediately kissed it to keep it in its place.

"Indefinitely, indeed! Not a minute longer will I wait than the Church demands. We'll be married as soon as possible."

She affected to sigh. "And poor little me'll have to climb down, after all. I haven't had much of the worship yet, either!"

"Would you rather keep on that cold height than be enshrined in a warm niche in my heart?"

The dimple was in full play as she threw him one of her quick glances.

"Well, it depends on your heart, you know. But you were always rather a masterful young man; so I suppose you'll have to have your own way. Come, now, there's no need to hug me because I prove myself no saint! And we must be getting back, too, for the lights are beginning to twinkle out down in the village. Mrs. Courtland will be very angry with me, as it is, for staying out so late!"

"Oh, confound Mrs. Courtland! What do I care for her, or anyone else in the world, now that you've promised to be my wife?"

[THE END.]

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Some Famous Sunday-Schools.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

THE biggest Sunday-school in the British Isles is at Stockport, in Cheshire. Many people believe it to be the biggest Sunday-school in the world, too, but America has claimed to have larger Sunday-schools in one or two places. Whether this claim is true or not cannot be settled by the writer, since the statistics of the American schools are not full enough and clear enough to satisfy him on the point. But of Stockport's pre-eminence amongst British Sunday-schools there is not the shadow of a doubt.

The Stockport Sunday-school, which has this unique honour, is an undenominational one, or rather it embraces all denominations in its fold. As an institution it began far back in 1784, almost immediately after Robert Raikes had started such schools at Gloucester, which we shall speak of shortly. The school flourished greatly from the very commencement, so well was its government arranged and so efficiently was it carried out. The present building became the centre of the work in 1805, and that work has continued there ever since, and has much extended, too, to other buildings.

All sorts and conditions of men and women take their due share in the work and management of the great Stockport school. Some of them are officials, some teachers, some visitors, some helpers in other ways; but they all combine loyally and most effectively, thus proving the truth that Christian union is not a mere dream, but might be made a living reality throughout the world—for here in Stockport is a real example of it. As a proof of my contention I may say that at present there are thus working together in the school Anglicans, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, New Connexion Methodists, and Congregationalists, and such a thing as disputes or jealousy amongst these Christians is practically unknown. The reason is not far to seek; they put first "the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

At the end of last year there were on the roll of this wonderful Sunday-school, nearly 5,000 scholars and 450 teachers. Just picture to yourself what an immense school that means. Fancy the organisation, oversight, and care needed to-day to carry on such a stupendous school successfully. Then recall that Stockport has done this work for over a century, and you will begin to realise what the Cheshire town has to be proud of.

Each scholar, when admitted to the school, after his (or her) conduct and attendance have been deemed satisfactory, is given a number, called a "register number," which number runs progressively. The last number thus given reached a figure considerably over 100,000. So that so many thousands of scholars, at least, owe their Sunday-school training to the Stockport Sunday-school. Think of that number—upwards of 100,000! Why, those beings would make a great town almost as large as Croydon!

This school has made such enormous strides, and won so much success, because it is not antiquated in its methods; it is up-to-date, living, and active to a degree. It would be impossible to give here one-tenth of the interesting notes and events that have marked the long journey of this great organisation during the parts or whole of its career. It is now within its third century. Such famous ministers as Rowland Hill, John Angell James, Thomas Chalmers, Henry Allon, Hugh Stowell Brown, Norman Macleod, Dean Stanley, Newman Hall, John Cairns, J. Oswald Dykes, Dean Farrar, Dr. Marshall Lang, Mark Guy Pearse, Canon Fleming, and Dr. George Barrett have been amongst the distinguished list of men who have preached and spoken for it during the past century. This list in

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itself is enough to confer fame on any institution. But the chief fame of Stockport Sunday-school lies in its excellent work. Old scholars return from far and near, from America and other distant lands, to take part in its annual gatherings; to show their love for the place; to help others as they were helped. They are delighted to find that the school still increases yearly; that the sixty classes of the big school, and the various branch schools also, tend to become more numerous. They find as much pleasure as ever in joining the mighty volume of song that rises, Sunday after Sunday, from the throats of nearly 5,000 Stockportians in these schools, and they themselves sing with renewed fervour, and with a feeling of its truth, that grand hymn—

> Pleasant are Thy courts above,
> In that land of light and love;
> Pleasant are Thy courts below,
> In this land of sin and woe.

For God's courts in this Sunday-school are indeed pleasant, and have been, to more than 100,000 people! Surely the poet was thinking of such a body of Christians when he wrote, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God."

I recollect asking a Gloucester native one day what his town was famous for and he replied, "For its lovely cathedral and for Robert Raikes!" I daresay he was not far out either. Robert Raikes has made Gloucester famous throughout the world. He began the first Sunday-school, as we know that institution to-day, in a small building in St. Catherine Street, Gloucester, and the date of that epoch in the world's history was July, 1780. It has been urged that we have traces of some Sunday-schools before Raikes's time. In any case such are very doubtful; but one thing is certain, and that is that to Robert Raikes belongs the credit of instituting a *system* of Sunday-schools, instead of confining efforts merely to some one local point.

Robert Raikes not only began this first Sunday-school in St. Catherine's Street, but he recommended the new enterprise to others in the pages of his father's and his own paper, the *Gloucester Journal*. He and his helper, the Rev. Thomas Stock, later started other schools and Raikes pioneered the school at St. Mary-le-Crypt, which afterwards became renowned. He went about to several towns advocating the necessity for starting schools, and in many such enterprises he was signally successful.

How the first idea of Sunday-schools, as they now exist, originated in the mind of Robert Raikes is doubtful, and has often been debated. One version says that he got wearied of seeing lazy lads lounge about the street corners of Gloucester on Sabbath days; another states that a woman called his attention to the bad influences that were affecting the minds of youths, and to the necessity of doing something to counteract such pernicious operations, but it may well be that even Raikes himself could not have told how the idea formed in his mind, for whatever the immediate cause which directed his thoughts into that channel, it was an inspiration from on high.

Raikes lived until 1811, and saw the system he had begun very widely extended. He saw the early beginning of the great school that I first spoke of in this article, though he could never have dreamed of what that school was afterwards to become. His name and fame will last for centuries. England and other countries have raised statues in his honour; that upon the Thames Embankment is perhaps the most celebrated of all.

His first Sunday-school was started in July, 1780, and had four teachers. Curious indeed to-day seems the old place—two ordinary houses to do duty as a Sunday-school; but this institution is not the first that began in a little way and grew to great things—the grain of mustard seed developing into a large tree. The Sunday-school in St. Catherine Street, Gloucester, must of necessity occupy a foremost place in any account of famous Sunday-schools.

Bristol can, on all ordinary occasions, claim to be one of the most interesting cities in these islands, and even in the matter of Sunday-schools it has a boast that none other can make. For Bristol can say, certainly without much fear of contradiction, that it has the largest Bible-class attached to any Sunday-school in this land. This Bible-class belongs to the Sunday-school section of the Wesleyan Church in Old Market Street, and may be said, compared with such institutions as the Stockport one, to be quite juvenile, for it only began in 1880, yet to-day it can point to over 1,000 names on its register, and to an average attendance

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each Sunday of hundreds upon hundreds, some 600 being no uncommon number! Churches are asking "Why don't men come to church?" and trying to answer their own query to their own satisfaction in their own way. But Bristol replies, "They *do* come, and they *will* come, if you go the right way to get them."

This class was started by Mr. Charles R. Parsons, who is still at the head of it, and most active in its work. He is beloved and respected in Bristol greatly. Mr. Parsons told the writer that it was in the Isle of Wight, in 1880, that he first felt called upon by God to start a Bible-class for men on his return to his own town. He resolved not to hold a meeting until fifty men had promised to join. As a matter of fact he got fifty-three to promise before the first meeting took place, and at that thirty-five turned up.

At the start, after the novelty had worn off, Mr. Parsons did not find it easy to keep them all together. But he had two schemes for so doing, and he found both thoroughly successful. The first was constant prayer for more members in the class itself, and a fixed resolve to obtain a greater number, which put the men on their mettle to reach that number. The second—note it, you ministers who complain in any church and chapel that men won't come to hear you!—was regular visiting. No man was allowed to slip lightly away once Mr. Parsons and his friends had got hold of him for the meetings each Sunday. Each man was visited again and again, and was made to feel that great interest was taken in him by all connected with the place. Hence arose that wonderful brotherly feeling which has kept this great class together, and made it such a power for God and good work.

Ten thousand men have belonged to this class during the past twenty years—ten thousand men! Think what such an army can do for the good of its fellows and for the spread of the Gospel! Think of the happy homes that means! Think of the evil temptations that have been kept out of men's way or avoided! It is like a fairy tale to read the account which Mr. Parsons has published of the progress and life-story of the Bible-class at this Wesleyan chapel during the past twenty years.

Especially have the men been looked after during times of sickness, trouble, or doubt. Tears stand in the eyes of many as they relate what their friends of the Bible-class have done for them during such days. One of the most pathetic and beautiful things I have seen for some time is the record kept by Mr. Parsons himself of the death of members belonging to his class, and in each case he has put down their words—often intended to be dying messages to their comrades—as their lives drew to the close.

Surely the Sunday-school where one who was Lord Chancellor of England taught regularly for forty-one years, even during the days when he sat on the woolsack, is entitled to an honoured place in any list of famous Sunday-schools. So let me put down the Sunday-school of St. Margaret's, Westminster, amongst such.

All Londoners know the ancient church of St. Margaret's in the Abbey grounds, but not everyone knows the more retired and less imposing Sunday-schools belonging to it, that stand back in the darker and dirtier streets of Westminster near the Royal Aquarium. In these schools began to teach, in the year 1836, a young barrister, one William Page Wood. He attended regularly to his duty there Sunday after Sunday. As he gradually rose to eminence in his profession it made no difference in his work at this Sunday-school. When he became a Minister of the Crown it was thought and even urged by some of his friends that he should resign his simple teaching duties at St. Margaret's, and take the Sunday rest after the week of trying work. But he refused.

And when at last, in 1868, this same barrister had risen to the very high rank of Lord Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's administration, he astonished everybody by walking down simply to the Sunday-school on the following Sunday, and taking his class as usual, just as though he were not Baron Hatherley, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, but only the veriest ordinary Sunday-school teacher in some country village school.

All honour to such men; happy are those who sit at their feet. This school of St. Margaret's, Westminster, became a centre of example for the world, and what good has grown from that example, who shall say? Lord Hatherley continued his duties here after he had resigned the Lord Chancellorship, in fact until 1877. Then at last increasing age and illness compelled him reluctantly to give them up.

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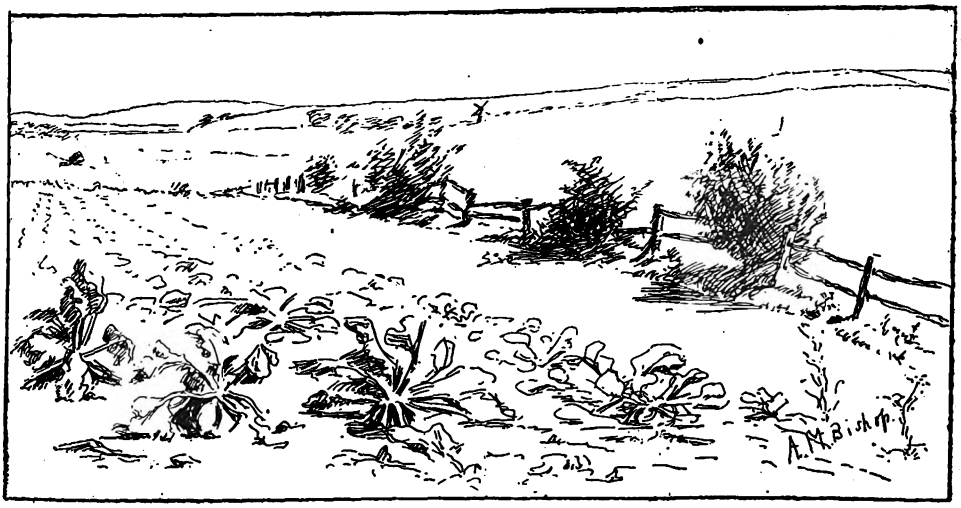
And he died four years later, amidst the sorrow and grief of thousands of young men who had learned to love him dearly for the help, sympathy, and kindness shown to them whilst they listened to him as their teacher in an ordinary Church Sunday-school.

There is another Sunday-school which must not be forgotten. It might well be called the "Sunday-school of the Bishops," for of the Vicars who have been at its head since 1837 not a single one has died without having been promoted first to higher honour as Dean or Bishop. I refer to the Sunday-school attached to the Parish Church of Leeds.

It is a great school—great in numbers, great in fame, great in its effect upon thousands of lives in the big Yorkshire towns, great in its offshoots. With it is connected the celebrated "Parish Church Football Club," the most celebrated of all "Church" athletic clubs in Britain, and one of the most famous Rugby clubs in the land. Connected with this famous Sunday-school have been the noble names of Dr. Hook, Dr. Atlay, Dr. Woodford, Dr. Gott, Dr. Jayne, Dr. Talbot and Dr. Gibson. What an unbroken succession of English bishops.

Still more revered by Yorkshire people is this school from the fact of what those connected with it did for Leeds. Yorkshiremen do not forget that when cholera raged in Leeds half a century ago, it was the curates (who taught in this school on Sundays) who braved the terrible scourge and went boldly to death, in order to help and wait upon the cholera victims in their own homes in the slums of Leeds. Two or three of these gallant clergymen died—as truly martyrs of the Church as any that ever burned at the stake. But their deaths were, indeed, not in vain, for they have since borne fruit one hundredfold in many ways. And the scholars at this Sunday-school have ever a true conception before them, in connection with their own school, of what "Duty" means, what "Christian love" means, what "true bravery" means. Is not such a Sunday-school properly ranked amongst the famous ones of our land?

GEORGE A. WADE.



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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE name of Cutcliffe Hyne is one familiar to the great bulk of English-speaking people, for there are few now who have not read and revelled in the doings of that most extraordinary character, Captain Kettle. The clever author of this most entertaining series of stories was born at Bibury, Gloucestershire, in 1866, his father being the Rev. C. W. N. Hyne. He was educated at the Bradford Grammar School, afterwards going to Clare College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. Healways had a taste for writing, though his first book, "The New Eden," was not written, or at any rate published, until 1892. After this there followed in quick succession "A Recipe for Diamonds," "Honour of Thieves," "The Stronger Hand," and "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," this last being the one by which he is best known.

MR. C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.
The creator of "Captain Kettle."
Photograph by Rosemont, Leeds.

His marriage with Elsie, the daughter of the late John Haggas, of Ingrow, took place in 1897, since which time he has lived in his pretty home, Oak Vale, Bradford. He has one little boy, but the pleasures of home life have in no sense diminished his great love of travel, his wife being generally with him as travelling companion. He makes a point of covering a certain number of miles every year, his instinctive desire for change making him willing to put up with any amount of hardship and inconvenience in his search after new ground and fresh ideas. His tramp through Russian Lapland in company with a well-known artist who supplied the sketches for his

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book on the subject was, perhaps, one of the hardest, but at the same time one of the most novel and difficult trips taken by this inveterate traveller, who can boast of having visited the Balearic and Canary Isles, the Congo Free State, Gold Coast, North America, Mexican Gulf Keys, Algeria, Tunisia, and other places.

His favourite recreations are yachting, shooting, driving and dancing, while within the last year he has become an ardent automobilist. Camping out, with all its attendant discomforts, is a matter of keen enjoyment to him, and no matter how cross grained surrounding conditions may be, he generally has a cheerful smile ready for his friends. He has most genial manners, and is a capital host and most entertaining companion. Added to this, he is industrious, studious, a hard worker and most business-like man, while his fondness for animals is such that he generally has a dog and a cat in close attendance upon him. Taking him all round, he is a strong healthy Englishman, standing fully six feet three inches high, with a wholesome enjoyment of life, and a great desire to make others as happy as himself.

AS the inventor of the telephone, the name of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is one well known, but as a philanthropist and worker among that pitifully afflicted class, the deaf and dumb, he is little known outside his adopted country, America. Yet, before the claims of the telephone finally took his entire time, he had started an experiment of his own, whereby deaf children could learn by "visible speech" to hear, and thus be able to take their place in the world as speaking mortals. It may have been his decided leaning towards the study of acoustics as well as the sad deafness of his own wife, that first turned his thoughts in this direction, but, however that may be, he decided to try a system proposed by George Dalgarno more than 200 years ago, by which the sense of seeing should be used instead of hearing.

The mother with her baby would write down the loving little sentences, words and nursery rhymes that go to make up baby talk, and the child, using its eyes, would understand by sight instead of sound. Later, characters could be written down representing the sound of words; then these could be spoken with the lips, and the child *seeing* the form of sound, would try to imitate, and could be shown again and again until enunciation was perfect.

At that time there were no schools where deaf children could be taken from such an early age, and Dr. Bell becoming acquainted with a deaf child of five years of age, determined to try his scheme. Within a year the child was using writing materials and fully understanding speech in that way; then a course of "visible speech," as devised by Dr. Bell's father, followed, and wonderful progress was being made, when the need of developing the telephone completely absorbed its inventor's thoughts. For a number of years he had no practical connection with the instruction of the deaf; but the wonderful success of this particular case had aroused a great deal of attention, and Dr. Bell was the recipient of so many letters of enquiry from anxious parents, that in 1883 he determined to open a private experimental school where his principles could be carried out. The system of teaching was unique. Lessons were given by means of a phonetic alphabet invented by Dr. Bell's father, the children closely following the lips of the teacher and placing their own in similar position. No audible word was spoken at first, but by means of object lessons, they were gradually taught to understand the meaning of words, until at last the idea of speech was fully established.

The sense of touch was also cultivated, and the school was prospering greatly when litigation with regard to the telephone set in, and it had to be closed after three years of valuable work. Dr. Bell, in his generosity however, provided for the entire future education of the children he had had under his care. Since then other and newer schemes have been set on foot, but to Dr. Bell must be given the credit of first initiating the idea of teaching the deaf from their earliest babyhood and in the only sensible way.

VERY little is known in England of the Hungarian peasant and of his life in his native country. By the majority of people he is supposed to be of a turbulent, revolutionary nature, but this is far from being the case, and it is this erroneous idea that Mrs. Peirano has for long been endeavouring to overcome by

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introducing his beautiful industries into England, and striving to show the real side of his national character.

Born in Kalozsvar, Transylvania, a daughter of the Martonfy family, Mrs. Peirano has all her life had a strong emotional love for her country, which was in no sense diminished during her education in the convent of Notre Dame de Sion. After her marriage she came to England, but although she has made it her home, her heart still yearns after her own country, and every year she revisits it, making driving tours from village to village, and coming into close contact with the peasantry, by whom she is much loved. She tells some delightfully interesting stories about these people, their wonderful hospitality to the stranger, and the cordiality with which they will welcome him inside their doors if he shows any desire to see the interior of their homes with the simple treasures they contain. These they will display with an intense pride, which is not strange when it is considered that they are entirely the work of their own hands.

MRS. PEIRANO.
Who has done so much to encourage the growth of Home Industries in Hungary.
Photograph by Langfier.

Entering the front parlour or salle the visitor will find himself in what is almost a museum, for all round him is work of all kinds, beautiful hangings and carpets, cushions and rugs, made by the hostess and her family in their leisure moments; the colouring in many cases quite Oriental, rich blues and reds intermixed with tinsel thread. On the walls will be pottery of all shapes and sizes made by the men—jugs, plates, and dishes embellished with designs, crude perhaps, but founded on incidents in daily life, and showing much observation of detail.

Thus without educated skill have these simple peasants worked from time immemorial with no idea of monetary reward, and it was only by chance that the value of this work and industry was discovered. Some years ago an Industrial Exhibition was held at Buda Pesth, and the Baroness de Daniel, wife of the Royal Hungarian Minister of Commerce, organised a section devoted to home industries. The Empress Queen, visiting the Exhibition, desired to purchase some of the work, and was told it was not for sale. Public attention was thus aroused, and a committee of ladies formed to take the matter in hand. Later a Society was formed in England by Mr. Louis Felbermann, and Mrs. Peirano was asked to become one of the Vice-Presidents. Since then she has done much, by means of sales and exhibitions at her own house and elsewhere, to forward this industry, so that in course of time English people may be brought to realise the artistic worth and beauty of this peasant handiwork.

DR. LUDWIG MOND, Ph.D., the eminent chemist, was born at Cassel, in 1839, and educated at the Polytechnic School, Cassel, and at the Universities of Marburg and Heidelberg. In 1862 he came to England, where he engaged in the Leblanc Soda Industry, and introduced his process for recovering sulphur from alkali waste. In the year 1873 the partnership with Mr. Brunner was entered into, and their colossal works for the manufacture of ammonia soda by the Solway process—a process which the doctor greatly perfected—are the largest in the world.

Dr. Mond has made many other remarkable scientific discoveries—for instance, the

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combination of chlorine with the ammonia soda process; the consumption of ordinary fuel in gas producers with the recovery of ammonia as a bye-product, and a new mode of manufacturing pure nickel. But the greatest and most marvellous of his scientific achievements is the gas known by his name, and which promises to revolutionise English commerce. Dr. Mond claims that his gas will do anything that steam now does, at a minimum cost; when steam engines are propelled by Mond gas, millions of tons of coal will be saved. A valuable bye-product is obtainable from the fuel used in the production of Mond gas. Best of all, this marvellous discovery—which engages the interest of the whole scientific world—promises to abolish the smoke fiend from our atmosphere. Imagine London without coal-smoke! No more furnaces belching forth polluting coal smoke in our manufacturing cities; a clear, clean air to breathe.

Dr. Mond has a pleasant residence at Regent's Park, where he and his charming wife receive a literary and artistic circle.

Here may be seen a collection of *objets d'art*, including *chefs-d'œuvre* of the early Italian School of Painters.

His country seat is Winnington, Northwich; and he also owns the Palazza Luccari, Rome. He is a member of the leading London clubs, and it may be incidentally mentioned that it was owing to Dr. Mond's munificence that the Davy-Faraday Laboratory was formed and endowed at a cost of £100,000 at the Royal Institution, in 1896.

ONE of the staunchest and most valued supporters of mission work in Scotland is Mr. John Stephen, senior partner of one of the great shipbuilding firms in Govan. Mr. Stephen has done a splendid work in connection with the foreign missions of the Church. He is a member of the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland, and has done great service in giving his time and money in the consolidating of the various departments—industrial, educational, and evangelistic — in the mission field, and also in forming the Blythswood, Livingstonia, and Kilwezi Missions. As Chairman of the African Lakes Corporation he has been enabled by his position and his sympathy to render special aid by opening up the districts around Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika and by developing trade there; thus establishing commercial connections and means of communication for missionaries of the Established and United Free Churches of Scotland. Through his interest young men have been sent to perform a service which cannot be too highly recognised as Artisan Missionaries to Central Africa. The real practical interest taken by him in the civilisation and religious teaching of the African people has given him the name of "The Apostle of Africa."

Mr. Stephen's zeal for foreign missions has not interfered with his interest in home missions. As a member of the

MR. JOHN STEPHEN.
One of Scotland's staunchest supporters of Foreign Missions.

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Ferguson Bequest Fund, the most important in Scotland for Church organisation, he does a good work. He is a member of the United Free Church Extension Committee, which has an admirable record in the erection of churches all over Scotland.

The site occupied by the Govan Y.M.C.A. was given by him, and the artistic and spacious building now owned by the Association was the result of his financial help and admistrative power.

This love for the welfare and future of the youth of Govan has always had a large place in his heart, and although busily engaged in business life, his time and gifts are always in demand, and he does all in the spirit of Jesus Christ with humility, and without ostentation, which marks him out as a true Christian gentleman.

MISS CLAYTON THOMAS, the composer of "A Japanese Love Song," was born in Boston, where she obtained her first musical knowledge. From an early age she had the gift of improvising and harmonising, and long before she knew a note on the piano, people would take a delight in watching the little child's fingers unerringly extracting a melody from the keys.

At fourteen she toured with an opera company and appeared in several principal characters. Among the souvenirs of this association is a handsome gold watch and chain, a present from some public body she had benefited by her services.

Then followed concert tours, when Miss Thomas met artists of repute, who, one and all, advised her to go to London for study.

Eventually she crossed the Atlantic, and became a pupil of Signor Randegger, subsequently appearing under the name of Salome Thomas at several concerts and At Homes. Possessing a high soprano voice of both purity and sweetness, she is, in addition, a good pianist. Miss Thomas decided to take pupils, but seeing how this field is overcrowded, and that it is only the specialist who can hope to succeed, the ingenious American struck out on the comparatively little worked path of teaching ladies to play their accompaniments to their own songs.

Meanwhile the practice of composition was going on, but so small an opinion did she hold of her own powers that she scarcely breathed her ambitions to herself. While staying with some friends in Wales, she was persuaded to sing some of her own songs, among others "A Japanese Love Song," when there was such frank admiration that, acting on the general advice, she sent the song to Mr. Boosey, who at once accepted it. Since then, the sale has reached 17,000 copies in England alone, and the American popularity is equally great. The same firm are shortly bringing out another song of the same quaintly humorous kind, which Miss Thomas composed a few months ago. After three years' hard work and study in England, she looks forward to taking a trip home to her own country next year. Like all Americans, she has seen all the sights of London, but in a more leisurely fashion than the ordinary tourist, and last summer visited Edinburgh and the Highlands and several noted places in the north, afterwards travelling to Paris and Belgium.

MISS CLAYTON THOMAS.
Composer of a "A Japanese Love Song," of which 17,000 copies have been sold in England.

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MRS. MIRRLEES.
For 25 years President of the Glasgow Y.W.C.A.
Photograph by Brinkley and Son, Glasgow.

MRS. MIRRLEES, the generous lady who is President of the Young Women's Christian Association in Glasgow, has endeared herself to the hearts of the young women of that city and the West of Scotland generally. Wherever young women's Christian work is being done in the district Mrs. Mirrlees is always to be found, ready with her time, gifts, and finances to help on any good work for her sex. All is done, too, in that quiet, humble manner which enhances the gift and is a mark of its sincerity. Mrs. Mirrlees is happiest when engaged in this service for the Master, and her beneficence to institutions all over the country, but especially for those which help young women, is most valuable and much appreciated.

Mrs. Mirrlees has been for twenty-five years the President of the Young Women's Christian Association, a sufficient proof in itself of her popularity and devotion to the work.

The handsome apartments provided for the members, with every accommodation for boarding, and all the attractions of a home, with the social and religious advantages of a thoroughly equipped public institution, have been very largely the outcome of her efforts and self-sacrifice.

A young woman coming as a stranger to the city gets a hearty welcome, and is surrounded by a homely, religious atmosphere which is a safeguard from the many allurements of a large city.

Let us hope that Mrs. Mirrlees may be long spared to do this noble work of raising the womanhood of our country.

LORD OVERTOUN'S interest and sympathy with all branches of Christian work are well known and are manifested in the most practical fashion.

Nothing is known to the world of his private benefactions; these are hidden almost from himself, the left hand not knowing what the right hand doeth; but of the money given publicly to various bodies all over the country a few donations may be mentioned. The Christian Institute in Glasgow, erected at a cost of £30,000, was built as the outcome chiefly of his liberality. He gave £10,000 for the building of the Bible Training Institute, £5,000 to the Technical College, £5,000 to the Art Galleries, £2,000 for a Y.W.C.A. in Glasgow, and £10,000 to the town of Dumbarton. These are a few of the larger subscriptions given by this worthy peer, but it would take up too much space to give a full list of the Churches, Schemes, Schools, and all kinds of organisations supported by Lord Overtoun.

His munificence to institutions which aim at doing good is almost limitless. Many givers' interest ends with their bounty, but he gives of his time and talents ungrudgingly for the welfare of the people, and is as much at home in the pulpit as on the political platform. He was closely associated with Messrs. Moody and Sankey

LORD OVERTOUN.
All branches of religious work claim his sympathy and support.

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during their visits to this country, and identified himself with all their work.

He conducts a Bible-class of 500 at Dumbarton every Sunday, is Chairman of the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association, Chairman of the Christian Institute, Chairman of the Y.M.C.A. Club, and Convener of the County Council of Dumbarton. Religious denominations of all kinds throughout the country, but particularly in the West of Scotland, look upon him as a true friend. Amidst a very busy business life, every appeal for help receives attention and his numerous engagements are fulfilled with scrupulous care. His time, his wealth, and his opportunities are considered by him as grave responsibilities, for which he must give an account. Riches are quite as great a touchstone in testing character as poverty, and many a man has felt it so, the influence of wealth and power being too much for him. This danger is escaped when a man places himself unreservedly in the hands of God, as Lord Overtoun has done; indeed, the temptation of possessing riches seems to have made him all the more anxious to cultivate the humble and quiet spirit which should be conspicuous in all Christians.

His home life is simple and Christ-like, and many a hearty welcome has been extended to pilgrims to his beautiful seat at Overtoun, overlooking the Clyde valley, where conferences and societies have been entertained, and personal kindness shown them which they will not readily forget.

NOVELTY nowadays is one of the greatest charms of life, and perhaps this is why Miss Olive Christian Malvery has already succeeded so well, as she supplies this in an altogether exceptional degree. Young though she is, she has made an enviable name for herself as a performer of rare genius, talent, and graceful presence. Born in Lahore, India, the only child of a singularly beautiful mother, her childhood was a somewhat lonely one, and many were the poetical fancies and dreams she wove to herself as she wandered in the grounds surrounding her grandfather's house; while out of these early dreams has she fashioned most of the charming fairy tales and mystic Indian stories with which she now delights her English audiences.

MISS OLIVE MALVERY.
Whose Indian Stories have won her fame.
Photograph by Albert Salmon, Forest Hill.

Educated in her native country, she spent much of her time in travelling, during which period she acquired the knowledge of three Oriental languages, English and a little French. She visited Cashmere twice, and then the strange mysterious charm in her clear full voice prompted the suggestion that she should come to England to study singing as a profession. In her veins was running both Scotch and French blood, her paternal great-grandfather being a French officer who had married an Indian lady, while her great grandfather on her mother's side was a Scotchman, bearing a commission in the Company's service, who had also taken to himself an Indian bride; but during these four generations no member of her family had visited this country.

Thus it was that, armed with a few introductions but otherwise knowing no one and alone, she came to England as a very young girl just three years ago, and now she cannot speak with sufficient gratitude of the kindness, hospitality, and generosity which she, a stranger in a strange land, received at the hands of all those with whom she came in contact.

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She went at once to the Royal College of Music, where she studied singing for two years under Mr. Henry Blower. At the close of this time she went to Miss Burt (Miss Fanny Heywood) to study elocution and dramatic art, and was then told that her gift for this was so great that she ought to take it up seriously.

The knowledge of her power and the difficulty of finding anything really original to do, suggested to her that some of her Indian fancies might be acceptable for recitation, and she determined to put the idea into effect. Since the age of six, she had been devoted to writing, her first story being published when she was only thirteen, and out of the inborn romance of her nature, she evolved the delightful Indian stories, legends and fairy tales which are rapidly making her name famous, and which have been set to suitable music by Mr. William Y. Hurlstone. These she gives with rare dramatic intensity and power, and though this is but her first season, she is in constant requisition all over the country.

MISS NANCY BAILEY.
Who has opened indexing as a Profession for Women.

Her few leisure moments are employed in writing, her Indian short stories being in much demand, while she is also writing a long novel to order. Further, she has several pupils for elocution, all of whom she describes as being delightfully devoted and enthusiastic. There is nothing she enjoys so much as being able to find time to re-visit her friends at the Royal College of Music, where she says with gratitude that many of her happiest hours were spent. One of her great delights is to recite and speak in some of the Halls set among the slums of London, where those who love the people gather then for social and religious benefits. Among many such audiences "Miss Malvery" is a name to conjure with. Working men and coster girls, street lads, children, and old women love the "little lady," as they call her, while her artistic work wins her a wide welcome from those who walk in the pleasant places of the world's garden.

MOST people have appreciated the usefulness of an exhaustive index, but probably few have given a thought to the labour involved in its compiling, and yet this is great. No one is more fitted to speak upon this point than Miss Nancy Bailey, who holds the unique position of having opened the position to women, and being herself at the head of the only indexing office in London.

When Miss Bailey first came to London as a very young girl intent upon earning her living, she had no decided plans, though her tastes lay in a literary direction. After a time, she obtained work on "The Year's Art," for which she compiled an index of artists' names gathered from various sources. She also did some article writing; but all this time her mind was running on indexing, for she saw the poverty and carelessness of indexes as they were, and resolved to try and evolve some better plan. Then by chance the editor of Hansard asked her to index the current numbers, and in fear and trembling she undertook the work. She had absolutely no knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, and many were the nights and days she spent wrestling with difficulties in the Speaker's ruling, and striving to give her index a satisfactory form. Now, she found the usefulness of her pre-conceived method, and from 1889 to 1891 she carried out the work with great success. Then for a time the contract passed into other hands, but, having made a start, Miss Bailey was not slow to act upon it.

Taking a room in Poet's Corner, Westminster, at five shillings a week, which served the triple purpose of bedroom,

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sitting-room, and office, she drew out an indexing circular, which she took to various offices, obtaining at last a post on *Pearson's Weekly* as indexer. From that time forward, success was assured. Indexing work flowed in, and she was again asked to undertake Hansard. But perhaps the greatest triumph of all was when she was given 356 volumes of old Hansard to index, beginning from the time of William IV. until the close of the late Queen's reign. Each volume contains from 1,500 to 2,000 pages, all of which she has read with unswerving diligence. She is now on the 349th volume, and she hopes to finish the task, which has already taken over five years, in about twelve months. On its completion, there will be four volumes of 2,000 pages of index in each.

Now, after ten years' work, instead of the five shillings a week room, she has a whole house at 12, Little College Street, Westminster, for which she pays £200 a year, and where she has twelve ladies in constant employment. She has already trained about 70 women in the work, many of whom are making a comfortable livelihood; and sitting in her pleasant room overlooking the Church House, surrounded by photographs of M.P.'s and other well known men, Miss Bailey can congratulate herself upon the result of the wonderful courage and determination to overcome obstacles, which have placed her in her present position. The large cheery room in which her workers are accommodated, with its nests of pigeon holes arranged round the walls, each containing slips placed in alphabetical order, testify to the method and care with which the work is carried out; while Miss Bailey can relate with pride that she has been invited to go to America to open the profession to women out there.

BRIGHT, sparkling, and original, it is little wonder that Miss Helen Mar, the American story-teller, took the heart of her audiences by storm when she came over to England on a flying visit just six years ago, or that her success should have been so great that she has stayed here ever since. Born in the Far West of America, among her earliest recollections are the lessons in recitation given her by her mother, who was an adept in the art, and the knowledge thus gained induced her, when she had finished her scholastic education, to go once a week to a Kindergarten school, to teach the children how to recite. Imbued with a keen sense of humour, her risible faculties were often severely taxed during the lessons by the extreme candour and extraordinary nasal earnestness of the children; and it gradually dawned upon her that others might be amused in the same way if she could reproduce something of the effect, and thus was laid the foundation of those American child stories which have since become inalienably associated with her name.

At the age of seventeen she went to Boston, and there resolved by one bold stroke to see of what she was capable. Without seeking advice or help from any one, she hired a hall from the Young Men's Christian Association, scattered tickets freely among the members and press of the town, and made her first appearance in a hall literally packed with paper. It was a bold stroke, but like all true artists, Miss Mar had confidence in her own ability and felt certain of success. Alone she held the attention of her audience, reciting scenes from Shakespeare, harrowing pieces such as "The Maniac," and various pathetic little stories; and then, with applause ringing in her ears, she awaited results. Her pluck was justified, as the Press the next morning rang with plaudits of the talented young girl who had so suddenly appeared. After this, success followed success, and when later she came to England and made her first appearance at a charity performance, it was repeated to such good effect that a well known dramatic critic called upon her the next morning and urged her to make a long professional stay in England, as he was sure she would never regret it. She took his advice, and though for some time she was only heard principally in benefit performances at which she gave her services, still the ice was broken at last, and she received her first English fee, since which time she has never had to complain of lack of work.

Her method of telling her child stories is so natural, and the charm of her personality is so great, that from Royalty downwards she has succeeded in winning golden opinions for herself, and making a place in the hearts of all those who have heard her.

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THAT the love of science is hereditary is evidenced by the fact that the Rev. F. A. Walker, D.D., F.L.S., who possesses a fine private entomological and botanical collection, is the son of the late Mr. Francis Walker, of Elm Hall, Wanstead, who was the most voluminous and industrious writer on entomology of his time, and a Fellow of the Linnean, Entomological, and Geological Societies of London. His career as an author commenced in 1832, his principal work being catalogues of the National collection. Of the Lepidoptera Heterocera alone, he catalogued and described upwards of 23,000 species, these being contained in thirty-five volumes and taking eleven years to compile. Other catalogues, of nearly every order of insects, were drawn up by him, the whole constituting an amount of labour seldom, if ever, accomplished before by one individual. He died on October 5th, 1874, leaving the mantle of his wonderful love and knowledge of entomology to descend to his son.

Photo by REV. DR. WALKER. *F. A. O'Neill.*
The Celebrated Entomologist.

Dr. Walker, who received his early education at Highgate Grammar School, attributes his resolution some day to "do something" in Iceland to the report of a lecture he received which was given on that country by Marquis (then Viscount) Dufferin at the Highgate Institute in or about 1857. Later on he carried out this determination and settled the long *vexata quæstio* as to whether butterflies were to be found there or not, by the discovery—until fresh evidence is forthcoming to the contrary—that not a single butterfly occurs in the whole island. He only arrived at this conclusion after three times visiting at least fifteen fjords on the W., N. and E. coasts of the island, making a total of 45 visits in all. Many of the said fjords have never before been scientifically explored by any English entomologist, Dr. Walker being also the first to collect on and report upon the Westmann Islands, south of Iceland. A copy of his pamphlet on the botany and entomology of Iceland holds an honoured place in the public library at Reykjavik, and also on the two Danish mail steamers that ply between that town and Copenhagen.

During his ministerial career, Dr. Walker has done work in populous and arduous parishes in various parts of the metropolis under five Bishops of London. At one time he was rector for upwards of seven years of a Cambridgeshire parish, when his work as an author continuing uninterruptedly he compiled a most useful "History of the Parish of Dry Drayton." At the close of his ministry there, he paid two visits to Bible lands, forming antiquarian and scientific collections on each occasion and embodying the results of his travels in two works, printed for private circulation, entitled respectively "L'Orient" and "Nine Hundred Miles up the Nile."

THE ONLOOKER.

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CURIOUS OFFICES HELD BY WOMEN IN THE PAST.

By CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

WE are all accustomed to the idea of a woman holding the highest office in the State, that of the Sovereign, but comparatively few seem to remember how many other important offices women have held at some time or other since the Conquest.

Women have not played the same part in our history as Queens Regent and tutors of young kings as they have played in France and in Scotland, yet some queens have been left Regents of the Kingdom in the absence of their husbands, as Queen Philippa was, and Queen Katherine Parr.

Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, was made the first Princess Regnant of Wales in 1525, when she was about ten years old—a beautiful and gracious girl. All the world shone bright on her when she was sent to hold her Court at Ludlow Castle, with her own Council and State officials and all royal formality, in order to conciliate the Welsh. After about eighteen months her father cast her down from her high estate, and her later life was marred, first by oppression and then by misfortune.

Women could be made nobles in their own right. Margaret, Countess of Norfolk, was made Duchess of Norfolk by Richard II.; Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke by Henry VIII.; and Lady Mary Compton was made Countess of Buckingham by James I., during the lifetime of her husband, though he was not allowed to share the honour.

Not only in books of romances, or in Spenser's "Faery Queene," but in real life women could be knights. Abergavenny Castle was held by knights' service by Eva de Braose, daughter and heir of William Lord Braose. She married William, Baron Cautilupe, and her daughter Eva succeeded to the Barony and was made a knight. Her tomb in St. Mary's Church, Abergavenny, the date of which is 1247, is the only instance known in which the stone effigy of a woman has been preserved adorned with the insignia of knighthood.

Mary Tudor and Elizabeth were both made knights before they were crowned Queens. When all her people flocked to her standard at Tilbury at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion, Elizabeth knighted an enthusiastic lady, Mary, wife of the younger Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Vale-Royal, Cheshire. In his "Progress" in 1617, King James visited her, and called her "The bold Lady of Cheshire!" Two other ladies may be said to have acted as knights in the Royal service. Baroness Arundel of Wardour defended her castle for the King in 1643, until she had exhausted her resources, when she arranged terms of an honourable surrender. Charlotte, Countess of Derby, defended Lathom Castle for three months against the Parliamentary forces under General Fairfax in 1644, until she was relieved by the Royalists. She afterwards defended the Isle of Man, but a faithless servant betrayed her.

The old laws of inheritance had been changed at the Conquest, and the Norman customs prevailed almost unchanged for five hundred years. Estates being held by military service, all the sons succeeded in order of age before any of the daughters. But the daughters inherited before any male relative, uncle or cousin. There was this distinction made. The eldest son inherited to the disadvantage of his

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brothers, but the eldest daughter shared equally with her sisters. Sometimes a title or office, being an indivisible inheritance, was said to lapse among the daughters. But it generally was granted to the eldest daughter in association with the chief property.

When a woman found herself sole heir (and that seemed to happen oftener in these old times than it does now), she inherited, exactly as if she were a male heir, not only the family lands and titles, but all hereditary responsibilities, privileges, or public offices. However apparently unsuited to a woman, they had always rich perquisites associated with them, and these were secured to her, while she might do the service by deputy. Women have always been allowed the privilege of proxy.

Hence women have been Marshals of England. Isabel de Clare, the only daughter of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, brought the Earldom to the family of the Marshals of England by marrying Walter le Marshal. They had five sons, each of whom succeeded and left no heir, and five daughters, among whom the property was divided. The eldest of these, Maud, Countess of Norfolk, succeeded to the office of Marshal, and in the reign of Henry III. "received Livery by the King himself of the Marshal's rod, being the eldest, who by inheritance ought to enjoy that great office by descent from Walter Marischal, sometime Earl of Pembroke. Whereupon the Lord Treasurer and the Barons of the Exchequer had command to cause her to have all the rights thereto belonging, and to admit of such a deputy to sit in the Exchequer for her as she should assign." ("Dugdale's Peerage," I. 77).

Her son Roger exercised the office as her deputy during her life, and succeeded her at her death. Alicia de Bégod, his widow, succeeded him in the honour. Among the Parliament Rolls of Edward I., there is a petition from Alicia de Bégod, Countess Marshal, to be allowed to send two proxies to the King's Council at Carlisle. This must have been granted, for these two proxies appear in her name in the list of members. But she was summoned personally by writ, on January 22nd, in right of her office, to meet Edward II. and his bride at Dover, on or about the 4th of February.

The office of Marshal and the title of Earl of Norfolk were afterwards granted "intail general" to Thomas Brotherton, son of Edward I. and brother of Edward II. His daughter Margaret inherited office and title, and appears in the Parliament Roll of Richard II. as "Margaret Countess Marshal."

Women have held the office of High Constable, which now has been confided to Lord Roberts. Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, held the Manors of Harlefield Newnam and Whytenhurst, County Gloucester, by the service of High Constable. He left two daughters, but the elder, Eleanor, succeeded to the office, which she conveyed to her husband, Thomas of Woodstock, who exercised it for her at the Coronation of Richard I.

A woman is even eligible to the office of Royal Champion. The manor of Scrivelly was held by the Dymocks, on condition of the possessor acting as King's Champion. When the heiress, Margaret, inherited the property, she inherited the office, which her son Thomas exercised for her at the Coronation of Henry IV.

A woman could also be High Steward. Henry, Earl of Leicester, held the Barony of Hinckley with the office of High Steward of England. He left two daughters, but, as the elder married abroad, the dignity fell to the younger sister, who married John of Gaunt. Through her right he exercised the office of Steward. The High Chamberlain of England has often been a woman. In a note concerning the Officers of the King, Maitland says "Deputy Chamberlains of the Exchequer . . . Of the two hereditary Chamberlainships one seems to have been vested in the Earl of Warwick, while the other had belonged to Isabella, Countess of Albermarle, and is in the King's hand."

Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, was one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, in right of Anne, his late wife, sister and heir of Henry, late Duke of Warwick, Chamberlain of the Exchequer.

The interesting fact concerning this office is that it has been held even in our own times by a woman, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, though she allowed her son to exercise it for her.

Not only in public or personal duties to their sovereign did women hold office. One dignity which has often been held by women is that of High Sheriff of the

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County. Ela of Salisbury was born in 1188, and her father, the Earl of Salisbury, died in 1196, leaving her sole heir, though he had three brothers. King Richard married her, as Royal ward, to his half-brother, William Longespée, the son of Fair Rosamond, who, through her, became Earl of Salisbury. He died in 1226, leaving four sons and four daughters. Though besieged with suitors, Ela preferred a free widowhood to choosing another Earl of Salisbury. When her eldest son came of age, he claimed the Earldom, but the King and Court refused it, because his inheritance was derived from his living mother and not from his dead father. The office of High Sheriff of Wiltshire she exercised in person until late in the reign of Henry II., when, probably to permit her son's entrance into responsible life, she retired as Abbess to Lacock Abbey, which she had herself founded. But even then the powers would not grant her son her titles, and she survived both son and grandson. In the list of the Sheriffs of Wiltshire in "Fuller's Worthies," we find Elizabeth, Countess of Wiltshire, entered for many years during the reign of Henry III., though she employed a deputy for most of her duties.

In 1305, the Countess Dowager of Cornwall was Sheriff of Rutland.

Isabella and Idouea de Neteripont held the office of High Sheriff of Westmoreland, and insisted on the burghers bringing their cases before them personally. Idouea married Roger de Clifford, and carried the office into his family. Years afterwards the office was held by a brave lady, at a critical period in the fortunes of women. Anne Clifford was born 1590, the daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, and his noble but neglected wife, Margaret Russell. Her father died in 1605, and a woman being then considered of age for certain purposes at 14, she chose her mother her guardian, who forthwith instituted proceedings against her brother-in-law, the new Earl of Cumberland, which lasted till his death. The Earldom of Cumberland, a comparatively new creation, had been entailed in heirs male, but the Baronies of Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey, with all the lands and castles in Westmoreland belonging to them, he also seized, though entailed on the heir general, which means that they could fall to a daughter. Favoured by the King, and his powerful friends, the Earl was enabled to hold them against his niece, in spite of her private and public petitions. His son, her cousin, Henry, was even summoned to Parliament by the title of Lord Clifford, which she bitterly resented. In 1609 she married Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

There was to have been a great trial of her case in the House of Lords in 1615, but her husband agreed with the Earl of Cumberland to submit the matter to the arbitration of the King, which she would not consent to do, standing upon her rights, though she was even brought before the King at Whitehall, to yield to his arbitration, "which I utterly refused to do, and was thereby brought to many and great troubles." Her uncle offered £20,000 as an equivalent for the Westmoreland estates, which offer she would not even consider. Her prodigal husband then attempted to strain his marital rights, and, backed by the King, signed the agreement with her uncle, which she refused to acknowledge, and, by her firmness, defeated the plans of the trio. She was determined to preserve her ancient inheritance. Her husband died in 1624, and the contest was pursued with renewed vigour. In 1628, there were laid before the Court, "Reasons to prove that, by the Common Law, dignities conferred by Writ of Summons to Parliament descend to females, when there is a sole heir, being the reasons alleged for Mary, Lady Fane, in her suit for the Barony of Abergavenny in 1587, with other reasons to show that such dignities by custom and reason descend to heirs female, produced on behalf of Anne, claiming to be Lady Clifford." But the reasons, accepted as valid in the earlier case, were not now in this transition stage sufficient to oust the uncle in possession.

In 1630 she married Philip, Earl of Montgomery, who shortly afterwards became also Earl of Pembroke by the death of his brother. In 1641 her uncle died, leaving one son and one daughter. Her cousin became the Earl of Cumberland, retaining the contested baronies, but died two years later without male heir, when, without further dispute, Anne stepped into her inheritance in 1644 in front of his heirs, thereby proving her original right. On the death of her second husband she went north to fortify her castles, but the Parliamentarians

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demolished them again and again. She said that, "As often as Cromwell pulled them down she would build them up again"; and at last, in admiration of her spirit, he gave orders that she should be let alone. At first she had some trouble with her tenants. A cloth-worker having bought a property under her, by the yearly rent of one hen, he refused to acknowledge her his Seigneuress by paying it. She sued him for it successfully, and though she spent £200 in expenses she secured that hen.

It was the symbol of a principle to her. In her youth she had not been allowed by her father to study classics, but she had made the best use of her studies under Daniel, the poet and historiographer. She was a great student of history, heraldry, and precedent, and thereby became aware of the illegal tendency to encroach on the ancient privileges of women, which she felt it her duty to preserve. In her Diary, she notes: "As the King came out of Scotland, there arose a strife between my father and my Lord Burleigh, who was then President, who should carie the sword, but it was adjudged to my father's side, because it was his office by inheritance, and so it is lineally descended to me." She was very jealous regarding her privileges, and, in virtue of her office, sat on the Bench of Justices in the Court of Assizes at Appleby, and instituted her own courts in all her manors. In 1651 she signed a patent, making Mr. Thomas Gahetis her Deputy Sheriff for Westmoreland.

In January, 1667-8, there was a bye-election at Appleby. From Anne's position as High Sheriff she had the right to nominate a candidate, and from her great goodness to the place, the corporation felt themselves bound to elect whomsoever she nominated. She wanted to have one of the young Tuftons, sons of her daughter, the Countess of Thanet. Joseph Williamson, then secretary to Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, had set his heart on that seat, and by all means in his power, open and underhand, he attempted to secure it. Friends wrote to tell him that the Countess said "that she would neither desire, seek, nor need anybody's help to make whom she would;" and "that if her grandson would not stand for it, she would stand herself." Lord Arlington wrote her again and again. The correspondence is preserved in the Record Office, except the last letter, which was, however, published by Sir Horace Walpole, in 1753, in an article on "Letter-writing."

"My Lord,—I have been neglected by a Court, I have been bullied by a usurper, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand."—ANNE, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.

On the 2nd day of March, 1667-8, her grandson, Mr. Thomas Tufton, much to her satisfaction, "was chosen Burgess for Appleby, to serve in the House of Commons." Her determination rose from no hasty temper or petty feeling. Hers was no purely personal struggle, but a firm protest against the infringement of the rights of her sex. She understood the danger of precedent, in drifting custom. If more women, with her knowledge, firmness, patience and opportunity, had been able to co-operate with her, more might have been done to arrest the progress of the "disabilities of women." She was loved by all good women, revered by all good men. Her death was a public loss. Bishop Rainbow, in her funeral sermon said, "this great, wise woman was the honour of her sex and her age, and her life is fitter for a history than a sermon." It may be noted that her motto was, "Preserve your loyalty, defend your rights."

Offices subordinate to Sheriffs have also been held by women.

Governors of Royal castles were also sometimes women. Isabella de Fortibus held the Borough and Camp of Plympton, and governed the Isle of Wight in the reign of Edward I., and more than one lady has filled that office during the centuries, as one does to-day. Perhaps the most interesting example was that of Nicholaa de la Haye. She was sole heiress to the Barony of la Haye, which always went with the Wardenship of Lincoln Castle and the Constableship of Lincolnshire. Nicholaa married Gerard de Camville, and both were devoted servants of King John. During his life her husband performed the duties for her, but on his death she had to resume them. In 1217 the partisans of Lewis the Dauphin laid siege to Lincoln. Though the town sided with the besiegers, and though 600 knights and 20,000 foot soldiers came to reinforce them, Nicholaa continued to defend the castle until the Earl of Pembroke came to her relief. She had saved the situation. After the war

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John came to Lincoln, and Nicholaa went out to meet him, bearing the keys, which she presented the King, saying that she was a woman of a great age, and had endured many labours and anxieties in that castle, and she could bear them no more. But the King handed back the keys to her, saying sweetly, "Bear them, if you please, yet awhile." He made her also Sheriff of Lincoln, an office which Henry III. confirmed to her. But after humble petition she was allowed to end her days in peace and retirement in a country home.

When lands were held by any military service there was no escape from duty because the holder was a woman. There were fifteen ladies so summoned for military service against Wales in the reign of Edward I. Among these were Devorgilla de Balliol, founder of Balliol College. It is true that anyone, male or female, with reasonable excuse could send a substitute or commute his service by fines.

On their own lands women received homage, held courts baron, and exercised all jurisdictions, sometimes to life and death. Much interesting information is given in the Report of the Municipal Corporations in 1835, when the municipal franchise was taken from women until 1868.

Peeresses in their own right were liable to summons to Parliament. Sir Harris Nicolas says, "The usual form of a summons to Parliament is *common*." But peeresses had always a constitutional right of sending a proxy, an exemption intended as a privilege in those days of rough travelling. The Abbesses, especially those of the great Abbeys like Shaftesbury, Barking, Wilton, and St. Mary of Winchester, ranked as peeresses, and were summoned to Anglo-Norman Parliaments, as they had been summoned to Anglo-Saxon Witenagemotes. Henry VIII.'s Reformation only forced the Abbots to conform, and they could regain their powers under another name; but in the extinction of Abbesses commenced the downward gradient in the political and social position of women. While most of these ladies exercised their power through inheritance, sometimes they were also chosen. The Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was made Justice of the Peace in the reign of Henry VII., and the Lady Berkeley held the same office under Queen Mary. The Lady Broughton was at one time Keeper of the Gatehouse Prison in Westminster. The Countess of Warwick in the 18th century was elected a Commissioner of Sewers.

The examples I have brought forward have been taken, it is true, from among upper-class women. But their sisters of less exalted rank had relatively the same privileges, the same laws of inheritance and of dowry. In the counties they could hold manorial courts, and be suitors at the County Courts. The duties of the suitors at these courts were to act as jury on the cases that came forward, and to elect the representative Knight of the Shire to send to Parliament. As owners of private boroughs they could send up their own member. As Freewomen in the boroughs they could share in the election of their borough-member, as well as in all the duties and privileges of Freemen. They could be free in many guilds. They attended the livery dinners and formed part of livery processions.

They have been elected Governors of Workhouses, Constables, Overseers of the Poor, Churchwardens, Gaolers, Sextons, and even Clerk of the Crown on the King's Bench.

In "Notes and Queries," 5th Ser., Vol. V, p. 269, we find that in the parish of Gorton, in Manchester, "Mrs. Waterhouse was Overseer of the Poor in 1748, and in 1826 Mary Grimston was Sexton. In 1775, Sarah Schofield played the flute in the Parish Choir, and in 1829, Ruth Walker broke stones." In Totteridge, Middlesex, there was buried in 1802, Mrs. Elizabeth King, who had been Clerk of the Parish for 46 years, and had attended every Sunday and read prayers in a clear loud voice.

Ancient Roman historians say that among the Britons "there was no distinction of sex in places of command or government." If we, through the centuries, had lived up to that higher level, and chosen our officials on account of their fitness for the office, independent of sex, it is quite possible that we might have had examples of feminine public servants relatively as distinguished as we have experienced among our women sovereigns. As it is, we can only muse with Gray as he stood by his country churchyard on the might-have-beens of lost opportunity.

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

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A Tradition of the Simplon.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

TRAVEL luxury is the note of the Switzerland of our day. Even the new mountaineer is oftentimes hauled up the slippery places of the fashionable peaks as a sack may be hauled to a hayloft. The old time of rigour and of hardship, when travel was for the strong, when even the grand tour implied a man and a resolution, remains a tradition. Where our forefathers took sledges, we take waggons; where they found sheds for inns, we turn to palaces and lifts. The hospices which befriended them are show places for the son of Cook. Peasants flock afoot over the great passes; but the tragedies of those passes are written no more.

The following sketch is the result of a chat which the writer had some time ago with an aged Benedictine monk at Brieg. Possibly it was the story of the monk's own childhood. He told it with the pathos of one who has known neither father nor mother. And, at least, it illustrates some of the hardships to be encountered in the old days by those whom necessity drove across the famous Simplon Pass in the hour of storm and tempest.

. . . . . .

The storm, which for many hours had been threatening the upper heights of the Simplon, burst in its full fury as midnight drew near. All day the snow clouds lay upon the summits of the environing peaks, and the wind chanted its weird and plaintive song through the terraced gorge and snow-decked valley; ominous vibrations and the deep booming of avalanches warned the wayfarer to seek retreat or to turn his steps towards the welcome hospitality of the monastery.

For an hour before sunset, the blast had of a sudden ceased, and a terrible silence fell upon the great world of peaks and crags and valleys. The long rays of deep golden light, shining in the interlude of storm, searched the very depths of the fathomless abysses and darkened crevasses only to withdraw before the advance of night, and to leave all things to the greater fury of the elements. As the sun went down the wind again rose. Small flakes of hardened snow were blown in the air as feathers before a breath; scattered hither and thither, tossed at the fretful will of the blast, swept into mounds, rolled out as a whitened carpet to cloak the darkened pass. Or, as an attacking force that advances, not with a steady onslaught, but with the fierce vigour of freshly-gathered impulses, the torrent swept through gorge and pass, folding in its embrace every atom of unstable nature; hurling rocks and snow and ice against the unseen enemy of the night.

Fiereer and fiercer it grew—boulders, majestic in their mighty weight, were lifted and scattered as pebbles on the glaciers below; great banks of snow embedded themselves in any crevasse where they could find rest; avalanches discharged their mass upon tunnelled railway or down the face of the perpendicular precipice; the rattle as of a hundred batteries told of the ceaseless falling of the ice-bound earth. Nature had opened her heart to the terrors of the night, and a sympathy had knit their powers in one.

Few travellers dared the perils of the Simplon pass during daylight. Many peasants, waiting to cross to the warmer valleys and the sunshine of Italy, delayed their journey in the inns of Martigny, Sion, or Brieg. The solitary sledges that were still upon their journey at nightfall hurried to the shelter of retreat or hospice. When the sun sank, no human thing faced the tempest. So far as the eye could see, the spirit of the storm

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ruled alone; dead nature cried aloud; was tossed and broken on the billows of the blast.

The storm ruled alone; so said the sentinels of the night. Yet one there was to belie their words. At seven o'clock a sledge drawn by a pair of lagging and weary horses had crossed the Pont du Ganther, and commenced the ascent of the zigzag pathway beyond. The driver was a man of some height and strength, but his body was thickly wrapped in fur, and a cloth cap half covered his face. By his side, a young child nearly hidden in a great rug, sought still more warmth by closely hugging his companion; and, the one mutually encouraging the other, they faced the cutting storm and ploughed their way through the masses of drift now quickly blocking the narrow pathway of the gorge. At Brieg, some hours earlier the master of the Poste had used his interested eloquence in a vain endeavour to secure his guest for another night.

"The storm has yet to come," he said. "Milord surely will not attempt to reach the hospice to-night?"

"I have ordered the horses—get them," was the only response of the brusque Englishman.

"But milord considers his life?"

"Not at all."

"And the child—*mon Dieu*, the child, milord!"

"The child will not suffer—hold your tongue and get the horses."

The obsequious and offended host hastened to obey. In less than half-an-hour his guest was driving, with the child very close to him, up the road which leads to the Domo d'Ossola. Many were the speculations as to his probable fate. "He will never reach the Schalbet," said one. "He will die at the Béresal," said another; but in a few minutes fresh interests arose, and one by one the curious dispersed to their occupations or their pleasures.

For an hour or so, the "mad Englishman" proceeded upon the pass without inconvenience. Wrapping the child with much care in the many folds of the rug, he asked from time to time if he felt the cold, and, receiving answer in the negative, he cheerily encouraged the horses into a quick trot. At the third hostel the sledge was halted; only long enough, however, to allow for food and drink for horses and riders. Then plunging once more into the darkness, the battle, fiercely waged with the pitiless sleet and snow, again recommenced. Now the frail carriage tottered and balanced upon the very edge of a fathomless abyss; then the resounding echoes of runners and the dropping of water told its driver that he had entered one of the many tunnels which abound in this mighty monument to Napoleon and his engineers. Yet, drive as the man would, the snow gained upon him. At first, a vigorous assistance to the horses helped them over drifts and mounds; by-and-by the spade was used freely; later, even its assistance became of less and less use.

At length, emerging from a long gallery, a vast mass of the freshly fallen snow completely buried the fragile vehicle. In vain the horses plunged and fought at it with their chests; closer and closer the mound grew about them; the icy flakes fell with a sharper twinge against their faces; the wind pierced their very bones as it swept on its mad career, or laughed wildly in the hearts of the mountains, as if its own strength were its own great triumph. The driver, seeing further advance, at least with the sledge, was impossible, peered vainly at the hands of his watch. By his calculations he was not many minutes from shelter or the hospice. He looked at the boy, who was fast growing drowsy, and shook him vigorously.

"Jerome, wake up, wake up. You will soon be home, child, where we shall have fire and warmth. Come, rouse yourself!"

The appeal opened the child's eyes. He sat up and stared at his father wildly.

"May I not sleep, father? My eyes hurt me. Shall we be at mother's soon?"

"Yes, yes, my lad; as quickly as I can get you there. Come now, stand up and shake yourself. Stamp your feet as I do."

The little fellow endeavoured to obey, but the cold had robbed him of his strength. Rising up in the sledge, he would have stepped out and fallen in the snow had not his father caught him. It was evident that speedy help alone would save his life. Leaving him as he lay in his seat, the driver backed the animals to the tunnel and secured them there. Then, with a wrap about his head and face, and the little one in his arms, he plunged into the drift, and faced the icy torrent.

"God forgive me," he said as he went, "God forgive me and help us both!"

The darkness was intense at this time. The man's legs sank above the knee into

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the snow. The water, too, had now penetrated his clothes, and the cold linen hung damp and clammy against his body. His hands were rapidly becoming benumbed, and sharp pains in his legs warned him of what must be. The wind in its more angry gusts was so terrible that he could not stand against it, and he sought what shelter he might half buried in the snow. His coat had become white and heavy with the encrusted frost; he knew not at any moment whether he were yet on the path or at the brink of some gorge, where a false step would end the quest for ever. Before him lay the remote hope of the hospice, behind him the eternal sleep for him and for the child.

The thought spurred him to efforts surpassing his strength. He struggled with the phantom figure of sleep, not for his own sake, but for that of his son, who lay in his arms.

"Jerome, you hear me, lad," he cried, wildly, and, pulling aside the wrap to kiss the blue lips of the child, he plunged with a new measure of strength into the darkness of the pass before him.

At this moment there was a little rift of the clouds. They began to break and scatter. Great masses of them seemed to roll and speed across the surface of the heavens, leaving long lines as of attendant and lesser servants in their wake. When some minutes had passed, a ray of pale yellow light struck through a grey-black cloud and illumined the summit of the higher peaks. The cloud passed, and the moon stood out for an instant pale and clear. Its light ran swiftly from valley to valley and glacier to glacier until it fell upon the narrow way of the Simplon. The Englishman breathed a prayer of thanks; the path before him lay more open; the snow was less deep; he advanced with brisker steps; he knew that if he did not soon reach a shelter he would find one for ever on the heights of the mountains. And Jerome, he was again sleeping, it might be never to wake. With bursting heart and failing body his father pressed on until a turn of the path showed him a little châlet hanging as a nest above the roadway of the pass. He struggled up to the door and sank against it with the burden in his arms.

The refuge was old and deserted, save by some half-a-dozen wandering Zingari, who huddled about a charcoal fire, on which a pot of coarse soup was simmering. The light from the flaming embers alone illumined the apartment, and cast a weird glow upon the swarthy faces of its tenants, who seemed neither eager nor willing to assist the newcomer. The children, following their wonted pastime, pressed about the stranger crying "Mauro, mauro"—bread, bread. The others watched him curiously, as, standing away from the fire, he undid the shawl and laid the sleeping child on the wooden floor. Then, and then only, an old woman rose from her seat.

"He has brought a child to die," she cried, angrily; and, adding many imprecations on the folly of mankind in general, she began to chafe the little lad's hands.

"Have you any wine or brandy?" asked the Englishman, as, more active than the others, he worked to bring the light of returning vitality to the child's eyes.

"You'll get it at the hospice," said an elderly man, not rising from his seat, "and if you don't, you'll bury the child."

"God forbid!" answered the man, his voice choking with a great sob, as he looked at the restful face of the golden-haired baby. "God give him back to me! I will go to the hospice myself. Will you do your best for him until I return."

"You—you are half dead already; you will never get there!"

The Englishman thrust a handful of silver into the gipsy's palm, and, repeating his request, once more dared the path.

The wind had become still, but the cold was now intense. The moon shone clearly; a thousand jets of fire, playing upon the higher peaks, made beacons for the valleys below. A wondrous stillness fell upon the mountains, a calm, serene beauty as of the spirit of rest and of God's night. The snow was as a mighty mantle to cloak the darkness of ravine and gorge; the boulders stood up in their spotless habits as sentinels of some vast and forgotten kingdom of solitude.

The Englishman pressed on again, but hope and strength had left him. Often he stumbled; he seemed to walk without impulse. His faculties became numbed in a sensuous and overpowering desire to sleep; the boy's face shone as an image of the clouds and bade him return. Presently, a succession of pictures passed through his burning brain. The mounds around him took the forms and shapes of men; valleys and peaks disappeared, to give place to great flaming fires, before

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which thousands knelt, paying homage to the heat. And then the scene changed to a lake of polished gold. He saw fair gardens and houses by them, and bright pastures. A vision of summer haunted him continually. Forgotten faces appeared to him; it was as though friends of the dead past arose to help him on his pilgrimage. Then swiftly the scene changed; he was sure that a bell rang somewhere near him, he could hear its sweet note echoing in the ravines and valleys. A great flash of light passed before his eyes, and all was darkness.

. . . . . .

Early on the following morning, the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard had a few moments' leisure to gather round a pretty boy who warmed himself by the refectory fire. The lad looked bewildered at the strangely garbed figures before him, and reiterated his oft repeated request to be taken to his father.

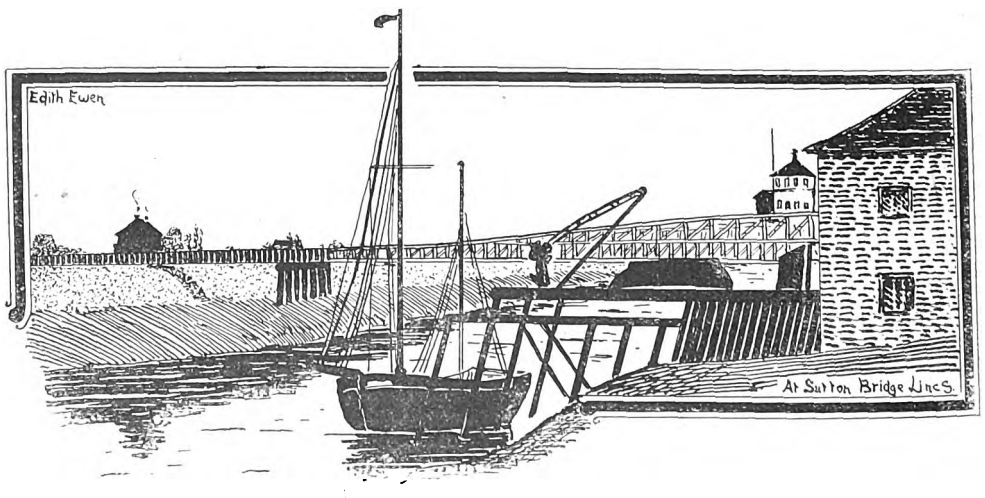
"*Le pauvre*," said the Prior, "how shall I answer him? But he will forget. That is God's gift to the children."

He turned away that none might see the tears in his eyes. There was no one there who dared to tell the child that his father had been found at daybreak, delirious and dying, beneath the monastery walls. The Angelus bell had been a passing bell for him. He died with his story untold. The gipsies, continuing their journey, related as much as they knew of the events of the previous evening. One thing only was clear, that the dead man had urgent business in Italy, and for that would face even the peril of the storm. It remained to learn if his wife were living.

As soon as possible, news of the story was forwarded to the towns of the Italian lake districts and to London, but in spite of earnest efforts no word reached the hospice which could elucidate the mystery. The little lad was claimed by none. He could tell no story of home or mother. His father had been all in all to him, and his father was dead.

"Heaven has so willed it," said the Prior, when it was evident that his charge must subsist on charity; "he is a child of the mountains, he will be one of us."

[THE END.]



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THE WOMEN STUDENTS OF OXFORD.

By KENT CARR.

WHEN Charles Kingsley, in sweetest lyrical measure, pointed out that goodness is more to be desired than cleverness, certain girlish voices were heard to pipe a spirited rejoinder as to the possibility of combining the two. The idea had much to commend it, though to the Oxford of 1879 it came with something of a shock. But if the world of dons and undergraduates did not glow with any enthusiasm of welcome to the first feminine invaders, they at least made no very active opposition. Indeed, it was one of themselves—the Warden of Keble—who got together that historical meeting at which it was decided that accommodation should be provided for those women belonging to the Church of England who wished to study at Oxford. The idea took root, and it was only a few months later that a similar institution on undenominational lines was started.

A small but eminently picturesque building, standing amidst green lawns and shady trees, was chosen for the latter, and was called Somerville Hall. For the house in Norham Gardens, Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, the Lady Principal, mindful of that Countess of Richmond "who was forward to secure by new foundations the alliance between the religious and the studious life," suggested that the name of "Lady Margaret Hall" should be given.

The invaders came in such small numbers at first that the importance of their advent might well be a little obscured to the masculine mind. Only a dozen students took up their residence at Somerville, while Lady Margaret Hall held scarcely more. But the little band started with high ideals and cheery spirits which went far towards carrying them through. True, the degree was not granted to them, but they were wise enough to realise that the degree was the smallest part of their three years' training.

And they were encouraged by the loyal support of men whose names have made the history of the nineteenth century. Where one was found to fling at them the disdainful advice: "Go spin, ye jades! Go spin!" there were twenty ready to hold out the hand of sympathy and encouragement. Ruskin delighted in the whole movement, and was a frequent guest at the Halls. "So glad that I am old enough to be let come and take tea at Somerville," he added laughingly to his signature in the Somerville birthday-book. And with his own hand he copied the mystical face of St. Ursula, the Bud of Flowers, and sent it as a free gift to adorn the dwelling-place of those girl friends of his.

But in spite of the pretty fancy, Ruskin, as well as anyone, realised that he had come in contact with real workers. Very few Oxford women can afford merely to play. Special permission must be obtained from the Council each term for those wishing to be excused examinations, but the permission is rarely demanded. In most instances on leaving College a girl hopes to make her own career. She has been given the same chances as her brothers, and, as a rule, within certain sex restrictions, makes the same use of them.

Happily, the fees are sensibly lighter than those of the men. At Lady Margaret Hall the charges are £75 per annum, exclusive of strictly personal expenses. To these must be added the fees for instruction, which rarely exceed £28 a year. At Somerville the fees average slightly less,

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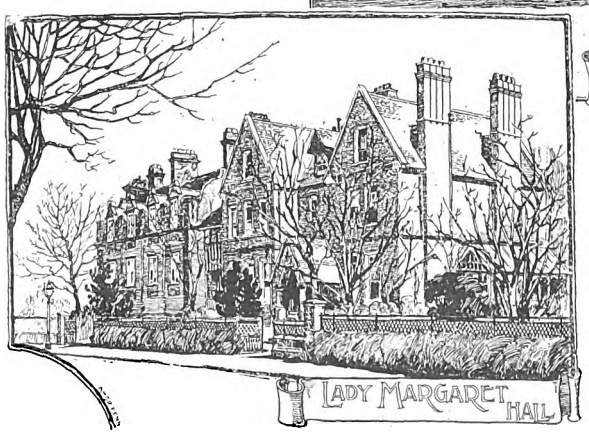
coming in all to something like £92 6s. a year, although these fees can be reduced further by a choice of smaller rooms. At St. Hugh's Hall with strict economy they can be brought down to £70 a year. At St. Hilda's Hall, which was founded in 1893 by Miss Dorothea Beale, chiefly, though not necessarily, for the pupils of Cheltenham Ladies' College, the fees for board are £25 per term. In considering these figures it must, of course, be borne in mind that they only include the terms, and that vacation takes up practically six months of every year.

But there are many women studying in Oxford to whom, for pecuniary or personal reasons, residence in College is impossible. They are known as Oxford Home Students, and come under the supervision of a special Committee and Principal appointed by the Council of the Association for the Education of Women. They can be received in a private family at a cost of £1 5s. a week.

The glamour of history and antiquity which is the birthright of the Oxford man in his Alma Mater, has been denied by circumstances to the Oxford woman. But in the picturesqueness of her building Somerville has done what she could. The little old Hall of the early days has been added to largely, but much of the old charm remains. From the Woodstock Road an old-world drive leads to the ancient and creeper-covered porch. Through the entrance can be seen glimpses of the white dining-room, with its green-tiled hearth. In the drawing room above are little clusters of cosy chairs, and a litter of new magazines. The reds of the Indian rugs have faded to pink, and the indigoes have toned down to the blues of the old Worcester china, which has found a resting place in the old-fashioned corner-cupboards. And over the mantelpiece is that good gift of Ruskin's—the picture of the saint whose faith rose triumphant over the great Destroyer.

But the Hall is matched for quaintness by the three little cottages adjoining it, whose rooms are also taken up by College students. One set of rooms here is particularly coveted, as, owing to their liliputian dimensions, two rooms are rated as one, and the occupant becomes the proud possessor of a *bonâ fide* bedroom and sitting-room, in place of the extemporised bed-sitting-room of the rest. It was in these cottages that an old college servant —Jane by name—held undisputed and despotic sway. She was always much exercised in her mind lest the occupant of the above-mentioned bedroom should fall ill. "You see, miss, it would be so awk'ard to get a coffin down them stairs,"



she would explain cheeringly to every new occupant.

Between the old Hall and the new West Buildings stretch long lawns set round with the flowers which go to make old-fashioned posies. There are many tennis courts, and the hockey-ground reaches to the West Buildings, which, like the Hall itself, has

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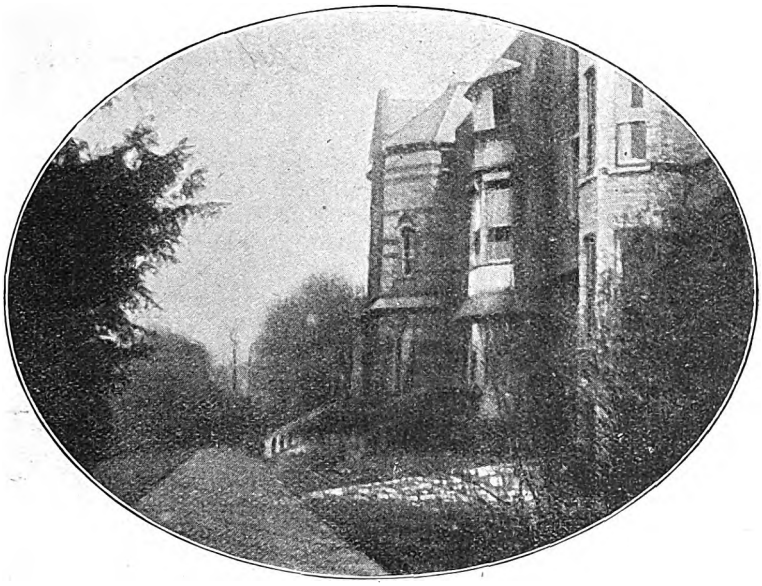
added on wing after wing to its original dimensions to suit the growing requirements of its students. It is here that the Lady Principal — Miss Maitland — resides, and the fact naturally adds importance to this part of Somerville. Here, too, the books which have been presented in such generous measure are housed. There are many volumes which used to belong to T. H. Green, a friend whose memory Somerville holds very dear. There are Mark Pattison's gifts, and the greater part of the library of the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards. They line the large comfortable library, row upon row, to a height which explains the pity of the women of S. Phillip's Mission, who were being shown round the place, for the students who "had to read 'em all, pore things."



A GLIMPSE OF THE PICTURESQUE GROUNDS.

Lady Margaret Hall, as its prospectus states, has Church of England principles but liberty for others. Like Somerville, the original building has been considerably enlarged. This is not surprising when we read the names of those who have had its interests at heart. Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, daughter of the late Dr. Wordsworth, has been its Principal from the beginning. Its Chairman of Council is the Dean of Christ Church, while for Hon. Treasurers it has Sir W. Herschel and Mrs. Arnold Toynbee. Alone of all the Halls it has a tiny chapel of its own, with a stained glass window, and a cast of the recumbent figure of the Countess of Richmond, to whom it owes its name. The badge of the Hall is three daisies, with the motto, "Ex solo, ad solem."

There is little reason to doubt that St. Hugh's Hall will take to enlarging her premises like the rest, in the future. At present there is only accommodation for twenty-four students.

St. Hilda's Hall is charmingly situated. It is in Cowley Place, and its sunny gardens slope sheer down to the river. It differs somewhat from the other Halls in that it was originally founded for former pupils of the Cheltenham Ladies' College. But there is no hard and fast rule, and anyone may apply for admission.

Perhaps the fact that there is a somewhat stiff entrance examination to be passed in every case makes the privilege of entry doubly prized. The standard of this entrance examination is that of Responsions, which, indeed, is accepted as an equivalent. Considering how short a career the Halls have had, these entrance examinations can show a very respectable list of scholarships, varying from £25 to £50 a year, and tenable for three years.

Every Hall has, of course, its own peculiar methods and internal economy. But the points of difference are superficial, the daily routine being pretty much the

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THE FAIR STUDENTS OF SOMERVILLE.

same all through. At eight o'clock the day begins with prayers, then all assemble in the big dining-room for breakfast. By nine o'clock the student's bed-sitting-room is ready for her use, awaiting only those finishing touches which she fondly believes no hand but her own can supply.

Whatever domicile the future may hold for the girl-graduate, it is safe to assume that none will fill her with such pride as this tiny College-sanctum, on whose precise number of feet it is unnecessary to insist. By cunning devices the bedroom aspect is entirely done away with. The bed itself, by means of rugs and cushions, becomes a most inviting couch, much in requisition at tea or cocoa parties. The wardrobe is draped in some deft feminine way, and the rest of the bedroom furniture mysteriously eliminated. Book-cases line the walls, and there is the inevitable bureau, which in Oxford can be picked up for an old song, and which for solid comfort is the most excellent thing in the world. There is also the china tea-service, which has to serve for every conceivable form of hospitality. And if the plants and flowers, and the shield with the College coat-of-arms, and the scarlet hockey cap, and the tennis racquet jostle each other at somewhat close quarters, the arrangement has at least the merit of bringing her possessions within reach of the owner's hand. And if the big frilled cushions are more often than not of simple cretonne, the fact takes away no whit from the cosy effect.

From nine to one the solid work of the day is put in. There are lectures to be attended in the various Colleges, and much private reading to be got through. And, if the College library falls short of the many claims upon it, there is always the Bodleian, which, as the American would say, contains all the books there are.

Lunch is a moveable feast, and since the Oxford woman is almost invariably great at athletics the hours till tea-time are all too short for the pleasures to be crowded into them. For the tennis-player there is always the wild hope that by dint of hard practice she may be chosen as champion to play in the terminal matches with the Halls, or, higher honour still, to play the yearly match with the Light

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Blues from Girton and Newnham. The hockey-field is always crowded, though the river as recreation ground stands easily first. No student is admitted to the boating club until she has passed a reasonable swimming test, while good rowing form is insisted upon by public opinion.

Tea is supposed to be taken in the drawing-room, but rarely indeed is it patronised in that particular place. There are gay little parties always going on in a choice of rooms, where, if the guest is wise, she will take her own cup. Or sometimes, accompanied by a chaperone, she will sally forth, at the invitation of some undergraduate friend, to a tea, for which he will have laid in a sufficient supply of French confectionery to last a sober-minded family for the rest of their natural lives.

After tea the hour and a half till the dressing-bell rings is rigidly devoted to work, more often than not with a tutor, the only admitted exception being the fortnightly meeting of the United Halls Debating Society, quite the most stately and imposing of all College Clubs. Here high ethical problems are discussed, mixed occasionally, for the sake of the weaker "brethren," with such frivolities as "How far are artificial aids to beauty permissible?"

At seven o'clock the crowd of evening-frocked and healthily-hungry damsels assemble for dinner in Hall. Everyone sits where her fancy dictates, unless a special invitation is given by the Lady Principal to the high table. After dinner there are a few minutes' pleasant chatter in the drawing-room among the tea-cups, a little music, and a hasty glance at any of the lighter periodicals which may have strayed into the Magazine Club.

In the evening comes the reign of the College Society. There are French societies and a German band, while literary names from Browning to Meredith run the whole gamut. There is a sober Scientific and Philosophical Society and a Sharp Practice Debate, where luckless members are called upon to talk to order for the space of five minutes on any subject which the ingenuity of their friends may dictate. The societies, of course, differ in degree, but on the whole they are of a light and festive nature, the French Society holding a course of French chocolates as a necessary part of its curriculum.

MISS AGNES MAITLAND.
Principal of Somerville Hall.
Photograph by Fradelle & Young.

A clamour of merry voices drowns the sound of the clock as it strikes ten. Cocoa parties are in progress all over the place, and hostesses and guests alike lend a hand in their preparation. Sometimes there is a grand entertainment in the library, specially lent for the occasion, sometimes it is in the solitude *à deux* — which at College always resolves itself into *à trois* or *à quatre*— that plans are discussed for the after career to which the kindly College days are but the prelude.

And whatever the dreaded schools may bring forth, no girl-graduate who has taken the life rightly but will be better equipped for that career. And this fine equipment is all that Oxford need claim in the growing scheme for women's education. Fame has already come to some of her daughters—Miss Scot, Miss Thomson, Miss Graham, and Miss Sorabji have written books which have made more than the critics talk—while Oxford women are to-day filling high posts as inspectors, head-mistresses and secretaries. But the fame we repeat is a small matter compared to the training which is to fit the girl-graduate to play her part in any sphere—even the humble one of being helpmeet to a mere man!

KENT CARR.

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A MAN OF MOODS.

By K. MURRAY ELIOT.

"To one thing constant never."

I.

"I AM going off by myself—to think," said Jim Carlton.

"O, man of many moods!" his wife answered, "You told me yesterday that wild horses should not drag a thought from you for months, now that your book is finished."

"I have an idea," said Jim, and Mildred sighed. She knew that it was useless to reason with him if he once "had an idea." She worshipped him as her husband, and believed in him as a great genius, but she sometimes wished that his will was less like the wind's will.

"When are you going?" she asked. They were sitting together after dinner, in the drawing-room of their little flat in London, Jim rejoicing in the fact that his last book had been accepted by his publishers.

Mildred did not like the book. She had begged Jim not to publish it, but Messrs. Macandrew's offer was a large one, accompanied by such a complimentary letter, that Mildred felt the ground of her objections cut away from under her feet.

"I shall go early to-morrow," he said. "You must send off the manuscript, Mildred. I have finished the alterations that Macandrew asked for. It is quite ready. I burnt my old notes this morning, and insured the typed copy for £300, just for luck!"

"I wish——" began Mildred; then she stopped and knelt down by the fire, pretending that it ought to be poked.

Jim knew quite well what she meant, and why she wanted to hide her face from him. "I can't imagine why you dislike 'A Passage Perilous' so much," he said. "You are poking the fire as if you wished that it was burning there."

"Oh, Jim! You do understand really. You know that I think it is unworthy of you."

"It is funny," he said. "You are not prejudiced as a rule—for a woman."

"It won't help you a bit," said Mildred. "It won't add to your reputation as a writer."

"I am not so sure about that," he said. "The highest test of a novel is its reality. Macandrew says it is the most realistic thing that I have written."

"To be real is to be like human nature, I suppose," said Mildred, "but human nature means everything, Jim, not only all the evil in the world, but all the good."

"And you think the poor 'Passage' all evil, do you?" said Jim. He did not seem to mind. He smiled as he took his cigarette from his lips.

"You said once that you would like never to write a book that I should not like to read," said Mildred softly.

"That must have been when we were engaged," said Jim laughing, "or was it before? If I remember right, *you* said that you would always like to read what I wrote, whatever it was."

Mildred laughed too. Even the disputed points of the book could not really come between them.

"But—" she began, hesitatingly. They had already repeated this type of conversation several times since the book had got well on its way. What Mildred found difficult to say was that she did not honestly think it up to the level of Jim's other writings, as literature. It was not only that she disliked the topic of the book, and the plot, and the characters.

Jim had said that she did not leave much to admire in it, but since Macandrew's offer he had assured her that she

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was mistaken. The book was his best, and would make his fortune.

He looked at her as she knelt by the fire. Her face was sad as the flames lit it up. He thought that there were tears in her eyes. Mildred was not given to tears; the suspicion of them surprised him.

"I rather take your dislike of my book to heart," he said, "it is quite my favourite child at present."

"You can't see it properly yet," said his wife, "it is too near you—it is out of focus."

"That is very well expressed," said Jim. "I wonder if people's children are always a bit out of focus to their parents? But you don't let someone else destroy them because they can see the faults which you can't."

"It is not quite the same thing," said Mildred.

"There's the money question too," he remarked. "The 'Passage' has taken more than a year to write—I shan't get another book done for quite as long again. The ten pounds I had for my magazine story will pay my way at Llanrhystyd. But, after that, the 'Passage' was to boil the pot—and take us to Italy, Mildred darling, for another honeymoon!"

"I could manage, I think—," she said slowly. All her friends had told her before she married, nearly three years ago, that she never would manage on the few hundreds a year that formed Jim's settled income. "Of course, not Italy—but we might wait for that."

"I don't know if I can," said Jim. "The humdrum grind is not good for me. I want a spree sometimes."

Yet he was going off next day to the coldest and most dreary place on the coast, to "think," as he said, so as to start another "grind."

Mildred looked at him anxiously. "Are you getting bored already?" she asked. "You promised me that 'pot-boiling' should never interfere with the quality of your work."

"It has not really," said Jim. "It is your mistake, dear. The book is powerful. A man can't always write for the nursery."

Mildred moved away, and said no more. It was a sore point. She did not think that he would have written that book if there had been a nursery in their house. A man's own children bring back to him his lost ideals.

II.

Jim went off the next morning, so full of his new plan for another book that he did not even mention "A Passage Perilous" to Mildred. But he was always like that.

Mildred had been very angry with their great friend, Jack Conyers, for saying that "it was a wonder that Jim had stuck to one woman long enough to make her his wife, but it was a miracle that he had ever finished a book."

He had written two since their marriage, and Mildred had discovered that the wind of his will could blow very steadily in one direction for a long time, but that the veering gusts between whiles shifted in every direction.

She told herself that he would never change about that disappointing manuscript; she ought to pack it up and send it off. "It can't possibly do anybody any good," she said to herself.

She suddenly remembered that she had promised to go and see her aunt, an old lady who seldom came to London. Mildred snatched at the excuse for delay. Mrs. Bellairs would be angry if she did not see the favourite niece who had disappointed her by marrying "a mere scribbler" as she called Jim. Mildred stopped in the street on her way to buy a handful of fluffy yellow mimosa to take to her aunt.

It made her think of Italy, of a blue, blue sky, and a wealth of flowers. Flowers scattered lavishly—treasure to be had for the trouble of stooping to pick it up. Not a jealously guarded, grudgingly given handful, but a whole wind-waved world of gold and violet and rose, daffodils and tulips and anemones.

She thought of Jim in a cold, ugly railway carriage, travelling through fields like iron, under a sky like dull tinfoil.

"Poor Jim!" she said to herself, rebelling against the humdrum grind.

Mildred remembered the glorious purple patch that their wedding trip had made in their lives. How Jim's seeing eye and picturesque speech had lifted the curtain for her from vivid scenes in the drama of life.

She remembered his sheer joy in living through the early summer days—days carpeted and crowned with flowers.

Italy in May and June is all flowers, a forgotten corner of the garden of Eden.

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It was a dream of roses and love, love and roses, in Mildred's memory. And Jim said that he wanted another honeymoon.

Mildred looked at the dull brown mud under her feet, at the dull grey sky overhead, the dull brown-grey houses on each side of her. The people she passed looked shabby. There was an air of "humdrum grind" about them all.

She found old Mrs. Bellairs in her hotel sitting-room, already surrounded with flowers, and birds in cages, mostly canaries, who were apt to usurp the conversation.

"I bring them with me," said the old lady, "because I am a little deaf, my dear. I hear best when there is a good deal of noise. The canaries are less trouble than a piano-organ or a brass band."

Mildred agreed that they seemed to be the least embarrassing evil of the three. She quite understood that anyone might hear if you had to shout above the canaries' shrill notes.

"You look very well, child," said her aunt. "I suppose that Jim has not taken to beating you yet? No? Well, he worshipped the ground you stood on when you were married, and he was the most unaccountable creature I ever knew. He always did the exact opposite to anything that was expected of him. As he seemed to be utterly devoted to you I thought that he would probably treat you badly."

Mildred smiled. "He has not changed a bit," she said.

"So he said when he went off for a year, wasn't it? Just when I thought that he meant to propose to you."

"That was his goodness," said Mildred, colouring. It had been perplexing goodness at the time. "He thought that he was too poor, and that I hadn't seen enough people to know my own mind."

"Then he came back, and stood under an apple tree outside your window all night," said the old lady, laughing at the remembrance, "because I was angry with him, and wouldn't let you see him."

"You didn't tell me that he had come," said Mildred, with the smile of a victor at the remembrance of past battles.

"No, I wanted you to marry Major Anstruther, nice man, your own set, with a charming place. He is Sir Harold now, and his wife goes to Court in splendid diamonds."

"I am sure *he* never stood under an apple tree all night," said Mildred.

"No one but a poet, or an author, would. It is wonderful how women like to have silly things done for them."

"And he spends his life in horrible financial schemes—to make money enough to carry out his ambitions. Oh, and he yachts and races and shoots big game. Where does his wife come in? She is his nine hundred and ninety-ninth interest? He just remembers her when he has nothing else to do."

Mrs. Bellairs laughed. "Wouldn't you rather share great ambitions, and be somebody stirring in the world, than live screwed down in your corner, trying to make sixpence do the work of a shilling? Your husband's ambitions generally end in clouds—mostly of tobacco smoke, I daresay!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mildred hotly. "His first book has made him famous already. And he has had a splendid offer from Macandrew for the book he has just finished."

The words were out of her lips before she meant to say them. She still had a hope spinning its little web in a corner of her brain that the book might not be published.

"Dear me, you don't say so," said Mrs. Bellairs. "You will be quite rich. How many books can he write in a year?"

"What does it matter?" said Mildred, "there are other things besides riches."

It wounded her to hear even Jim talk as if the worth of his book was measured by the price he could get for it.

"Does he insure his manuscripts?" said her aunt. "I remember getting quite a large sum once for some fusty old letters and diaries that belonged to my husband's father. He insured them years ago. They were burnt by accident; my maid dropped a match while she was looking for something else in the cupboard. Half the things on the shelves were burnt."

"Jim has insured this book," Mildred said.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Bellairs.

Mildred offered her bunch of mimosa. She suddenly wanted to get rid of it and her memories of Italy together.

"I wish Jim wouldn't publish this book," she said, as she got up to go. "It is not as good as his last was."

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"Oh nonsense!" said her aunt. "You were always an idealist, Mildred. Don't imagine that his work is less good because you are getting accustomed to it. People always get accustomed to their husbands. You would begin to think an angel with wings commonplace if it lived in the house with you."

Mildred did not answer, but the canaries did their best for her. She knew that the wings could never be commonplace unless they were dragged in the mud.

She walked home sadly through the grubby streets. Was their drab muddiness getting even into Jim's writing? Would a new honeymoon put a new colour and beauty into him, even if it had to be paid for by the price of this hateful rubbish. Was it fair to throw mud into other people's lives in order to brighten their own?

And Jim had once agreed with Stevenson that every dull and depressing word written was a sin.

"Life is ugly enough," she said to herself, "without having its ugliness pointed out to you in detail."

Some busy demon, a child of the unlovely streets perhaps, began to spin the web of a new thought in her mind. "My maid dropped a match in the cupboard—by mistake — I made quite a large sum——"

Jim's manuscript was insured for three hundred pounds. Enough to buy a new dream of love and roses—a spring in Italy!

It was not as if Jim would mind very much. He had called it his favourite child, but with him it was always a case of one nail knocking out another. His head was so full of his new idea that he had not even reminded her before he left about sending off "A Passage Perilous."

"Somehow or other," said Mildred, as she opened the door of her flat, "this 'Passage Perilous' must make a port pleasant for us."

III.

The next morning brought saner counsel to Mildred. To cheat an insurance company would be "fraud," too high a price to pay for any of the pleasures of life.

She had a characteristic note from Jim. "I am thinking," he wrote, "chiefly that the morning stars could not have shouted for joy when this place was created."

Poor Jim! Mildred thought of Italy again.

She had work to do in the morning; half a hundred excuses for not packing up that dreadful parcel.

Jim's study door was locked. No one was allowed to go in there when he was away except Mildred herself.

She looked at the key in her writing-table drawer, but could not make up her mind to use it. She wished that Mrs. Bellairs' maid had never dropped a match in a cupboard.

After lunch she sat down to invent more excuses for being too busy to fetch that key and some brown paper, when a telegram was brought to her.

Jim had had a frightful accident, a fall from some slippery rocks. It was evidently a doctor who sent the telegram. Mildred's head reeled. She could not understand it all at once. "Severe injury. Further advice necessary. Advise Pallion at once. The only chance. Am wiring to him."

What did it mean? Pallion? Sir Charles Pallion, the great surgeon? He would have to go down, right away to that far corner of Wales, where Jim had gone "to think."

The railway ticket was expensive. Mildred forced her mind to think of practical details. Sir Charles's fee would be probably a hundred guineas—perhaps more. He could not be wanted for nothing.

She tried hard to pull herself together. The telegram said "at once." A hundred guineas at once. And she must go herself. It had to be done. For Jim—Jim's one chance. His photograph looked at her from the table. He seemed so big and strong in it. Mildred was always proud of his height and size.

She was so utterly alone. She put the idea of Jim, hurt, suffering—she would not think of another word—out of her head.

She boldly faced the question of Sir Charles's fee. She got out her bank-book to be met with sickening disappointment. She knew that Jim's was no better.

The manuscript! There was Macandrew's letter offering £500 for it. There was the insurance policy, making certain of £300. "It is lucky that Jim signed it before he went away," she said to herself.

"Lucky?" How dared she say so?

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The manuscript must go to the publishers at once, and she must take their letter to the bank and borrow on its security. It was not a very formal agreement, but perhaps their banker would advance the money if she told him the circumstances of the case. At least she hoped that he would.

The insurance policy was a more formal thing. No one could hesitate about that. It would only have to be presented. Macandrew's letter would show that it was not to Jim's financial advantage to have his book burnt. There would be no question of its being done on purpose.

"Jim's book burnt!" she said to herself. "How horrible it sounds! How he would hate it! He called it his favourite child. It has taken all his thoughts—all his work—for a whole year." Mildred took up the key. "Is it worth while to go to Aunt Selina first? I told her about the book, and she never has much to spare. There is Jack Conyers?" Mildred blushed. "He would share his last penny with us, but Jim would not like me to go and ask him."

She sat down and wrote a letter for Sir Charles Pallion, a telegram for a nurse, another to the doctor with Jim. She changed her gown, threw a few things hastily into a bag. She looked out her train in Bradshaw. "At once," said the telegram, "the only chance." What did anything else matter?

"If he never writes again," said Mildred, "that horrible 'Passage Perilous' will be his last work. It won't make a 'port pleasant.' But he wished it—he called it his favourite. It is better that it should be sold for dire necessity," she assured herself, "not for mere selfish sunshine."

"Which is the worst evil?" she asked, as she strapped up her bag, "a fraud—it would not be Jim's fraud—on the insurance company, or all the evil that may come from such a publication? I must have the money—somehow. Jim said it was realistic—not wrong. Is my mind in a tangle, he generally knows. But Eve learnt the difference between right and wrong before Adam did."

She finished her preparations, sent her telegrams, told the porter to whistle for a hansom. She would leave herself no time to debate which path to take when she was once face to face with the "Passage Perilous."

She took the key, and the brown paper, and walked steadily to the door. Jim would not hesitate as to which was the only honourable way. Could she do it? "For Jim," came the answer, "For Jim!"

She went in and shut the door after her. Afterwards she drove to the bank, and then on to the station. But she took no parcel to the publishers. Her face looked half-frightened, half-puzzled.

IV.

"Mildred! I must know how you got the money for Pallion's fee, for all my expenses—and now for this trip?"

"My dear boy, you are an invalid, and you must not be bothered with business matters. I will tell you some day."

"I am not an invalid now—and I don't like being treated as a fool—even if I am one."

"Don't, Jim, dear! You are exciting yourself about nothing. The bank advanced the money."

"The bank! Then we owe what—how much? How shall I ever pay it? Pallion said I ought not to work for a year. One does not fall on one's head for nothing. What security had you to offer?"

Mildred did not know how to tell him.

"It is all right," she said soothingly, "they will give us lots of time."

But Jim was restless and uneasy. The illness had left his head weak. He was inclined to believe that he would never be able to write again.

There was a lurking serpent among the flowers of Italy that spring. Whitsuntide among the roses of Florence held carking cares for both of them.

Mildred saw his depression and fancied coldness, but she feared still more what he might think when he knew.

He had talked of his book once or twice when he was too ill to know what he was talking about, when he seemed likely to pass through a "Passage Perilous," which would take him away from Mildred for ever.

She could hardly bear to hear him. There were beautiful thoughts behind the ugly details which had blinded her.

Since his recovery he had never mentioned the book; Mildred sometimes thought that he had forgotten it.

His friend, Jack Conyers, came over to stay with them at Whitsuntide. Mildred had to tell him about the book, to put him on his guard in talking to Jim, but

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it made confusion worse confounded. Jim discovered that he knew where the money came from.

They had been up to San Miniato one morning, and were looking down over the fair dream of colour that calls itself the city of Florence, when Jim began, "Mildred, why do you tell Jack about affairs which you won't tell me?"

"You have been very ill dear," she said. "Don't talk of affairs now—it is too lovely. Look at the sun trying to warm the cold grey olives——"

"I can't look at anything," said Jim. "I feel as if I had a burden on my back. I can't fix my mind on anything. How am I to write any more?" He said it fiercely. The loss of that faculty would be a grievous loss indeed.

Mildred was very anxious. His mind had not been impaired by that terrible blow, but he was excitable, and the doctor had warned her against worry for him. How could she tell him? What would he believe?

The olives and the roses, and the matchless grace of the campanile in the distance, all looked grey together. Even the sky was hardly blue. Mildred was frightened. Fear takes the colour out of life as well as out of a coward's face.

"Dear Jim," she said, "why will you distress yourself? There is nothing to pay back. I have arranged all that."

"You have arranged it! What do you know of business matters? You seem to confide in Jack. I shall ask him."

Jack was a blunderer, he would be sure to make a muddle of it.

"You can't do that," she said gravely, as if the idea displeased her; "he would think we had quarrelled."

"We have not quarrelled—yet," said Jim. He could not understand Mildred's reserve. He had believed before that she shared every thought with him. Perhaps she had not. He was ill and depressed. The idea began to poison all his happiness. Why did Jack know?

"I won't accept charity," he said to Mildred, "I would rather starve."

"Don't trouble yourself," said his wife, "the money is honestly ours."

"Honestly ours?" he cried, "Honestly ours? How can that be? There is no way in which we could have got it."

"I got it," said Mildred proudly; "isn't that enough?"

"Enough? Yes, but how, and why does Jack know? For goodness sake, Mildred, explain to me. I don't know that you may not have been vilely cheated."

"I have not been been cheated," said Mildred. His face was changing colour every moment. Perhaps his brain really would not stand the blow that the truth might be to him.

"Tell me!" he pleaded, taking her hand.

"Dearest," she said, "I will tell you some day, but the doctor's orders are strict—you are not to be worried with business."

"You mean that you won't tell me?"

He got up, "Very well, let us go home."

He did not ask her again, but the rest of that spring was a nightmare to Mildred.

Had the wavering wind of his will ceased to blow in her direction? She feared that he had had a quarrel with Jack Conyers, because Jack went away sooner than he had intended.

And Jim's moods varied more and more. One day he seemed happy, the next miserable, and he never would tell her why. But he left the question of money alone, and never even asked about the "Passage Perilous."

Mildred at last came to the conclusion that he guessed what she had done and bitterly resented it. "He has guessed wrong," she said to herself, "but he would not believe me if I told him."

Mildred discovered that life depends on more than scenery. Happiness may be wanting even in a fairyland of art and flowers.

The shadow deepened and lengthened as time went on. Mildred tried to broach the subject once when they were at home again, but he put it aside.

"A belated confidence is like a cold omelette," he said—"even a hungry man can't appreciate it."

He began to work again, sooner than Mildred thought wise, but he would not tell her what he was doing. She used to do his typewriting for him, but this time he said that the clicking of the machine annoyed him, and sent it away to be done.

Mildred was therefore ignorant and miserable. If he could write "A Passage Perilous" in their happy days, what was he writing now? But sometimes she thought that he was not so unhappy as she was.

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At last, one morning, she found the new book, printed and bound, lying on her table. She snatched it up, eager, yet fearful and trembling. What was the name? To her intense horror, as if a ghost had risen before her, she saw the well-known words, "A Passage Perilous," by James Carlton.

She caught her breath. Had he written it again, to punish her for what she had not done?

"Oh, I must tell him, I must tell him!" cried poor Mildred, "whether he believes me or not." She put down the book. Jim was out, but she could not read it till everything was made clear between them. "Oh, Jim, Jim! what have you been thinking of me?"

He came in late that night, but Mildred was waiting for him in his study. There was a half-expectant, half-shy look about him. "Well," he said, "have you read my book?"

"No, no—I could not——"

"Could not! Mildred?" There was a note of intense pain in his voice.

"No—I could not—till I could tell you. "O, Jim—it has been between us all this time."

"Tell me? Very well—anything you like." He sat down wearily, utterly disappointed. The book was to make his peace with his wife, and she would not read it."

"Jim!" She knelt down by him. "I did not burn the—the first 'Passage Perilous.'"

"My dear child——"

"It was burnt," cried Mildred. "I found it burnt when I came in here—I don't know how it could have got off the table—I found it lying almost in ashes before the fire! It is true—it is indeed! I borrowed that money on the insurance——"

"My darling——"

"You do believe me? Oh, dear, dear Jim! I did not burn your book, although I hated it."

Jim's answer was altogether satisfactory, though he did not speak for a minute or two. Then he said, "I burnt the book myself—because you disliked it."

"You did!' Mildred gasped. "You did! And I was so afraid! I thought that you would never believe me—never forgive me."

"I forgot to tell you at first," said Jim, "and then I thought that I would write another to surprise you. What a brute I have been! I never guessed that you had got the money for the insurance. I thought that you had borrowed from Jack, and I was angry because neither of you would tell me."

"I ought to have told you," sighed Mildred.

"I can pay it back all right now," said Jim. "This book was written for you—dear heart. Can you forgive the other?"

"It was my fault," said the faithful Mildred, "I ought not to have forgotten that you were always 'a man of moods.'"

THE END.

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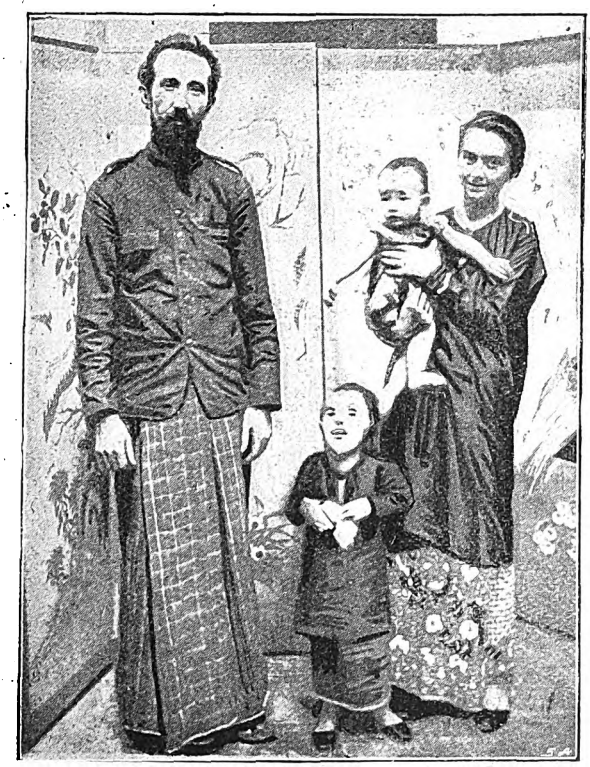
The Salvation Army Officer.

By W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

THE Salvation Army, next to the presence of the Spirit of God, owes its very existence to the enterprise of its Officers, of whom it has at work 15,460 in 47 countries and colonies. It is a thing of energy and ambition and fire, or it is nothing. Side by side with the deepest teaching as to the helplessness of any human effort without the attending life of the Holy Ghost we are for ever urging upon all alike that, as in the material so in the spiritual world, God will not do for men what they ought to do for themselves; that He will not answer prayers which ought to be answered by those who offer them; that it is useless to expect Him to own and bless those who are idle or negligent of their duty, or careless of their opportunities; that if the word of the Lord is to run and have free course, someone must run with it; that if the work of God is to grow, someone must make it their business to grow it; that if God is to give the increase of the precious seed, someone must "plant" and someone must "water."

The doctrine of human responsibility is writ large on all aspects of our work. Our very defeats—for we have defeats—no less than our successes, serve to prove to our Officers the everlasting truth that men reap as they sow.

This principle applies to their own promotion and advancement as well as to their work, and just in proportion as they realise it a spirit of healthy ambition springs up. Every Officer receives with his first commission the opportunity to reach the highest positions amongst us. On every hand he sees men and women occupying posts of honour and usefulness beyond their highest dreams, who began at the same point. The farm labourer of yesterday, from some obscure village outpost, is to-day the beloved leader of a corps with four or five hundred soldiers, and the centre of a network of holy activities which influence a city; the one-time



OFFICERS WORKING IN JAVA.

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A VISIT IN THE SLUMS.

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its members take an old, yet ever new and ever-convincing text from which to address their ungodly neighbours. "You know me," each will say; "I work with you; you know I live godly; you can therefore live godly too." "You know me. If I don't live it," I have heard a navvy say when addressing his mates in the street in which his little home was situated, "*If I don't live it, you can knock me down.*"

SALVATION ARMY OUTRIDERS CARRYING THE GOSPEL TO OUTLYING DISTRICTS.

Here let me quote a bright account of one of our ordinary open-air meetings, by the late Robert Buchanan, which appeared in one of the London weeklies.

". . . . The sound of the military band is hushed. The Salvation Soldiers, men and women, are kneeling bareheaded and with closed eyes on the shingle, while the Captain of the band, kneeling also, delivers an extempore prayer. The Captain's weather-beaten face is tortured with emotion, his voice is sharp with nervous agitation, but every word is simple and to the point. He speaks of the Rock of Ages and the Ivory Gate, and ever and anon his companions inter-ject a 'Hallelujah!' The features of both men and women are full of a curious intro-spective light. The Lieutenant, a delicate looking young man, kneels like one in a trance, his face shining, his lips quivering. The intense conviction and earnest sin-cerity of all is un-mistakable. Here and there among the listening crowd there is a mocking laugh and contemptuous word, but the majority of those present are respectfully attentive. Rising to his feet at last, the Captain takes up an old coat and cap which lie near him on the shingle, and speaks of a 'brother' who wore them only a few days since, and who has been suddenly 'taken up to Glory.' He pays a gentle tribute to the worth of the departed, and tells his hearers that the dead comrade was saved from 'a life of sin' by faith in the redeeming power of Jesus. 'We miss him, but do not grieve for him; he is happy with the Lord.' The band and chorus bursts out again in jubilation.

"As I listen from my coign of vantage, a little maiden of the house trips in smiling with a copy of the current *War Cry*. She is one

OPEN AIR MEETING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

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barren wisdom compared with cheerful acquiescence as that of my three little maids from Devon!"

But this open-air work is only a small part of the corps' programme. The following schedule, which is an attempt to put in the form of a table the daily fighting engagements of a Captain in charge of a corps containing a hundred Soldiers, has been supplied to me by an old Field Officer who has had experience of all kinds of corps, and who calls it "From an Officer's Diary." Four representative days have been chosen, but the remainder of the week is just as full of work of the hardest and most multifarious kind for these self-sacrificing servants of their Lord. It speaks for itself :—

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S DIARY.

MONDAY.

Arose at 7 a.m.—a good night's rest after yesterday—hard but happy fight. Began the week in faith for a time of great blessing.

9 a.m.—Visited Sunday's converts. Saw them during the breakfast hour. We had cheer and prayer. Then went visiting Soldiers and Recruits who were prevented from attending meetings. Found three sick.

1 p.m.—Hour for dinner. Found wife had been dealing with a backslider—a poor woman who appears to be very easily driven back.

Afternoon—resting.

7 p.m. — Open-air — Boro' Lane — great impression made by one of last night's converts, who testified.

8 p.m. — Indoor meeting. The converted Irishman and two saved footballers testified—spoke myself on prodigals—had two at the Mercy-seat, one from a lodging house—found he was a poor backslider.

9.45 p.m.—On way home from meeting visited two backsliders—they were very grateful for my visit.

TUESDAY.

After breakfast and family prayer answered correspondence from D.O.—went to see Mr. Thompson concerning work for last night's lodging-house man—got him fixed up.

10.30 a.m.—Went to see a gentleman with reference to the taking of a small room down among the navvies who are opening up the new line—took building.

Afternoon—visited from door to door—saw twenty-five families and prayed with them.

Evening—Soldiers' meeting—spoke to them on responsibility for the drunken classes.

9.30 p.m.—Held Census meeting to consider condition of Roll Book—found it was necessary to look up several backsliders and to follow down one or two offended. Local officers appear to feel the burden of the corps.

THURSDAY.

Was called up about three o'clock in the morning to visit a dying man—often been to our Barracks—was with him until he died at 7. After breakfast went visiting.

Afternoon.—Held cottage meeting amongst some old cottagers—had sixteen present—one old woman converted.

Evening.—Salvation meeting—got a runaway girl—just starting a life of ill-fame—took her back to her home, sixteen miles off, by last train to-night. Tired, but happy.

SUNDAY.

7 a.m.—Knee drill.
8.15 a.m.—Breakfast.
10 a.m.—Open-air meeting.
11 a.m. Holiness meeting.
12.45 p.m. —Dinner.
2 p.m.—Four company open-airs—ten Soldiers in each. Wife conducted open-air with converts.
3 to 3.30 p.m.—Attended junior meeting—examined register.
3 p.m.—Wife did first part of adult meeting.
3.30 p.m.—I conducted latter part of adult meeting—had 45 testimonies.
4.15 p.m.—Met three corps cadets and gave them counsel.
5 p.m.—Tea.
5.30 p.m.—Met bandsmen and had special prayer with them.
5.45 p.m.—Open-air.
6.30 p.m.—Salvation meeting.
8 p.m.—Prayer meeting. Held on until 9.45—got five persons to seek salvation. Accompanied two converts home, and reached quarters at 10.30. Rather weary, but cheered.

Yes, we are at it every day. "Day by day we magnify Thee." The Son of Man cannot be lifted up too often.

Hundreds of our Officers go every year from the lands of their birth to live and labour and die among strangers. It is often a great sacrifice. We have made less of the matter in recent years because, for one thing, it has become so usual a thing with us, but it is still a very beautiful sign of the good hand of our God upon us that so many of our dear people are willing to go forth to any part of the earth without scrip or purse or promise of any kind, in search of precious souls, and singing the while :

> To me remains nor place nor time :
> My country is in every clime.
> I can be strong and free from care
> On any shore, since God is there.

From nation to nation they go, beloved everywhere. Racial enmities and national

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prejudices die down in the breasts of Salvationists, and in them we see instead evangels of the true brotherhood of man. Is not this a promise of the one fold, under the one Shepherd? Is it not a power for righteousness and peace? Is it not the dawn of a coming day of love? Is it not worth all the suffering and heart-break of the separations involved?

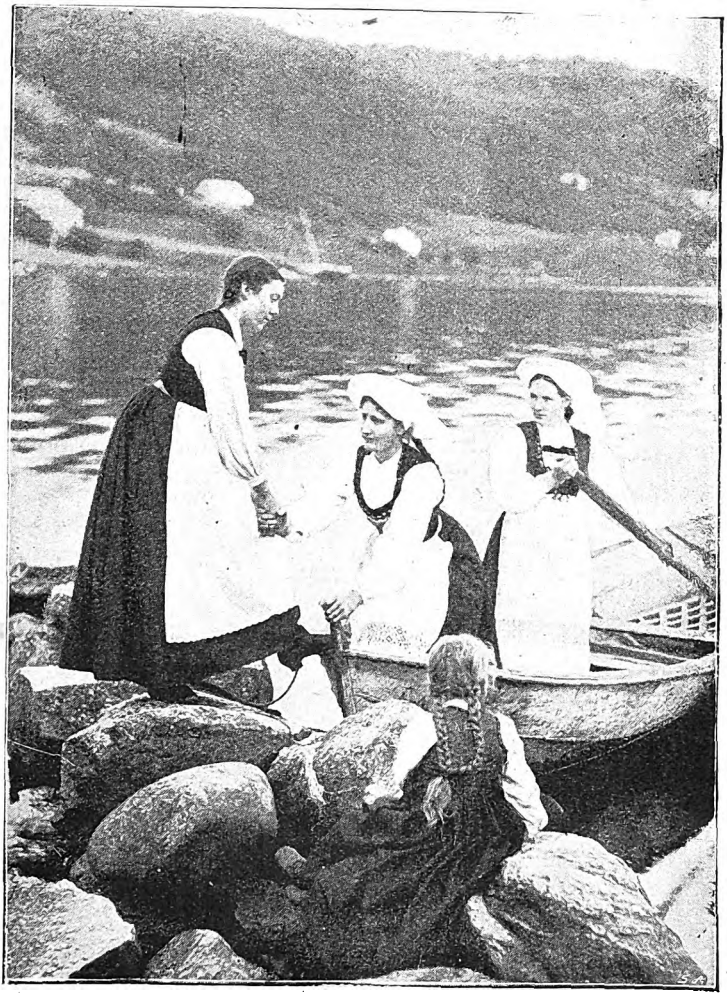
True to the great principle of sympathy which is at the root of all our work, The Army goes amongst what are curiously enough called the native races as amongst brothers. Our Officers live with them, dress in a somewhat similar manner, eat the same food and in every way possible avoid alike the assumption of superiority and the attempt to impose upon them customs which are in no way necessary to their salvation, and which are calculated to raise great prejudice against the truth. This involves some considerable sacrifices of personal comfort and convenience, especially to Europeans, but it has been abundantly justified by the results.

As to the devotion and the thoroughness of many of our comrades working in heathen fields it is scarcely necessary to speak. Their praise has gone out unto all the earth. Even those who most condemn their rule of life are compelled to acknowledge their unflinching self-sacrifice for Christ's sake.

It may be said that all our officers in India have "hazarded their lives for Jesus Christ," and it is equally true that some have laid them down for His sake and the Gospel's.

Here is an illustration of what I mean :—

The cholera had come to an Indian village in which there was no representative of Jesus Christ. Medicine they had none; advice, only that which the incantations of the priest or the wild shrieks of the Devil Dancers could afford, and sorrow and dismay soon became a panic. In a few days the dismay became despair.



GOING TO A MEETING—NORWAY.

The dead lay unburied, the sick and dying uncared for.

At last the head men of the village held a council together. To whom could they turn for help?

After a number of suggestions had been made, one of the men exclaimed, "My brothers, let us go to the Mukti-fauj, of whom we have heard. It is said that they are not afraid of cholera; they

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will come and help us." So all that remained to be decided was who should form the deputation.

The next day a group of villagers, weary, despairing and spiritless, presented themselves before the white leader of the Salvationists for that district. Their request was soon made, and the Major's heart was touched. "Wait," he said, "one day, and I will see what I can do for you."

Amongst those who stood by while the villagers made their appeal were two Officers, Tamils by birth, who could have remained at their well-paid posts in office work, but the love of souls constrained them, and they had begged for a life for and with the people.

"May we not go back to the village with these men, Major?" pleaded the Captain earnestly, as soon as the deputation had retired. "Oh, give us this glorious chance!"

"But do you know anything of cholera?" asked the Major doubtfully. "What about the risk to yourselves; you have considered it?"

"Yes, yes, Major," interposed the Captain's wife; "my husband knows something of medicine. God will go with us."

And a few hours later, with the yellow robes of the Army Officers fluttering in their train, the villagers were making their way home across the rice fields.

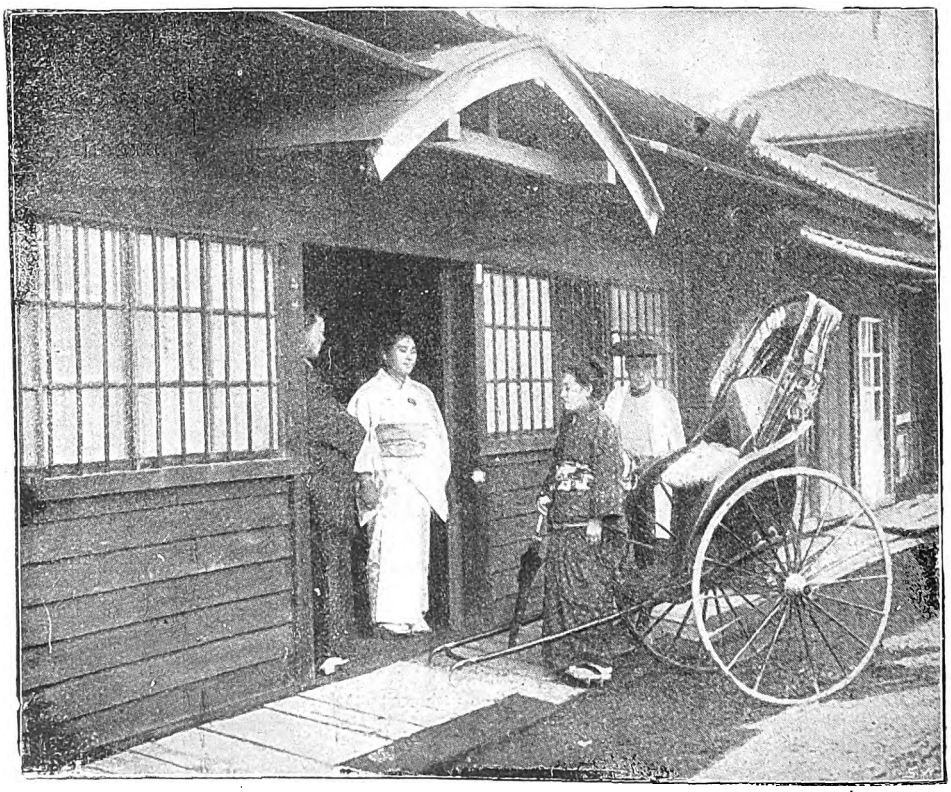
The Captain showed himself strong and wise and calm, and his wife carried hope and comfort to the sick, and gave them the only remedies which can avail against the awful scourge.

The little meetings held daily under the banyan trees hallowed the village, till even the hardest hearts were touched.

After a little time a messenger arrived one day at the Headquarters.

"Come quickly," he said, "the Muktifauj is ill; the sickness has taken him."

The Major and one or two with him set out for the village. But it was all over—even now the grave was being dug, quite near to those the Captain himself had helped to make but the day before.



A RESCUE HOUSE IN JAPAN.

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"It was quick, Major, and peaceful," said the widow of an hour, with a strange light in her eyes. "He did not suffer much. We came here for life or death. He belonged to God before he did to me." And then came the burial.

"You must come back with us now," said the Major gently, when they stood once more in the little empty hut. "I cannot allow you to remain; the risk is too great. Besides, the worst is over now, and the cholera has spent itself."

But the widow shook her head, and clasped her dark hands tighter together.

"If I leave them now," she said, "all my husband's work is undone. They will say, 'She is frightened. Her own life is more to her than our souls. Her God is not greater than our gods.' Let me stay! Let me finish the work my husband died to do!" and her tears of entreaty fell thick and fast.

But the Major still hesitated.

"One week," she pleaded; "only one week! Then if there are no more deaths, I leave and come to Headquarters." And the week was granted her.

But twice only had the sun risen and set when a little group of weeping villagers carried her slowly in a litter over the rice fields back to the Divisional Headquarters, where, in spite of skill and love, she passed away to the Lord.

"What, then, have these two Tamil comrades accomplished?" I asked the Major, who saw it all.

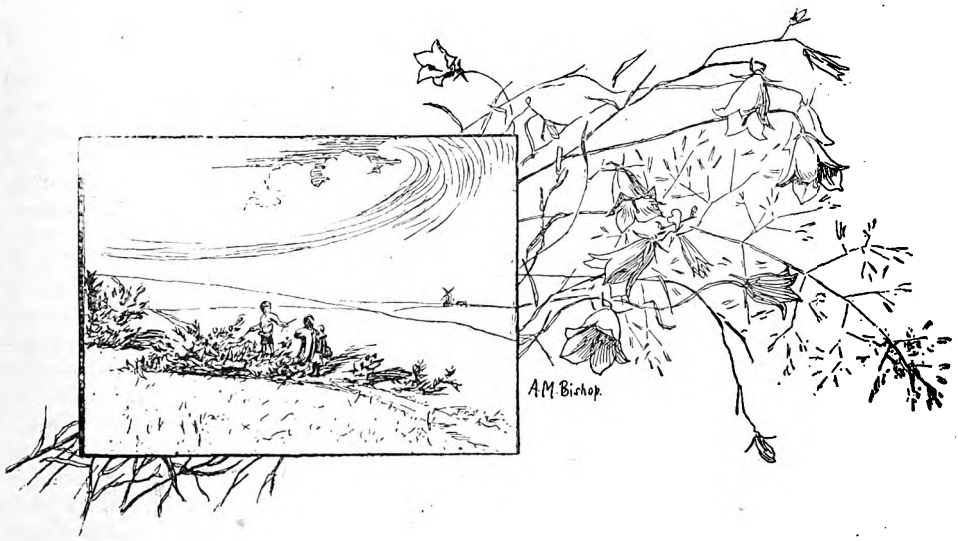
"Accomplished!" he said, "accomplished what will never be forgotten there, nor in any part of the district around. In that village I myself, not long after, helped the inhabitants to break and smash up their idols. Quite half the people in the place are now Salvationists, trying to serve God. They have an Officers' quarters and barracks there, and the village itself forms part of a flourishing circle of corps, all the outcome of the life and death of those two dear comrades."

This is sacred ground. I bow my head in silence in the presence of the Spirit of Calvary. I listen, and voices from out the past and from out the distant future also, seem to reach me. "If it die," says one, "if it die it bringeth forth much fruit—*much fruit!*" "The world," cries another, "*must* believe witnesses who are ready to seal their testimony with their lives."

Above them all I catch a heavenly echo, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

And I see as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory, having the harps of God.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.



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LITERARY JOTTINGS.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ONE is constantly getting surprises in connection with the first-edition market. Here, for example, is the *editio princeps* of the "Vicar of Wakefield" being knocked down in a London sale-room for £126. That is a record price. Fifteen years ago you might have bought the book for twelve guineas; thirty-five years ago the price would certainly not have exceeded a five-pound note. In 1895 a copy sold for £56; in 1892 one was knocked down for £94. When you remember that Goldsmith received just £60 for the entire copyright of this masterpiece of English literature you will realise how much better we understand the value of such things now.

In recalling Goldsmith's prices, it is curious to note how he was underpaid for good works and overpaid for poor ones. For "The Traveller" he got £20; for "The Deserted Village" £100; for "The Good-Natured Man" £500; and for his "Natural History"—a work so absurd that it speaks of cows shedding their horns—£1,400. If the latter sum had been paid for "The Deserted Village" it would have been more like the thing. However, it is satisfactory to find that, on the whole, literary merit has something to do with the present value of Goldsmith's books.

What is a library? How many books does a man require to have before he can speak of his library? Mark Pattison had 16,000 volumes on his shelves, and I believe he has remarked somewhere that "no one can be said to have a library at all unless he has at least ten thousand volumes." Mr. Augustine Birrell holds the same view. He says it would be quite absurd to be proud of having 2,000 books. You might as well be proud of having two overcoats. "After your first 2,000 difficulty begins; but until you have 10,000 volumes the less you say about your library the better. Then you may begin to speak." If that be true, some of us have, I fear, a long time before us in which to remain dumb.

And yet we are constantly adding to the number of volumes on our shelves. Speaking for myself, at any rate, I buy a great many more books than my income justifies. I know I am doing wrong, but I cannot resist the temptation. And that raises another point. Mark Pattison is quoted as saying that "he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University in Oxford who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £50 a year upon their libraries." Whatever may be said about the University man, I certainly think that the average book-lover who devotes a tenth of his income to his library is "doing the thing handsomely." If he has a wife and family and a position to keep up it is as much as he can afford. The bookseller cannot have all one's custom; the butcher and the baker have their claims too.

Do you remember the story of the Mormon with the two wives? One wife disliked her husband's dark hairs, the other disliked his grey, and so they pulled away at the poor man's locks until he hadn't a single hair left. William Shakespeare seems to be in the same case as the hapless Mormon. What the Baconians don't rob him of somebody else does. Professor Boas has been asserting that Thomas Kyd, one of the earlier Elizabethan dramatists, was practically the author of "Hamlet." No wonder a reviewer feels "bound to enter an emphatic protest."

That Kyd wrote a "Hamlet" which can be dimly descried underlying the great Shakespearean tragedy is known to every student of Elizabethan letters.

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But it is really too much to say that the vocabulary and the rhythm of the "Hamlet" with which we are acquainted "are not those of the master-dramatist at any stage of his career, while in Kyd's works they may be frequently paralleled." Shakespeare could have put Thomas Kyd in his finger ring. He was quite a second-rate dramatist, and if Shakespeare took anything from him it can only have been a few commonplace lines, which are now preserved like flies in the golden amber of Shakespeare's verse. This business of trying to dethrone Shakespeare is becoming highly ridiculous. There is madness in it, and if the Baconians fail to take warning in time they may live to be as crazy as the lady mentioned by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who declared that Bacon had hidden his secret in Shakespeare's grave and protected it by the well-known curse!

Fortunately, the present-day Baconians are not so daring as this monomaniac in petticoats, who actually wanted to open Shakespeare's tomb in order to get at the all-important documents. She took a humble lodging in Stratford-on-Avon, and began to haunt the church like a ghost. First she tried to bribe the clerk, and when he failed she sought the aid of the vicar. The vicar was so staggered that he was unable to say no. He temporised by asking permission to consult a lawyer, and instead of having the poor lady sent to a lunatic asylum at once, he led her on bit by bit until at last she thought she had really got permission to make an assault on the poet's resting place. Of course the grave was never touched. The woman went hopelessly insane just after sending into the world a ponderous book about her "theory." Let the Baconians beware lest a like fate overtake them!

What is Scott's best novel? Dr. Conan Doyle, in a speech delivered at Edinburgh, selected from the magician's works "Count Robert of Paris" for special and solitary eulogy. That is not a very usual choice. Mr. Barrie votes for "Ivanhoe" as the finest of all the Waverleys. It is purely a matter of personal taste. My own favourite is "The Antiquary." Some people prefer "Old Mortality." Mr. Russell Lowell's fancy proclaimed itself on what proved to be his death-bed. Holmes called to ask how he felt. "I hardly know," he said: "I am deep in 'Rob Roy.'" It was not the first time that Scott had been used as an anodyne, and it will probably not be the last.

In the speech to which I have just referred, the creator of Sherlock Holmes uttered a very necessary warning against haste and over-production in literature. He recommended to every man now and then a literary retreat—"a time when he may get away from the rush of life, and steady his mind and sober his judgment by a course of the classics." The advice was never more needed than it is to-day. It is true that Scott wrote much and wrote rapidly, but Scott was a giant compared with whom our novelists are but pigmies. The deplorable thing is that writers with a little talent now have all their originality dissipated by the forcing process of publishers and log-rollers, who tempt a man to "make the little success he has attained the excuse for an excessive output." Novels, as it has been truly said, are turned out as a baker turns out hot pies, with the result that they are dead and forgotten within three months of publication. If a man produces a novel as often as Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy he does very well, and, at all events, cannot be called a machine-man.

Looking through a little book on pronunciation for singers I am pleased to see the author protesting against the neglect into which the letter "r" has fallen among English people. Except at the beginning of a syllable this important consonant seems to have dropped quite out of use. Ninety per cent. of English speakers and singers (I do not include Scotch and Irish) never attempt to sound it in the thousands of words like "her," "farm," "winter," "world," "bird," and so on. In a recent issue of the *Musical Times* I find this little joke: "What English composer is like a reply? Arne, sir." Do you think that the composer of "Rule Britannia" pronounced his name "Ahn"? Not a bit of it. And why should educated people accept the utterance of the idle and the ignorant as their standard of propriety? The letter "r" remains in all the dictionaries, great and small, as the theoretical and authorised pronunciation. Why is it to be ignored?

J. CUTHBERT HADDON.

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WHY LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

By Rev. J. HIRST HOLLOWELL.

ONE answer to this question is that our life is a divine creation, and it must therefore, be worth the creature's acceptance. God would not create life if it were necessarily a curse to its living possessor. Part of the sacredness of His own eternal life must pass over to the life of His noblest creature. We are not justified in disparaging, abusing, or destroying what He has given. His gift is worth taking.

And it is so for another reason, namely, that life is the greatest thing we know. One of the best names for God Himself is "Life." He is the "living One." Love is the highest of God's names, but love implies life, and is the crown of life's glory. The universal horror of death is the proof of the dignity of life. The fear of death does homage to the worth of life. If it were not a noble thing to live, men would be less unwilling to die. If, again, man were not great, his moral ruin would not be so appalling a fact. The height of his faculties measures the depth of his fall. Nothing is so great a thing as life. The mountain, the sea, the pyramid, the sun, the starry universe, sink into inferiority compared with the life of one soul. Life so mysteriously great must be worth living.

Further, our sense of the worth and greatness of life is in no way injured by the short time we have to live. Some of the most happy, worthy, and noble lives were lived in very narrow limits of time. But no one thought them less worth living because they were cut down like a flower. Everyone would have admitted that such lives were a success even if they had been lived only for a year. It is not the extent, but the content and intent, of life which determines whether it is worth living. We come up to the Gate of Death and start back at the frowning portal. Within all is dark. Silence reigns without. No voice calls, no hand grasps, no eye sparkles, no foot approaches, no sign is given. But life is worth living for all that. To them that have passed through the gate, and "after life's fitful fever sleep well," no apology is due from the Creator for bringing them under the burden of existence. Nor would they ask for one. Read the names of those that have entered: Moses, Isaiah, David, John, Paul, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cæsar, Napoleon, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare. Above all read the Name that was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin on the Cross—"Jesus." When we know who have died we need not fear to die, and we cannot be ashamed to live. Our desire must be to share in their life, and to follow them at last in death.

Of course, we know that life must be lived to the full, if it is to be worth living. We must enter into life with zest and purpose. If we hold ourselves back from the free and consecrated employment of life's opportunities, "flat and unprofitable" will seem to us "all the uses of this world." The glow of exercise is wanted. The joy of effort must be known. Morbid self consciousness must be lost in the depths of unselfish interest. Look at the eagerness of men to make money, and to try the risky chances of gambling. If men can put what soul they have into the speed of a horse or the ribbon of a jockey, how ought we to put life and zeal into the better forms of action? Perhaps an inferior mode of life, if pursued with devotion, brings more pleasure than the half-hearted and grudged service of a holy cause. But where the best things are done in the best spirit, no one will ever need to ask whether life is worth living.

Life is worth living, moveover, because the Greatest has lived it. It was good for Him to live. He never regretted His Birth. He "despised the shame." He had the joy "set before Him" of passing through seeming defeat to eternal victory. If it was expedient for Him to go away, it was also expedient for Him to be here.

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Nor did He take one part of life as hallowed and ban the rest. Temple and workshop, desert and marriage-feast, well of Sychar, home at Bethany, the sick, the lepers, the publicans and sinners, the scenes and cavil of controversy, the love of the faithful, the kiss of the betrayer, the mockery of Herod, the farce of trial, the sharpness of death—He took all as forming an experience through which He must and chose to pass. And life is worth living if it carries us along the course He went. His way to the Father and to eternal glory cannot be bad for us. We will not only say, with Thomas, "Let us also go, that we may *die* with Him," but "Let us also stay, that we may *live* with Him." What He has cleansed, let no man call common. Our life, in its measure, need be no more a failure than His.

Once more, life is worth living because we do not live it alone. There are so many to live it with us. We are in a great company. The inspiration of numbers is ours. Neither our joys nor our sorrows are solitary. The same cross we carry rests on other shoulders, some weaker than ours. Our brothers are not mere spectators: they are comrades. They strike the same blows on the anvil of life. They shape circumstances, and are shaped by them—for man has both active and passive relations to them—as we do, and are. They visit the same altars—the same graves. They find comfort in sorrows the sorest, and compensation in losses the greatest, that man can know. We are moving forward, but we are moving together. It is a procession, not a private walk, this life-journey of ours. The labour is social labour that we perform. The rest of night comes to the tired multitude of the whole city. The joys of one tend to become the joys of others, and the wrongs and griefs of some affect others with strange emotions of sympathy. In short, we find stimulus, solace, interest, and delight in the fact that men bear each other company and cheer each other's way. We hear the hum of voices on every hand. It is beautiful to know that "no man liveth to himself."

Further, life is worth living because one life carries other lives with it. If when we begin each day we could remember how much of the happiness or sorrow of others depends on us, our plans would be more carefully formed, and our words more thoughtfully chosen. Our lives are freighted with other lives. We bear the fortunes of others with us over the wide ocean of life. Such a life as carries others' lives with it must be worth living. It is too solemn and potent to be despised. To despise the mother is to despise the child. To undervalue and scorn life is to show contempt for its issues. Our lives are the acorns sown for future forests. The times that are coming will be coloured by the thought, purpose, and deed of to-day. It is worth living to be the sources of a nobler future.

And, lastly, our work will remain when we are gone. The work of life is worth doing, for it cannot be undone. I was vividly impressed with the terrible accident that befell those Cornish workmen who fell from the viaduct of Menheniot some years ago, while engaged in widening the line from Bristol to Penzance, and were dashed to pieces in the lovely valley below. The very task on which they were engaged when support failed them and they fell was contributing to that great result. They were opening communications for their fellows when their own lives closed. They did their work, and it will last. The trains and the people fly over the viaduct, and few think it was men that are dead who made it all possible. Those broken bodies were the real viaduct. They bridged the abyss, and nothing can take from them the glory of the accomplished work.

Let it be so with us. We shall soon sleep. Our places will be filled by others. But while the day's work is doing let it be ennobled and brightened by the reflection that it is more than a day's work. It is the work of our short day, it is true, but generations will experience its effects. Let us so work that trains of progress shall pass over the valleys we have bridged, the rough ground we have smoothed. It is worth living to do work that can never die. And as we are God's workmanship, we are assured that not only will our work live below, but we ourselves shall live on with the Father above.

J. HIRST HOLLOWELL.

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Conducted by
THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

"WHEN I GROW UP!"

There is something very interesting in hearing children tell of what they mean to do or be when they grow up, for though older experience may see how this or that is not very likely to come to pass, yet the *spirit* of the wishes has its meaning. Though the child cries for the moon he is not going to get it, but that the child does cry for it is a witness to the fact that his eye was made for light, and light has been set somewhere to satisfy his eye.

Robert Louis Stevenson's highest ambition at one time was to be a lamp-lighter!—

Now Tom would be a driver, and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger, and can choose what I'm to do,
O, Leerie, I'll go round at night, and light the lamps with you!

Stevenson didn't turn out a lamp-lighter after all, yet he did fling a deal of brightness on the world. When I was "little and good" myself, the highest wish I had "when I grew up" was to be the keeper of a toll-bar! This was with a view to having plenty of time for reading, for, of course, I meant to choose a bar on some quiet country lane where the traffic was very slender. Well, I didn't turn toll-bar keeper, but the wish for a chance to read much has stuck to me, and been in some measure fulfilled too. If we read the following letters in that light they will be found to give very pleasing indications of character. They are placed in the order of the writers' ages:—

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I think I will be a mother and have a very nice little girl and a little boy, and I will train them well. But I will not let them go to school, but they will have a governess, and I will tell her to teach them arithmetic, spelling, reading, singing, music, poetry, painting, drawing, etc.; above all to be good. Now I think I have told you all.—Yours very sincerely,

MARJORIE E. BARBER.
(*Age* 8½ *years.*)

8, Cleveland Parade, Darlington.

DEAR SIR,—When I grow up I hope to be a teacher. I should like to be a daily governess to two or three little girls, about six years of age. Why I would rather be a daily governess is because I could live at home, and have the evenings free for my own engagements. I practise keeping school with my blackboard at home. Sometimes I play by myself, and pretend I have pupils, and sometimes I play with our servant.—Your truly,

GRACIE M. EDWARDS.
(*Age* 10 *years*).

5, Alexandra Park Road,
Muswell Hill.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—When I'm a man I would like very much to be an officer in the Navy. First of all I would need to go in for an examination which, if I passed, I would then become a midshipman. When I received the news that I had passed I would likely get the name of the ship I was appointed to. Now life would begin to get unbearable. From morning to night it will be work, work, work, superintending washing of the deck, and seeing that the sailors do not get drink when the boat's on shore. After a few years' serving as a midshipman I will try an examination to make me a lieutenant. (This examination is on navigation.) Then after a few years' service I will be examined, and perhaps be made captain. I will then go a cruise till I receive orders to join a fleet where I will distinguish myself and become an admiral. I will

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remain in that position for twenty years when I will retire and live on my pension. The ambition of my life I have told you in a few words. I am afraid it is rather like castle-building in the air, for I will perhaps never succeed.—Yours truly,

JAMES S. AITKEN.
Teviotside House, (*Age* 10 *years.*)
Hawick.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I want to work hard at my lessons, so as to get a scholarship, and after that to go to college. I should like to go to Newnham or Girton at Cambridge. I should like to be able to teach, especially little ones, because I am very fond of them. I think I have told you all I should like to do when I am grown up.—I remain, yours affectionately,

MARGARET F. KELLETT.
(*Age* 10¼ *years.*)
Brazenose School, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

MY DEAR MR. HOWATT,—When I grow up I should like to be brave, and I think I should like adventure, although I am a girl. I should like to travel very much and go round the world, and if I were a boy I should be a soldier if there was a war. I look forward to having a nice home of my own in the country. I should like to be a good housekeeper, and I should like to be able to be a good drawer and painter. I should like to be able to cook well, as I am that way inclined. I am fond of horses, and I should like to ride and drive; I should like to have money and help the poor, and give money to hospitals for the poor. I should like dancing very much, I think, if I got more of it. I should like to be tall, which I think I shall be. I shall always try and help mother and father as much as possible.—Believe me, your little friend,

GEORGINA MARY JOAN JACKSON.
(*Age* 12 *years*).
The Green,
Kirbymoorside, Yorks.

MY DEAR MR. HOWATT,—I think when I am a man I shall be a chemist, and not a doctor, like my father, because it is awful having to go on to the moor in the middle of the night. I think if I change my mind at all I shall be an engineer, as I like engines very much. I should like to be very clever, and help my father and mother in every way possible. I would like to go to South America very much for a few years, or have a few adventures in Central Africa. I think I shall hunt a great deal when I am grown up, because I like horses very much. The thing I shall most look forward to is to have plenty of money. The chief deed would be to help the poor as much as it is my power to do.—I am, your sincere friend,

ARTHUR EUSTACE BLYTHE JACKSON.
(*Age* 13 *years.*)
The Green,
Kirbymoorside, Yorks.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—When I am a man I should very much like to be an electrical engineer. By that I mean to have something to do with the electric engines at an electric lighting station. I should also like to be a Sunday-school teacher, and have something to do with the Band of Hope. I should certainly do my duty both to God and man. I should like to marry well and live in a house of my own, also not have many children. I think if I had money to spare I should try to make others, not so well situated, happy.—I am, yours truly,

ARTHUR WILLIAM DAVIES.
(*Age* 13 *years.*)
21, Camm Street, Crewe.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—When I grow up I should like to be a musician. I am very fond of music, and I hope to be able to repay my parents for their kindness in paying for my examinations. I also wish to help the poor and needy.—I remain, your affectionate reader,

ELSIE JONES.
(*Age* 14 *years.*)
Darmstadt, Newport-road,
West Cowes, Isle of Wight.

DEAR MR. HOWATT,—There are two things I should like to be. Either a teacher or a hospital nurse to little children. I think so much depends on the training of little children, and although nurses do not train them, they have so many chances of helping them, as trying to set a good example, and dropping texts and verses which may become the means of leading them to the Saviour.—I am, yours sincerely,

ALICE MANNING.
"The Mills," (*Age* 15 *years*).
Great Barton,
Bury St. Edmunds.

DEAR SIR,—When I have grown up I should like to be a shorthand and typewriter, which I would have to begin to learn very soon. I should like to be good and noble, and do to others as I would they should do unto me, also to help those who might not have been so fortunate as myself. I would like to be in a large town or city, to begin my career, and stay there for a few years. After that I would like to go to India or Africa to work amongst the people who have not heard of the way to Heaven. I should like my life to be of some use in the world; that is my great aim.—I remain, yours truly,

ANNIE ROBERTS.
117, Forth Street, (*Age* 15 *years*).
Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The best letter in this batch has been judged to be that of Arthur E. B. Jackson, to whom, accordingly, a handsome volume has been sent.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE.

Boys are proverbially very puzzling to make out, from whatever point of view you regard them. Gazed upon with the eye of the artist they may be picturesque, but mother can rarely get a view of them in an entirely satisfactory condition—what with crumpled collars, baggy pouches, shoes laced with scraps of

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twine, and all negligence generally. Studied from the philosophic point of view they are most troublesomely baffling—such a mixture of "cheek" and shyness, cruelty and magnanimity, bullying and championing, rapacity and generosity. There is here the raw material for anything—good or bad, lofty or low, according to the heart or hand that may now try to mould them. In one thing they are all much alike at this stage—give them something weak to protect and take care of, and the most careless rises to his responsibility and develops a sturdy steadfastness in tender-heartedness.

It is not at all surprising then to come across the following extract from a letter: "My children, especially the boys, think so much of their Crutch-and-Kindness letters that I have often to read the whole of them through, and the presents are shown again and again."

The exact bearing of this may need a word of explanation. There are 6,000 poor crippled children in London alone, and, apart altogether from their continual suffering, their lot is most pitiful and lonesome. The parents at the best have a hard struggle to find bread and shelter, and the little weaklings have to be left much alone. The Crutch-and-Kindness League was started with the hope of doing something to mitigate the sad lot of these maimed children, and the way it has devised for this brings the good work within the reach of all, far off or near. For, all it asks is that each member of the League should write a letter once a month to the crippled *protégé* put into his or her care for this purpose, or if at times the member finds himself too busy to write, then an illustrated magazine, a picture-book, a toy, bit of ribbon, or such-like may be sent instead—till next time. The joy such kindnesses bring to the little "prisoners of God" who have often, through spinal complaint, to be on their backs from month to month, is simply inconceivable to any but those who have seen it.

This explains the extract quoted above. The boys are in correspondence with some cripple or cripples, and the delight they find in the replies from their young charges has a steady, engentling influence upon them.

And what is thus true of boys is equally true of girls, and of men and women, so that, in this view of it, it is sometimes hard to guess which gets the most good—the one to whom the kindness is done, or the one by whom it is rendered. In both cases there is the quality of the mercy which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Here then is an opportunity for cultivating the best that is in the heart of young or old, and it is an opportunity which comes within the reach of all, abroad or at home, the invalid and the strong, those in loneliest hamlets or distant backwoods, as well as the busy toilers in the thronged cities—all, in fact, who have it in their hearts to do some good for pity's sake, but who are often cut off from the commoner agencies for kindness.

In this way the League has spread to every part of the world. Already there are 5,000 members distributed over the globe, but 1,000 more, at least, are needed before every crippled child in London can say he or she has a friend somewhere out in the vast world of health. Will you, good reader, become one of the thousand still required?

All further particulars of the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from *Mr. John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.*

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH.

Mrs. Edgar Hodgson, Natal; Miss Flossie Cann, Steyning; Miss Ethel F. Brown, Birtley; Mrs. Lucas, Birkswith; Miss Lillie Kent, Frodsham; Miss Muriel Angas, Highgate; Miss Shaw, Harrogate; Miss Murray, Birmingham; Miss H. Quertier, Guernsey; Miss Hilda Skelsey, Nottingham; Mrs. Crewe, Ealing; Miss Ada Howard, Ipswich; Miss Hester Townsend, London; Miss Jane Ellames, Frodsham Miss Dorothy Archer, Chatham; Miss Elsie Bowman, Nevenshulme; Miss B. Dudley, New Zealand; Miss Muriel Heaton-Ellis, Buntingford; Miss B. A. Paul, Tavistock; Miss Constance E. Boyd, Altringham; Miss Marian Cave, Miss Ella Cave, Natal; Miss Eleanor Anstey, Miss Alice Anstey, Blackheath; Miss Janie Penford, Westminster; Miss F. Jeffereys, Isleworth; [Miss Janie Rush, Sidcup; Junior Christian Endeavour, per Miss Hyslop, Romford; Mr. Long, Bath.

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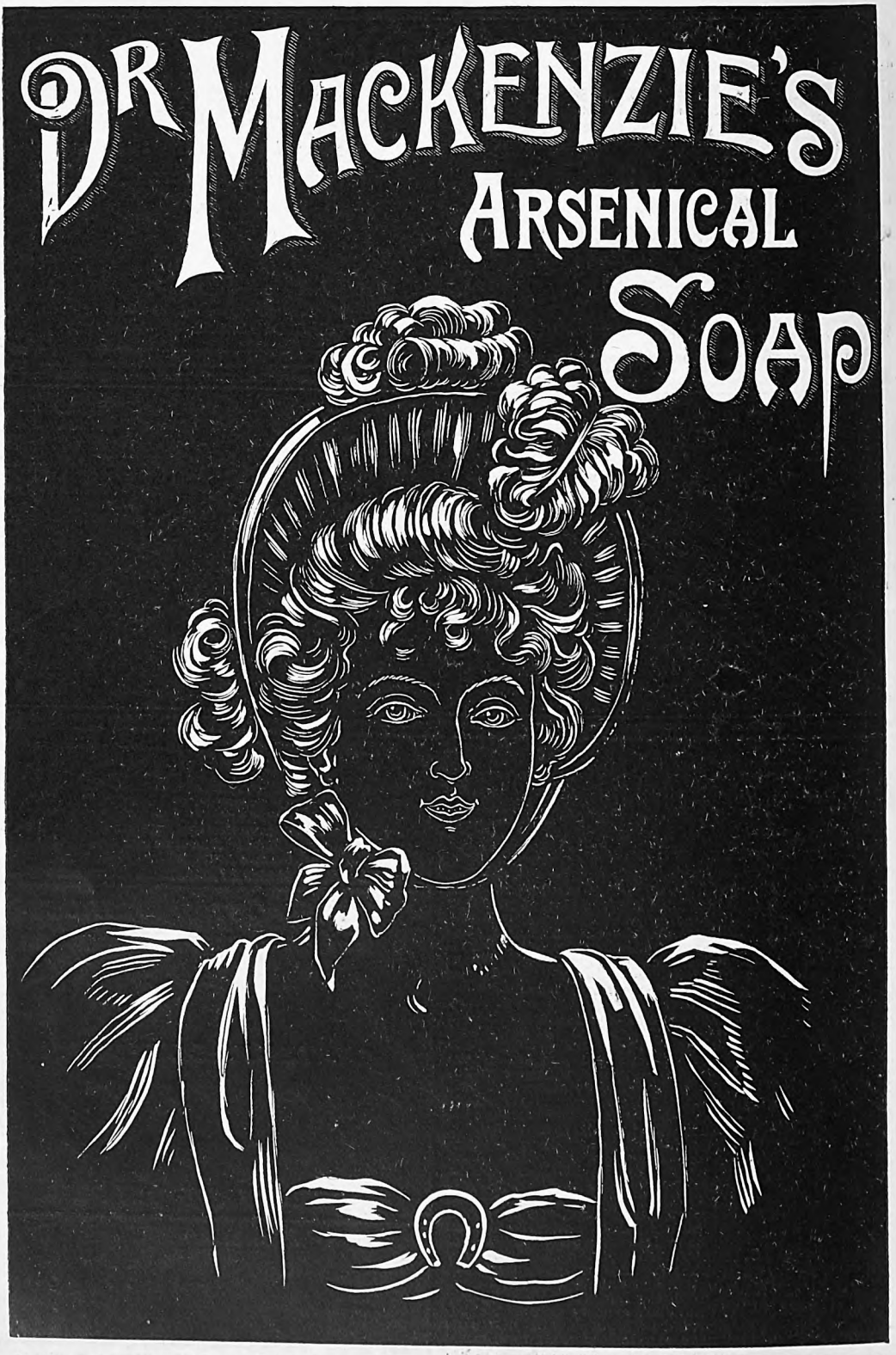

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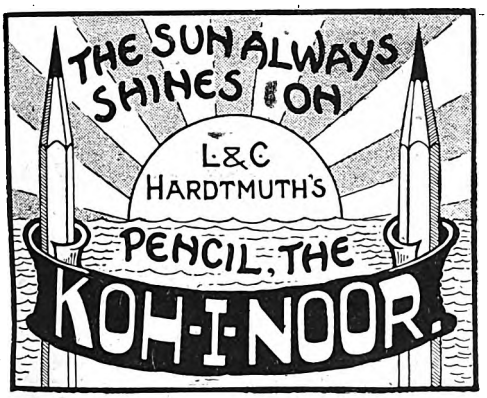

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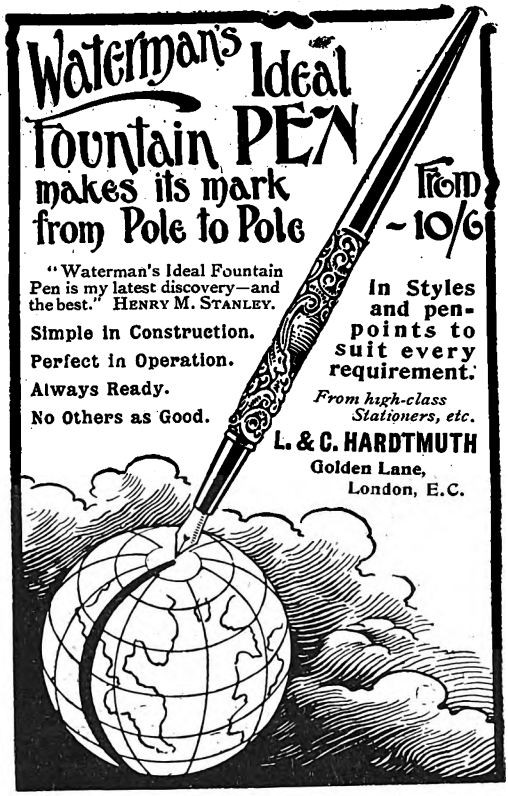

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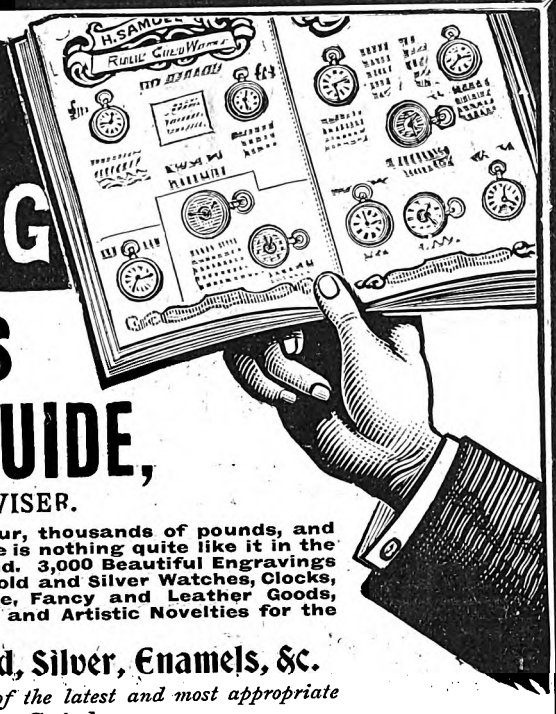

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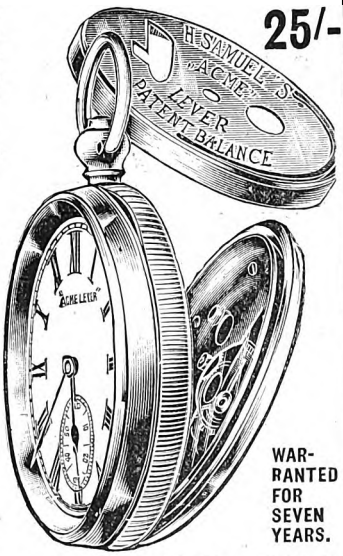

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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JOHN BUNYAN.

(See page 578.)

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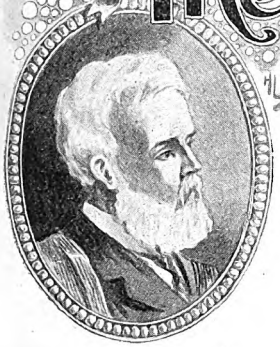
The People's Friend



OR,

The Adventures of Carlton-Hawes.

By CHARLES HERBERT.

I.

"WHAT a perfectly lovely night we have had, mamma," sighs Violet Latham, as she throws herself back on an ottoman, clasping her hands behind her head, and presenting a pretty picture of serenest satisfaction. The remark, however, is received in silence, silence so stony that Violet slowly turns her head towards the spot where her mother stands, regarding her pretty daughter with a perplexed little frown.

"Oh! didn't you hear, mamma?" says the girl mischievously, purposely misunderstanding the cause of the frown. "I said——"

"Yes, Vi, I heard what you said. And I am sorry my girl thinks a night 'perfectly lovely!' in which she has repeatedly disobeyed me."

"My dear mother," returns the girl, wearily, "when will chaperons and our dear parents begin to understand that the fifth commandment (or is it the sixth?) has no application to love matters. I'm quite prepared to honour you and obey you in any other thing"—and, rising, she crosses the room and gives her mother a most affectionate hug—"but," she continues, "there ought to be another commandment, 'Parents, trust your children!'"

"In the right!" says Mrs. Latham solemnly.

"Yes," answers Vi serenely. "They would always be that. Now doesn't it stand to reason, mamma, that just as I know what sized glove fits me, and it is no use saying it doesn't, so I know the man that fits me? And I don't mind telling you once more that his name is——"

"Don't!" interrupts Mrs. Latham. "If you encourage that man to dangle much longer you'll have to accept him, and then you'll find out the real kind of man he is."

"Yes," says her daughter calmly—"a very real kind of man. That is what I like about him. Mamma dear, please do not let us have these skirmishes about Hamilton. If he asks me to marry him I shall say yes. He hasn't done it yet, but he will, in fact I intend he shall. Good-night, darling! I'm sorry you object to my having danced so much with Hamilton; these scenes do spoil things. It's like getting the peppermint first and the medicine afterwards. Well, dear, if you *won't* kiss me I can't help it, can I? Owe it me!"

And she is walking off to her room when her mother rushes after her and kisses her warmly before she allows her to depart.

"Talking is evidently no use," the mother considers. "I must act, or else that wretch will win her after all. The colonel can think of nothing, neither can I. Oh, that I had someone to lean on!"

Suddenly an idea flashes into her mind, and she cries, "Why, there is Carlton-Hawes! The very thing. He might suggest some move. I'll ask the colonel to-morrow."

"Um!" says Colonel Graham. "I don't see how Carlton-Hawes, or any other, for the matter of that, could see a

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way out. Vi has said she will marry Hamilton Rawdon, and, as a rule, she means what she says. Still there could be no harm in seeking this 'People's Friend,' as he calls himself. It is a strange idea, by the by, that of his, Mrs. Latham; but, from what I can gather, his Advice Bureau is a genuine thing. He gave a great chum of mine a most practical suggestion the other day, and if I were ever in difficulties I would go to him straight away."

Next morning Mrs. Latham's cab drops her down in Oxford Street outside a house with a basement shop on which her attention is at once riveted. Nothing appears in the window except a few choice ferns with heavy crimson plush curtains as a background, and on a large brass plate at the door she sees written:

CARLTON-HAWES,

Mental and Moral Pathologist.

ADVICE BUREAU.

while in white enamelled letters on the window he proclaims himself thus:—

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

So she realises that she is at the office of the man whose claims to public trust have been busily discussed in the papers and elsewhere, and whose counsel she has come to gain.

The bell tinkles, and immediately after a smart page enters Carlton-Hawes' room bearing a card.

"Show the lady up, Roberts, and keep a smart look out from the upper window while she is here in case anyone is loitering about." This was a common precaution taken in every case, and often resulting in the applicant for advice leaving by a back door.

"Mrs. Latham?" queries Carlton-Hawes as that lady makes her appearance.

In somewhat agitated fashion she sits down, for the style of the whole establishment and the dignified appearance of the man she has come to see, as he stands before her, broad-shouldered, erect, with silver-grey beard and hair, and robed in a black gown, considerably impress her. Meanwhile, to give her time to recover herself, he says, "Excuse me a minute," and turns over a few letters as though busy, all the while mentally diagnosing her.

During the pause Mrs. Latham uses her eyes to good advantage, glancing round the room that is one-third office, one-third surgery, and the rest library. On one side of the room, books mount from floor to ceiling, cases of instruments lie about, one or two microscopes stand on little tables; and on the other side there is a profusion of pigeon-holes crammed with correspondence. Mrs. Latham is thinking to herself: "He will imagine me to be very silly to come to him over a matter like this, when he has all this business to see to," when suddenly the great man speaks.

He has formed his own estimate of this woman, and he thinks she is "weak, decidedly weak! Somewhat indolent, marks of good living, evidently well-to-do. Not come to see me about herself, or would be readier with a glib explanation"; then, glancing up, he says in clear, decided tones:

"You are a widow, Mrs. Latham, I think, by your appearance?"

"Yes," she answers, "and it was a very heavy burden to me to be left the care of an only daughter, without a husband's counsel."

"Ah!" he says, rapidly concluding the object of her visit. "It is about her you wish to see me."

"How did you know?" she replied wonderingly.

"Simply by her being uppermost in your mind. What is wrong?"

"She is in great danger!" she exclaims, "the worst that can befall a girl. She is falling in love with an unprincipled man, and her life will be wrecked. But there! she will listen to no reason. *What am* I to do?"

"Tell me *all* about it," he answers gently, with a slight emphasis on the "all."

And, quietly listening, he gathers out of the long tale the following facts.

Six months ago her only daughter had come out, and soon after was beset by the attentions of one of the handsomest men in London, who by common repute was thoroughly wicked.

"I made enquiries as to his private life," she continues, "and the result, bad as it was, I laid before Violet. But she is *infatuated!* What is there about bad

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men that has such influence over girls?" she pleads.

"Animal magnetism!" he replies. "It is a species of hypnotism. If you could *remove* her from his presence now?" he suggests.

"She will not go," feebly urged the mother. "Violet is a girl of spirit and very headstrong. Oh, if only she had a guardian!" sighing.

"Has she *great* expectations?" he asks.

"Only what I choose to give her," proudly. "Her father left all in my hands—he trusted me so—and, of course, she is my only daughter, so naturally she would have everything."

"And this man, does he know—does he realise how dependent she is on you?"

"I fancy not. I think, even if he did, he would build on a mother's love."

"I see! Yet," meditatively, "you are young yourself still, and might ——"

"Marry again?" she completes, flushing. "No; I was married very young, I was only seventeen, but all the love I had to give was my husband's and is centred in Violet now."

"But may I ask if you have ever had your hand sought in marriage?" Carlton-Hawes persists.

Flushing again, she assents: "Yes, there was a Colonel Graham, *an old friend of my husband's*, but he is very elderly and has a son who, in fact, is a little older than Vi. At one time, I thought ——"

"That there might be something between *them*, I suppose?" smiling.

"Exactly! So you see how *ridiculous* this made the father's offer appear to me," scornfully.

But by this time Carlton-Hawes is in deep thought, and scarcely appears to notice her remark. At last he says, "My feeling is that whatever Hamilton Rawdon's past may have been, it is no distinct reason for believing that he only cares for your daughter's money and not for her. Even bad men are susceptible of the influence of a great love. And supposing that is so, I should not suggest separating them."

"But how am I to find out what he does really feel?" queries Mrs. Latham, impatiently.

"I am coming to that," he says. "If there is any good in the man we will give it a chance to work." And in a few sentences he confides to her his plan of action. She listens intently, and with a new spring to her steps, and waving him a laughing adieu, she leaves him to the solution of other human puzzles.

"Distinctly a twentieth century idea," some say in reference to his business. "A bold attempt to provide a long felt want" is another remark. "A further step in the history of quackery," is a third criticism; and, as the unkindest cut of all, *The Morning Letter* denounces his work as "an attempt to draw secrets from those who have skeletons in their cupboards, possibly to serve for purposes best known to the proprietor of the Advice Bureau." But, in spite of it all, Carlton-Hawes' business flourishes, and his name is becoming known as one who, with a vast experience of the ways of men, goes about doing good; and as he unites in himself a man of business, a man of law, and a man of medicine, the opportunities for it simply bristle. Carlton-Hawes, left an orphan early in life, has been keeping himself ever since he was twelve years of age, and there are few things at which he has not tried his hand. A kindly solicitor, when the lad was nineteen, took him into his office, and finding him bent on work, gave him his articles. After qualifying as a solicitor he only spent two years' hard work at criminal practice before he left it to study medicine, using his little savings to support him. By thirty he was doctoring in a country village, and there came face to face with problems of sin and suffering. Restlessly he began to ponder the causes at work, and seeing they "more needed the Divine than the human physician," he began to preach to them in a very passion of pity. But the more he pondered the more he felt convinced that what was needed to efficiently help men was practically an enquiry bureau where common-sense advice could be given which would apply the brake to downward progress by restoring hope and self-respect, and also assist those who were in perplexity—a place, in short, where troubled men and women in moral, business, and home difficulties could go to a third party as anxious to help as they were to be helped. Oh, how this man longed to help them! How he burned to thwart self-seeking tyranny or fraud! How he loved to take some first offender by the hand and restore some lost one to her home. So he determined to try it,

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. . . .

Violet Latham sits back in a deep "easy" chair in her own room, which has apparently been expressly designed for comfort, but to her excited mind to-night it proves anything but restful.

Her womanly pride is stung; for this very night Hamilton Rawdon has startled her by a most sudden and unaccountable coolness of demeanour. "Have I offended him in any way?" she wonders. "Or," and her eyes blazed at the thought, "is there some other girl? He would never *dare*," she exclaims to herself, "after all that has passed between us, to cool off like this."

But suddenly she remembers how little of anything *definite* has passed between them. Soft words and loving looks, in the use of which he was a past master, had been plentiful; but, though they had stolen away her heart, they had not committed him, and as she sits back, measuring up the situation, she realises this to the full.

"It is all mamma's fault," she mutters. "If she had not been so dead set against him he could have been *here* more, and things would have been different a little. But I am not going to play the part of the love-lorn maiden to his faithless lover if I can help it," haughtily. "The next time we meet, *he* shall find a difference also!"

That "next time" was but a day later, and Hamilton Rawdon noted the careless laughing acknowledgment she made to his bow, so different to the earnest look of welcome he usually received.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured to himself, "it is too bad, but I can't help it. If I were rich now and free I'd be at your side, my pretty darling, in a moment. But, as it is, it is fortunate I heard that piece of news in time."

Vi Latham found her cool treatment of him produced no such effect of pique as she desired, and, smarting under his neglect, she turned more readily to the wistful attentions paid her by Reginald Graham.

"I say, Vi," he whispered presently—they were old friends—"is there really any truth in that absurd paragraph about dad and your mater?"

Vi opened her eyes widely.

"What paragraph?" she said, innocently.

For answer he shewed her a cutting from a society paper announcing that a marriage had been arranged between Colonel Graham and Mrs. Latham.

Then Violet understood. She knew enough of the world to appreciate the difference it might make in her position, and with unutterable scorn she saw the real cause of Hamilton Rawdon's behaviour. She could have forgiven anything but this; but a mercenary, cold, calculating man she absolutely despised.

"Is it true, mamma?" she queried on her return.

The somewhat enigmatical sentence was well understood by Mrs. Latham, who at once smilingly assented.

With a girl's ready sympathy for anything approaching the romantic, Vi kissed her mother, saying, "The colonel is a good man, mamma!" Then presently she laid her aching head against her mother's shoulder, and drawn by an irresistible impulse, let the tale come, and it came tearfully enough. Had she looked up, she would have seen her mother's eyes dancing with merriment, but she had hidden her face, as she sobbed out the story of the dethronement of the first idol she had set up on her heart's altar.

Inwardly, however, her mother rejoiced. "She will get over it," she murmured to herself—"she will get over it!"

Six months later.

The elder couple were still unwed, although they saw one another daily, and the colonel proved a most devoted

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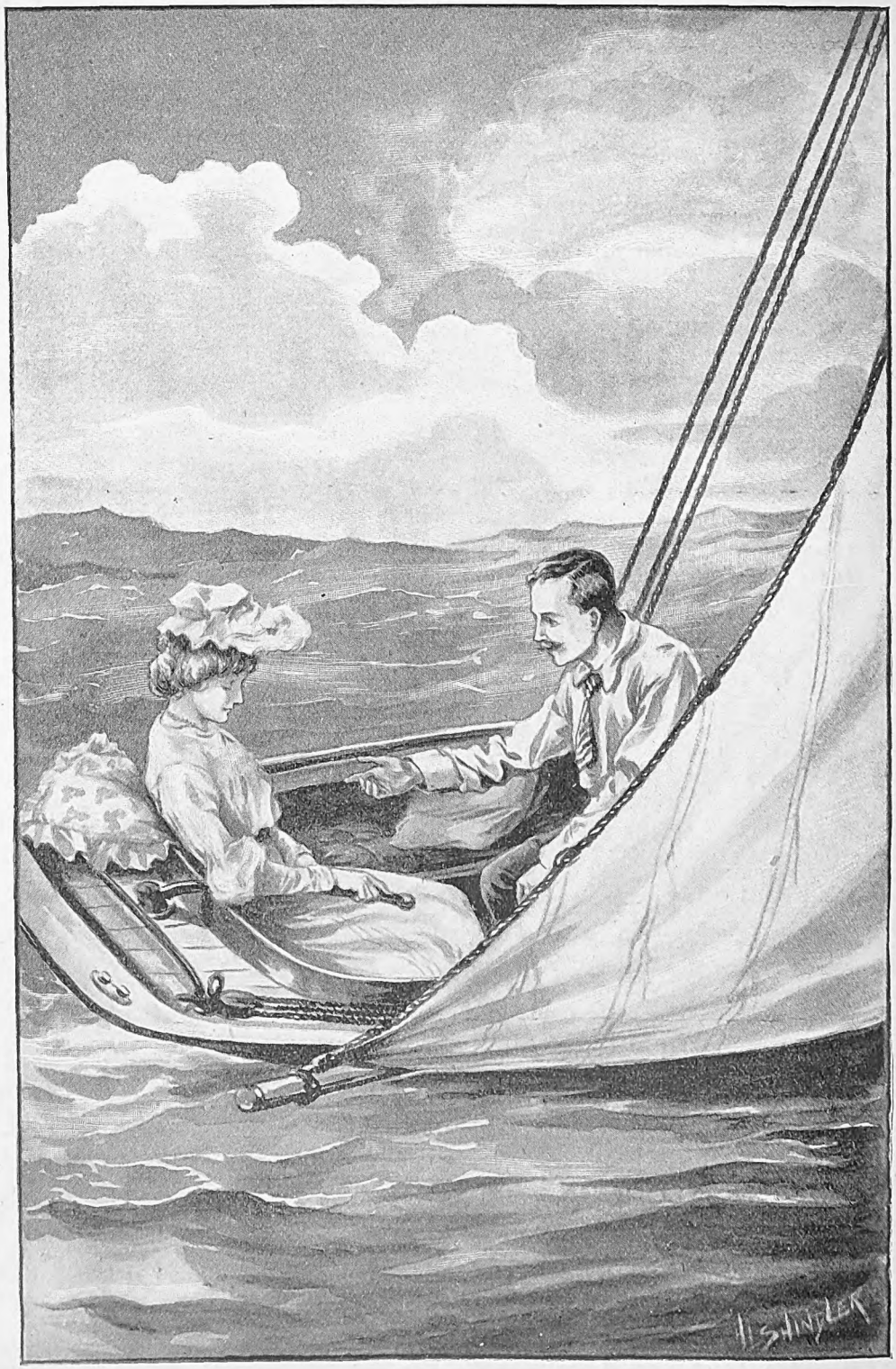

"THEN COME WITH ME AND BE MY QUEEN!"

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cavalier; while Vi, feeling somewhat in the way, was glad enough to allow Reginald to escort her about everywhere, and this very afternoon they were coasting the shore off Hastings in Reginald's tiny yacht. It was a glorious May afternoon, the blue waves danced in the early summer sunshine, and a feeling of perfect content filled Vi Latham's mind, as she lay back lazily steering the boat and sleepily watching her companion as he managed the sails. Not a sound could be heard but the ripple of the water, as they gently scudded before the warm breeze, for Reginald Graham said nothing, appearing quite satisfied to fix his glance on the dainty little lady in the stern.

At length Vi breaks silence.

"Have you any idea, Reginald, when this, this—er—this *new arrangement* is to begin? I ask mamma occasionally, but she only smiles."

"I don't know," he responds. "I presume the elderly pulse beats more slowly than ours. I should have had it over long ago. I wonder—er—whether we shall all live together? Brother and sister fashion, eh, Vi?"

"You'll be with your regiment, I imagine," she answers, colouring.

"And where will you be?" he queried, softly. "I—I wish you'd come with me, Violet!"

There is no answer, only a flush of colour flooding her face.

"Vi, I haven't bothered you about these things lately," he continues, apologetically. "Ever since that Hamilton Rawdon monopolised you I have kept in the background.

"Oh, *he*!" she responded, bitterly. "*You* are a *king* to him!"

"Then come with me and be my queen!" he answers, laughingly, and, reaching out his hand, he continues, with a passionate pleading in his face: "Say yes, little woman, say yes! Let us sail together always, will you?"

A moment she hesitated; then, with merriment in every line of her face, she said, "But what a queer arrangement! My mother takes the father, and I the son."

"Then you *will*, Vi?" eagerly, as if astonished.

"I will see what mamma says," demurely.

"And I say, Vi," he blurted out, "forgive me, but Hamilton Rawdon? Was there, is there"—and he broke off, but Vi understood.

"No," she said, deliberately. "He was a *bad* man. I have forgotten him."

It was in September, when, orders coming for Reginald Graham's regiment to proceed to India, Vi united her fate to his by a clearly uttered "I will" at the altar, an utterance that this time found favour in the sight of her mother.

She is married from the pretty London house, and after the reception is over, the last leech in the shape of a guest departs. Mrs. Latham sinks on to an ottoman in the drawing-room and regards Colonel Graham with a look of serene satisfaction.

"Haven't we played that well?" she says merrily. "Our subterfuge has succeeded beyond our hopes—thanks to Carlton-Hawes. I should never have dreamed of such an arrangement. How beautifully it cooled off that scamp, Hamilton Rawdon, and things turning out like this made it just splendid. So now!" nodding gaily at him, "you can put in that paragraph about breaking *our* engagement off, you know, as soon as you like. It has been very hard on you to use your name like that and make you dance attendance on me. I must say you played your part to the very life," quizzically—"Thank you so much!"

But the colonel looks glum, and appears wrapped in thought.

"Has it been hard on me?" he returns. "I am afraid it will be harder soon"—dejectedly. "I have just lived for the boy, and now he has gone I shall be very lonely." And he clears his throat as though he is a trifle husky.

"And *I* have just lived for Vi," Mrs. Latham responds, "so I can sympathise with your feelings." And she begins to use the dainty scrap of lace that is called by courtesy a handkerchief, in rather wild fashion.

The colonel takes a step towards her, and says eagerly, "Maud! Er—I say, need it be a *subterfuge?* Need I put in that paragraph? Of course it must be as you please, and I would not take any unfair advantage of the position, you know, but why can't we make it real?"

"What would Carlton-Hawes think?" she retorts.

"Never mind *him!*" he says testily, "The question is, what do you think?

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"I think," she says slowly and deliberately, "that—anything—would—be—better—than utter—loneliness."

"Even me?" he returns humbly and ungrammatically. "Yes, especially you!" she corrects archly. And the colonel suddenly looks like a young man.

A week later Carlton-Hawes opens a letter in his office, the contents of which appear to mightily amuse him.

"I knew the step would cool that Rawdon fellow off," he mutters, "and save the child from spoiling her life, but this——! Well, that colonel ought to thank me!" And when out of another letter tumbles the colonel's cheque for £100 enclosed in a brief note inscribed: "An acknowledgment of common-sense," Carlton-Hawes knew he did.

(*To be continued.*)

A REMARKABLE OFFER!

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CUMBERED WITH - - - - MUCH SERVICE.

By SEEBIE AITCH.

"*CUMBERED about much service*"—was there ever such an apt description of the life led by the hundreds of thousands of women, who are perfect gymnasts in the art of pulling together two ends, which somehow will never quite meet? Not long ago the pages of a popular magazine contained the detailed description of the slavery of a Society lady, and painful reading it was, but for sheer endurance (all the more heroic because it is so unconscious) commend me to the women who carry the burdens of the poorer middle-class households. I called upon such a woman, known to seven children as "mother" and to her husband as "old lady," and asked her to take me into her confidence as to what daily life had meant to her for a great many years past, and when I came away, having (much to her amusement) jotted down some figures for further calculation, she was in my sight as a daughter of Anak, and, hard-worker as I had always thought myself, I was in my own sight but as a grasshopper.

She had been married at twenty-five, "a good age," as she said, and she was now fifty. So for twenty-five years she had made and mended, washed and cooked, for her steadily growing family. A sentence soon written down, but one which on examination proves to be a sentence of "hard labour for life."

At no time had her husband's earnings exceeded thirty-five shillings a week, and what this money could not do, it was her duty as Chancellor of the family Exchequer to *make* it do, by the simple expedient of working harder herself. The rivalry in the upper classes is carried on by lavish expenditure of money, the rivalry in the homes of the poor can only be carried on by lavish expenditure of strength. The clean linen means more washing and ironing, the neat clothing more needlework, the well supplied table more cooking, the shining furniture more rubbing, the tidy rooms more cleaning, the little Post-office Savings Bank account more scraping; and *if it is all done*, the demands must be met by cheques drawn upon the Bank of Strength.

"When I first married," she said, "I used to play the piano a little, for my mother had had me taught, because she always thought no one would look at us if we had no accomplishments. But very quickly I'd no time for it, and the housekeeping I'd looked forward to with pleasure when a girl, became a very trying thing. You take the washing I've had to do with my own hands, for instance."

I made a note of it, and worked out as a result that simply spending a day a week at the washtub during some years, and two days during ten at least of her life, this woman had spent 1,300 days of her life at nothing else.

PRACTICALLY FOUR YEARS IN WASHING.

And working this out at the usual charge of a woman for a day's work (two shillings), she had saved her husband £130. And if we just imagine a pile of 1,820 large basketfuls of dirty linen, we should see before our eyes the task through which thousands of women have each worked their steady way in twenty-five years. Six weeks' wash would make a pile her own height of five-feet five; so in

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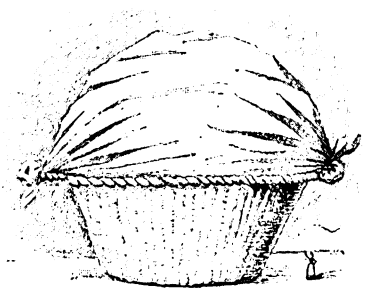
twenty-five years there would be a huge basket, 200 times her size, filled with the clean product of her endeavour.

But washing only counts in as one of the many trifles that, taken together, make *no trifle*. Six hours a week at least must be spent in ironing, and the average iron weighs six pounds. Lift, lift, lift—press, press, press—thump, thump, thump—this is the process by which the children's pinafores and the husband's collars and shirts are made to look so nice. The ironing of four dozen things per week means that the iron is lifted 300 times at least, and, remembering the weight of the iron, we find she has lifted 208 tons 18 cwt.

But while we are on the subject of clothes, it must be remembered by the masculine mind (and it is to impress that dense object that this is written) that a careful eye needs to be kept over holes and frays. Fortunately the darning that is necessary is one of the things that disprove the saying, "You can't do two things at once," for hands can be busy while the mother, neatly dressed, sits chatting to her husband at night. It would startle some men if they were told the large amount of money that is saved in those evening hours, while they sit in the arm-chair smoking.

"How long," I said to my informant, "does your weekly darning take?"

"Oh, say five hours a week! But we make nothing of that. One can't sit still while one talks."



IN 25 YEARS SHE WASHES THROUGH A PILE 280 TIMES HER SIZE.

"Make nothing of it!" Why, it works out at over 700 days of nine hours each, or practically

TWO YEARS SPENT IN DARNING,

and represents a saving of nearly £50.

"But where," I enquired, "did you get the time for all the needlework as well? For I presume you were never able to manage to put out your dresses to be made

SHE HAS LIFTED THIS WEIGHT IN THE WEEKLY IRONING.

for the girls. How many did you say you had?"

"Three girls and four boys," she said, "and I made every stitch those girls wore, and took care it should be in the fashion too!"—proudly.

"But how? Surely with all your other work——?"

"Oh, I managed it; though I don't mind confessing I have had to sit up many a night to do it, and it was all the worse, for I hate needlework of that kind. But I turned out as many as half a dozen dresses in a year, besides mending and altering. In the earlier years I hadn't so many, and that is half the secret of the management. The burden isn't flung at you, so to speak, all at once; it comes little by little and one gets into it by degrees. But I have no doubt in the twenty-five years (including my own) I've made more than a hundred dresses.

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'Cost' did you say, if I hadn't? Oh, five shillings to eight shillings each, beside which, dressmakers are so very extravagant with linings and things."

"Well," I said, "if you average them at six shillings each, you have saved your husband thirty pounds."

"It isn't the money," she replied, "but they all *looked so nice;* and of course," she added as an afterthought, "if you reckon all the mending and making down of the clothes you might safely add another £20. But look here, you have asked me nothing about the housework. I mean," she continued, "the lighting of fires, the cleaning of grates, the scrubbing of floors, the perpetual washing up of dishes and plates, *and the cooking*. You've scarcely *anything* down as yet." And she laughed merrily.

What a side light it was upon

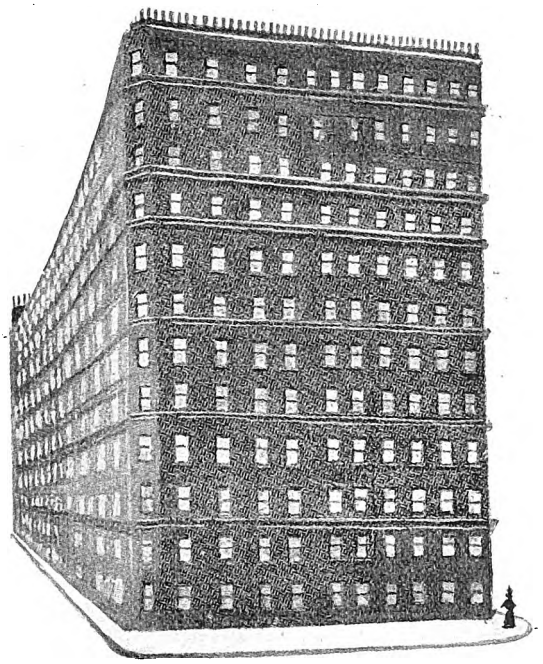
"The daily round and common task."

And thinking thus, I continued to make my notes with astounding results.

In 25 years their six-roomed house had had every room in it "turned out" (which is *woman* for cleaned thoroughly), at the rate of one room a week, excepting in times of illness. So knocking off five years to cover these interludes of muddle, she had cleaned, *i.e.*, scrubbed and swept and dusted, a building of 1,000 rooms. She had taken at least half-a-day to do each, so five hundred days had been spent in "charing" at a saving to her husband, at the usual rate, of another £50.

Now, take the other "charing" work. First, there is the scrubbing. The rooms we have already noticed; but there was the spotless kitchen floor and the floor of the little pantry, a little over 21 ft., to be scrubbed weekly in order to keep it clean and sweet. A task scarcely noticed at the time, but taken together it meant that she had scrubbed her way (not counting the other rooms) through 3¾ miles, and simply *worn out* 50 scrubbing brushes. The blackleading of grates, "the most provoking of all work," she said, had rubbed down to the very wood another 50 "shining" brushes, and half as many "black-leading," so it only needs to glance at the pile of brushes in the illustration to get an idea of the vigour expended in wearing down and wearing out these bristly instruments.

We come now to the "scullery" work, that most disappointing of all work, in which plates and dishes, knives and forks are cleaned, simply that they may be dirtied again. Greasy, sloppy as the work is, it must be done, after breakfast,



SHE HAS CLEANED, SCRUBBED AND SWEPT, AND DUSTED THIS BUILDING OF ONE THOUSAND ROOMS.

dinner, tea, and supper, and if a man thinks lightly of it, let him try it—it will *try* him.

The mere reckoning of the work has involved an intricate calculation, tracing through the years the steady growth from the time when husband and wife sat alone together, until *ten* plates, and *ten* cups and saucers were laid instead of two, and also allowing for the fact that from about the fifteenth year she would have considerable help from the girls; but it can safely be said that she has washed up 70,000 plates, 44,000 cups and saucers, 23,000 dishes, and with extras such as jugs, table plates, etc., the total would be 200,000 pieces, while if the bedroom crockery be reckoned in, she has actually cleaned a

QUARTER OF A MILLION PIECES OF CHINA.

This has by no means exhausted the "Routine" work of such a housewife. Every morning there are beds to "turn

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SHE HAS SIMPLY WORN DOWN ALL THESE BRUSHES TO THE VERY WOOD.

down" and "air" and then to make again. And during fifteen years (for after that the girls could help her), she actually made 16,000 beds, and allowing only five minutes for each bed, she had actually been shaking, banging, smoothing, and coaxing beds into shape for 1,333 hours. This at a working day of eight hours means 166 days at bed-making, or only 16 days short of six months.

Then there were the meals to lay, those ever recurring meals, four every day, making 22,000 in 15 years.

And, as a mere detail, beside all this she has been a great incendiary, lighting no less than 7,000 fires in fifteen years. The cheerful glow that delighted her husband at night, the merry blaze that boiled the morning kettle, all meant work to her, as, indeed, every detail of home life always did and must have done. Nothing but rigid system could get through it all and leave time beside for that great achievement of home comfort—the cooking.

"I always," she said, "went on the principle that one good joint on Saturday and cold meat every other day was the most economical method of living, and a great time-saver also. I reckon that it took me from nine Saturday morning until one o'clock to prepare the great dinner of the week and the cakes and pies. Vegetables and other sundries would require about an hour a day, except washing-days, when we have made-shift; so if you put down nine hours' cooking weekly you'll be about right. No, I never trusted my girls at that; they helped a little, but that has been my work always." So clearly, for 20 years at least, this woman had spent 52 days, of nine hours each, every year—practically three whole years — in boiling, roasting, stewing, baking, and pastry-making.

"Ah, but," she replied in answer to my expressed astonishment, "it was nothing, so long as things went smoothly; but sometimes there were the days at the hospital, when the little chap was so bad, sometimes "father" has been bad, and men are not easy to nurse. Then things would get all behind, and, although one was run down oneself, it meant double

SHE HAS SPENT SIX MONTHS OF EIGHT-HOUR DAYS IN BED-MAKING.

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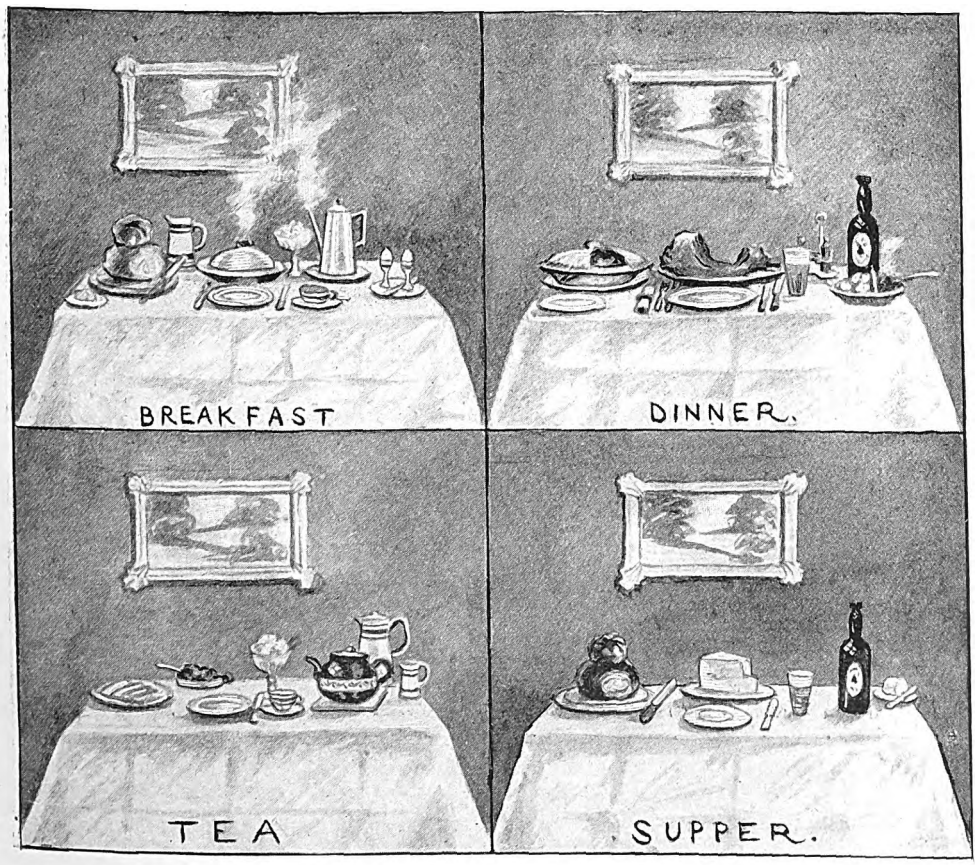
work to pull it up afterwards; and of course I was ill myself occasionally, and believe me, the illness is as nothing to the terrible anxiety, because you know everything is at sixes and sevens downstairs. However, I've got through it, or rather, I've been got through, and I don't look much the worse, do I?"

No, that she certainly didn't, and I said so, but as I was coming away I asked her if she found herself growing hard amidst it all.

"No," she replied, "just the other way. The children act on you like sugar and sweeten you. If it were not for them perhaps one would get hard, but

THREE YEARS OF NINE-HOUR WORKING DAYS HAVE BEEN SPENT IN COOKING.



SHE HAS LAID 22,000 OF THESF MEALS.

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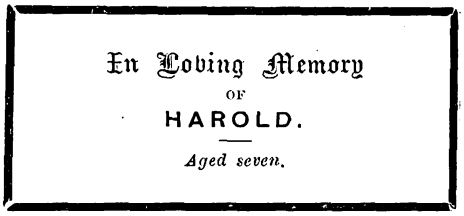
a romp when they're young takes you out of your self, and when they're older you get full of their plans, their young men and young women, and presently the grandchildren come and the tenderness comes."

"What was the hardest thing of all you have had to do?" I queried gently as I came away.

"That," she answered with a slight quiver of her lip, and pointing to a memorial card inscribed :—



and having just buried a four-year-old girlie myself, the freemasonry of sorrow united us, and I understood and was silent.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

MARY, COUNTESS OF CAVAN, has recently presented to the National Portrait Gallery Thomas Sadler's painting of John Bunyan—the only one extant that was executed in the immortal dreamer's lifetime—and we have reproduced it as our frontispiece to enable the public generally to see it. This Sadler portrait, as well as the pencil sketch by Robert White, in the Print Room of the British Museum, shows a blunt, dogged English face, and, looking at it, the wonder increases that from such a source sprang that marvellous dream, that fascinated even the literary taste of a Macaulay. One of the healthiest signs of our times is the revival of interest in Bunyan literature, a revival probably stimulated by the lectures of Dr. Alex. White on Bunyan characters, which we should recommend all our readers to study. Macaulay's Essay and Dr. White's lectures enable the reader to "hold the key."

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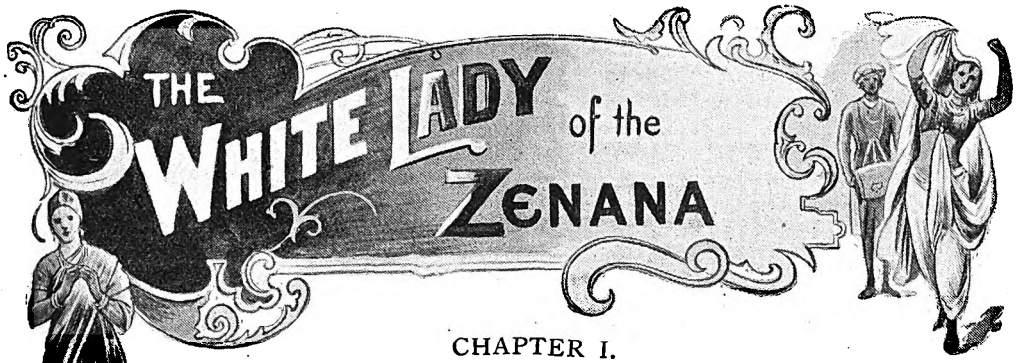

CHAPTER I.

THE steamer *India* was three days out from London on her way to Bombay, and the passengers had begun to get over their sea-sickness, and to fraternise together on the deck; the ladies who shared each other's cabins drew their deck chairs close together and whispered confidences over such scraps of gossip as were already obtainable in the great floating hotel. Some of the younger men got out the bull-board and the buckets and rope circlets for board-ship quoits; there was much laughter and scampering about the decks, and many a gay flirtation begun over those time-honoured games.

"Do you see that tall, fair girl, playing with my daughter and Captain Fletcher?" Mrs. Gore whispered to the lady who was sitting beside her against the skylight, well out of the way of the players.

"Yes, she is quite the prettiest girl on board," answered the other, who had no daughters.

"She is going out to join her husband," Mrs. Gore went on, passing over her companion's uncalled-for remark.

"She looks very young to be married," said Mrs. Benson.

Mrs. Gore lowered her voice: "She is married to a native," she said.

"To a native! Impossible! That pretty young girl!"

"She told my daughter, herself, yesterday evening, when they were walking up and down the deck together. Janet was very much shocked, as you may suppose."

"Poor thing! She knows nothing whatever of India, I suppose. Of course no one will visit her."

"She won't get much chance of finding that out," said Mrs. Gore, "for she won't be allowed to do any visiting. Her husband is a Mahometan."

Mrs. Benson's ruddy face turned pale. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "what can her relations at home have been thinking of to allow such a horrible thing," and she looked with awed interest at the graceful, gay young creature, standing with a quoit poised in her hand, and a happy smile on her sweet mouth.

"She met him at home it seems. He is a barrister, and was studying in London, and he lived at her father's house. I fancy the father was one of those crammers who prepare native students for their examinations. I should have thought she would have seen enough of him to disgust any right-minded girl with native ways," said Mrs. Gore, bridling.

"I call it a wicked shame to let any innocent young girl marry a Mahometan," said Mrs. Benson, indignantly. "Why he may have two or three other wives by the time she gets out there. What is the man's name?"

"Mahomed Shere Ali," answered Mrs. Gore. "She calls herself Mrs. Ali—Hazel Ali. It's a pity her husband cannot see her laughing and flirting with Captain Fletcher. She won't have much chance of flirting when once she gets to Madras, I fancy."

"Horrible!" said Mrs. Benson; "but surely he won't be allowed to shut her up in the harem: she is a British subject. I don't believe it would be legal."

"We shall see, my dear," said Mrs. Gore, who was also going to Madras.

"I wish she were coming to Bombay," said Mrs. Benson, "I should look her up when we got there, native or no native, and see she was properly treated and not

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locked up with a lot of other wives in some horrible harem."

"Well, you have no daughters, so I suppose you are not obliged to be so careful as I have to be with my dear girls."

"Daughters indeed!" said Mrs. Benson, with a toss of her head; and she got up and went over to the other side of the deck to her husband, who was more to her than Mrs. Gore's husband and sons and daughters all put together had ever been to that proud matron.

Pretty Hazel came presently and sat down in Mrs. Benson's vacant chair.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" she said. "I am sure we are going to have a delighful voyage. Miss Gore has just been telling me what a gay place Madras is. I have always heard life in India is so delightful. Do you like Madras, Mrs. Gore?"

"Yes, I like it," said Mrs. Gore, looking at her with some curiosity. Madras gaiety would probably not mean quite the same thing to the collector's wife and to the wife of a native barrister.

Hazel gave a sigh of beautiful content, and leant back fanning herself. Her thoughts wandered away to the dream castles she had built of her life in the shining East with her clever dark husband, who was sure to rise high in his profession. It was all like a fairy tale, this sudden translation from a dull, dark house in Bayswater, and a narrow bourgeois life, first to this gay free life under clear skies, upon a wide sea, among a pleasant company where her beauty and her youth for the first time gained their meed of homage, and by and by to her Indian paradise where she would dance and ride and dress and enjoy herself as those fair ladies did she had seen sometimes in their carriages in the Park at home. And thinking of all these things her heart went out in a passionate gratitude to the man who had brought this glorious change into her life.

"You are not tired yet, Mrs. Alley, are you?" Captain Fletcher asked, bending over her. He had not heard of the native husband yet.

"Oh no! What are you going to do now?"

"Come with me and you shall see," he anwered, laughing, and she went with him, nothing loth, to play with him and the other irresponsible children who had stepped back into earlier years for this short holiday.

As the days went on, people were kinder to her than ever, Hazel thought gratefully.

"YOU ARE NOT TIRED YET, ARE YOU?"

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The pitying glances, the strange silences that fell sometimes when she talked of what she would do in the future, passed by her serene content unobserved. Once when she talked to Janet Gore about her pretty ball dresses that were in the boxes down in the hold Janet burst out crying and left her abruptly. But she only thought that Janet had some secret of her own that troubled her, and was sorry for the girl whose future seemed less cloudless than her own, but for herself she was quite undisturbed.

When they reached Bombay Mahomed Shere Ali was there to meet his wife. From the deck of the steamer she saw him leaning against the rail of the tender that had come to take off the passengers.

"How much darker he looks," she said to herself.

He looked sullen too and heavy, and his dark eyes had lost much of the beauty and deep mystery that had charmed her now that she saw them repeated in every brown face under every turban and skull cap of the natives who crowded about the tender.

The Mahometans of the South have neither the beauty nor the dignity of their brethren of the Northern provinces; neither their tall straight forms nor their high eagle features. But Mahomed Shere Ali, a son of the ex-Nabob of Tulipatam, was a tall handsome man, rather too bulky for his years, perhaps, with a round, smooth, beardless face, and great slumbrous black eyes. He wore a long purple satin coat, red silk trousers, tight and wrinkled at the ankle, and a white muslin turban with a gold band. A cold wave of depression and foreboding swept over Hazel's joyous mood as she looked at him, and she remembered with a sudden pang that he had begged her not to come out to India, and that only after much pleading and insistence on her part had he agreed to her joining him in his own country. He came on board presently with a rabble of dirty, unkempt retainers behind him, and she took him down to her cabin, but she did not offer to introduce him to any of her fellow passengers as she had intended.

"You are glad I have come?" she whispered, clinging to him.

"Since it was your wish, I am glad," he said, "but I do not know how you will like the life here; it is so different from what you have been used to. I am living in my father's house, as I told you, and, of course, we live in the Mahometan way."

"Oh, but you will change that now I have come?" she said hastily. "We must have a house of our own."

"We will talk about that later on," he said, evasively.

When they went up again the deck was empty and the tender gone. A little steam launch was waiting for them, and Hazel's luggage was on board it, guarded by some of her husband's lank, half-clothed attendants.

"Oh, dear, they are all gone!" said Hazel in dismay, "and I haven't said good-bye to any of them, and they have been so kind to me all the voyage. I do hope we shall see some of them at the station."

From the landing pier—they call it the Apollo Bund in Bombay—they drove straight to the railway station, and Mahomed Ali left his wife in the ladies' waiting-room. Alone in the great bare room, her foreboding and uneasiness grew darker and darker upon her. Directly the train was ready in the station, where it stood for an hour or two before the time of departure, her husband hurried her into a reserved carriage, where she found a great part of her baggage distributed about the floor and under the long seats that ran along beneath the rows of windows on each side of the carriage. Mahomed Ali drew up all the little Venetian shutters so that no one on the platform could see into the carriage, and if any of Hazel's fellow passengers were there she had no opportunity of seeing or communicating with them.

They travelled alone together through the long hours of the two days and three nights' journey from Bombay to Madras. From time to time there were long stoppages at various stations for breakfast and luncheon and dinner, and Hazel heard bright voices and laughter on the platform as the English passengers hurried past to and from the dining-rooms, or met their friends and greeted them; but she herself never left the carriage. She said once timidly, "I should like to get out for a little while and walk on the platform. I am so tired of this carriage."

But he answered: "I would rather you stayed here with me, dear. They will

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bring us what we want to the carriage, and the journey will soon be over." And Hazel, with that new-born dread upon her, had not the heart to persist.

Their servants came to the door and handed in plates and dishes of food from the dining-room, and took them back when they had finished. The hours of that journey seemed never-ending to Hazel, although Mahomet Ali did his best to amuse her, and was full of kindness and attention. They talked of the friends they had both known in London, they recalled episodes of their life there together, and Hazel had many questions to ask about his life in Madras since he had left her, but he seemed to have very little to tell. So, with heart sinking ever lower within her, she travelled with her husband to his home.

At Madras a covered carriage was waiting for them, and Hazel was hurried into it, without having a moment to look about her and see if any of her late fellow passengers were on the platform.

"I tried to learn a little Hindustani on board the steamer," she said to her husband as they drove away together, "so that I could talk to your mother and your sister, but I am afraid I am not a great hand at it."

"I am glad you did that," he said. "You will get on much better with them if you can talk a little, and I daresay you will soon learn."

"Do any of your brothers speak English?" she asked.

"No. But never mind them, they do not matter," he said, and he laughed a little strangely.

They drove away from the town and the shops down a broad tree-shaded road into a large, neglected looking compound, and drew up under a pillared portico with steps leading up to a wide dirty verandah where a few dingy pillows were scattered over the matting, with here and there an earthenware water pot; two or three hens were pecking about, but no human being was to be seen.

As Hazel got out of the carriage there seemed to be no living creature in sight except the hens. She hesitated for a moment at the top of the steps with that undefined fear and dread strong upon her. She had a momentary, wild impulse to rush down the steps and out into the road, and to fly for safety and shelter to one of the English homes they had told her of on board the steamer.

"Come in, dear," her husband said. "The servants ought not to leave the verandah in this untidy state; they are much too careless."

The commonplace words roused her, her momentary dread seemed ridiculous, and with a light laugh she followed him across the verandah, through a high, double-Venetian door that stood open, into a large bare room, very dim and dark, with a white cotton sheet spread upon the floor; more cushions and pillows, like those outside; three cane-seated arm-chairs, and a vast chandelier hanging from the ceiling. They crossed this room and came out into a dark, stone-paved passage, that led to a narrow, uncarpeted stone staircase. Upstairs, they went on through other passages to a large, wide dim chamber, with shuttered windows, opening on to a sunny terrace. Some attempt at furnishing had been made in this room; there were two low, broad, wooden beds—*charpoys* they call them—several wardrobes, a table with a looking-glass upon it, two or three cane-bottomed chairs and a wash-stand.

Mahomed Ali looked round the room with some pride: "This is your room," he said, "I furnished it for you when I heard you were coming."

"It looks very nice and cool," she said, pleasantly, thinking how prettily she would furnish it by-and-bye; she had heard there were very nice shops in Madras, she would go out to-morrow and get some things, and the room could really be made very pretty indeed—it was so large and lofty.

"I want to take you to see my mother, presently, Hazel," her husband said, rather awkwardly. "But I want you to do me a favour first."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"I want my mother to like you and to realise thoroughly that you are my wife and one of the family. But if she sees you in that European dress she will always look upon you as a stranger, she will never understand that you are really and truly my wife; first impressions go for so much. If only you would wear the Mahometan dress when she sees you for the first time it would make things so much easier; it would be pleasanter for you, too, while we have to live in my father's house.

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Hazel laughed. It really would be a joke to dress up in native clothes to see the old lady. "But, my dear boy," she said, "I have no Mahometan dress, and if I had I shouldn't know how to put it on."

"I have a dress here on purpose for you," he answered, "and one of the women will show you how to wear it and do your hair for you if you will let her."

HE CAME ON BOARD WITH HIS RETAINERS.

"What fun! Certainly I will let her."

Mahomed Ali went out and presently a couple of serving women came to dress her. Hazel put herself into their hands, and with much laughter and some attempts to air her few words of Hindustani, she let them transform her into a Mahometan lady.

They took down her hair and oiled and smoothed and parted it in two sleek Madonna bands, framing her face; they hung a jeweled pendant on her forehead and loops of pearls in her hair; but there was much chattering and headshaking between them when they found that her ears were not pierced and that the many earrings they had brought must be laid aside. They put on her a voluminous, many-patterned silk skirt, and a little gauze, short-sleeved jacket, and over head and shoulders and skirt a delicate flowing pink crèpe veil.

"I shall never be able to keep this thing on, I am sure," she said, laughing, and the women laughed too, and showed her how to wind it round her and tuck an end into her skirt, and how to cover her face with its folds. They fastened bracelets on her arms, some above her elbows, and some upon her wrists, that

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looked all too large and wide beside their own slender rounded members; there were necklaces, too, and anklets to complete her pretty fancy dress.

When they had finished they fetched her husband, who stood and looked at her critically.

"They tell me your ears are not pierced, dearest," he said; "we must have the barber woman in to-morrow to pierce them, so that you can wear your earrings. Will you come now to my mother?"

"Oh, but I don't want my ears pierced; its spoils the shape so, and no one wears earrings now," Hazel objected. "Please don't send for the woman, Ali."

"Just as you like, dear," he answered, and then he took her by the hand to lead her to his mother.

In a dim and lofty room, entirely void of furniture, a figure sat crouched upon a charpoy, with a veil over her face. Eight or ten slatternly women, in greasy, dirty skirts, and with uncombed hair under their cotton veils, squatted about on the floor round the charpoy, talking and whispering among themselves. As the husband and wife came up to the charpoy the lady-mother put aside her veil and looked up, and Hazel saw a beautiful woman, with the oval face and straight thin features, and great langourous eyes of the high-bred Mahometan. She looked at Hazel with a dreamy interest, and raised one delicate hand languidly to her forehead in a gesture of salutation, which Hazel awkwardly returned. She said a few words in an indifferent tone to her son.

"She is asking you to sit down," he said. "Do you think you could sit on the floor, Hazel?"

"I will try if you like," said Hazel, glancing round, and noting the dearth of chairs. Her husband sat beside her, cross-legged on the floor. The Begum did not take much notice of them except to make a more or less irrelevant remark from time to time, which Mahomed Ali carefully translated to his wife, who could think of nothing whatever to say in reply. The women, who would have chattered fast enough and overwhelmed Hazel with questions, had been silenced by a short word or two from Mahomed Ali, of whom they were obviously greatly in awe.

They had sat there for some time, when the Begum murmured a few words to one of her women, who brought out a shabby little wooden box, common and dirty, from under the charpoy. In the box was a black, soft, sticky-looking mass. The woman pulled off a small piece and rolled it deftly between her brown fingers into a pill, which she put into the Begum's mouth.

"What on earth was that?" whispered Hazel.

"Opium," her husband answered shortly. The Begum lay back upon the cushions of her charpoy, she had quite relinquished the attempt at conversation with her son; now and then she muttered a word or two to the women, and they altered the position of a foot or a hand of the inert form on the charpoy, and once one of them poured some water out of a silver vessel, like a coffee-pot, into the Begum's open mouth, doing it with a wonderful dexterity without spilling a drop, and without touching the drinker's mouth with the spout of the vessel.

"Can't we go, now?" murmured Hazel. "I am dreadfully tired of sitting like this; my legs are quite cramped."

"We cannot go till she gives us leave," said Mahomed Ali; "it would not be polite or respectful. But you can get up and walk about the room if you like."

Hazel's movement of rising disturbed the Begum, who sat up and looked about her with vacant eyes; at a whispered hint from one of her women she gave her son and his wife permission to withdraw.

They went out, by a different door to the one by which they had entered, into a little ante-room. On the floor, upon a Persian rug, a young girl was lying; a most beautiful creature, like an exquisite hothouse flower, with dreamy, velvety eyes, and rich dark colouring, and slender, rounded limbs of a perfect grace and symmetry. She lay full length upon the rug, with her arms crossed under her head; there were three or four young women sitting near her on the floor, who fanned her with the long, slow sweep of their great fans of peacock feathers. She did not move when they entered, she only turned her head a little and looked at them with her unfathomable eyes. She asked a few questions about Hazel, which Mahomed Ali answered, laughing, and then they left her and went on to their own apartment.

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Hazel felt a sudden distaste for the rich bright garments of her masquerade, and looked round the room at once for her own simpler habiliments. They were nowhere to be seen. In the wardrobes there were rich hued skirts and fairy veils, but nothing the least like the quiet, ladylike grey frock she had taken off an hour before. None of her luggage, containing the rest of her wardrobe, had been brought upstairs, nothing but her dressing bag and a small box that held her books and photographs, and a few of her wedding presents.

"O Ali!" she said, turning to him in some dismay, "those stupid women have taken away all my clothes, and none of my boxes have been brought up. Do tell them to bring them back."

Mahomed Ali went out presumably to give her orders, but the two women returned without any of her own raiment, and she was obliged perforce to go on wearing the now hated Mahometan dress. Her husband did not return, and she was afraid to seek him in that strange house and in that strange guise. The women could not or would not understand her, they shook their heads and laughed at her Hindustani and at the angry English that succeeded it, and then they set to work unpacking and admiring the pretty things in the one case that had been brought up to her.

The morning was ended before Mahomed Ali came back to her, followed by more women bringing the mid-day meal. She flew to him at once, and between laughing and crying explained the disagreeable plight she was in.

"Let us have luncheon now, dear," he said. "I will see about all that afterwards."

"Are we going to have our meals up here, by ourselves?" she asked in amazement.

"Are we not happier here by ourselves?" he said tenderly. "What do we want with anyone else when we have each other?"

"But won't they all think it very strange?" she asked. "Your father and mother and your brothers. It will seem so rude, as if we took your father's house for an hotel."

"No one will mind," he answered. "My mother and sister always take their meals in their own apartments. You see we have no regular fixed hours for stated meals here. You will see that here whenever anyone is hungry that person calls for his dinner or his breakfast, or whatever it may be, and eats it then by himself without waiting to know whether someone else is also ready for a meal. We take ours together because we like to be together."

There was no more to be said. So Hazel sat down, and they had a pleasant little lunch together, eating their pillau and curry and rice and sweetmeats amicably enough together. Mahomed Ali smoked his hookah when they had finished. Then he left her with some vague excuse, and she was alone with her women till the evening. When the sun went down they invited her out on to the terrace, which looked from the back of the house over a wide view of wooded compounds and tall, white pillared dwellings, of flat red roads, tree shaded, of vivid green paddy fields, of plaintain gardens, and cocoanut topes and mango groves. It was cool and pleasant enough on the terrace, but Hazel would have liked to go down and walk among the mango trees in the garden if it had not been for her absurd attire.

With the dinner came Mahomed Ali. She met him now without any smiles of greeting.

"I am sick to death of this odious room," she said angrily, "and I will not wear this vile dress any longer. You are treating me unkindly, Mahomed Ali. I insist on having my own clothes brought back to me at once. I will not sit down to dinner without them."

Mahomed soothed her: "You shall have them, dear, of course," he said, "but you really look very charming as you are."

"I hate to be shut up all day in the house," she complained, "and I cannot go out like this."

"But no one goes out in the heat of the day in Madras; surely you know that, dear," he answered gently.

"But just now from the terrace I saw carriages going along that road far away over there; I daresay there were ladies in them, and they were going down to the beach to hear the band play, and meet each other and walk about; they told me all about it on board the steamer."

"I will take you for a drive after dinner, Hazel dear," he answered, "and to-morrow, too, if you wish it."

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"Oh, will you really, Ali?" she said brightly, and, much mollified, she sat down to dinner, which was set out on a table on the terrace.

"I have been perfectly miserable all day," she complained; "you ought not to have left me so long, Ali. I have been here all alone, with nothing to do, and no one to speak to, and those odious women pretend not to understand me when I try to speak Hindustani to them."

"They are very stupid," he agreed.

"I must have a Munshi," she went on. "Captain Fletcher told me that was the best way to learn the language. Will you get me one?"

"Certainly, I will see about it. But there are not many Munshis in the place, and they are always busy. Perhaps I could teach you myself."

For the first time Hazel looked at her husband with a vague suspicion. "Don't you want me to learn?" she asked sharply.

"Of course you can learn Hindustani if you wish it, Hazel. You are really not reasonable. Why should I wish to prevent you when I see as well as you do how much more convenient it would be for you to understand the language of the people about you? I was only considering whether my father would like to have a Munshi coming upstairs to the private apartments; in fact I am quite sure he would never consent to it for a moment."

"Then your father must be a very ridiculous, unreasonable person. Why haven't I seen him, by the bye, or your brothers?"

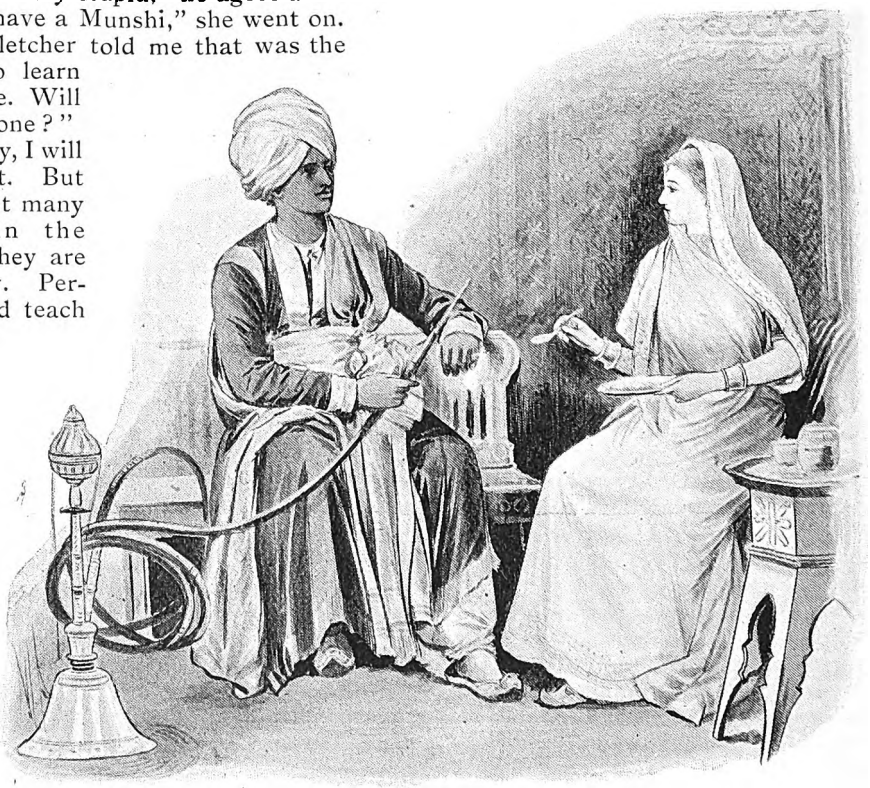
"He is away from home just now, and I don't think you would care for my brothers. They none of them speak English—you remember I told you that."

"And do the whole three of them live in this house, Ali?"

"Yes, certainly. Where else should they live?"

"Are they married?" asked Hazel.

"One is married," Mahomed Ali answered, "and one had a wife, but she died—the youngest is only a boy. If you have finished dinner, shall we go for our drive now?" he asked.



MAHOMED ALI SMOKED HIS HOOKAH WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED.

"What! In these clothes?" cried Hazel, "you must be mad. Make them bring my things at once. I shall not be ten minutes dressing."

"It is so dark, no one would see what you have on," he said.

"I must have my own clothes, Ali."

"Do come as you are, dearest," he urged. "It is so late now to send for your things, and the women want to go and get their own food."

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"I will not go out dressed like a native woman," Hazel cried passionately. They had both risen, and stood facing each other.

"Do you really mean that?" asked Mahomed Ali.

"Certainly I mean it."

He moved towards the door, but Hazel flew round the table and seized his arm, "You shall not leave me like this," she cried. "I will not let you go. Tell them to fetch my things at once from wherever they have hidden them so that I can go out with you."

He tried to loosen his arm, but she clung to him. Then he gave an order to the women who were standing looking on with grinning faces. They went out and presently returned laden with Hazel's clothes—one carried a skirt and petticoats, and the other a pretty hat and veil and gloves.

Hazel began to dress herself hurriedly, only to find that so many necessary articles of her attire were missing that she was very little better off than she had been before; amongst other things, the women had forgotten her shoes and stockings. She was plunged again into the old maddening confusion of useless remonstrances, and directions on her part answered by head-shakings, and laughter, and general bewilderment on the part of her attendants. At last she caught up the veil she had just laid aside, wrapped it round her, and ran out of the room in her bare feet, and down the stairs. She hurried along the narrow, flagged passage, and opened the door of the outer room, which she remembered. It was full of people; round the sides, lounging on cushions, and leaning against the walls, were men smoking hookahs—young men, middle-aged men, and venerable patriarchs with long beards. At the further end, just within the verandah, three dancing girls suddenly ceased their swaying movements as she appeared in the doorway. The men all turned to look at her, with intolerable laughter and admiration on their dark faces; seeing which, Hazel turned and fled, in impotent anger and shame, back up the stairs, through the winding passages to her own room, which was empty. Her three women soon followed her, evidently filled with consternation at her behaviour; but Mahomed Ali did not return. When she woke in the morning the women were still there, and they had already removed her European dress, or rather such part of it as had returned into her possession the evening before. There was nothing for it but to clothe herself again in the hated Mahometan draperies they brought her.

At noon they handed her a letter from her husband.

"My dear Hazel," she read, "I am obliged to go away for a few days on an important case. I hope when I return I shall find you more kindly disposed towards me, and that you will believe that I am only devoted to your happiness.

"M."

Hazel folded up the note silently and slipped it into her bodice; she was beginning to understand the situation. She fell into a great panic, in which it seemed to her she could find no safety but in instant flight. She made no further attempt to communicate with her attendants, but sat all that day pondering over her position; and the very desperation of her case called up all the energies of her mind, all the quickness of her wit. She was a prisoner in a Mahometan zenana, without money, ignorant of the language of the people who surrounded her; compelled to masquerade in their dress, as one of themselves, having no means of communication with the people of her own race, who might be living close around her. She understood that it was useless, in that house, to write, imploring aid from anyone outside, even if she had had any idea whom to address.

She sat on the terrace in the evening and watched the few carriages that drove along the winding red road in the distance; there were English ladies in the carriages, she could see their gay parasols and fluttering, light draperies. The front of the house was not visible from the terrace, and there were wings on each side which shut it in from every view except at the back; but Hazel remembered that the front of the house was very near the road, a wide road too, with handsome houses and compounds scattered along its length; and there, too, no doubt, English ladies drove past in their carriages as they did on that other road in the distance. "I must see if they drive past there in the morning as well as in the evening," she said to herself, "it would not be possible to get out of the house at this hour." The women never left her all day, but they seemed to wait on her with

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respectful kindness, and even made some effort to entertain her; they brought up a couple of dancing girls to sing and dance before her, and her beautiful young sister-in-law came in from her own apartment to see the performance; and afterwards made her women bring out the jewels and gala dresses of the family to show them to Hazel. She took some trouble, too, to understand the few Hindustani phrases that Hazel attempted; and for some little time the English girl forgot her own anxieties, and was quite amused trying to carry on a conversation with her, in which, according to the custom of the zenana, the attendants bore their part.

The women who had been appointed as Hazel's special attendants—there were three of them—slept in Hazel's room that night, lying about on the floor, in the clothes they had worn all day, as their manner is; but she did not mind that, she was even glad of their company in that strange house.

Very early in the morning, while the women were still sleeping, with heads muffled in their blankets, Hazel went out on to the terrace to watch the distant road; and before six o'clock she saw, as she had hoped to see, figures moving along the road, men and ladies on horseback, other ladies in carriages and now and then a few walking. They were few and far between, no doubt, but that was, perhaps, all the better for Hazel's purpose. "I shall get out into the road in front, to-morrow morning," she said to herself, "before anyone else is stirring in the house, and I shall wait out there till some English person comes past, who will help me to get away from this place. I believe I shall die if I have to spend the rest of my life here." An escape seemed easy and simple enough to Hazel, planning it all out that morning, alone there on the terrace. She would only have to run downstairs in the early morning, go through that other room, she remembered, into the compound, and so out into the road, where she could hide under a hedge till some one came who would help her. It was lucky that Mahomed Ali was away just now, it made things so much easier, and the women slept so soundly there was no fear of disturbing them by her flight.

They brought her her breakfast presently—boiled rice and different sorts of curry in little saucers, curried meat, curried potatoes, curried mangoes, so hot with chilis that the tears ran down her cheeks when she tasted them.

The day passed exactly as the day before had done. Kair Unissa Begum, her sister-in-law, spent the greater part of it in Hazel's room lying on her carpet, which she had had brought in from her own apartment, and surrounded by her women. By dint of much explanation and frequent recourse to the Hindustani dictionary she had brought out with her, Hazel managed to understand that Kair Unissa was to be married in three months time to a rich young Mahometan, a son of one of her father's friends, and that there would be a great "tomash" on the occasion. She was to have new jewels and dresses, and they would all be able to see the fireworks from Hazel's terrace. There would be a high lattice-work screen fixed up on the balustrade so that the ladies could look out at their ease without any risk of being seen by the profane eyes of men. There was much more about the wedding which was quite unintelligible to Hazel. They all—mistress and maids—talked at once, plucking at Hazel's skirts from time to time as she sat in her chair amongst them to attract her attention, and addressing her as "Hazari Begum," which was as near as they could get to her name.

When the subject of the wedding palled upon them, and Hazel's difficulties with the language ceased to be amusing, one of the women read aloud to them in a high, monotonous voice; Kair Unissa herself could neither read nor write. This amusement was varied by story telling, and the singing of inharmonious nasal, native songs, to the accompaniment of a sort of zither; and some of the younger women danced a little, in uncouth imitation of the Nautch girls. Kair Unissa Begum ate opium out of a dirty little old work-box like her mother's, and some of the women smoked hookahs filled with a preparation of molasses and opium, with a little tobacco added. They had two hookahs amongst them, which were passed from one to another, each taking a few whiffs and passing it on, filling the room with a sweet sickly odour, in which there was very little trace of tobacco.

Some time in the afternoon Kair Unissa called for food, and the women brought in a number of little dishes and saucers, which they ranged in a half-circle in front of her, one of them reading aloud to her

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while she ate. She did not invite Hazel to join her in this repast, but ate alone, feeding herself with her fingers. When she had finished, they brought a basin and poured water over her hands from a silver coffee pot, one of them drying her hands afterwards in a corner of her own veil.

From time to time the women slipped out, one or two at a time, to eat their own "karna," and when the drowsy heat of the afternoon was at its height they slept, lying down just where each of them happened to be seated, as dogs lie sleeping in the sun.

For very boredom Hazel chewed some of the betel and nut that was handed about; it was very aromatic and pleasant, and left a cool freshness in the mouth. The opium she declined. "Though I daresay I should come to that in time if I had to live here long," she thought.

CHAPTER II.

Hazel lay awake nearly the whole night, thinking of what she would say to the first English lady she should see driving down that road she remembered in front of the house. She determined that, as soon as she saw a carriage coming, she would get up very quietly from under the hedge where she would have been hiding, and she would walk slowly to meet it, and call to the coachman to stop; she would not be in any hurry or fuss, for fear people should think she was mad, and not listen to her; she would go quite close up to the carriage and speak to the lady inside, and ask her to take her into the carriage and let her go home with her. Or, perhaps, she might see a lady and gentleman walking, that would be best of all; she would tell them she was shut up in a Mahometan zenana and beg them to help her, so that she could go home to England. If no one came down that road at all, after she had waited a reasonable time, she would go up to one of the houses and ask the servants to let her speak to the mistress. She had always heard that English people were so kind to each other in India.

At four o'clock she got up and dressed herself, wrapping herself in the longest and thickest veil she could find. It was still dark outside, the Venetian windows were all closed, but a lamp burnt dimly on one of the side tables; there were only two women in her room that night, and they were sleeping soundly with their blankets over their heads. Her heart beat so loudly she was afraid it would wake them. Getting away did not seem so easy in the dark of the early morning as it had done last night. She stopped now and then in her preparations, trembling with fear, and half inclined to give up the attempt to escape; but the thought of the empty days of the zenana, and the hopelessness of any help from outside, nerved her to go on. When she was ready she opened the door very gently and stepped over the threshold, closing the door softly behind her; the passage outside was in total darkness. She took one swift step forward and struck violently against a charpoy that was drawn across the passage. At that unexpected shock all her long, pent-up excitement burst out in a terrified shriek, a shriek long enough and loud enough to waken every sleeper in the house. At the same moment a man sprang up from the charpoy and seized her arm, with a smothered exclamation:

"Qui hi?" (who is it?) he asked.

"O Ali! Is it you?" she whispered, shuddering.

He drew her back into the room and shut and locked the door, for there were sounds of movement in the house. Within the two women slumbered still with the dead sleep of the tired native.

"What is the matter?" he asked gently, feeling the trembling of her body against the arm he had put round her.

She had her wits about her now, sharpened by her desperate position. "O Ali! you startled me so," she said. "I had no idea there was anyone there. I wanted to walk a little in the garden before people were about to see me. I could not sleep, and this room is so hot. I thought it would be cool and pleasant in the garden. What on earth were you sleeping outside in the passage for?"

"I am sorry you were frightened, dear," he answered. "I came home very late to-night from my journey and I did not want to disturb you, so I told them to put a cot outside there for me. They need not have put it so close up against the door, but they are stupid. Come out into the garden now if you like. It will be cool and pleasant there, as you say. I will open the door for you—the doors are all locked at night you know."

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She knew he did not believe her, but she said pleasantly, "I am so sorry I disturbed you, you must be very tired after your journey. But let me go down into the garden if you are sure you would not rather go to sleep again."

Laughingly he helped her over the obstructing cot, and together they passed down the stairs, lighted now by the advancing dawn. They went down the lower passage, past the door of the outer room, where Hazel, glancing in, saw a lamp burning, and sleeping forms scattered about the floor. The outer doors were shut, probably locked, and she would have had to step over those prostrate bodies to reach them before she could get out into the compound. Her husband led her down another short passage, at right angles to the first, that led to the garden door. With some ostentation he drew a key from the pocket of his long coat, and unlocked this door for her, and they went out into the compound at the back of the house, which was quite shut off from the front. The house had formerly been occupied by an English family, and the garden had been well laid out and tended, but it was neglected and overgrown now; the paths thick with weeds, the grass long and rank, with tangled undergrowth encroaching everywhere. The compound, of some acres in extent, was closed in by a high wall, as Hazel had seen from the terrace, and now, looking back at the house, she saw that from each side of the building a wall had been carried on that joined the outer surrounding barrier, completely enclosing this part of the grounds, so that there was no egress except through the house.

The air was cool and fragrant with the morning perfume of many flowers, and, shaken and disheartened though she was, it was very pleasant to poor Hazel.

"I wish I could come out here every morning," she said, timidly; "it is so fresh and nice, and I have never been used to be shut up all day long in one room."

"Come here every morning, certainly, if you like," he said; "it is not very safe in the evening, on account of the snakes, but there is nothing to hurt you at this hour. I remember, too, there is a little staircase from the terrace outside your room, it is in one corner; but perhaps you haven't noticed it."

"I saw a little door at the corner by one of the side walls, but it was shut," she answered, "and I thought it opened into one of the other rooms."

"I will get you the key if it is locked," he said, kindly. "Look at the house from here; you will see that the other rooms on each side do not come out quite so far at the back as the terrace, though the wall has been built out to screen it, and you can see a flight of steps leading down behind that bit of blind wall."

She stood and looked back at the house. Her heart was full of suspicion of her husband, and she felt he only wanted her to note how impossible it would be to get out of this garden into the road in front of the house.

"The ladies of the zenana are always very particular about their seclusion being strictly observed," he remarked; "they would not like to be intruded upon by any chance stranger who might be strolling along the road, when they choose to take the air in their own garden. So my father had those walls carried on from the house when we came to live here; it used to be all open from here to the front before that."

"And you mean to say *the women* themselves like to be walled in, like prisoners?" Hazel asked, with great indignation. Then, remembering the Begum and Kair Unissa, she thought it was not impossible they might prefer seclusion; so she changed the subject. "Your sister told me yesterday that she was going to be married. She is very beautiful—I hope the man she is going to marry loves her truly. I suppose he is away now as he has not been to see her since I have been here."

He laughed a little, indulgently.

"Our girls are not like the girls in England," he said; "the man my sister is going to marry has never seen her. His father and mine arranged the marriage; he will be very glad when he sees how beautiful she is."

"Oh, yes, of course; I forgot," said Hazel, who had read something of Eastern customs in the old days at home, but who had, as yet, failed to assimilate them with the domestic habits of her own husband's family. "I don't think she ought to eat so much opium, you know," she added, "I am sure it must be very bad for her, and it makes her so indolent."

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"There is nothing for her to do, if she had the energy of fifty women," said Mahomed Ali, indifferently.

"Nothing for her to do," repeated Hazel, under her breath; "how hideously true that is. And when she is married, Ali, I suppose it will be the same then?"

"She will live in her father-in-law's house as you do, Hazel. She will make herself pleasant to her husband when he comes into the zenana, and she will play with her children so long as they are young enough to stay with her. And she will receive the ladies who come to visit her, and visit them in return. My dear Hazel, what would have them do, my mother and Kair Unissa? They have plenty of servants; there is no need for them to make their own clothes, or wash, or cook the food. The wives of the poorer Mahometans do all that, but not ladies of their rank."

"But she could read, and study, and improve her mind," said Hazel rather feebly, "as she is not allowed to go out of the zenana or see anything of the world."

"She cannot read," he answered. "Why should she take the trouble to learn when my father had one of the women expressly taught so that she might read aloud to her, and what would have been the use of her learning to write? If she wants to say anything to any of her friends she sends one of her servants with a message, or she goes to see them herself. She has a woman who can write for her, too, for that matter."

Then, to her own surprise, Hazel burst out crying. It was all so terrible, so hopeless! She had no words to clothe the feelings of pity, of anger, and of ruth that were surging up in her heart for poor beautiful Kair Unissa, and for all the thousands of women like her, whose lives must pass either in the dream apathy of opium, or in the conscious emptiness of a life that held nothing to make life worth the living.

Mahomed Ali led her to the nearest bench, in the shadow of one of the mango trees, and sat down by her, with his arm round her, saying nothing. Hysterical outbursts of tears are not unknown in the zenana, and he was neither frightened nor distressed to see his young wife weeping, though he loved her well enough in his own way.

As soon as she had recovered herself, which she did very quickly, he suggested that it was time to return to the house, to which she had neither courage nor spirit to object, feeling that her first attempt to regain her freedom had been a disastrous failure, which could only render any such attempts in the future more difficult and perhaps dangerous.

"Is your business finished, or are you going away again?" she asked, as they strolled slowly across the neglected lawn towards the house.

"I am sorry to say the work is not finished," he said, regretfully. "I only got away for a few hours just to see you for a moment. I shall have to go away again very soon; some time this morning, in fact."

"You will get me the key of the little door before you go?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly. We will go up the steps now, if you like, and see if the door is really locked."

The narrow little wooden door at the top of the steps was not locked, as, indeed, why should it be, seeing it only admitted to the secluded shades of the walled garden?

"I suppose there is no objection to my walking there whenever I like?" she asked.

"Certainly not, dear. The garden belongs to you, do whatever you like with it. Only I should not advise you to go there after dark, as there may be snakes among that thick undergrowth."

But Hazel was not afraid of snakes.

"In that case I had better have back my own shoes and stockings," she said. "My feet are quite sore already with just that little walk across the grass."

She heard him saying something about shoes to the servants when they got back to the terrace; and after he had breakfasted with her, and bid her a very tender adieu, the woman brought her a pretty pair of native slippers, embroidered in blue and gold, flat-soled and heelless, in which she could only shuffle about very slowly, but she smiled and nodded at the woman, and made a pretence of being quite pleased with them.

In the cool of the evening, sick of the tedious reading and singing and dancing, and the eternal chatter in a language she could not follow, she stepped carefully down the narrow little stairs and shuffled off into the compound. Looking up at the terrace she saw that Kair Unissa Begum had roused herself sufficiently to

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leave her rug, and was leaning over the balustrade watching her; one of her own women hovered uncertainly for a moment at the head of the stairs, then her native indolence conquered her, and she went back to the terrace.

The hush and solitude of the compound were inexpressibly soothing to Hazel's tired nerves, and she was able to think quietly, as she had not done all day. It was evident to her now that Mahomed Ali had never been away at all, and was probably at that very moment smoking among his odious companions in that hateful lower room. She made the tour of the garden; everywhere the wall was sound and high, too high for her to get over it by any effort of agility. There were mango trees here and there, growing very close to the wall, with branches that reached easily to the top, but, London-bred child that she was, she had never learnt the art of tree-climbing, and could even an adept in the art have climbed in the ridiculous full, flowing skirt and floating veil that made up the hated Mahometan costume? For one wild moment she thought of trying to learn to climb, practising in the early morning before anyone was about to see her from the house; but the thought of the torn and bedraggled condition in which she would present herself to the wondering eyes of her attendants on her return to the zenana stopped her, and she relinquished the idea with a sigh. But it returned to her again that evening as she stood before the open door of one of her wardrobes; her servants were too lazy and too careless to trouble themselves about the clothes it contained, they never opened the wardrobes, and they were not likely to miss anything out of them. "I will take a change of clothes," she said to herself, "and keep them down at the bottom of the garden, and put them on to climb in. I shall practise climbing one of those mango trees every morning; they don't look as if they were very difficult trees to climb, only it seems a pity that women should always have to wear such inconvenient clothes."

As she made her plan she had a delightful feeling that she was developing a really Oriental subtlety, and that soon she would be more than a match for all the cunning of that household put together.

It was easy enough for her in the early morning to slip down into the compound; she did not care in the least whether anyone saw her or not, since she had her husband's permission to use the compound. Under her usual dress she concealed a second skirt and short jacket—a veil was superfluous for gymnastic purposes. Guided by her new Oriental astuteness, she resolved to let some time elapse before her next attempt at escape, so as to disarm suspicion; and even if she found the climbing quite easy, not to scale the wall, at any rate, for several days, until her gaolers had got quite used to her spending a great part of the day in the compound. "I must, above all things, guard against being in too great a hurry," she told herself, as she shuffled across the garden in her flapping native slippers. "It would never do for me to fail again, and be caught trying to escape; they might lock me up in some place where I couldn't get out at all."

There was a certain amount of pleasant excitement about the adventure, but underlying it all was a very real fear. Hazel understood very well by this time that any amount of tyranny, and even crime, was possible in the zenana, where there was absolute immunity from any outside observation or any interference of the law. The women about her were not servants liable to be dismissed and to carry tales into a new family. They were slaves who were born into and died in the same master's service. No one outside the zenana knew that Mahomed Ali had an English wife, and if she were to disappear some day no enquiries would be made. Ali could write home to her father at any time and say she was dead. He would probably find it convenient in any case to do so if he meant to prevent her communicating with her family.

Pursuing her plan, she chose a mango tree conveniently near the wall at the bottom of the compound, and having removed her outer dress, she scrambled without much difficulty into one of the lower branches of the tree, and dragged herself up to a seat on a second higher branch. There she sat for a long time that morning, swinging her feet and getting accustomed to her unwonted elevation. "I will take just one branch every morning," she said, measuring with her eye the distance to the top of the wall. "The third branch from this will be high enough for me to reach the top of the wall."

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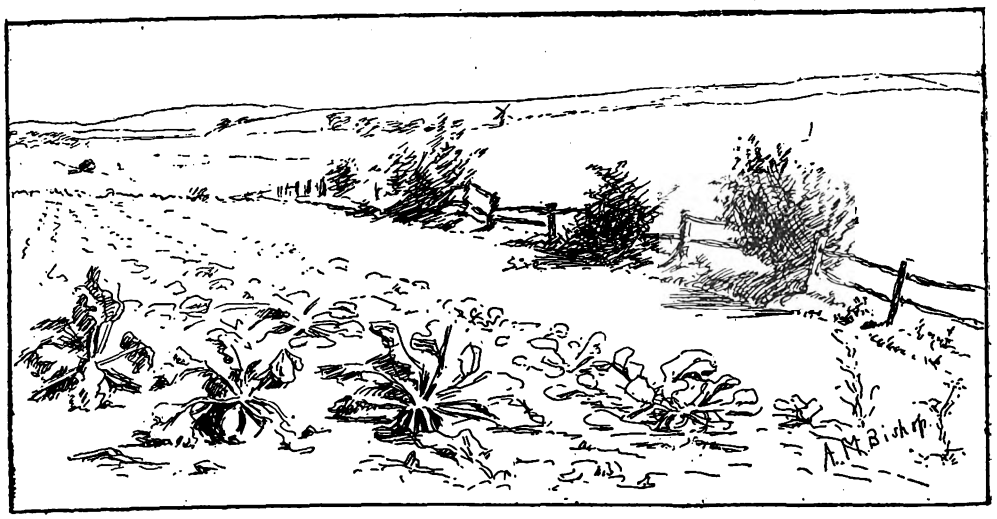
The sluggish life in the zenana went on, with its reading and singing and smoking, its betel chewing and its opium eating. Kair Unissa lay for hours on her Persian rug in Hazel's room, without speaking or moving; the women came and went, and their chatter began by degrees to be a little less unintelligible to Hazel. Everything about the place was indescribably dirty and dusty; it seemed to be no one's business to sweep, or dust, or wash; the white cotton sheet spread on the floor turned from white to grey, and from grey to a grimier duskiness with the passage of many bare brown feet, but no one seemed to notice it.

Mahomed Ali was still absent, and every morning and evening Hazel climbed up into her tree and sat among the branches, till she could get up and down almost as easily as she could walk up the narrow stone steps to the terrace; but it was more than a week before she seated herself in triumph on the top of the wall and looked over on the other side. She saw a wide ditch, known as a "nullah," running along the foot of the wall, with a rough growth of prickly cactus and thorny creepers along the edge and running down the sides. There was a good deal of slimy, stagnant water in it, in which three or four fine buffaloes were wallowing. Hazel looked down upon them in profound dismay. Dirty water was bad, brambles and cactus were worse, but worst of all were the buffaloes. She had never seen these monsters before, and already they seemed to be looking at her malignantly with their little dull eyes. She had not meant to get down on that side to-day of course, she told herself, and most likely the creatures were not always there. When she did get over, she would have to bandage her feet with strips of rags or something, and hang by her hands from the top of the wall, and so drop down among the prickly things. Here her meditations were suddenly interrupted.

"Shall I bring a ladder for you to get down?" asked her husband's voice politely, from the compound under her feet. "I am afraid you will not be able to get down by yourself."

(*To be continued.*)



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AN ARM OF FLESH.

By BETH BANNESTER, B.A.

"IT seems to me perfectly clear that he *meant* the right thing, whatever he *said*. I don't see that we have any right to put such constructions on the minister's words when all his teaching, Sunday after Sunday, directly contradicts it. I think when we never make mistakes ourselves it will be time to throw the first stone at Mr. Magnus."

Little Miss Dennis's high voice rose higher, her fidgety hands worked with nervous excitement, and her spectacles were dimmed with indignant tears.

Mrs. McCackle had no reply ready. She surveyed Miss Dennis for a second or two with a stout and comfortable complacency which the latter found peculiarly irritating, and then said, addressing nobody in particular—

"Well! I'm glad to say *I* don't worship the minister."

Most of the ladies at the sewing-meeting felt that Mrs. McCackle had had the last word.

"No, indeed!" said little Miss Dennis to herself on the way home. "She doesn't worship anybody or anything but herself."

And then she took herself to task severely for her uncharitableness, and for the unchristian temper into which her righteous indignation had degenerated.

The sting of Mrs. McCackle's remark lay in its truth. Miss Dennis did really in a certain sense worship the minister. Of course, she did not acknowledge it to herself, and there were really great excuses for her. She had come to the quiet country town of Redstones, bruised and battered by the storms of existence, with the enthusiasms of youth behind her, and the sorest part of life's battle still in front of her. She had given her best energies and hard earnings in loving self-sacrifice for the sake of those nearest and dearest to her, only to see them fade away before her eyes, leaving her desolate. Her remaining income was barely sufficient for her own support, and in order to educate her sister's orphaned children, she must begin life anew. She had not the social gifts nor the charm of manner that brings friends to a woman's side. It was small wonder that the lonely woman lost her grip of the conventional creed in which she had been educated, and, forsaken apparently by God and man, drifted perilously near the rocks of despair. Then one never-to-be-forgotten morning she entered John Magnus's church, and he spoke words which touched her soul's deepest needs, and made her feel that the eternal realities were very near her, and the Everlasting Arms around her.

She sought him out privately and found that the sympathy which vibrated through his public utterances was no mere pulpit trick. John Magnus listened with grave interest and attention to her spiritual difficulties, and gave her the best guidance in his power. Furthermore, he took the trouble to win her confidence and penetrate beneath the reserved surface which had caused many, who might have helped her, to "pass by on the other side." Finding that she had a real gift for teaching little children, he sent her his two little boys, and his warm recommendation helped her to establish a small preparatory school, and partially to realise her unselfish ambition.

There was a halo round John Magnus's head when Miss Dennis's grateful eyes rested upon him. To her he was prophet, apostle, saint, a walking compendium of all the virtues, a philosopher of pro-

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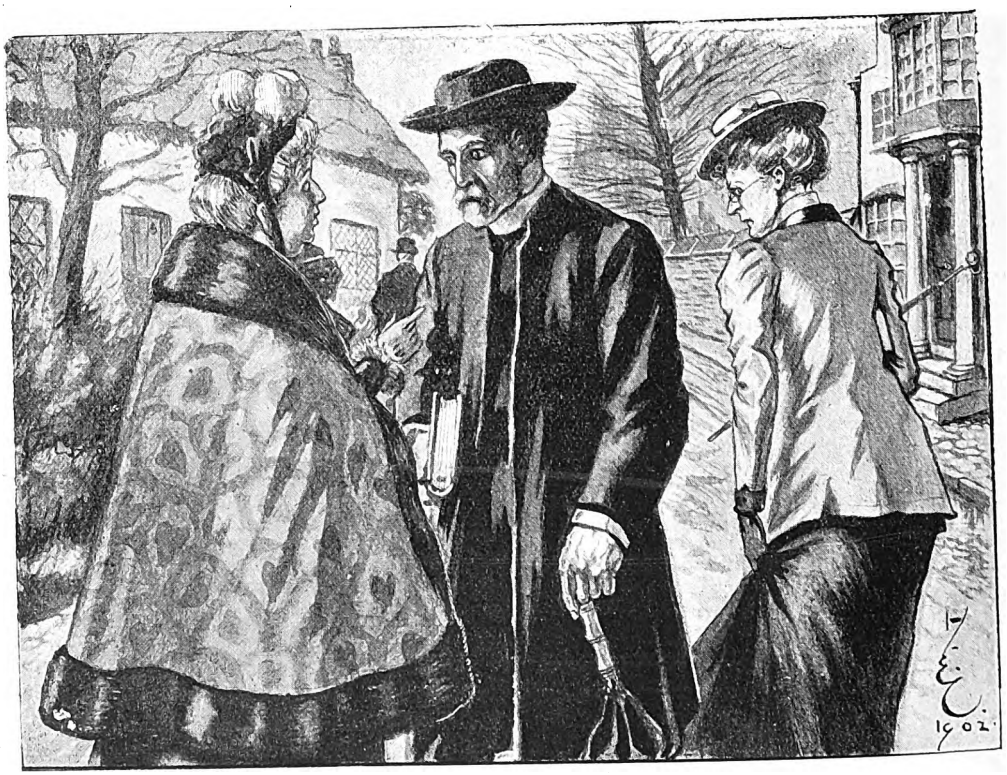
foundest depth. His very failings were virtues in her eyes. His hot temper was manly indignation, his want of tact was his absolute sincerity. She took his part when he was obviously in the right with a fervour which was sometimes unnecessary; and when he was obviously in the wrong her fervour reached a degree of warmth which not unnaturally irritated other people. She held all his opinions as articles of faith, and modified her own to suit any apparent changes in his.

her eyes. One morning, on her way to church, she passed Mr. Magnus and Mrs. McCackle. The minister was later than usual and had been overtaken, much to his chagrin, by the voluble lady, who was pouring forth an excited flood of words. Neither of the two saw Miss Dennis, and, as she passed them, she overheard her own name. Instantly a host of uneasy suspicions assailed her. What could Mrs. McCackle be saying to the minister about her? Nothing that was any good, she



AS MISS DENNIS PASSED THEM SHE OVERHEARD HER OWN NAME.

She would have been shocked had she realised how dependent her religious life was upon his. She saw her God in a sense through John's eyes, and sought Him through John's prayers. Her keen sympathy detected his mood in every inflection of his voice, and there was not a moment in which she was not conscious of his presence. If he spoke to her at the close of the service, she went home in an elation which she not infrequently mistook for spiritual uplifting.

It was some time before she discovered the spiritual shallows into which she had drifted. A trifling circumstance opened

was quite sure. And would Mr. Magnus believe it? Oh, if she only knew what it was all about!

The tumult in Miss Dennis's mind lasted long after she entered her pew. She did not know what the opening hymn was, and found with a start at the end of the first prayer that she had not joined in a single petition. When the chant began, she forced herself with a great effort to attend to the words, and suddenly their message reached her: "I shall not be moved," sang the blended voices with sweet iteration, "I shall not be greatly moved."

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The old words came home to Miss Dennis with a force which made them wholly new. "'Not be greatly moved!' How dare David, or any other man in this world of trouble and unrest and backbiting tongues, say that he should not be greatly moved?" And then her eyes wandered back to the beginning of the Psalm, and she read there the key to the words of triumph.

"*Truly my soul waiteth upon God. . . He only is my Rock!*"

In a flash she saw how she had insensibly transferred her trust from the Rock of Ages to an arm of flesh, and that a fellow mortal's approval was dearer than the smile of God. The discovery brought her no consolation, for she could not face the pain, which she knew a radical change in her spiritual and mental attitude would involve. She was wrong, she knew, but she did not want to change. Her weary life had been one series of upheavals and uprootings, a snapping of tie after tie. How could she bear another earthquake? She went home profoundly wretched, for it seemed to her that, in spite of the spiritual experience which an hour or two ago she had believed to be so real and deep, John Magnus's friendship meant more to her than her Creator's. And the worst part of it was that she could not wish it to be otherwise.

On the following Tuesday, she found out, through Mrs. McCackle's own gossip, the subject of that lady's conversation with the minister. The finances of the Young People's Guild, of which Miss Dennis was honorary treasurer, were in an unsatisfactory condition, and Mrs. McCackle was sure that Miss Dennis's unbusiness-like ways were at the root of it all. There was, as usual, just enough truth in these indictments to pierce a joint in the victim's harness. The poor little treasurer had been over-worked and over-worried of late, and had on several occasions neglected to send receipts for subscriptions and contributions till some days after they had reached her.

On Sunday, Mr. Magnus had asked the treasurers of the different societies connected with the church to meet him in the church-parlour on the following Thursday, and give in their accounts for the year. Miss Dennis promptly concluded that this request was owing to Mrs. McCackle's representations, with which as a matter of fact it had nothing to do. On Thursday evening she marched into the church-parlour, with the accounts neatly balanced on a sheet of foolscap, a small bag of money, and a note, in which she offered to resign if the manner in which she had discharged her duties did not satisfy the society's members. She laid these on the minister's desk and then made a bolt for the door, feeling perilously near tears, and being conscious that Mrs. McCackle's eye was upon her. Down in her heart she knew that Mr. Magnus would side with her and refuse to accept her resignation. Still she endured much inward agitation for the rest of the evening.

Meanwhile the items of her accounts were being read by the secretary to a committee-meeting of the Guild. All seemed satisfactory, but just as John Magnus had cleared his throat and begun, "All in favour of these accounts being passed, signify——," one of the vice-presidents rose and begged to say a few words. He had heard many complaints as to the dilatory way in which the society's business was conducted, but he would have said nothing had he not been personally affected. He had sent Miss Dennis postal orders to the amount of two pounds ten, as a subscription to the Guild, exactly twelve days ago. He had received no acknowledgment, and his subscription was not included in the list just read out.

There was a moment's dead silence. John Magnus began to think Miss Dennis must really be incapable of managing money matters, and that her resignation had better be accepted. Then a very youthful member of the committee, delighted to have a chance of hearing his own voice, got up, and expatiated pompously on the need of punctilious accuracy in the discharge of public duties, asking what guarantee had the committee that other sums, having reached the pocket of a private individual, had not stayed there?

The minister shut the youngster up at this point with a contempt which made him writhe, and took up his own parable. There could be no question, he said, as to the *bona fides* of Miss Dennis, but she had so many private duties that in his opinion she ought not to be called upon to undertake public ones. She had herself already recognised this, and he thought they should accept her resignation and appoint some person with more leisure.

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A more or less garbled account of the proceedings was taken round to Miss Dennis, with the result that she called upon the minister late at night in a very excited frame of mind, when he was wearied out with four consecutive meetings. She was absolutely certain that she had never received that money, but she inconsistently insisted on paying it into the funds. It had been lost in the post she supposed. Why had not the man who sent it made enquiries at once? Why had not ———?

And then John Magnus had to remind her that in several cases the receipts had been delayed. The fact that he was politely anxious to get rid of her dawned upon her comprehension, and she went home firmly convinced that he thought she had really received that letter, and almost certain that he suspected her of an intention to embezzle two pounds ten shillings. She cried herself to sleep that night, and many nights after, for her enquiries of the postal authorities brought no trace of the missing letter. No one suspected the anguish into which the affair had plunged the lonely, reserved little woman, and as the missing sum had been made good, the matter dropped entirely from most people's minds.

There was small chance of anything dropping from Miss Dennis's mind when it was once established there. The whole trend of her monotonous life was towards keeping her in her groove. She would have thought it monstrous selfishness to spend money on a holiday, or even on a day's excursion. And almost everything that happened to her for some months after the incident of the letter, tended to increase the painful colouring of her thoughts, and accentuate her tendency to nervous apprehension and melancholy brooding. Her pupils dropped off, the nephew and niece for whom she had done so much proved wilful and ungrateful, and her own strength was slowly giving way under the long strain of work and anxiety.

No one guessed the struggle and the anguish that lay beneath the little woman's quiet exterior. She made no difference in her outward life, but the root of bitterness within her turned everything to gall. Everything that had helped and cheered her in the past was now fraught with pain. In every religious service there were dagger-pricks to probe her aching sore. John Magnus rarely preached without cutting his sensitive hearer to the quick, and even his prayers not infrequently seemed full of injustice to herself.

Many times she was tempted to write a letter resigning her church-membership, but a sense of responsibility to others held her back. She had a Sunday-school class, how could she set her scholars such an example? Pride whispered often —"Give up the class." But here was an unmistakable issue of right and wrong. Such an act, she saw clearly, would have been a sacrifice at the altar of pride and selfishness. She had no right to refrain from doing good because others thought she had done evil. So she kept her class, and perhaps this religious duty, though it helped to wear out her physical powers, kept her mentally from despair and insanity. For though her pain seemed often to conquer her, she fought it, and fought it bravely too.

Thus the slow years dragged on, and each seemed to tighten the chains which her circumstances and her own temperament had wound around her. Her thoughts had run in a circle so long that they seemed incapable of taking a fresh direction. The one person who could have diverted them into healthier channels rarely spoke to her, except to give a passing "good-day." For she studiously avoided the minister, and he, having no clue to the workings of a temperament so different from his own, put this down to some disaffection towards himself, and made no effort to break through her reserve.

One afternoon, more than five years after the occurrence which had poisoned the wells of her happiness, the postman rang after his customary knock and asked to see Miss Dennis.

"A rum go, ma'am, this!" he remarked. "Here's a letter for yer, what must have been posted more nor five years since. You see," he went on, as Miss Dennis took the letter in her white and trembling hands, "when our new front was made, the letter-box at the side was closed and we had a new one in the front. This here letter must have been posted just afore the box was cleared for the last time, and them as cleared it never saw as how a letter had slipped into the woodwork, which was rotten, and stuck. There's some more alterations going on, and that's how it's been found. I reckon it 'll be in the papers."

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It seemed ages to Miss Dennis before she could get rid of the man, and shut herself up in her room with the precious letter. By some mysterious intuition she had known what it was the very moment she heard the postman's ring. An overpowering rush of gratitude filled her soul. By and by she managed to make herself a cup of tea to steady her trembling nerves, and then set off to John Magnus's house. On the way her imagination, long unused to joyous flights, tried to picture how he would receive her intelligence. Words of self-reproach would rise to his lips, she knew. He would divine in an instant all that she had suffered unjustly. Perhaps he would feel the matter was too deep for words, and would press her hand in speechless sympathy. Or, better still, he would turn to her with some holy text of trust, and triumph, echoed from some ancient saint who had found that God does, indeed, plead the cause of the innocent, and though the vision of His justice tarry, it comes at last.

Her ring at the bell sounded just as John had reached home after a prolonged committee meeting. He had arranged to start the next morning for a much needed holiday, and was looking up a few books and manuscripts to take with him. He was a good and thoroughly sincere man, but he was very human, and just then he was feeling worn out and irritated.

"Whoever can that be?" he asked his wife. "The congregation are not all going to call this afternoon, I hope. Really, my people might be a little more considerate. And I have another committee meeting this evening! I am not made of cast-iron."

"I'll run down and see," said Mrs. Magnus. She came back in a few seconds.

"It's Miss Dennis, John," she announced. "I asked if I should do, and said you were busy, but she wants to see you."

John strode downstairs in an annoyed mood. "I fear I can only give you five minutes, Miss Dennis," he said pleasantly enough, yet with a certain coolness in his intonation.

"HERE'S A LETTER THAT MUST HAVE BEEN POSTED FIVE YEARS SINCE," HE REMARKED.

Somehow Miss Dennis's joyous confidence faded away before the tone.

"Mr. Magnus," she began plunging into the subject without preamble in her nervousness, "Mr. Magnus, the letter that was posted to me five years ago has reached me at last. It had stuck in the post-box."

John looked hopelessly puzzled. He was in no mood for guessing riddles.

"Mr. Tennant's letter, I mean," said Miss Dennis. "The subscription of two

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pounds ten which he sent to the Guild, and of which I gave no account because it never reached me."

"I am afraid I scarcely follow——" began John.

And then Miss Dennis looked into his face, and read there that he had entirely forgotten the whole matter. Herself and her poor little heart-burnings, which had loomed so large before her own eyes, were of so little moment in his that he had not even remembered. She would have burst into a passion of tears if another visitor had not been ushered in at that moment. That saved her self-possession.

"It's all right, Mr. Magnus," she faltered. "I made a mistake. I thought you would remember, that's all."

She was out of the room before he could frame a reply, and when the front door closed upon her, she fled like a wounded animal.

"What did you say to Miss Dennis, John?" asked his wife later on. "She went by the dining-room window with a face like a ghost."

"I couldn't make her out," said John uneasily. "She expected me to know all about some letter in connection with the Guild. I seem to have a vague memory of there having been some complaint about the way things were managed when she was secretary—or treasurer, I forget which. But what it was all about, I haven't a notion."

He took a turn to the window, and stood looking out.

"Well," he added, a moment later. "I'll call and see her on my way home from the meeting. It will make me late, but I shall have her off my conscience."

But on the way home from the meeting, Mr. Magnus was summoned to see a dying man, and Miss Dennis did not enter his thoughts again till he was in the train, and half-way to his destination. He felt vexed to have forgotten her. Should he write to her? No, he would call and have a chat next month after his return.

* * * * *

"You'll be sorry to hear that poor Miss Dennis was taken last night," said the senior deacon, the day after John's return.

John started guiltily.

"Dear me, I am very grieved! Do you know anything about it?"

"Not much. She had been ill for a month, but I only heard of it the day before yesterday. I went to see her, but she could hardly talk at all. She had written something on a scrap of paper, and begged me to give it to you. It was a text she wanted you to preach from, she said. The woman who was with her told me she had had some letter a month ago which had upset her, and she had never held her head up since."

On the paper handed to John was written:—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE."

The last clause was deeply underscored. And underneath was another sentence of which John could only make out three words:—"*Never until now.*"

He pondered painfully awhile, then suddenly remembering that Miss Dennis had named the sender of the mysterious letter to which she had alluded, he sought him out, and obtained sufficient light on the subject to make its rough outlines clear to him. He began to see that the drama enacted in this obscure life was typical of the struggle in which each human soul must be victor before it can realise the end of its being. The whole pathos of the lonely woman's agony he could not fathom, but he understood enough to bring a new note into his preaching on the following Sunday. There was an undertone of living sympathy which had been somewhat lacking in his recent utterances, a probing of new depths of human experience, a more forceful presentation of the Divine helpfulness and strength. He received quite a budget of letters during the ensuing week, thanking him for blessing received through that sermon. Perhaps if Miss Dennis could have read them, she would have felt that her silent years of pain were, after all, worth while.

And yet is it necessary to seek even so far for the inner meaning of her struggle? Who shall appraise the value of a single jewel in the Eternal Crown? Who shall limit the pains that the Heavenly Potter will take lest even one of His vessels be flawed or imperfect? Who shall set bounds to the dealings of the Eternal Patience with each individual soul, lest being made for infinite destinies, it should content itself with the finite?

For we have not yet outgrown the simple wisdom of Augustine:—

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it finds its rest in Thee."

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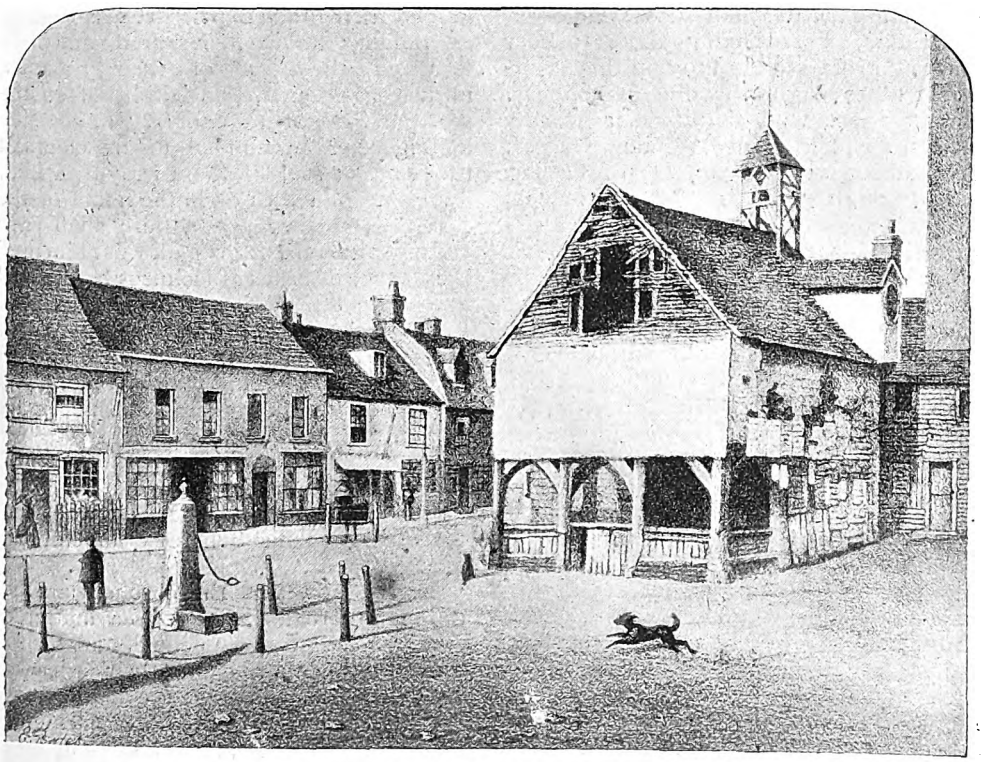
A PECULIAR PEOPLE.*

AMONGST the 274 sects described in a page of *Whitaker's Almanack*, there is one rejoicing in the name of Peculiar People. To the general public, they are mostly known, if known at all, as defendants in trials for manslaughter, for again and again, accused of neglecting to provide proper medical attendance for their children, they have had to take their trial on that charge. It is not, however, generally known that under this name there assemble Sunday by Sunday many hundreds of people, and that since 1837 their peculiar belief has been a force in the hearts and lives of great numbers in Essex.



ROCHFORD OLD MARKET PLACE, IN WHICH BANYARD USED TO PREACH.

It has been said that the real test of any movement being divinely ordained is the way it stands the three stages of development accompanying every great movement. Firstly, that its beginning is blessed; secondly, that it surmounts a persecution; thirdly, that it survives internal dissensions. If this be true, then the Peculiars answer to the description.

From the commencement the blessing of God seems to have attended their preachings; rough lives have been softened and bad ones purified. Of persecution they have had more than enough, but they have survived the ordeal, and as for internal strife, it has been and is sharp and bitter, but they still stand.

A few words as to their history. First, as to their origin. As with many other religious movements, their original connection with the Established Church can be distinctly traced. In 1834 there laboured in the Isle of Man a minister of that Church, by name Atkin, who, detesting the formalities and restraints he found in the services of the Establishment, imitated the example of Wesley and of many others and

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seceded. He travelled the length and breadth of the country, occupying the pulpits of Dissenters in many villages and towns, and laying emphasis in his sermons on two cardinal points of doctrine. First, that a man could know that his sins were perfectly forgiven; and secondly, that once forgiven, there was all-sufficient grace to keep him perfectly holy. These doctrines of perfect assurance and perfect holiness not finding much acceptance, Mr. Atkin withdrew from every other sect and went forth with his message to men at large. In the open street or field, wherever, in short, he could find an audience, he preached these doctrines. Some time later he hired a place in White's Row, Holborn, in London, where many came to hear him, and professed both to find this assurance and to begin this life of holiness. Among those who came was a worthy hat-block maker, named William Bridges. He had been a Wesleyan local preacher, and although "locals" as a rule most rarely discover the virtues in anyone else's preaching, *he* found something in Atkin's which his own had lacked. This experience of his he related to James Banyard, a Wesleyan local preacher in Essex, who happened to be staying with him. Persuaded to go and hear Atkin, Banyard also came under his influence, and was convinced how utterly wanting he had been, both in belief and the expression of it. Pathetically, he said to Bridges:

"How can I go home and tell my congregation I have had no religion?"

But he did. He returned to Rochford and preached these doctrines of Assurance and Holiness to people who thought both ideas exaggerations, and esteemed Banyard's excitement about them as sheer craziness. The result was that Banyard found no home in Wesleyanism—at any rate, as it existed in Rochford. Nothing daunted, he started services at his own little dwelling in West Street in that town, and outside he preached in Rochford Market Place.

Banyard then extended his efforts to Stambridge, Great Wakering, and Prittlewell, then little more than a village, but which now includes the populous borough of Southend-on-Sea. The settled worshippers who gathered with Banyard were but few at first, but from the beginning his words seemed to have a wonderful power. Snatching all the time he could from his daily labour, he studied to do the work of an evangelist, and steadily gained adherents amongst the agricultural labourers.

Persecution did its best to frighten them. Solid arguments in the shape of dead cats, pails of filth, rotten eggs, were plied against them—but in vain. The uproar was but a free advertisement, and as their reputation spread, people came from miles around to hear the gospel according to Banyard. In about two years they formed in Rochford their first church. This church first met in Union Lane, Rochford, but at last they obtained the old barracks at Rochford, and, demolishing the partitions of three rooms, gained their first chapel. It was capable of holding about a hundred, and here occurred the first of their so-called miracles. Founding their belief on the word of St. James's epistle, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," they brought cases of sickness before God in open meeting with astounding results. From this arose a settled belief amongst them in the doctrine of "laying on of hands upon the sick," which became with them a third point of doctrine necessary for all Peculiars to accept.

For many years this doctrine met with a rigorous opposition at the hands of the civil power, and many a Peculiar has had to witness to his belief by an enforced imprisonment.

Lately, however, the coroners are beginning to realise that it is a matter of conscience with these people, and, for the most part, while they and their juries feel as strongly as ever over the matter, they do not proceed to extremities. There is no doubt, moreover, from numerous testimonies, that very striking instances of cures have occurred among them, many obstinate and desperate cases have been relieved. Whether the real explanation is the extraordinary power of mind over matter, and that the enthusiasm of faith has exerted this power of mind in their cases must be left. The facts are as they are stated and cannot be gainsaid, however they may be explained.

Side by side with the occurrence of these phenomenal therapeutics the people began to increase, and it was evident that they were but at the beginning of a

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movement, the end of which they could not see. They proceeded to give their church a constitution. Feeling that Banyard was a man raised up to be their founder and leader, they ordained him first Bishop of their church. The account of the ceremony is very interesting.

"In 1852," runs the story, "they concluded to make four bishops, and chose the following: James Banyard, Samuel Harrod, David Handley, and John Thorogood. Thereupon the last three laid their hands upon James Banyard, and in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, designated him their bishop. He then in turn ordained the other three."

Under their guidance a brisk work was carried on, and causes established in many directions. In three years, however, from the time of Banyard's elevation to the episcopate, came the great split, in which the head and front of the offending was the shoemaker-bishop himself. Having a child taken ill he sought the aid of the doctor, and from that time forth began to advise using means, as well as relying on the power of believing prayer. Most of his people concluded to depose him from his bishopric, but his chapel was his own; so they took away his authority and left him the place. A few stood by him, and he remained preaching to them for a few years, till his arguments about disease were silenced by disease itself hushing his voice in death. Whatever may have been his mistakes, there is no doubt that when he died "a light was put out." The district in which he lived and laboured was one which greatly needed just such a stirring-up as he was used to give. The strange thing is that such a man should have been the instrument. One who knew him well and appreciated him greatly thus speaks of him: "He was the ugliest man I ever saw. As a young man he had been guilty of all manner of tomfoolery, pulling out his lips like a horse's mouth, till he had deformed himself." With a voice like thunder, with as firm a belief in his heaven-sent mission as any budding ritualistic curate, and couching his message in the homely phrases which were all he understood—his words, delivered with intense earnestness, carried conviction into the hearts of many. Had they not heard it, in all probability some of them would have received conviction of another stamp. Not a few of the old inhabitants can still be found who believe that Rochford had the day of visitation when James Banyard lived, and that it closed when he died.

The spirit of the movement is, however, stronger than ever, and sturdy causes have been, and are, maintained at Woolwich and Upchurch in Kent; but it is chiefly in Essex that it has made itself felt, chapels existing at Southend, Daws Heath, Grays, Canning Town, Great Wakering, Steeple Tillingham, Witham, Baddow, Stanford, Woodham Ferris, Herongate, Stanway, Ramsden Heath, and Rochford, while in London there have been several causes, which are now united in one at Bath-street, Kennington. It is not long since that those in full membership with them were reckoned at about 1,500, but this, of course, leaves out many who frequently attend and come under the strong influence of their preachings.

It is certainly a distinct type of character which is fostered amongst them. Meeting any of them as they wend their way to their chapels, one could tell them at a glance. The women are severely neat in their dress, modest and unassuming in appearance; the men, always respectable, steady, sober specimens of the labouring class. But it is their curiously thoughtful and somewhat sanctimonious expression of face which stamps them most.

Of the character they bear it is impossible to speak too highly. Several farmers have assured the writer that, for faithfulness in work and reliability, their men who were Peculiars stood head and shoulders above the rest

So very striking, too, is the effect of their home life and training upon their children that one of Her late Majesty's inspectors stated their intelligence to be so much greater than the average that examining them was like going from the children of an agricultural district to those of a London board-school. Whether the increased advantages of education which their children now receive will tend to modify the literalism of their belief in Scripture, bringing the leaven of rationalism into their midst, remains to be seen. But, meanwhile, it is an indisputable fact that the little stream which took its rise in Banyard's cottage in Rochford is widening in many places, and may even yet become a mighty river.

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A MODERN ESDRAS.*

By WOLFE STREET.

These papers are confessedly an imitation of the 2nd Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven I was in London and lay troubled on my bed. That day in crowded city streets the thronging thousands of my brother men had stirred within me thoughts too deep for words. And vexed at heart was I at sight of younger men, brow-lined with care, and grey beyond their years, and older men whose time to rest had surely come, still dragging on. That night I wandered on for hours through the great City's thoroughfares, and everywhere while Sin revealed its power, Humanity made light of God. While tapering spires pointed aloft, yet in the street beneath, lost men and women bargained over sin.

"Where—where is God?" I cried. "He stays not Toil—prevents not Sin: where, where is God?" And from my heart there came a whisper: "How can there be a God? There is no God! *no God!* NO GOD!"

. . . .

With weary steps and sinking heart I sought my home for rest, and sought in vain. At last I rose in maddest frenzy and shrieked into the darkness: "God! God! *If* God there be? speak to me!—think to me!—tell me some reason why men needs must labour, why Sin is not crushed!"

And more in mercy to my fellows than myself, God sent me an Interpreter, whose name was Uriel. "Fear not to speak!" he cried, "and I will answer. And that thou learnest tell thy fellow-men."

"O my lord!" I hastened to say, "why must men earn the means to live by travail sore and sweat of brow?"

"Thou thinkest this is a curse," he answered. "Thou thinkest wrongly! Labour, which wins men *food*, yields also health and strength. God joined together Work and Happiness, and none can sunder them. Yet who would work of their own will unspurred by *need?* Need which exists on their account, for idle life is full of danger, and leaves men weak in Body, Mind, and Will. Behold!"

He waved his hand; and there I saw—in an abode of wealth, supported upon cushions—the form of one who should have been a *man*. His brow was lofty, and his shoulders broad; but in his eyes there burned devouring fires, and discontent was stamped upon his face. In querulous tones he spake the nurse, who soothed the man as though he were an infant.

"Seest thou, Esdras," Uriel said, "the fruits of idle life? This man is not afflicted in his body, but his mind. He is but sick in fancy. Upon excitement has he lived for years, and turning Night to Day, has surfeited with Women, Wine and Play; until at last his nature, overtaxed, deludes him into fancied illness. Nothing can ever cure him but God's remedy of Work.

"Esdras, the power is granted thee to pierce that outer *shell*, to seek the mighty Will which should be there!"

I gazed, and lo! within the man, beneath Life's hidden roots there crouched a *tiny thing almost too small to see*.

"Beholdest thou that *dwarf?*" asked Uriel. "Within *that* man, it ever lacked the use by which alone its stature could

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increase. Effort is Nature's law. It has no other way to strengthen powers of Mind and Will. And if Men take no effort, then they gain not growth. Work is the Servant of Mankind."

Then answered I and said, "My lord, this was but one of my troubled thoughts, and a small one, but my mind is heavy more by reason of men's Sin than men's Labour. Tell me, could not He who knew that which would come to pass, and who was powerful to prevent it, so have fashioned human hearts that Sin they could not? I do not mean it ill unto my lord, but if God so made men that *Sin* they could, can He, in justice, blame them when they do?"

"Thy question has gone far," he said, but *farther* must thou go! Before thou askest why men were empowered to Sin thou shouldst have questioned whether in itself the *power* to Sin need be a curse. I tell thee it is not! Knowest thou that to resist temptation leaves men the stronger for the battle? Wouldst thou have had men so created that they need not fight?"

I answered humbly: "I would have had them but inclined to choose the higher things and good."

"Thou foolish one!" he said. "How can there be these higher things without things *lower*, or Good without a *Better* and a *Best?* Sin is to choose the Lower when there is a Higher, to choose the Good in presence of a Better, or Better when there is a Best."

"But," I answered, "why was I not so made that I should always choose the higher, and evermore climb up? God has made other things which cannot disobey; governed by law, by law they move! No man heard yet of stars which would not shine. Why was I not like them?"

"It is thy glory that thou are not *like!* Would'st thou be like to a machine, producing without partnership in what it has produced? To grieve not over Sin like thee, and never to rejoice at Victory? Wouldst thou miss the *last* to escape the first, and sooner than have Struggle possible, feel nothing and nothing know?"

"Thou makest, then, SIN *necessary* in God's great Scheme?" I boldly asked; for I should have been right glad to shift the evil on shoulders other than my own.

"Nay, O man, the *power* to Sin is necessary, but that is different; that *power* might well have started men upon an upward course; if they have let it but begin their falling, the burden of result is theirs. Seest thou, O Esdras, that hand of thine? Make with it a span!"

And I measured with it a hand's breadth.

Then said he unto me, "Behold! for while that tiny span of goodness were left for thee to pass, to reach the perfect holiness of God, and over it thou didst refuse to cross, thou wouldest Sin. Therefore, how couldst thou be without the possibility of falls, unless God made thee like to a machine? O man! I tell thee, rather would I have the power to sin, than only to be capable of helpless acts. For thine own sake thou hast the power to utter yea as well as nay, and nay as well as yea. That is thy character's foundation, and places thee as partner unto Him who ever makes for Right. I know not in the Universe a greater gift than power to overcome—an idle gift without the opportunity of use. The power to fall is but the underside of power to climb—it has been so from all Eternity, and will be so through all Eternity. That power is given men for their sakes alone; it is their chiefest glory. Birds in the air by law must fly; fish in the sea by law must swin; sun, moon, and stars by law must shine; but men can climb by Will. Behold!"

And in an instant the walls around my room were sundered, and in the mists I saw another scene. Alone, a man was sitting reading, but ever and anon he closed the book and seemed to think. Now he half left his chair, now he sat down again, with lips that moved as though in prayer. Again he took the book, again he laid it down, and this time rising, crossed the room, and drew from a recess a vessel holding wine. Brightly glittered the glass in the glancing light as he poured the ruby liquor. Raising it to his lips, some inward thought arrested him; with trembling hands he set it down. Red as the wine the blood crimsoned his face, swelling the veins therein, as though 'twould burst them, showing me his inward agony of soul. Yet, though his longing for the wine rioted in him, he returned it to the vessel and departed; and as he went he cried, "Thank God, *I've won!* I've won!" while radiance such as shone on Moses' face of old gleamed upon his.

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"That is how men climb," said Uriel unto me. "Wouldst thou alter it? 'Blessed is he that overcometh!'"

And I was comforted.

CHAPTER II.

It was the glorious summer-time, which brightens Man's existence in London's grimy city as in the verdant fields.

Serving as breathing-spaces for the City's life, a few green plots remain, where Nature has full scope, and there she woos the multitude from crowded tenement and slum and alley to see her subtle skill in tree and flower and grass.

. . . . .

In the cool hours of evening I walked alone beneath the leafy avenues of London's west-end park. Suddenly, I saw, gathered around a vacant space of ground near to the Marble Arch, some little groups of men. Drawing near, I listened, and found them speaking, with exceeding bitterness, against the Great Creator and His Word. One man arraigned the justice of my God in calling out a chosen people in Abraham of old. "Who are the Jews," said he, "more than another nation? And who was Father Abraham that God should pass all in the world and speak to *him* alone. I hate favouritism amongst men—still more in God." And the crowd cheered and laughed.

I WALKED AWAY SEEING CLEARLY THAT MANY DOUBTED THAT THE ALMIGHTY HAD SPOKEN UNTO MEN!

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Another made the object of his sneers the character and ways of ancient men to whom God spoke.

"Was not Noah a drunkard, Abram a liar, Jacob a deceiver and a thief, and David an adulterer and murderer? Yet, with these men God bore, and held most intimate communion. If *I* believed in God I'd seek a much more moral God than this." And again the crowd cheered.

And yet another rose to tell the story of his doubt. About this man was nothing coarse. Calmly he said he found it hard to think that human beings like himself were enabled to foresee events of history; nor was he able to believe that God could crowd Himself in human form like that of Jesus Christ.

Then a fourth man leaped in excitement on the stand, and loudly asked: "If Jesus of Nazareth is the Saviour of Mankind, why did he come so late?"

And again the crowd cheered, and loudly laughed.

. . . . .

Sadly I walked away. Clearly I saw that many doubted that the Almighty had spoken unto men, nor knew I how to make the matter plain. Communing with my soul in watches of the night, my spirit then waxed heavy. So I cried aloud to the Great Spirit to make these matters clear to me.

And Uriel came again, and said: "The things which seem opposed to one another have but arisen *on account of men*, the level where they stand, the limits of their minds. The book thou thinkest the revelation of God, is but His revelation unto *men*. Seek to explain thy nature to thy little child! Can he understand thy mind or heed thy general speech? It is a long way down from thee to him, *it is farther* from God to thee. But once, in the childhood of the world it was farther down to men than it is now to thee. In place of *God at first*, now put *thyself*. Seek to reveal thyself to men. The very nature of Mankind will limit thee. What canst thou say that they will comprehend? Speak to thy child in foreign tongue, how will he understand? Tell him of things beyond his mind, how will he understand? Thou must descend to him to meet, and like a child converse. Yet, *when a man*, if one should say to him, '*Thus* said thy father to thee once,' he might reply, astonished, 'How could so wise a father yet have spoken simple things like these?' The men who murmur now at things once spoken in the long ago, do as that man would do. They but forget there was a time when men as children thought, as children spake, as children lived, and books of what God said and did to them, and bore with from them, are but children's books.

"He taught them by toy signs of truth. Ever the rainbow had been there. God used it as sign of mercy, for 'twas colour on a cloud. And dying plants and animals were used as signs of that decay which SIN should bring. The ravages of fire caused by the lightning's play were known before to every desert wanderer. But to unite the thought of them with wrath 'gainst sin was witnessed first at Sodom, and promise of deliverance to the city, for sake of righteous men within, made but the lesson clearer still. Dost thou understand, O Son of Man?"

"Yea, my lord," I answered humbly.

And Uriel continued, saying: "The Lord has used the childish instincts of Mankind to shape the story of their fuller growth. The wandering spirit in Abram of old was used to lead him from his country; and then the first great revelation was bestowed that there are not gods many—there is One alone.

"In times of silent pondering, in solitude which could be felt, in visions of the night, the Greater Spirit showed the human the little it could grasp.

"In the grey dawn of truth the family ambition was used to stimulate the faith of Abraham; and to instruct him in the majesty of God, God called Himself '*Most* High.' Learn by his heart's belief that God (whose Name is Love) wished Isaac for a *victim*, when He but asked his dedication—how little he knew God."

"But, my lord!" I cried, "why came this revelation to Abram alone? Was not the whole earth the Lord's and they who dwelt therein?"

"How canst thou use a lever, without first finding some one spot on which to make it bear?" he answered. "Yet to thee that spot is not more precious than the rest. 'Tis for the rest thou does but use that portion first. So of necessity, *one* had to be the first, and whether Abram or another, only was he chosen, to bless in him the nations of the earth. For his own sake God has called no man,

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but for the sake of ALL. No respecter of persons is thy God! Abram was called for his *family*, his family for the *tribes*, the tribes for the *nation*, and the nation for the *world*.

As God found men, so He spoke to them, likening the truth to what they knew. He said to them "I am *not this*, I *am* like *that!* As men were able to receive, so He increased his revelation. I tell thee, the knowledge God has given of His will has *grown*, like to the power of men to whom 'twas given."

"And yet, my lord, it seemeth strange to me that instruments in which so many flaws are seen were chosen by a Holy God."

"If God had waited for more perfect messengers," the Angel said, "then would those truths which now have been revealed remain unspoken to this day. *To* Man *through* men must revelation come, and never yet was *one* found perfect. Nor is it right that those who hear the message should fix their gaze upon the imperfections only of the messengers. Come with me now, and I will show thee!"

And in my dream he carried me to where a river, swollen by the rains, had overrun its banks, and made the neighbouring fields a dismal swamp.

"Now map for me that river's course!" he cried.

"My lord, I am not able while 'tis thus. I need to see its usual steady flow ere I can judge its course."

"Why, then, should any judge the course of human life at moments when the floods are out? Watch but the general tenour of their way, and lo! the current of their life is seen to set towards Right."

Again he bore me to a rugged scene where mountainous ambitions strove with each other for pre-eminence on Earth. Peak rose on peak in rivalry of stature. I stood far, far above the level of the sea, and yet the little mount beneath my feet was dwarfed by grandeur of comparison.

Once more he carried me in spirit unto a plain, where, in the midst, a solitary hill arose, and set me down upon it. It was no higher than the one I left, but there beneath me the level country stretched, and over it I seemed *exalted*, for nothing towered above me.

Then spake the Angel unto me: "As in the *plain* that little hill seems great, so many a paltry life seems great in its surroundings. And as in mountain grandeur the hill seemed insignificant, so seem those lives when measured by far greater life and aim.

"The world's grey fathers were set within a *plain*. Judge them by measure of the time in which they lived; imperfect though they are, they seem the loftiest of the Sons of Men!"

. . . . .

Thus, one by one, my doubts were vanishing, but the more light I gained the more I craved. So, growing bolder, I entreated: "Let me but ask my lord one thing! How were the holy prophets given their sight of things to come?"

"That thou canst not know," he answered. "I cannot liken it to anything on earth. But even as on earth the will of one can overpower another by laying on of hands, to make him see the things he would not see without, so could it be with God. There is no man enabled to use power which God who *gave* it cannot use Himself. And if one man has power to put his spirit on another, so has thy God the power. These men were overcome by the Will of God, until they saw and spake of things beyond their own. I cannot tell thee more, thou couldst not understand."

Then said I humbly: "Is the mystery of God dwelling in Jesus beyond the servant of my lord also? Forgive me if I err, but never could I understand how Being Infinite could enter Human form and therein dwell."

A moment Uriel regarded me, and then he answered: "Take up thy pen and write a letter to thy dearest friend. Say what thou pleasest, but let it be thy mind as fully as thou canst."

With wonder I obeyed, and when the script was finished, Uriel said: "Now seal it in an envelope!" which being done, he then continued. "Seest thou not this parable? Within that envelope, upon that sheet of paper, thy mind is manifest unto another. Yet thou remainest as thyself. Is it then more mysterious that *God* should clothe his thought in human form and action, and yet remain Himself? Christ is the Thought of God, Jesus the human handwriting in which that Thought has come to thee.

"And as the savage would wonder at thy writing so wonderest thou at God's."

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Long time I marvelled at the folly which had often done the very thing I thought so difficult for God, and yet perceived it not. Then I entreated: "If it be not too bold a question on my part, suffer thy servant, in all humility, to ask thee why the Saviour of Mankind came not here before. The power of SIN was present, why not the power to save?"

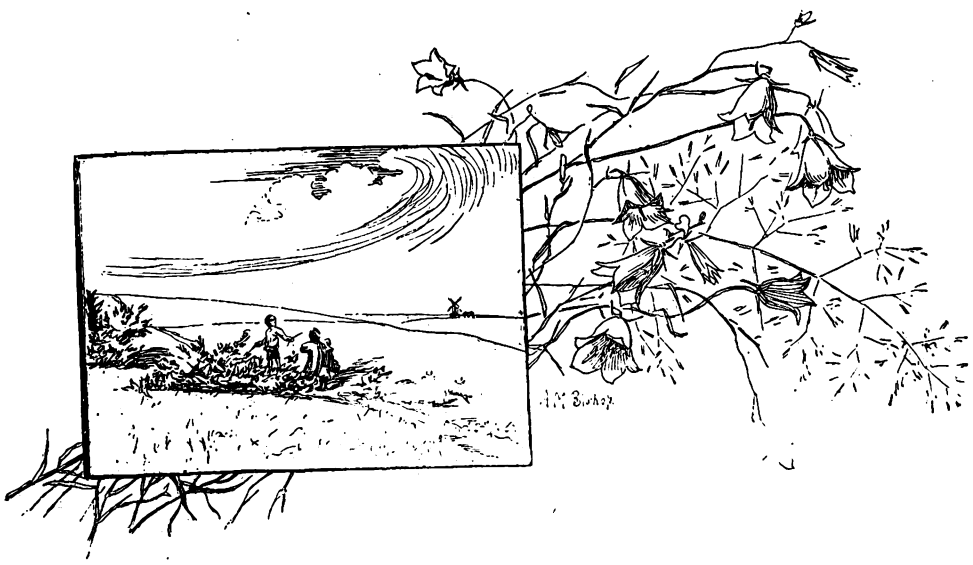
"Give me thy whole attention, and I will seek to show thee!" answered Uriel. "Thou speakest but as *if to save men from their sins was sum and substance* of the mission of the Christ. Yet, said He not Himself He came to give men Life and more abundantly? Until He came they were not ready to receive that gift. The World was being *schooled* until it came of age to enter into its inheritance. The sense of Art, the sense of Justice, the sense of Right and Wrong had each to be developed to their full. God called the Greek to do the first, and Rome to do the second, the Jew to do the last. And when through many an age the world had learnt its lessons and reached 'the fulness of its times,'—the fulness of its life, then came the Christ to give it further life. First was the TEMPLE built by slow degrees, the Body perfected—the powers of Thought and Feeling quickened; then came the Holy Ghost to dwell therein. 'The natural was first and then the spiritual.'"

. . . .

It was enough! The veil was lifted from the page of history. I saw the years *before* the Christ as years of preparation before men entered into more abundant life. I saw the years *since* He came as years in which the Architect Divine places the crowning touches on His work and hails the Sons of men as Sons of God.

And as I rose in ecstacy, I cried: "Behold what love is this, God has on us bestowed, to call *us Sons of God!*"

(*To be continued.*)



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A STEP IN THE DARK.

By HELEN HARDIN.

I, Phyllis Mortimer, make a solemn resolve that I will discover the criminal. Lady Helby's jewels have been stolen, and two hundred pounds in gold, and as I had the key of the safe in my possession, it is attributed to my carelessness. No one suspects me, but a good many blame me, and I am afraid that while I am under this cloud, Claude Forest, if he gets to hear of the matter, will think no more about me. So the cloud must be lifted, or settled over the right head, and, God helping me, I will do it. The detectives have failed in their search, the nine days' wonder has passed, but I will not forget. My own suspicion inclines to one of Lady Helby's husband's nephews, two of whom were staying with us at the time. I heartily dislike them, both George and Charles, but chiefly George, and he it is somehow to whom my thoughts go out as the thief. They both hate me as an interloper in Lady Helby's favour, for she was my late father's first cousin, and ferreted us out in our poverty at Clapton, and, bringing me to Helby Hall, made me her companion. I wish I had never come; there is so much to do and so much to bear. But I must stop now till this matter is cleared up, and I want to stop also, for Claude Forest has his home next the Helby estate. We are going to London in a short time; Lady Helby sickens of these country surroundings, and I shall be glad enough, for it seems an age since I have seen mother and the girls, and if only I can get leave from Lady Helby, I have promised to go and stay with Maud Gatenby, who was one of the guests here at Helby Hall. We were more like sisters together than mere friends. How I wish the London journey were to-morrow.

CHAPTER I.

"You can go right away to-night," Lady Helby said, as we neared the terminus, "that is, if you care to," and she handed me a ten-pound note.

Would I not? I wished Lady Helby and Mason good-bye, gathered my luggage together, and called a cab. Just as I was giving the man final directions someone touched me on the arm. I looked round in surprise to find Maud Gatenby smiling down at me. I liked Maud. She was a frequent visitor at Helby Hall, and had never tried to snub me, which was more than I could say of some of the guests.

"Whatever are you doing here, Phyllis?" she said.

"I might repeat the query, but I will not. I have just parted from Lady Helby; she has gone to the Mêtropole. I am going to Broad Street, and from there to Clapton, to my mother."

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"Lucky girl! I suppose, though, Lady Helby finds the Mêtropole too expensive to allow you to stay there. Ah! I see I am right. Never mind, I daresay you are not sorry. Will you be in town any length of time?"

"A month, or possibly more, just as Lady Helby's fancy suggests."

"Then you must spend part of the time with me. I have just returned from a country visit, and through some mistake there is no carriage to meet me. Now, promise me that you will come; uncle would be pleased, I know."

I promised, and scribbling her address on a card, was soon on the way to Broad Street.

Three weeks after I came home I found a letter waiting for me, which I took up in fear and trembling. No doubt it was from Lady Helby. I opened it reluctantly, while the girls were undoing their parcels amidst much clamour and delight.

I LOOKED ROUND IN SURPRISE TO SEE MAUD GATENBY.

To my surprise, it was from Maud Gatenby. I had almost forgotten her and her promise to write. She wanted me to stay with her at Ombersley Square.

"How kind of her!" I said, passing it to mother.

"I think I used to know Colonel Gatenby. This would be his brother's daughter, who was left an orphan," she said as she read it down.

"Yes, Maud is an orphan, and it is supposed she will come in for the colonel's money. He is very rich, I believe."

"He must be. He was the fortunate one of the family. Does he know you, Phyllis?"

I thought mother looked at me rather keenly as she spoke, and seemed relieved when I told her I had never met the colonel.

"If you wish it, I can decline the invitation," I said.

"Oh, no! Go, by all means! I daresay the colonel will not remember the name Mortimer. It is many years since we met."

. . .

When I arrived, Maud and I had not been chatting long before she suddenly said, "Phyllis, I am going to confide in you. I feel I must tell some one."

"You can trust me, Maud," I said proudly.

"Well,"—hesitating—"I am engaged to be married. It is a secret at present. Uncle does not know; he must not—not yet at any rate."

"Are you acting wisely?" I asked feeling much perplexed.

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"Perhaps not," she returned smilingly, "but we will talk about that later on, dear," and she turned the subject.

It may be imagined that in my stay with Maud I had forgotten my resolve, but it was not so. Every day I thought of the task I had set myself.

We dined alone one evening — the colonel, Maud, Ralph, and myself—and then Ralph Gatenby offered to escort us to a concert. The hall was crowded with well-dressed men and women, but I had no eyes for the gay dresses of the ladies; for once, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of really good music.

"How you enjoy everything, Phyllis!" Maud said enviously; "and you do not seem to notice that you are attracting considerable attention yourself."

No, I did not know, neither did I care; I had come to listen, and not to be looked at. But presently I could not help feeling uncomfortably conscious of being watched by someone. Every few minutes, much against my will, my eyes would wander to the opposite part of the house. At last I discovered the reason. In the dress circle sat Claude Forest, bowing and smiling. I felt the tell-tale colour rush to my face, and for a moment I forgot myself.

"Do you see who is there?" I said excitedly.

Maud turned to me with an amused smile.

"I saw him half an hour ago. I have bowed repeatedly, but, poor fellow, it was not my smiles he wanted. You have been very obdurate, Phyllis—you would not look at him."

"I did not know," I stammered shamefacedly.

Inwardly I was wondering what had brought Claude to town. I was very glad to see him so near. In spite of the coolness that had arisen between us during the last few months, I could not help a throb of joy at the thought that possibly he had come because he hoped to see me. The next moment I put the thought resolutely from me. I was only Phyllis Mortimer—a nobody, I told myself. Claude Forest was not for me.

He was waiting for us, however, when we came down the steps, but it was Maud who had most to say to him. I felt diffident and tongue-tied for once in my life.

I went straight to my room when we reached Ombersley Square. I wanted to be alone to think, and to put things on a plain footing with myself. I was not going to be foolish, I resolved. If Claude Forest could be nothing to me, the sooner I put him out of my thoughts the better it would be for my peace of mind.

I had arrived at this stage in my meditations, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and Maud entered. She had only removed her outer wrap, and as the soft light fell upon her exquisite features and white neck and arms I thought I had never seen a more beautiful girl.

"Phyllis," she said, with an air of mystery, "I am going out to-morrow, and if I should not return in time for luncheon I want you to take my place and make some excuse for me to Ralph and Uncle Conrad. I must have my dress fitted, and that will take time. You can use that as an excuse—anything you like; only I must go, and I shall certainly be away several hours."

"I will gladly take your place, dear," I said, looking down at her pensive face.

"But you object to anything in the shape of subterfuge. Of course I might have known it. Still, Phyllis, I must go. I have promised to meet—someone. We have not met for some time, and I must see him to-morrow."

"Are you sure you are doing what is right Maud?" I ventured. "Your lover surely should be proud to have won you. Why this secrecy? Is it necessary?"

Maud flushed a deeper red.

As she turned her face towards me the fitful firelight flashed upon the jewels on her breast, and there, amidst the blaze of diamonds, I caught sight of something that almost made my heart stand still.

"Maud, Maud!" I gasped, "wherever did you get it?"

"What do you mean, Phyllis? You look quite frightened."

"Where did you get that?" She put up her hand as if to ward me off, but I was too quick for her. "Do let me see it," I pleaded, trying to hide my excitement.

Reluctantly she allowed me to unfasten the diamond collar from her neck. It was not that I so much desired to see, but the pendant which hung from it. I held it in my hands and turned it over. It was as I thought. On the back the one letter "H" was engraved, and I knew then that it was one of the stolen jewels.

I had found a clue at last!

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"Where did you get it?" I repeated.

"A friend gave it me. There is nothing unusual about it, is there? You seem quite disturbed."

"I am not disturbed. It is an uncommon pattern, and I saw one like it some time ago."

I spoke with seeming carelessness, and returned the jewel to Maud's outstretched hand. There was something behind it all, else why should she appear confused at my notice of the pendant?

I did not sleep much that night—I was too excited over my discovery. How fortunate it was that I had come to Ombersley Square!

As soon as breakfast was over the following morning, Maud left the house, ostensibly to visit her dressmaker, and I was left to take her place for the time being. "A telegram for you, miss." I took the yellow missive from the girl's hand. It was from Lady Helby, requesting me to come to her at once.

"How provoking! It is all right, Sarah; no reply to be sent. I have to go out, and may not return for an hour or two." How vexed Maud would be at this unexpected turn of affairs!

I set out in a very bad temper, wondering vaguely what Lady Helby could possibly want with me. She received me quite graciously.

"What a colour you have, child! London evidently agrees with you. Perhaps you will not be sorry to remain in it for a time," she said, gushingly.

"Not at all. I think I should prefer remaining for a time at least."

"Then you will be pleased to hear that I have let Helby Hall for six months."

I was pleased—there could be no doubt on the point. To be torn away from London just now would have been too cruel.

"Before you go, you might answer those letters for me," she said, pointing to a heap of papers.

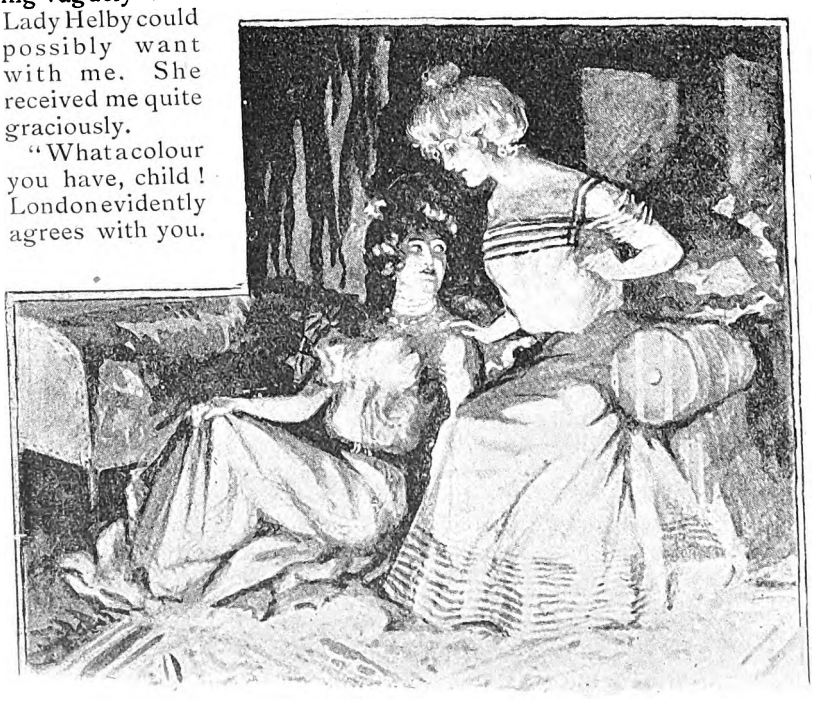
I drew off my gloves, and sat down obediently. In half an hour my task was finished. I made my adieu joyfully. I could be back at Ombersley Square in time for luncheon, after all.

I walked across Trafalgar Square, and, as I stood watching for the omnibus, suddenly my eyes caught sight of a form that seemed familiar. There could be no mistaking the graceful gait and upright carriage—it was Maud Gatenby, looking her best in her well-cut coat and skirt of rich brown cloth.

I watched till the nodding plumes in her hat had disappeared behind the swinging doors, and then I followed her. I had been frustrated in my attempt to inspect the jewel-case, but here was an opportunity too good to be lost. The Gallery was no doubt the meeting-place appointed, and I might be able to find out the secret she guarded so jealously—the name of her unknown lover.

I turned aside into the little Turner room. My object was to see without being seen. Maud had gone in alone—would she come out alone, or would her lover be with her?

The paintings had no interest for me. I was too full of suppressed



THE FITFUL FIRELIGHT FLASHED ON THE JEWELS ON HER BREAST.

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excitement to feel the effect of the soothing quiet, which was such a contrast to the noise and bustle without. I walked up and down impatiently, keeping as near as possible to the windows which looked out upon the Square.

My vigil was rewarded at last. All my uneasy suspicions had not been without foundation. I could have laughed aloud with triumph at my success, for the second link in the chain of evidence had been found. I had no need to ask again who was Maud Gatenby's secret lover. It was George Helby.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER A CLOUD.

During the afternoon, before Maud returned, to my amazement Claude Forest called, and, finding Maud out, asked to see me.

I went downstairs, feeling unusually gay and light-hearted. Claude was in the drawing-room, and came forward with outstretched hand to meet me.

"I daresay you wondered to see me in town, Phyllis," he said. "The fact was, Forest House seemed so dull with you so many miles away that I felt I must look you up; and then, as luck would have it, I met Ralph, and found out from him where you were staying."

I felt a flutter of gratified vanity. It was I, then, whom he had come to see—poor, penniless Phyllis. Still, I did not answer him. I could find nothing to say. It was all so sweet and delightful. And how good of Maud to let us have this little time all to ourselves!

"Are you not pleased to see me, Phyllis?"

His words were like music in my ears. I let my hand rest in his, and did not resist when he drew my head to his shoulder. It was so sweet to be loved, to feel that I had a protector.

"Have you nothing to say to me, dear?" he asked. "Are you not glad I came, Phyllis? I came on purpose to ask you to go back to Northshire as my wife. *You cannot* deny you love me, dear!"

No, I could not deny—I did not want to. I let my head rest on Claude's shoulder, his arms were about me, and the next few moments passed in a state of bliss which it is sweet to remember, but of which I cannot speak. Then the colonel came in, and we descended to the commonplace.

I did not tell Maud what had happened. Claude had promised to call for me on the morrow at three, and together we were to go to Clapton and see mother. Until she had been told, I felt I did not wish anyone to know of our new-found happiness, and Claude agreed.

For several days nothing happened. I heard no more of Lady Helby, and Maud did not once leave the house without taking me with her. I could see she was restless and unhappy, and I was farther than ever from gaining her confidence. A barrier seemed to come between us every time we were left with each other. I had my secret to guard, and she had hers to keep also. I wondered, too, if she had been warned against me. Most likely George Helby had not been backward in trying to imbue her with the same dislike he felt for me. Well, I must be more on the alert than ever.

It was dreary work waiting, but at last my opportunity came. Maud happened to be putting her jewel-case tidy one afternoon when I entered her room, and, under the pretext of admiring her jewels, I managed to gain a pretty accurate knowledge of the contents of the case. The pendant was there still, packed away in a little corner by itself, but, to my great disappointment, I could discover no more of Lady Helby's missing property.

A longer time than usual elapsed between Maud's interviews with her secret lover; but I was only waiting for the next occasion, and I did not wait so very long, after all.

"I want to go out to-day about three o'clock," she said one morning, with an air of mystery.

I grasped the situation at once.

"Very well, dear. We will come upstairs after luncheon for a comfortable chat. No one will miss us if we do not appear for a few hours, and the colonel is dining out this evening, I believe."

I tried to speak calmly, but my heart was thumping with suppressed excitement.

"Phyllis, you are a darling. I wonder how anyone could think ill of you."

"Does anyone?" I asked innocently.

She flushed guiltily.

"If your unknown lover is to come between us, Maud, I shall never forgive him," I said pointedly.

"He never shall. Do not dream of

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such a thing — it is impossible. O Phyllis, sometimes I think—I am afraid I am doing wrong——" She hesitated a moment. Then the softened mood passed. "I am emotional to-day. Never mind. It must be the dull weather, I suppose. I daresay that strange feeling of something unpleasant about to happen comes to everyone at times."

She broke off with a short laugh.

"I daresay it does. Certainly the weather is unusually depressing. My head is inclined to ache; so, if you will excuse me, I will go to my room for a little while."

My head did ache, it was true, but I wanted to be alone. I must write to Claude, at any rate. A week had passed since I had seen him last, and—was it a foreboding?—I could not carry out my plan without giving him an inkling of what I meant to do.

Three o'clock came at last, and Maud was dressing to go out. I could hear the quick movements of her high-heeled shoes as she passed up and down the room. Now was my opportunity—now or never—and I wanted to be first in the field.

I crept softly along the corridor to the servants' quarters. I guessed that the maid, Sarah, might be in her room just then, and I guessed rightly. I knocked at the door softly and entered, closing it behind me. The girl looked surprised.

"Sarah," I said, "I told you the other day that I might need your help, and the time has come."

"And you shall have it, miss. I'm ready to do anything you want me to—that is, anything an honest girl can do."

"I would not ask you to do anything wrong. It is like this. I have reason to believe that your mistress is running into danger. She is just going out, and I want to follow her. Now, can you lend me some of your clothes? We are about the same height and figure, and I want to disguise myself, so that no one would know me if I happen to meet any of my friends."

The girl looked thoughtful.

"No doubt you think it a strange thing for me to do, Sarah, but I am very anxious to find out something, and this seems to be the only way."

"O miss, don't think I am wanting to make out that you're doing wrong. If my mistress is likely to get harm, it's only right you should do your best to keep her out of it. I was only wondering what I could lend you to wear. There's my old serge dress, only it's so shabby for the likes of you."

"The shabbier the better."

"Very well, miss; here it is."

In a few minutes I was attired in a shabby serge dress, a black jacket of the shoddy type, with huge football sleeves which drooped disconsolately on my shoulders, and a large black bonnet, similar to those worn by the devotees of the Salvation Army.

"I want a wig, don't I?" I said, laughing.

"I believe I know where to find one. There's some as was used in a play they had here one Christmas."

Sarah returned in a few minutes with the wig, and when I had donned it and tied the bonnet well forward over my face, I believe my own dear mother would not have recognised me.

CHAPTER III.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

I did not wait long in the gardens of the square. In a few minutes Maud came down the steps of No. 11, and walked rapidly towards the other exit from the square. She was very plainly dressed, and it would be rather difficult to distinguish her in a crowd.

I was on my feet in an instant, and began to follow at a safe distance. Not once did she look back. When we reached the more crowded thoroughfare, she signalled a cab. I did likewise.

"Follow that cab, No. 4,087. Do not lose sight of it, and when the lady gets out, let me know. I will pay you well."

The cabman smothered a smile. Possibly he was not unused to similar requests.

I took little notice of the direction in which we were travelling, though I thought it possible that some less conspicuous place might be the rendezvous of the lovers on this occasion, and I was not mistaken. We drew up near Charing Cross, with its congested traffic, and then turned into a side street leading to the Embankment.

Suddenly the cab stopped, and the man appeared at the window. "The lady hev gone into them gardins," he said, with a smirk.

I jumped out hastily, gave him a sove-

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reign, and made my way to the gardens. Maud was there sure enough, but it was not George Helby she had come to meet, after all. I could have cried with disappointment and vexation. She was walking up and down talking earnestly to *Charles* Helby.

For half an hour I kept my vigil. I had expected it to be a longer one, but no doubt the non-appearance of her lover would cause Maud to hasten home earlier. Charles handed her into the cab which had waited for her, and I stood for a moment undecided as to what course to pursue.

While my thoughts crowded each other in confusion, I followed Charles through several streets, and at last he opened a door with a latch-key, and let himself in. He was not conscious of being followed, and as I crouched at the foot of the steps, hidden in the gloom, I heard the door swing back.

It was madness to wait longer, I told myself, but the temptation to climb the steps was strong upon me, and I yielded. I put out my hands against the door, and, to my surprise, Charles had forgotten to close it. The sound of voices overhead guided me as I went slowly and noiselessly up the thickly-carpeted stairs. A gas-jet lit the landing, and through a half open door on the right I heard Charles Helby speaking, and a woman's voice replied. I looked around for a hiding-place. A heavy curtain was drawn halfway across the landing. I decided to wait there until Charles had taken his departure.

The woman's voice was raised as if in remonstrance, and Charles, in low, deep tones, was apparently trying to mollify her. I crept closer to the wall and listened. At first the conversation was more or less of an enigma to me; then I began to be enlightened, and as I listened my heart grew faint within me. Oh! blind fool that I was! I had been on the wrong scent, after all.

How my heart beat and throbbed! My nerve seemed to forsake me all at once, and I felt certain that my trembling legs would never convey me safely down the stairs. I started forward to make the attempt, but at that moment the door was flung open, and Charles came out. I had just time to creep back to my hiding-place. The woman followed him. I could hear the swish of her dress, and a

THEN THE CURTAIN WAS FLUNG ASIDE.

faint odour of violets was wafted along in the current of air she made.

"I will light you down the stairs, though you don't deserve it a bit. If you fell and broke your neck, I should say it was a judgment on you for staying away so long. However, I'll forgive you this once, but mind you turn up to-morrow, and I shall expect to hear that you've taken the house. I'm fairly tired of this place, and I don't see why I shouldn't have all I want now."

Charles muttered something which might have been a curse. I heard the street door slam behind him, and my heart grew heavy with fear and dread. Escape was impossible now, and how could I explain my presence in this strange house?

The woman came up the stairs humming snatches of a gay tune. Again that faint, sickly perfume of violets was wafted towards me. She came nearer, and a white hand glistening with jewels laid hold of the curtain. I held my breath. Then the curtain was flung aside, and I was discovered. In that moment of terror I could see that the woman was

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young and handsome, but her face was hard and cruel. I felt that whatever plea I might put forward to explain my presence would not be believed. She would most likely send for a policeman, and I should be given in charge. She gave a little scream of fright, and held the lamp high above her head.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she asked haughtily. "Have you been listening at that door?"

"Why should I listen? What are your concerns to me? I am an utter stranger to you and entered the house by mistake. If you will kindly allow me to pass I will relieve you of my unwelcome presence."

"Not so fast," she said, barring the way. "If you have been listening to private conversation, as I believe you have, it may not be safe to let you be at large. At any rate, you have come here of your own accord, and before I let you go I must seek other advice. It would serve you right if I called a policeman and gave you in charge—a night in the cells might bring you to your senses."

"And it might also bring you to yours," I retorted. "Call a policeman, by all means—it would suit my purpose admirably."

I had made another false step in assuming a bravado I did not feel. Her eyes blazed with passion.

"Then it is as I thought—you did hear. I would not let you go now at any price."

She set the lamp down hastily upon a small table, and, before I could guess her purpose or cry out, she had seized me with both hands and thrust me into a room at the end of the landing.

"You came here of your own pleasure; you remain at mine," she said, with a sneer. Then the door was slammed and locked, and I was left alone in the darkness—a prisoner.

CHAPTER IV.

How the next few days dragged on I shall ever remember. Charles Helby soon returned, and, suspecting who I was, made this woman take my disguise away, and I stood revealed before his malicious gaze. Then he taunted me with my capture, and feeling sure that I was in a trap, openly and gloatingly confessed *he* had taken the jewels, both because he needed money and also to throw, if possible, the suspicion on me. An impression of my key that he had taken furnished him with the necessary means to do it. All this I heard, and also that this woman was really his wife, and then he left me to her care.

One morning she did not appear as usual with my meagre breakfast. I waited and waited, but the hours passed on, and she did not come; neither did I hear the sound of her quick step outside, or the strains of the songs she was so fond of singing.

It struck me then that the house had been unusually noisy overnight; hurrying footsteps, the dragging of boxes, and even the rumble of a vehicle—all these sounds had reached me, though in my half-dazed state I had thought nothing of them. They were at best only far-away noises, which could not really break the everlasting silence that reigned within the four walls of my prison. Could it be that I was left really alone in that awful place—to starve?

But I would not die like this. It was too horrible—it should not be. I rushed to the door and beat upon it in my mad frenzy, but there was no response save the echo of my feeble blows and cries.

The lock was upon the inner side of the door; I pulled at it viciously, and, to my delight, it moved slightly, though the thick screws still held it safely. I remembered seeing an old pair of scissors in the room, and I groped about until I found them. I had learned the use of a screwdriver in those far-off days and happy times at Clapton.

Dear mother and the girls—no doubt they mourned me as lost to them for ever. But I had made up my mind I was not going to die—not yet, at least. I worked slowly and patiently till, one by one, the screws were loosened, and with a wrench the lock came off in my hands.

The next moment I was out of the house in the street with the pure air of heaven blowing on my fevered cheeks. I was free! Excitement and want of food had made me light-headed. I scarcely remembered who I was or where I wanted to go. I wandered along aimlessly with one desire uppermost—to get away from the haunted house in that hateful street.

On and on I tramped until I came to the busy streets of the great city. Some looked at me pityingly as they passed along. I was famished, but I did not

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stop to buy food, though I had money in my purse. Where was it I wanted to go? My numbed brain refused to tell me. My thin shoes were sodden with slush, my dress torn and draggled. When—oh! when—would my journey end?

"Now then, miss, move on, please. You've been staring at that there placard long enough, I guess."

Unconsciously I had been gazing at a big bill hanging outside a homely-looking building, which must have been a police station.

"£500 reward. Whereas, on the 18th day of January last, a young lady mysteriously disappeared from Ombersley Square ——"

I looked up vacantly at the policeman. "Ombersley Square — Ombersley," I repeated. "Yes, that is it. Take me there, please—oh! do." Then something seemed to snap in my brain, and I remember no more.

. . . .

It was a long, long dream. I seemed to be wandering in beautiful fields, and Claude was by my side. I was perfectly happy; neither sorrow nor pain came near to mar the bliss; no fears or alarms visited those scenes of peace and rest. Then I awoke, and part of the dream was true, after all. Claude was there, and mother and Maud. What were they all doing? I wondered. I could see that there was a blue canopy over my head, and blue draperies on either side, and then I knew that I must be in my dear little room at home.

"I want to get up," I said, and my voice sounded very weak and thin. I put my hands to my head, only to find that my thick waving locks were gone.

Mother bent over me and kissed me. "Thank God you are spared to us, my darling," she said softly; and then I knew I had been ill, though for many a long day I did not remember all that had gone before. Slowly and painfully I struggled back to life and reason, and then I learned bit by bit how I had been recovered.

UNCONSCIOUSLY I HAD BEEN GAZING AT A BILL OUTSIDE THE POLICE-STATION.

When I fell into the arms of the policeman, he thought I had fainted, and carried me into the police station. Something in my appearance, and my strange request to be taken to Ombersley Square, aroused his curiosity, and he telegraphed to Colonel Gatenby. My identity was soon discovered, and I was taken to Clapton, though mother and the rest thought they

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had found me only to lose me again; but a sound constitution proved victorious in the struggle, and good nursing completed the cure.

The rest of my story is soon told. Charles Helby and his wife—alias Vera Rivers, Nell Travis, actress, or "Deb"—escaped safely out of the country with the money they had made by selling the jewels. Lady Helby's treasures, mutilated and divided almost beyond recognition, were restored to her in part, though the whereabouts of some of them will never be discovered. Perhaps in their new form they may be decorating the figure of some society lady at this very moment.

Maud Gatenby, it appeared by what she told me, was thankful enough at her escape, and as for her meeting with George Helby at the National Gallery it was only chance. She had really gone to see Charles.

When Lady Helby came, she almost overpowered me with her exclamations and caresses; and when I made it known to her that I could never return to Helby Hall as her companion, her complaints were exceedingly loud.

"I AM AFRAID I DO NOT CARE WHAT YOU THINK."

"I think after all I have done for you, Phyllis, it is very ungrateful of you. I——"

"Excuse me, Lady Helby," I broke in impatiently, "I am afraid I do not care what you think. Claude *loves* me! Claude wants me! And he has the prior claim."

As soon as I was strong enough, Claude and I were married. It was a very quiet affair, and after it was over we went down to Forest House, where Claude's mother and sister received us with open arms.

But before that event took place something very surprising happened. Mother came to me one day, smiling and blushing like a young girl in her teens.

"Phyllis," she said, "would you and the girls be greatly vexed if I were to marry again?"

I could hardly believe my ears.

"Not that I forget your dear father," she went on, deprecatingly; and then she told me about Colonel Gatenby, and how, when she was a young girl, he had wanted to marry her, and her refusal had been a dreadful blow to him.

"And so, after all these years, you are going to reward him at last?" I said. "Well, mother dear, if it will make you happy, I am sure all your children will be happy too."

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UNAPPRECIATED.

A CLERICAL LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"NOW then, Stambridge! All together! All together, I say! Pass the ball, will you?" shouted Percy Thornton, the curate of the parish, as he coached his somewhat raw material in this, their first football match. He was playing in it himself, but he found himself handicapped by the burning desire of his men to individually distinguish themselves in running the ball down, instead of passing it from side to side, and so moving forward together.

At last it rose from the side and came towards him, and was carried by his well-directed kick on to the right forwards.

"Shoot, Benson! Shoot! B—rav—o!" And the whole field cheered as Benson shot the ball from the side just between the goalkeeper and the post, and so scored the first goal for Stambridge.

From the little iron building on the ground, which the restless energy of the new curate had been able to put up, came the sound of clapping of hands and cries of "Well done, Stambridge!" and two young ladies in the crowd of spectators joined the rest in applauding vigorously.

"What a splendid physique Mr. Thornton has!" observed Amy Forrest to her friend, Kathleen Vaughan. "He has the Stambridge boys well in hand in no time, hasn't he?"

"Yes; football seems about his own particular line," answered the other, with a slight curve of her lip, which her friend instantly noticed.

"That is too bad, Kathie," she said. "I like a clergyman to be as manly as Mr. Thornton. The gentle, smiling kind of man would do no good down here with these boys and roughs."

"Perhaps," said Kathie, "but I don't suppose he will be at Stambridge all his life, and ability for football will not help him forward in the Church."

"But doesn't he look splendid!" enthusiastically. "I couldn't help thinking so last Sunday morning while he was reading the lessons. He's very different from that tiny mite of a Mr. Blagden we had last, you know."

"I didn't see the creature, Amy. I was up at Cambridge then, and he had just gone when I came. As for Mr. Thornton, I admit, of course, that he has a very striking appearance, but I prefer a magnificent brain."

"But you don't know, dear, that he hasn't a fine brain," insisted Amy Forrest.

"Then what has he done with it?" snapped Kathleen. "Fancy a man leaving college without even a pass degree!"

"Perhaps he's not good at passing examinations," pursued his defender. "I've heard of such cases, and one thing I'm sure of—no degree would help him to preach better than he does."

Here another cheer proclaimed that Stambridge had gained a second goal, and as half-time had arrived and the rival teams changed over to different ends of the field, the wind, which had been against Stambridge at the first, was now in their favour, and the result was that the match closed with Stambridge as winner by five goals to none.

"Bravo, Stambridge!" cried Mr. Thornton, after the other team had left, amid the consoling cheers of the winners. "Bravo, Stambridge! You must do the same next time. Only you fellows must learn to pass better. I'll preach about it next Sunday," jokingly.

Kathleen Vaughan's lips curled again, as the boys laughed, and she inquired, a trifle scornfully, as to what the text would be for such a deep subject.

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"Hadn't you better come and hear?" he queried, with a slightly heightened colour, for the scornful manner and patronising way of his rector's daughter always jarred upon him.

"I suppose I shall be at church," she said, walking on with him and her friend. "You see one cannot very well be away when you belong to the rectory, otherwise——"

"Well," he said, "otherwise——?"

"I don't think," she continued, "I should care to hear a sermon about football." And, wishing him good-bye, she crossed with Amy Forrest to the rectory gate. "Football!" she said. "What are things coming to? I only wish papa were home, I'd mention it to him."

Meanwhile, Percy Thornton made his way to his lodgings, smiling to himself.

"I wonder she hadn't the wit to see what I meant," he murmured; "she is usually so clever." And he sighed, for somehow he was quite aware of the scorn with which Kathleen regarded him, and its reason, for when she had returned home at first she had seemed disposed to be friendly enough, until one day in conversation she learned that he had no degree.

"He will always be just a curate," she observed to her mother, "when, if he had only liked to work, he might have made his mark in the world."

"He is a good man," her mother replied, "and he will leave his mark upon this village."

But from that day Kathleen had always treated him in a manner that made it only too evident how little she thought of him.

The pre-communion service was over, and Mr. Thornton ascended the pulpit, feeling somewhat amused at the number of people who had been brought together by hearing that he was about to preach on football.

Taking his text from Isaiah: "I am, and there is none beside me," he proceeded to show that the selfish spirit mentioned in the text would accomplish much less than the spirit of co-operation; and then he made what, to the greater part of the congregation, was a telling illustration, by showing how it worked out in football, where, unless men "passed the ball to one another," it was hard to make united progress.

Then he pleaded earnestly and simply with them to give up living just for themselves, and to do their best for their fellows wherever they were placed on Life's great field. Some were "forwards," some were

WHY SHOULD SHE BE SO PERPETUALLY ARGUING ABOUT MR. THORNTON? SHE ASKED HERSELF.

in the "middle line," some were at the back, but it was only as all worked together that the world at large would score goal after goal against evil.

"It was very clever, certainly," grudgingly admitted Kathleen to her friend. "But more smart than deep."

"At any rate," said the other, "they all listened attentively, and that is more than can be said of them about most of the sermons."

But Kathleen said never a word more. She wanted the culture and learning which were shown in the University sermons at St. Mary's, Cambridge, and did not see that to reach the minds of the people around her, a preacher must speak like his Master of old, so that "the common people heard him gladly."

She went home in an irritable frame of mind. Why should she be so perpetually arguing about Mr. Thornton? she asked herself. What was he to her? Why

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should it worry her so that he did not come up to her standard?

"If he would only write a book or do something of that kind!" she muttered. "What a pity it is that a man can't be a scholar as well as an athlete."

CHAPTER II.

Four months later!

It was a frosty afternoon in the beginning of January, and the winter was unusually severe. Kathleen Vaughan, who was an enthusiastic skater, availed herself eagerly of an invitation to a skating party given by the Squire to the young people of the place. She was very quickly the centre of a group of admirers, and very charming she looked as, wrapped in furs, she approached the bank of the lake and prepared to put on her skates.

Percy Thornton was already on the lake, and being a thoroughly accomplished skater was enjoying himself immensely when, catching sight of Miss Vaughan, he bore down upon her and proferred his hand to help her skim the smooth surface.

"Thanks," she said, "I really think I shall enjoy it—at any rate, for a little time—quite alone," and leaving him, she began gracefully to move off.

He stood watching her from a distance with a determined look upon his face, and in spite of the snub he had just received he thought: "I will win you yet, and you shall appreciate me as much as you despise me now."

Another moment he was flying over the ice towards her, crying: "Miss Vaughan! Miss Vaughan! keep off that side of the ice. The Squire says it is dangerous."

She turned and faced him with a haughty look, saying: "Thank you, Mr. Thornton, I am quite capable of looking after myself. A spice of danger has an attraction for me."

"So it has for me!" he returned boldly, thinking of the danger he was in of losing his heart to her hopelessly. The expression that flashed into his eyes spoke more plainly than his words, and she coloured as she turned away disdainfully, but at that moment there came a crack, and in another second the haughty girl had disappeared through the broken ice. Everybody held their breath in suspense as Percy Thornton dived out of sight after the drowning girl. Well for her was it that the clergyman was an athlete, for no merely splendid brain could have saved her now, as, reaching her, he seized and kept her afloat, clinging by main strength to the rope they had flung him, but which, as it tightened drew him against the broken ice, lacerating his arms terribly.

He gave a groan of pain, but as he leaned back in despair with one hand upon the ice he found it would bear him. Clutching Kathleen's dress by the neck he wriggled himself on to his back upon the ice, and lay there awaiting help. Slowly and cautiously they reached him at last by pushing ladders along, and then, though the effort cost his arm such pain that he was afraid it was broken, Kathleen was drawn safely out of the water.

"No, no!" he said, as one of the men offered to assist him. "I'll carry her now."

Mrs. Vaughan was there, white with anxiety, which deepened as she saw Kathleen's unconsciousness.

"Oh, she is not dead, surely!" she cried.

"Hope not. Hope for the best!" rang out the cheery voice of the doctor, who happened to be on the spot. "Bring her into the house; and as for you, Thornton, you'd better be quick home and change." Obstinately, however, he stayed longing for news, wishing that he were a doctor, envying everyone in that room from which he was shut out, because they would know the truth sooner than himself. At last out came the doctor, who whistled when he saw Thornton there, and going up to him, said, as he seized him roughly, "She's all right, but if you don't go home at once I'll—Why!" exclaimed the doctor, as Thornton went white with the pain of his arm, "what's the matter? Arm? Let's see it. Ah! broken. Be quick home, and I'll be down in a trice and set it."

"Right, doctor, I'll go now. Don't you worry about me, Mrs. Vaughan," he added to Kathleen's mother, who had just made her appearance. "I'm so glad Miss Vaughan is likely to do well. As for me, I'm strong as a young lion. Why, I hardly remember ever having a bad cold. So don't look anxious unnecessarily." And he departed.

Briskly as he could walk he reached his lodgings, but in spite of the pace he kept up, and in spite of the pain of his broken arm, his thoughts still busied themselves with Kathleen. He felt

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thoroughly sorry it had fallen to his lot to rescue her, for it was putting her under an obligation, and he had determined to win her love independently of such matters.

"It's no good!" he almost groaned. "I must get away from here. I get on her nerves somehow, no matter what I do. Perhaps, if that little venture of mine turns out all right and people think a lot of it, I may come back again, and then, who knows?"

He was referring to a book he was just publishing, containing some stringent observations upon Society as he had seen it, and he was longing to see how it would go.

But all his intentions of leaving the neighbourhood were frustrated, for, after his arm was set, he found himself imprisoned against his will.

The doctor was attending Kathleen Vaughan, and giving directions to her mother in leaving.

"You must keep her perfectly quiet," he said. "She will soon be none the worse for her impromptu bath; but, do you know, I am afraid for Thornton. He is showing decided signs of rheumatic fever, and I expected as much, standing about as he did after that wetting." Then, suddenly and abruptly, he faced Mrs. Vaughan with: "Is there anything between your daughter and Mr. Thornton?"

"Not that I am aware of," that lady replied cautiously; "but I should say, most decidedly not!" remembering several of her daughter's late speeches.

"Well, it seems strange if not, for last night, in a kind of delirium, he did nothing but talk about 'Kathie,' and if he is going to be seriously ill, and has anything on his mind already, I'm afraid it won't help him. But there, good-bye, Mrs. Vaughan; we must leave these youngsters to make their own arrangements, I suppose. Er—I don't think I should mention the matter to Miss Vaughan."

"No need to tell me that," thought Mrs. Vaughan. "Percy Thornton's very name always seems to have a disquieting effect upon her."

But without mentioning him Kathleen's thoughts turned a great deal in his direction. The mere fact of the persistent avoidance of his name made her think that something must be wrong. She noticed, too, that amongst all the callers who left their cards his was never amongst them, and yet a strange reserve held her back from inquiring, until at last she was allowed downstairs, and then from a local paper she learnt the danger in which Mr. Thornton still stood. Just then Amy Forrest came in, allowed to see and chat to her for the first time, but she had scarcely taken her seat before Kathleen pointed to the paragraph, and abruptly asked, "Is it true?" Sorrowfully Amy shook her head, saying:

"I'm afraid so, dear. They declare in the village there's no hope; but Dr. Maguire told me that he may pull through, owing to his splendid constitution."

There was silence for a short time, then Kathleen Vaughan exclaimed, while two red spots burned brightly upon her cheeks:

"Amy, I've been a fool! That man was every inch a man, and he's laid down his life for a proud, stupid girl. Why he had already warned me, before I fell in, but I was so set on showing him I didn't want his warnings, and then the crash came. Amy, I shall never, never forget it"—the tears were flowing fast now—"and if he dies, I shall be utterly miserable."

Next morning, early after breakfast, Dr. Maguire was round, full of anxiety about the curate. He found him lying with that pathetic expression on his face so often seen on a strong man when illness has shorn him of strength and reduced him to a ridiculous helplessness. He smiled feebly at the doctor, who took his temperature, and then, speaking just as feebly, said, "Well, I'm just about the same, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the doctor, looking nonplussed, "you are. You want a fillip of some kind. What are we to do for you?"

Just then came the knock of the village postman, and in an instant the curate's face flushed, and he listened intently for the girl to bring the letters in.

"At last," he said, as a pile of papers and letters appeared, "my book's out, doctor. Not a word to a soul, mind. But sit down and read me the reviews and the letter."

They were read, reviews full of praise, and a publisher's letter speaking most hopefully of the book's reception.

"I—I think I am better now, doctor," said the patient with a stronger voice. "How soon can I get out of this?"

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"Ha! ha!" laughed Dr. Maguire. "I said you wanted a fillip, and now you've had it you'll pull round and live to write much better stuff, I hope. Got anything here to drink to your success in? No?"—as the patient shook his head—

"Oh, you teetotalers! Well, it shan't go untoasted!"

So pouring out a dose of his own medicine, Dr. Maguire drank success to the book and the author, who lay back and laughed till the tears rolled down his face. From that day the curate mended.

. . . .

Mr. Thornton and Kathleen had met a great many times since his recovery, but like circles which when drawn towards one another—

> "Only touch when met,
> Never mingle, strangers yet,"

so it was with them.

Kathleen felt unaccountably nervous in his presence, and beyond a very faltering and shy "Let me thank you, Mr. Thornton, for ——" which he had instantly and decidedly stopped, she had never referred in any way to her rescue; while he, afraid of treating their relations as any different now, maintained the old cold reserve with which he had met her cynical patronage before.

It was hard, however, to keep up such an attitude when the patronising way had disappeared, and in its place there was a gentleness which filled him with pleased surprise.

"I must get away, it is my only chance," he groaned involuntarily, as he walked home after taking tea at the rectory. "I shall only make a donkey of myself and speak out."

But somehow he did not go, for a strange lack of decision, which had never showed itself in him before, made its appearance. He even wrote out his resignation, then threw it in the fire, and spent the same evening at the rectory, only to return muttering to himself concerning moths who would flutter around the candle-flame.

Yet the more he felt drawn towards Kathleen, the more he hardened his heart against trading on the position in which the accident had placed him.

"It wouldn't be right," he said, "no true love could spring from such a thing as that. I don't simply want to *win* her. I want to win *her*. If I could be sure of some common ground of sympathy between us, I'd try and build on that, but——"

"Mr. Thornton," queried Kathleen, one evening, "have you ever read this?" pointing his attention to a book she had been reading. "Everyone has been talking about it."

He looked at it in amaze, it was his own book; but it was written under a *nom de plume*.

"What do you think of it?" he said curiously, expecting a battle of wits to follow, such as they sometimes had.

"I feel as if I could have written it myself," she answered. "I should like you to read it. Not that I think you will agree with many things it says, but it is the manliest utterance against the evils in the Church I have ever seen."

"Do you know, I happen to be acquainted with the author?" he said. "Gerald Manning was a chum of mine at college; he rowed in the same boat, and sat near me at table—er—I have his photograph with me now."

"How I should like to see it," she answered. "May I?"

There was a moment's silence, then he said, looking round the room:

"Would you mind coming here?" making as though to stand beneath the light, and obediently she joined him.

"There it is!" he exclaimed, pointing to the overmantel, which reflected them both.

She started, and looked for a moment in the direction he pointed, then his meaning dawned upon her.

"You!" she said, with a little catch in her voice, "you! and I thought that—that—that——" and she began stammering.

"You thought it wasn't in me?" he queried mischievously; but feeling for her, he continued: "Are you sorry to find out your mistake?"

"Sorry?" she exclaimed; "no, she murmured insistently, "not sorry. I'm glad. Why, I'm proud of you!" giving him one shy upward glance as he towered over her. But the glance told a tale of love which drew another from his own lips, and he has been telling it ever since.

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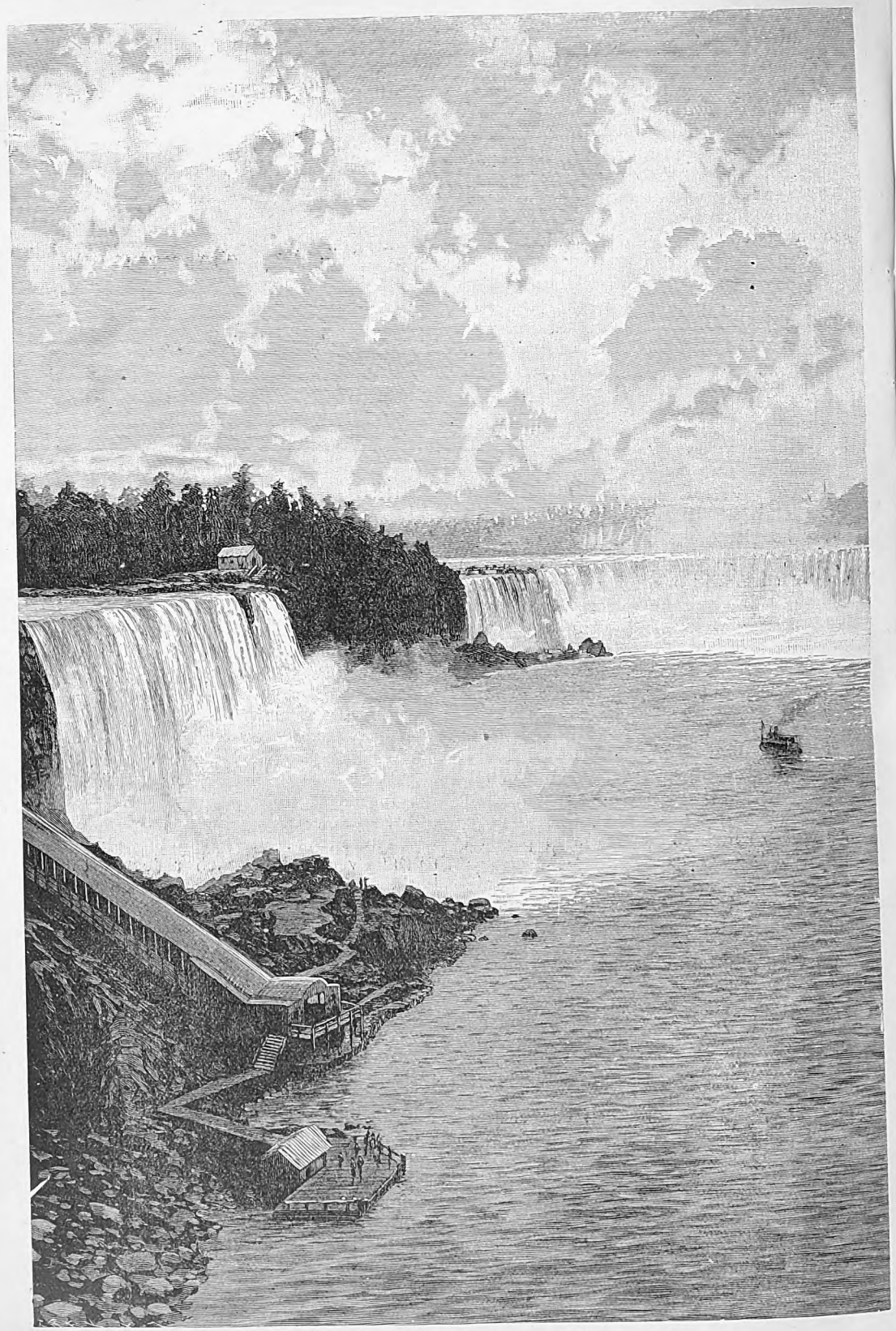

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

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VIÂ SOUTHAMPTON.

By GERTRUDE VIOLET McFADDEN.

MILDRED LOCKE was a trifle annoyed, when, just as the train was about to start, the door of the second-class carriage she occupied was opened hurriedly, and a young fellow suddenly sank down opposite to her as the train began to move. When he had recovered his balance he begged pardon for his unceremonious entrance. Mildred coldly responded, and drew closer into her own corner. She was travelling from Waterloo to Southampton, and had hoped to make the journey with no company save her own. The young stranger, after this rebuff, drew out a paper and retired behind it. Mildred observed this enviously; she had not seen the morning paper, and was longing to know the latest news of the war.

THE DOOR WAS OPENED HURRIEDLY.

As the minutes passed, her envy changed to irritation. The happy possessor of the newspaper occasionally let fall some half-formed expressions of admiration or dismay. Mildred bit her lip, and tried to read her novel, fighting down her growing inclination to snatch the paper from her companion's hands.

At length he lowered it, and still holding it, gazed meditatively out of the window. Mildred ran her eyes over him. In build he was tall and slight; his features were clear-cut and regular, his attire scrupulously neat and well-fitting. Altogether, he was as presentable a young fellow as Mildred had ever seen. Some of her animosity died away, as this reflection occurred to her.

With a sudden impulse, she leant forward, and spoke.

"Would you please tell me if there is any fresh news?" she asked. "About the war, I mean, of course."

The young man smiled—and it was a very pleasant smile.

"You are interested in the war," he remarked, as he handed over the paper. "There is nothing much but what one knows already."

Mildred made no answer; she was deep in the morning's news. When she had eagerly devoured every line, she drew a long breath, and returned the paper.

"How splendid they are!" she exclaimed. "Don't you think so?"

"Everyone thinks so," said he. "Might I ask if you have any special interest in our troops—any friends or relatives at the front?"

"No," said Mildred, who had thawed into graciousness by now. "I wish I had, though. How proud I should be of him! I love soldiers."

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"You do? Well, they're lucky fellows! They get the best of everything. All the girls worship them. No one else has a chance."

Mildred looked studiously out of the window. Presently she remarked, "I hope to see some at Southampton; when they embark, you know."

"You will like that."

"I should rather think I would!" cried the girl, turning round. "If I were a man, nothing should keep me at home, while there was fighting going on out there! I should be off at once."

To her annoyance, a slight expression of contempt appeared on her companion's face, causing her to flush hotly.

"I've often heard girls say that," he answered. "But I don't believe they mean it."

"I can only speak for myself, of course," said Mildred, with some asperity. "I know that I mean what I say."

A chilling silence lasted for some moments, then the young fellow spoke again.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "Pray forgive me. I'm sure you would go if you could."

"Thank you," said Mildred. Then she added, speculatively, "I wonder why you don't go."

The young man flushed, and hesitated for a moment.

"I am going," he said, simply.

"You are?" cried the girl, excitedly. "Really going? Oh! how splendid of you! You're not a soldier, though, are you?"

"Not yet. I hope to be soon."

"You are going to enlist?"

He nodded. Mildred sat looking at him, admiringly. There was a fresh interest attaching to everything he said. His opinion suddenly became of the greatest value.

"You don't think the Boers will beat us, do you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Of course not!" he said, emphatically.

"I'm sure," said Mildred, gently, "you'll do your part bravely. Perhaps you'll do some great deed and get the Victoria Cross!"

"I might," assented her companion, with a modest dubiousness.

"I'm so glad you came in here," Mildred went on, all her hero-worship rising up in her. "I shall never forget this journey—never! It's the first time I ever met a soldier, or a man who was going to be one. Will you please tell me your name, and I'll look in the papers for it every day."

"You are very good," said he. "My name is Charles Oakley."

"And mine is Mildred Locke."

"I wanted to ask you," Oakley told her; "but I thought you mightn't like it."

"I don't mind," said the girl. "Perhaps, when you come back, I may see you again. I'm sure to be out to see the regiments march through the streets, and I suppose they'll do that."

"Very likely. And will you really look out for me?" he asked, and his voice was soft, while his eyes were fixed on Mildred's face. She dropped her gaze. The experience was as pleasant as it was novel, for she was but a mere girl.

"Why, of course," she answered, confusedly.

"And when I see you—"

"Yes?" Oakley bent forward towards her.

"I shall think to myself," continued Mildred, softly, and with downcast eyes,

OAKLEY TOOK HER HAND AND SHE MADE NO DEMUR.

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"There's my hero! There's the brave man who risked his life for his country's honour, and yet who condescended to talk to me!"

Oakley took her hand, and she made no demur.

"I shall always remember those words," said Oakley, with feeling. "Even in the wild desolate veldt, among our treacherous foes, surrounded by a hundred dangers, I shall find time to remember this railway journey—and you!"

Mildred drew her hand away, and raised her head.

"You mustn't talk so any more," she said. "Why, we are almost strangers. You'll soon forget me."

"I don't think it's likely," said Oakley, decisively. "But I daresay you'll not remember me."

"Indeed I shall," declared Mildred, eagerly. "With you it will be different. A soldier has so much to think about."

"That's true," assented Oakley. "A glorious life, a soldier's! I've wanted to join the army ever since I was a little chap."

"And now you're really going to do so!" murmured Mildred, enthusiastically. "How happy you must feel!"

"I am," he responded. "You are going to Southampton, I think. So am I."

"I'm glad of that," said the girl, and then turned to the window in some confusion.

Presently she felt a hand on her arm. Oakley was bending forward, a grave expression on his face. Mildred looked inquiringly at him.

"Would you care to have a letter from the front?" he asked; "a letter from me?"

Mildred's heart beat fast, and she opened her eyes in wonder at her experiences. She would never have believed that such things as these could possibly happen to her. A letter from the front! What girl would have declined to accept such a favour?

"I should very much like it," answered Mildred. And she thought with what pride she should show that letter "from a soldier in the Transvaal" to all her girl acquaintances.

"Then I'll write," said Oakley, with decision. "That's settled."

"MY BUSINESS IS WITH THE OTHER YOUNG LADY."

The rest of the journey passed pleasantly enough, Oakley saying gallant things to Mildred, or discussing the probabilities of the war; she listening with the wrapt attention of a devotee towards an oracle. Their carriage not being invaded by newcomers, they were able to indulge their sentiments as they liked. At length the train steamed into the West station at Southampton, and drew up. Mildred rose, and began collecting her various trifles of luggage.

"There's no one to meet me," she said, in reply to a question from Oakley. "I haven't far to go."

"Surely I may accompany you," he expostulated.

"I don't think you'd better," the girl returned, with a hesitancy that gave consent.

He opened the door, and both alighted. The platform was crowded with new arrivals. Pushing their way among these, Oakley led Mildred towards the bridge over the line. The crowd was somewhat thicker here, and they were compelled to pause.

"What a fine policeman!" said Mildred, standing a-tiptoe, and leaning forward. "Do you know, I do admire big men so much. He seems to be waiting for someone, doesn't he?"

Oakley made no reply, and together they slowly advanced towards the object of Mildred's present admiration. When they were quite close, the policeman was standing right in their path. Oakley had suddenly become interested in the few small boats in the neighbouring water.

"Morning, miss," said the policeman,

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with the faintest suspicion of a smile. "You haven't kept us waiting long."

"What do you mean?" asked Mildred, with dignity, and her companion's eyes came back from the opposite shore.

"Not you, miss," said the policeman to Mildred. "My business is with the other young lady."

"Other young lady!" repeated Mildred, frowning. "Please to let us pass!"

But he barred the way still. A crowd was collecting round the three, and Mildred grew angry. However, the policeman turned from her to Oakley.

"Miss Cordelia Oakley, if I make no mistake?" he said. "They wired us all about you. Better give in at once, miss. It'll save trouble. You'll only be detained and kept safe till your father comes down to fetch you home again. I'm afraid you won't get to the front yet awhile!"

"Do you mean to say," Mildred broke in, "that this is a girl? You've made a mistake!"

"Ask her," returned the policeman. "She knows the game's up, don't you, miss?"

"Don't talk any more!" said Mildred's companion, shortly. "I'll come with you, though I'm thoroughly disgusted! I call it a horrid shame to be stopped like this. I wish I hadn't been so silly as to tell my sister all about it—the very station I should stop at, too! I might have known she'd let it out directly I was gone."

Mildred Locke gripped Miss Oakley's arm fiercely.

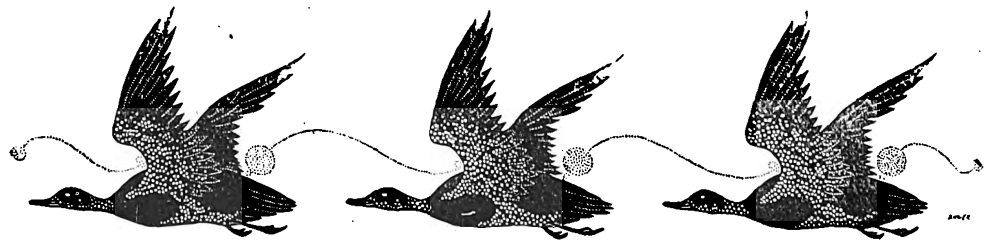
"How dared you?" she exclaimed. "You— you contemptible creature I wouldn't have believed a girl could be so horrid! Why did you deceive me so, and say all those things to me in the train?"

"Because I thought you were a little simpleton!" returned Miss Oakley, composedly. "I enjoyed it—didn't you? Besides, I wanted to see if I were properly disguised."

"*Im*properly!" cried Mildred, hotly. "Well, for my part I can't understand how girls can take such an interest in the war, and in soldiers! I think you've treated me abominably."

"Don't be angry," said Miss Oakley, coolly. "It wasn't my fault that you were so silly in the train. Yes, policeman, I'm quite ready, and I think we'd better go at once. How these people stare!"

She went away, with head erect, albeit with a high colour, escorted by the policeman. Mildred watched them go. Then, assuming a look of unconcern, she slowly followed in the same direction. She was trying to forget the various incidents of the journey down, and thought hard things about girls who admired soldiers. And, when as she made her way out of the station, she chanced to encounter a red-coated individual, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground until he had passed by.



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TWO-ROOM ECONOMY.

A Realistic Sketch.

"HOW do the poor live?" Ah, that is a mystery, known only to the women of brave heart, whose study of "household economy" resolves itself into the study of a "two-room economy."

It is a struggle which taxes the powers of the mother severely.

If the family have the luxury of two rooms, and there are several members of both sexes to be stowed away with a due regard to decency, it becomes an economy of space.

One room is usually turned into the girl's dormitory, and at night the "living room" answers the same purpose for the male members of the family.

Imagine every chair placed with the seats against the wall; three or four thus arranged make the necessary bedsteads, while the top of a table can hold another bed, and the floor between can contain a third.

As for clothing—the coats of the daytime, the jackets of the girls, table cloths, and a miscellaneous patchwork of rags have to help serve in winter, though such small, crowded rooms are naturally rather warm of themselves.

In the morning the mother dashes in and gets the boys up before the others, and as soon as they have a few of their things on, the sisters come in. The beds are then whisked away into the back room to be stacked on top of the others, while the chairs return to their natural use. The girls busy themselves about breakfast, one of them perhaps hushing a fretful baby.

Meanwhile the boys are taking turns at the only washstand in the other room, hurrying to clear out for their sisters.

One brush and comb often serves the family, and there is no time for great care with unruly locks. There is a brisk competition for first place before the looking-glass, although if a girl be taller than her sisters, she can usually look over the head of one, who is using the brush while she herself performs with the comb.

After breakfast there is a general clearance. The children are off to school, and the rest to work, while the mother proceeds first to do a little tidying of both rooms, to wash up, to make up the fire; and (if there is one) to take baby and sally off in search of the day's dinner. With eager eyes she looks out for the bones, which, with a jagged reminder on them of the meat which once clothed them, may serve for stewing. By the time she returns, her old basket contains small contributions from the baker's, the butter-

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man's, and the grocer's, for in the very spirit of the words it is necessary for the poor to live "day by day."

Soon after one o'clock, the father and the elder ones are home for dinner with wolfish appetites.

The mother—with a very red face, the result of the morning's rush and baby's peevishness—dishes up and serves out, with a delicate calculation of due proportions, some Irish stew.

Perhaps, the day after, there will be "sassidges" for dinner, another day some appetising tripe and onions, and yet another "'am and eggs," the flavour of the bacon disguising the staleness of the eggs. A few bits of steak, well peppered, crowned with a huge, thick crust, and crammed with potatoes, soaked in plentifully watered gravy, provide yet another savoury repast. But in each case the *sine quâ non* of cooking is that the dish must be "something quick." For when cooking has to be watched, the home generally suffers.

Still no one thinks of grumbling. It is what they have been used to, and, so long as there is enough for all and a pint or two of beer, all's well!

This beer is generally fetched by the fag of the family, usually a girl of about twelve, not old enough for work, except at home. One such girl had just emerged into the dignity of an apprentice, and on coming home the first day, the usual cry greeted her: "Now you, 'Arriett, just go and fetch that beer!"

The girl's face was a study. "*Me* fetch the beer. Go 'long! Don't I help to keep you? Think I've waited on you long enough. Git it yerself. Not me!"

But for the "fag," as for everyone else, every trial has its compensations, and when the father remarks concerning the beer—"Short measure to-day!" it generally means the "fag" has been using her opportunity to have a pull or two on the way. Woe betide her if her father smells her breath!

Saturday, which is an early day both with the father and the youngsters, usually brings with it the expectation of a hot dinner with "Yorkshire" pudding. Fortunately there is a baker's close at hand, and in a tin dish the meat, with "puddin' and taters" under it, is taken to be baked, while with broom and water the mother cleans up in a general kind of way, to be ready for her family by two o'clock.

But in spite of the fact that the dinner is put out of the way, Saturday is a terrible crush all day long. When dinner is over the girls put on their Sunday best, and, leaving their mother to do the washing-up, go forth in feathers and finery to meet the bridegroom that-is-to-be. But at home there are to-morrow's clean shirts and stockings to get ready—shirts which want a new back, a new front, new wrists and new everything—stockings which have been darned till it is a puzzle to know which was the darning and which the stocking. The place, too, must look a bit smart, for Polly's young man may drop in; so bits of clean curtains, made of halves and quarters of old ones mended together, go up at the windows, and a penn'orth of whatever flowers may be about are stuck in an old mug in the centre of the table.

So the round goes on, the mother never knowing any rest, except when family events lay her aside, and even then she enters heartily into the spirit of competition amongst poor women to be able to boast of the few days in which she got down.

She had need to hurry, for the family have a lively time of shift, when the mother's busy hands and brain are in "the other room."

It is a scramble to get what they can, and how they can; but not one of them has to make such shift as the poor sick woman herself.

"Good-bye, Poll!" says the husband, as he departs to work again. "Be all right I suppose till we get back?"

"Yes, Bill!" faintly. "Don't you worry about me!"

But when the man has gone, and the girls have sung out a cheery "good-bye, mother!" and the sound of the boys' retreating whistling tells they are disappearing, she indulges in the luxury of a good cry. Oh, what she would give for a cup o' tea and a bit o' toast!

A feeling neighbour perhaps runs in to make up the bed for her, and with one rapid glance sees at once what is wrong. She herself has trod that way before. So out of a common experience comes a common sympathy, and if the curse of the poor *is* their poverty, that poverty it often the spring of a comradeship amongst men and men, and women and women, for the most part utterly unknown in the "upper" classes. REALIST.

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At a Conventicle.

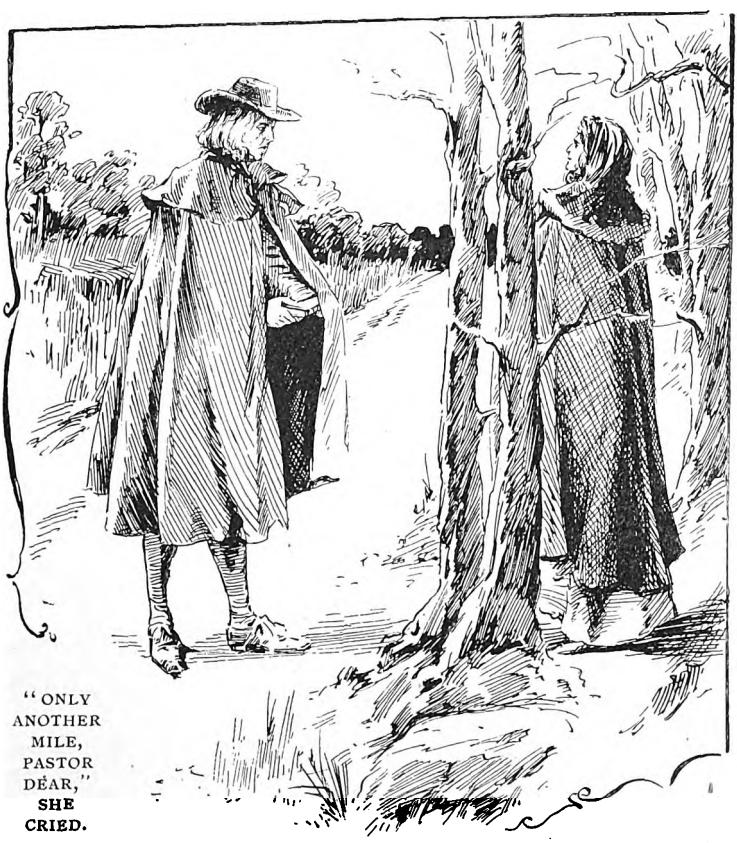
TWO wayfarers—old man and young woman—slowly trudged across the hills that lead to Northferry.

"Maid, let us rest awhile," said the old man, leaning heavily on his stout stick. "Truly, my limbs are not as agile as they once were, and the path is rugged indeed. Here, beneath this boulder, we shall, peradventure, be safe from malignant observation."

He seated himself on a large stone, while the girl threw herself on the grass at his feet.

"Only another mile, pastor dear," she cried, looking up encouragingly into his face; "then will David meet us with the horses, and the way is easy. Surely, I am selfish to drag thee from thy peaceful retirement unto the perils of this cruel place."

"Nay, nay, my child, think not so," returned the pastor, stroking her chestnut locks with fatherly affection. "He is but an unworthy shepherd who sharest not the dangers of his flock. Verily, were ten thousand demons in the path, as good Martin Luther once said, yet would I make an effort to join thy hands in holy matrimony; for these eyes long to behold my people once again; yea, this feeble tongue burns to proclaim the words of life anew. Let us trust in God."



"ONLY ANOTHER MILE, PASTOR DEAR," SHE CRIED.

"Will His people ever have liberty in this fair country?" asked the girl, wistfully, just a wee tinge of bitterness marring her low, sweet voice. "Will they one day be free to preach and to pray without fear of the fierce soldiers tearing them from home and friends?"

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"Prithee, sigh not, my brave Bessie," he said. "Affliction is good, for it knits the heart closer to its God; yet assuredly persecution shall not endure for ever. When the day of peace cometh, and men worship in freedom, perchance they will forget the tribulations their forefathers endured, and place but little value upon the liberty they enjoy. Now tell me, I pray thee, something of this David Manley."

A vivid blush slowly overspread the face of the maiden.

"I love him," she said, simply, casting her blue eyes on the ground.

"'Tis right and fitting that thou shouldest; nor needst thou be ashamed at the mention of his name."

"In sooth I am not ashamed to confess I love him," cried Bessie, glancing up, half indignantly; "for my David is full worthy of any woman's affection. Brave, noble, generous, strong—nay," she added, laughing slightly, "I cannot describe him to thee aright, pastor, because I love him so well. But when thou seest him methinks I mistake greatly if thou lovest him not also."

"God grant thee a full measure of happiness, my child," said Pastor Fixby, rising to his feet as he spoke. "Let us resume our journey, for the rest hath done me good, and I see thy heart is anxious, troubling over the safety of the young man."

She gave him her hand, and they plodded onward, carefully avoiding the direct road, still keeping within the shelter of the heath-covered hillocks. As Bessie tenderly guided the old man's footsteps, her eyes eagerly scanned the rough country around while her ears listened for the tramp of a horse. But, after all, it might not be safe for David to come on horseback; the cruel soldiers of the king still lingered about the neighbourhood searching for her beloved pastor, and loudly swearing speedy destruction upon any who succoured him or attended another open-air conventicle. Possible, also, the horseman, when he appeared, might prove an enemy. This last thought caused her to suddenly stop as she heard the distant clang of hoofs on the main road.

"Quick!" she exclaimed, directing her companion towards a thick clump of trees some twenty feet from the pathway. "We must hide here until he passes us. Maybe 'tis not David, but some man of blood."

Friend or foe, the horseman rapidly approached, and Bessie, cautiously peering from between the bushes, almost uttered a cry of horror as she caught sight of him. The old man read her face.

"Fear thee not," he whispered: "there is One above ——"

"Nay, pastor," muttered the girl, clenching her hands tightly together, "I fear his tongue more than his weapons. One trooper shall never take thee while Bessie Hazeldean can wield a cudgel. But did he see us, forsooth, he would spread the tale and so prove our undoing."

The soldier, a tall, muscular fellow, was nearly opposite the trees when he abruptly checked the pace of his steed, brought it to a standstill and lightly vaulted from the saddle. Something on the ground, apparently dropped by one of the fugitives, attracted his attention. He picked up the article, examined it scornfully, then, uttering a blasphemous oath, dashed it upon the earth, remounted his impatient charger, and cantered swiftly down the road.

"My psalter!" exclaimed Mr. Fixby, almost recklessly hurrying to recover his treasure. "Marry, the rogue knew not its priceless worth."

Bessie was following him into the roadway when the sound of a soft peculiar whistle arrested her movements. A moment later David Manley clasped her within his powerful arms.

"Troth, dearest heart, yon huge dragoon seems on mischief bent," he said, stealing a kiss. "There's half a squadron encamped outside the village, and to bring horses would have been to court disaster."

"But what can we do? The good pastor is already tired out."

"Prithee, sweetheart, be not downcast," cried the young man, gaily. "My back is at his service, and truly, methinks it hath oftentimes borne more than twice his weight. Never thee doubt, my Bessie, we'll reach our haven long afore the morn."

The minister now came toward them. Little as he valued the mere exterior of his fellow-creatures, the fine proportions and frank healthy countenance of Bessie's lover almost immediately won his heart. David doffed his hat, bending on one knee.

"My humble service unto thee, reverend sir. My name is David Manley."

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"The peace of God be upon thee. Verily ye art made for each other," he added, gazing at the happy couple with something akin to pride; "yet surely youth passes anon and all flesh is frail."

It was night before they reached Northferry, although David, despite some initial protests, carried the old man nearly all the way, moving with a free, bold stride, and pausing to rest but a few minutes during the journey. The moon shone brightly overhead as, skirting the village, they entered a small field almost entirely edged by a wood on one side and a bleak, barren hill on the other. At first sight it seemed as though there were no other human beings about the solitary place, but, after David's low whistle had thrice been repeated, at least one hundred people —men, women, even children—stole from their concealment within the wood and welcomed the new arrivals.

"We've been a-praying for thy safety, pastor," said Isaac Stowe, the big village blacksmith; "verily the Lord hath heard us."

All present knelt on the grass while the minister, lifting his hands towards heaven, poured forth his heart in earnest supplications for his much-tried flock. His prayer was short; his closing solemn words seeming in strange harmony with the dusky gloom of the surrounding scene, with the moon half hidden behind heavy clouds, with the towering trees casting their fitful shadows over the kneeling congregation. A deep religious zeal animated these humble worshippers, who, refusing conformity to doctrines their faith condemned, braved an intolerant edict, and cheerfully risked confiscation, imprisonment, banishment, even death itself, rather than sacrifice their consciences by abandoning such forbidden conventicles. The common danger drew each closer to his fellow, broke down nigh all formality, and blended them into one united family.

"And now, my beloved people," said Mr. Fixby, "as is known unto everyone here, at their own desire and with the full consent of their lawful guardians, I am about to join together in the bond of holy matrimony two of your number. Nevertheless, if anyone hath ought to say against this union — though, truly I apprehend it not — let him speak out boldly, for surely we will hearken unto what he may advance."

A hush fell over the assembly; no one proffered an objection. Accordingly, after waiting a few minutes, the pastor motioned David and Bessie to stand before him, joined their hands and questioned them as to whether, throughout

"I LOVED HIM TOO MUCH," SHE SAID.

life, each would remain faithful unto the other. Receiving unhesitating answers in the affirmative, he declared them man and wife, completing the simple ceremony with another prayer. Scarcely, however, had he concluded when the ominous tramp of military feet chilled the hearts of his congregation. A moment afterwards twenty armed soldiers burst upon the scene.

"Fairly caught the old fox in his den!" shouted their leader, roughly seizing Mr. Fixby by the collar of his coat. "Depend on it, thou drivelling wretch, this shall be thy last conventicle."

"Marry, where's thy warrant?" interposed David Manley, pushing the fellow back and at the same time adroitly releasing the minister. "Get him away—the wood—quick!" addressing those nearest him. And, before the astonished officer recovered his balance, Pastor Fixby was being hurried across the field by a dozen willing helpers. But the other troopers now came up. There was a fierce oath —someone fired his musket—and David Manley lay prone on the grass, his life's blood rushing from a terrible wound in his side. Then the ruffians dashed after the chief fugitive, to lose their prey for the time, to find his chill dead body when

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hunger and exposure had carried him beyond their malice.

Poor Bessie, cut to the heart by a nameless dread, threw herself beside the motionless, outstretched form of her young husband. Pressing her handkerchief against the gaping, ghastly wound, kissing his still warm cheek, murmuring his name in piteous entreaty, she yet instinctively felt that her tremulous pleadings could draw no response from the lips now eternally sealed by death. The blood left her face, though in her eyes were no tears. Turning to the big blacksmith, who, sobbing like a little child, held David's right hand, vainly seeking for the pulse that would beat no more:

"Isaac," she said, simply, "they have killed my David."

"God help thee, poor lass!" blubbered the man.

"And I had dreamed of year after year full of happiness with him," she went on, in a slow, constrained voice, totally unlike her own. "So good, so kind, so gentle. Oh, how could they kill my brave darling!"

"God's earth bore no truer Christian, nor kinder-hearted man," said Isaac, sympathetically.

As he spoke the fire of religious enthusiasm glittered in Bessie's tearless eyes.

"'Twas my fault," she declared, speaking quickly and with an unnatural calm, "for I loved him too much; nay, methinks I almost worshipped the ground on which he trod. But God loved my David far better than I, so He hath ta'en him from me." The young wife rose suddenly to her feet. "Oh, my dear brothers and sisters," she cried, addressing the weeping, faithful few who still remained, "believe not that because men persecute and slay, God hath utterly forsaken us. Surely the glories of everlasting bliss shall wipe away all memory of the pain we suffer on earth. Though our dear ones be torn from us, our pastors driven into exile, our hopes in this world trodden under foot, God will still support us, even when the night is darkest. Yonder"—she pointed upwards—"I see my martyred David seated amid the angels gathered around the great throne of God, his face radiant with a joy inexpressible! Why, then, should we mourn? Man cannot part us for ever."

But Bessie's fervent words were followed by the deep sigh that springs from a broken heart. The enthusiastic glow faded from her countenance, leaving it again a deathly white; one hand shiveringly clasped the other, and, as she tottered backward, the strong arm of Isaac Stowe alone prevented her from falling. He gazed into her face tenderly and anxiously, then reverently closed the staring, sightless eyes, and gently placed her passive figure on the grass beside the murdered man. "'Tis better thus," said Isaac Stowe, huskily; "Christ hath gathered His stricken lamb unto His immortal fold."

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The Mechanics of = = = = Religious Work.

I.

IT will be the aim of this series of articles to bring the reader into touch with the many great businesses which have been chiefly built up owing to needs created by religious work.

There is a side to the varying philanthropies and religious efforts of the day which is often completely ignored—the *mechanical* side; and even those whose duties force them to notice its existence are scarcely aware of the great extent of the employment of labour in such work. Yet, if one comes to consider the matter, it must be perfectly clear that the thousands of societies and charities, to say nothing of the Churches, must be the means of a living to a vast industrial army. For instance, the "Report," which is the subject of such anxiety to secretaries, must for every society be printed and circulated in thousands. Moreover, some of the great societies, like the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, and other similar institutions, spend the chief part of their income in printing and binding, thus conferring a great benefit on the community by the employment of labour. Religious efforts are often spoken of as though they were simply parasites existing on the charitable gifts of the public, but, as a matter of fact, they hold such a position as employers, that if they were to cease, there would be hundreds of thousands of men and women standing idle because "no man had hired them."

MR. WALTER HAZELL, M.P.

A firm which, by its growth and its enormous business, is an object lesson of this very fact, is that of Hazell, Watson and Viney, which finds scope for the employment of nearly two thousand men and women, in the printing of religious reports, books and newspapers. For over fifty-five years they have laid themselves out to do this work, and as the work has increased so their establishment has grown. In 1845 their annual pay bill was £520, while in 1902 it is £80,000. The original space occupied by their works was only 4,000 square feet and now it is over 4 acres.

The chairman of the company is Mr.

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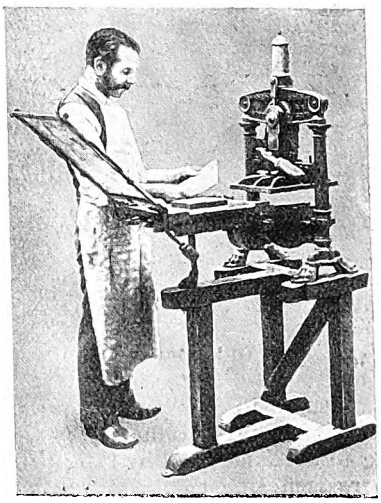
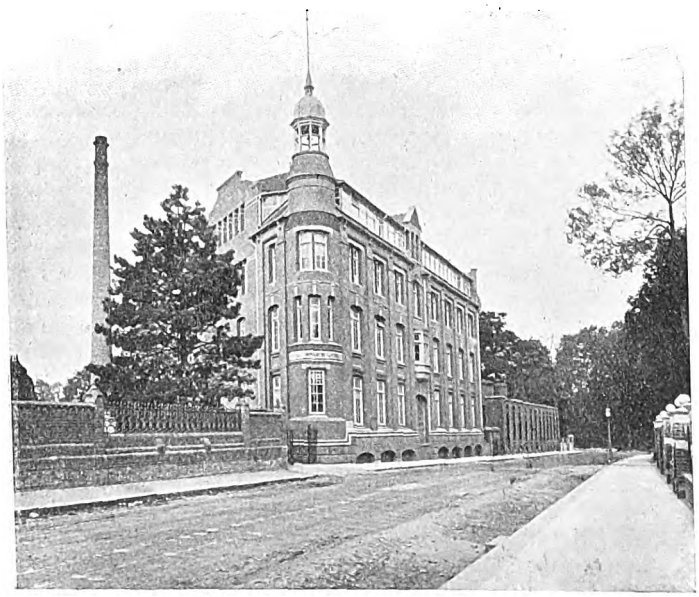
Walter Hazell, the M.P. for Leicester. Unlike many heads of important firms, who have received their early drilling in public schools, he was educated at private establishments, and came into the business at the age of twenty. He is a man of wonderful energy and enterprise, and it is owing to his fostering care that his establishment has so greatly grown.

The concern which for many years has been called Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ltd., was founded by the late Mr. W. Paul, at 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, which was in those days an old-fashioned dwelling-house containing some old-fashioned presses. Mr. Paul, in the year 1845, sold his business to the late Mr. George Watson, who died sometime ago at the ripe age of eighty-two. In 1867 the Aylesbury Works had been commenced as an experiment in an old silk mill at California, near the Great Western station. The original staff there consisted of three persons. The mechanical methods of those days seem very backward and slow compared with those of the present time. The struggle for improved organisation and efficiency was most severe, but after long effort the business was placed upon a satisfactory basis. In 1869 Mr. J. Elliott Viney entered the concern, as an articled pupil to Mr. Hazell and Mr. Watson, and in the year 1875 the firm became Hazell, Watson and Viney.



ONE OF THEIR FIRST PRESSES.

The original premises in Kirby Street were enlarged by the addition of adjoining land, which was taken from time to time, until the original No. 5, Kirby Street, is almost lost in the large buildings which now surround it. The old building in California became overcrowded by the year 1878, when the first block of buildings in the Tring Road, Aylesbury, was erected, and opened with an appropriate gathering. Another block was added in 1886, and a third block in 1895. The Long Acre business was joined to the concern in 1884, at which time the whole became a private company under the partners who had built up the business, and who still retain the control of it.



THE WORKS AT AYLESBURY

It is from those works in the quiet town of Aylesbury that an immense amount of the printed information on which societies depend to increase their income proceeds. The Religious Press also makes a great deal of work for the many hands employed by the firm. *The British Workman, Band of Hope Review, The British Weekly, The Church Monthly, The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, The Wesleyan Methodist Record, The British*

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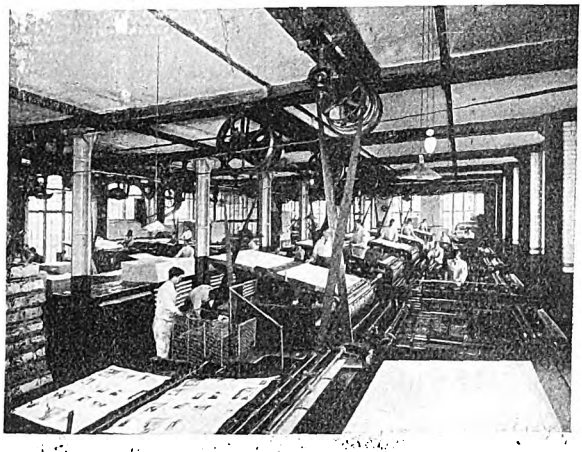
Monthly, *The Children's Friend*, *The Family Friend*, *The Methodist Welcome*, *Missionary Leaves*, *Work and Workers*, *Early Days*, *North Africa*, *The Band of Mercy*, *Herald Tracts*, *The City Temple Pulpit*, and a host of other religious papers are among those which are produced by the labours of men employed by this firm at Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, while they also do a great deal of work for the Religious Tract Society and other organisations interested in the output of religious literature. A glance at the two illustrations of one of the printing rooms and one of the binderies of the company will bring home forcibly to the reader how many "hands" must find employment in this work that is so intimately associated with religion.

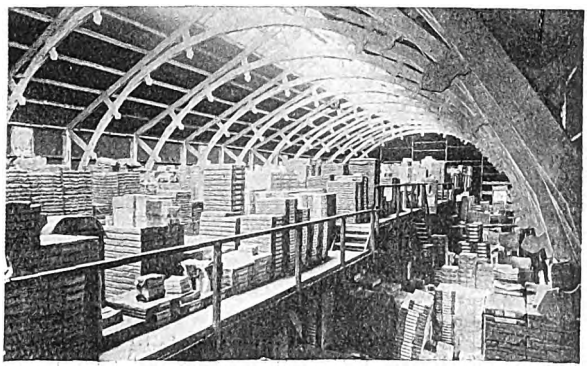
A BINDERY.



A PRINTING ROOM.

One of the most pleasing facts in connection with the firm is its healthy relations with its "hands." It would be little short of a scandal if a company that made religious work such a special feature should carry it on in such a way as to leave room for carping and sneers. Of all sweating, the sweating of workers for religious objects would be the most abominable, and no employés ought to be so happily situated and carefully studied as those whose labours are connected in any way with religious and philanthropic work. No one sees this more clearly than Mr. Walter Hazell and his co-director, Mr. Viney. In an address issued by the former to his workpeople, he says:—

"We who come together originally for the homely purpose of earning our living, are trying to interest each other in matters aside and beyond the mere routine of daily work. Man does not live by bread alone, and a man's interest in his business should not be limited solely by the money he takes away from it. Among the hundreds of employés of the firm there are people of varied tastes, ideas and aspirations, and it seems a good thing to cultivate public spirit among them. Those who have the natural aptitude for organisation are encouraged to be leaders in sports, or in the educational, recreative and other efforts which are worked for the good of all. We think the time has come when everyone regularly employed by the firm should feel that he or she has



A STORE ROOM.

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some interest in it and in the people connected with it, over and above the routine of daily work, necessary and honourable though that be.

"Whether regarded from the point of view of the money value of the savings which the different thrift schemes indicate, or the social and physical value of the various forms of recreation, we believe good work is being done, and that more can be done as time goes on.

"We do not make a fetish of the virtue of thrift. It is only one of many good habits, and, like other virtues, may be carried to excess and become a vice. But, in general, few will question the social advantage to a man of carefully husbanding his resources till he becomes a shareholder in the concern he works in, and this is the pleasing condition of hundreds of our staff. How many distinct individuals invest their savings in the concern can hardly be stated, because the same names reappear under different schemes, but the total number of persons reaches hundreds, and the value of their investments when the payments are completed will approach £30,000, no small part of the capital required to work the concern."

MR. VINEY.

Everything that is possible to start and promote thrift is done by the firm. If the apprentices conduct themselves well they are presented on the expiration of their apprenticeship with a bonus of £10, part of which is paid to make them life members of the Printers' Pension Society, and it is expected that the recipient of the bonus should have saved an equal sum by the time he receives it. This is the first step, and a further effort finds opportunity in the savings banks of the firm, where there is actually deposited £8,500. Independently of this any member of the firm who is making an effort to save, and who sees that a loan of a moderate amount will help him in this direction, is eligible for a loan from the directors, to be repaid by instalments spread over such a period as may be agreed, at 4 per cent. interest. It is a condition of the loan being granted that it is to be used for some purpose of thrift, such as buying a house, buying shares in the company, or in some way helping the applicant to increase his capital. Each proposal will be carefully considered upon its merits, including the length of the applicant's services, the amount of effort to save that he has already put forth, and the security (if any) which he offers.

By a contribution of a penny a week, a provident fund is carried on, and the capital invested has now reached £3,300, while the benefits are realised in sickness and the payment of £15 at death.

Between the directors, the managers, the foremen and the trustees of the provident fund no serious case of sickness among the staff occurs without practical expressions of friendly interest. Exceptional cases of difficulty arising from long sickness come under the notice of the provident fund trustees. Where a stay at a convalescent home will be a benefit to anyone recovering from a severe illness, it is arranged for. The directors have secured a permanent bed at the Bexhill Convalescent Home, at the joint cost of the company and the London Houses Sick Fund. Arrangements also

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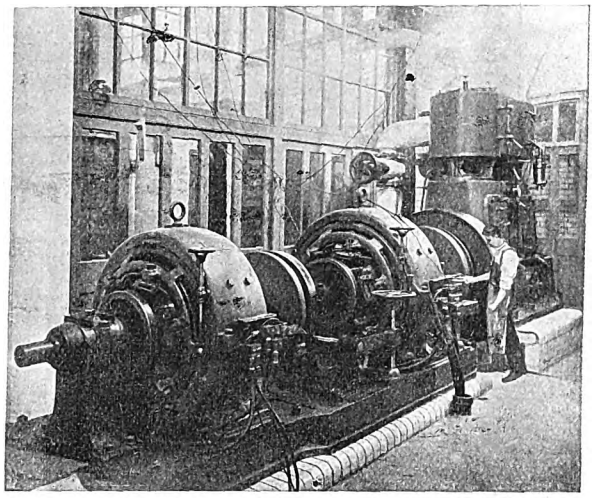
are frequently made for convalescents to stay with a private family at Bognor.

The one great feature, however, is the existence of the share-purchase scheme. With a view to extending the shareholding system, Mr. Hazell brought out a scheme in 1890, in which he offered to sell a limited number of his own shares to the employés upon the following conditions :—

That the share should be purchased at its market value—£17 ; that it should be paid for at the rate of one shilling a week for 340 weeks, making a total of £17. During this time the subscriber received all the dividends that were earned, and as the dividend was at that time 10 per cent. per annum, the result was that nearly all the premium the subscriber paid was returned to him in the form of dividends, and ultimately the share became his property at three-quarters its market value. A system of insurance was combined with this scheme. It was arranged that from the moment the subscriber had paid his first weekly instalment, should his death occur, the share became the property of his family without further payment. The idea was cordially accepted,

On the completion of the scheme, in 1879, Mr. Hazell and his co-directors were invited by the staff to a social gathering at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, as it was considered to be a somewhat memorable incident in the history of the firm.



A GENERATOR.

Other schemes are also in operation with the same aim. Two Institutes, one at Kirby Street and the other at Aylesbury, form social and recreative centres, and in connection with them have been established brass bands, string bands, lending libraries, book societies, cricket, football and tennis, and swimming clubs, while there are billiard, smoking and reading-rooms, and also a refreshment bar.

Altogether, this firm does its religious work in the most religious way, and it is no wonder that it should flourish, for everyone is encouraged by such a system to do his best work, and to make that best better.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

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QUEER WAYS.

I.

ONE of the queerest things *in* the world is the blindness to the general queerness *of* the world. There are so many things in it to laugh at that one might go laughing through life. Judging by their solemn faces the procession of human beings which daily crosses London Bridge is not awake to the fact. But it really is very, very funny even to stop and watch that crowd. Look at that self-important dapper little man, walking with head tilted up, and an air that plainly says "I am, and there is none beside me." Five feet, four inches of self-importance. It would be *dignity* on six feet, but it is *absurdity* on anything less, especially much less. On the other hand, see that six-footer slouching along. Why ever does he wear such tight trousers over such long legs? Why will he crown such splendid height with that bowler hat? A silk hat would be "a high hat" on him; but on a stout, podgy man it is only called so. Then look at that little boy, hanging on to a big cigar! It is irresistibly comic, a cigarette would be more in keeping, and no-cigarette suit him better still; but that brawny man yonder certainly doesn't match that tiny paper whiff; a pipe would set him off to advantage.

There is a group trying to walk abreast and converse, regardless of those behind, who want to get before. Watch those quick glances the men give at every passing woman, young of course; how conscious they are of her, how utterly unconscious she is of them, or seems to be, though it is very queer that, dainty as she is, she should not know it. If I had the least claim to such freshness and nattiness, I should be walking along like that self-important little man. Where does she get her demureness? It must be a gift. So must that man's self-possession there who is just coming along! Surely he must know how ugly he is. He ought to be ashamed of it, and not draw attention to his ungainly figure by smart suit, flaming tie and glossy hat, everything about him smart except himself. No amount of watch chain and tie will ever redeem his features, and the best cut clothes won't hide those whisky curves. But sublimely unconscious, he moves along. It must be a gift. So must that man's apparent ignorance that the saw projecting out of his tool-basket nearly jagged a hole in a fine coat as he passed. Wonder if the owner could have claimed damages, and how he would get them. As it is, he doesn't even get an apology. Working-men are so civil. All he does get is an enquiry—whether he wants the whole pavement to 'is blessed self. Only he doesn't say "blessed." And that little man in front turns to laugh at them and slips backward off the curb, and nearly gets under that cart; while, just in time, the driver stops everything except an oath, and the waggon behind him has to pause and the traffic pulls up right away to London Bridge Station, and perhaps even at the Elephant they feel the result of that little man having slipped off the curb backwards. But, then, if they hadn't stopped, that stout lady couldn't have caught that 'bus she's been hailing so frantically, and perhaps if she hadn't, the next 'bus might have lost her train for her, and she would have got home late, and the house would have been put out, and so would her husband, and he would go out angry, and go where something to drink is always ready, and come back again and slap the children and say naughty words, and get up sorry next morning, and perhaps she would bear malice and they wouldn't speak for a month, and he would discover some lady who would, and then get found out and it would be very awkward to explain, so he would get blamed by everyone, whereas it would all be owing to the fact that that silly little man had not turned round to laugh and had not slipped off the pavement.

QUEER SIDER.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

Harrison, *Lincoln.*

REV. H. H. CARLISLE, M.A.
Newland Congregational Church, Lincoln.

THE Rev. Henry Hermann Carlisle, M.A., the pastor of "Newland" Congregational Church, Lincoln, is a man who is just now occupying public attention in the Congregational churches, owing both to his own personal gifts and also to the unique position held by his church at Lincoln, which has been bold enough to already try, as an experiment, the policy of a "United Congregational Church," advocated by Dr. Parker. With regard to the last there are four churches, worked as one, on the circuit plan —Newland, South Bar District, Far Newland District, and Monks Road District. The assistant ministers are under the control of the deacons and of the pastor, who is responsible for the plan of preaching and for himself taking one service each quarter in each district. The election of the ministers is by the whole church assembled at Newland. The diaconate consists of twelve, each district church at present sending one representative elected by themselves. A quarterly church meeting is held at each district church, at which all their business is brought forward and discussed.

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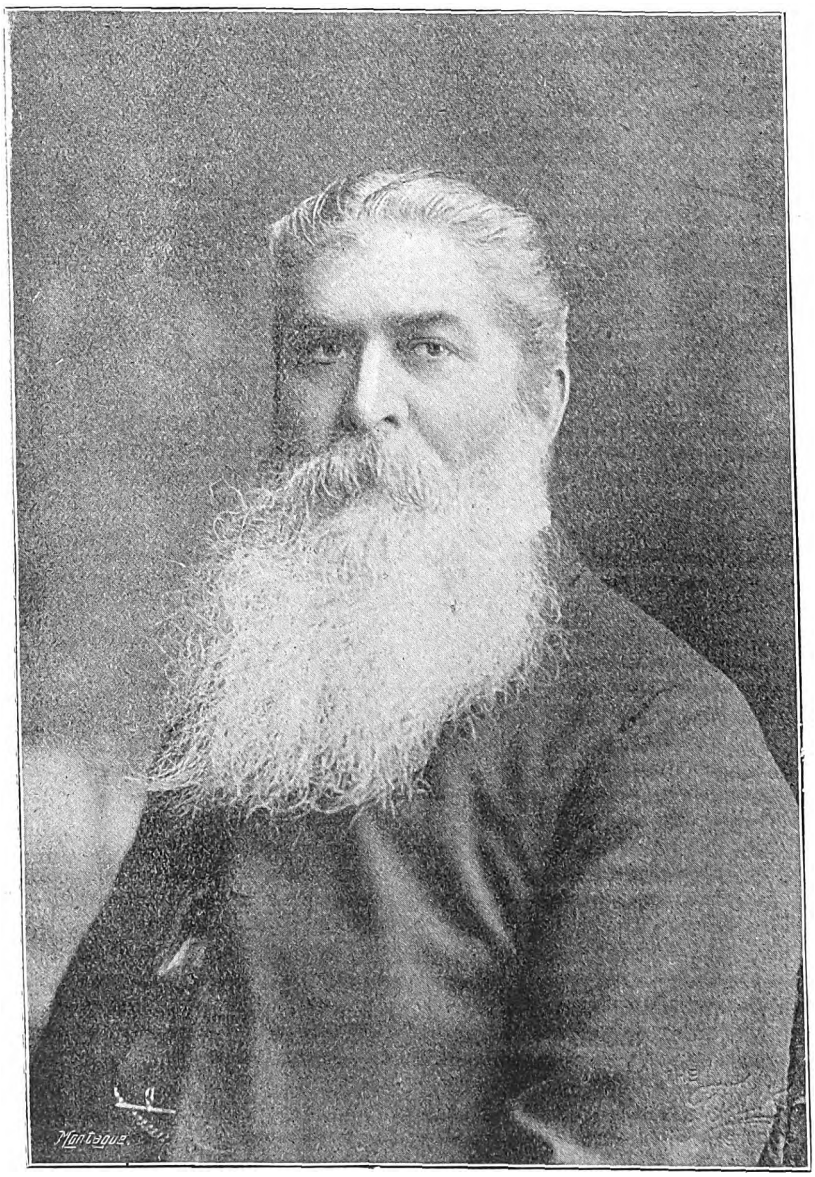
The report of this and any new departure proposed, has to be sent for approval and confirmation to the next church meeting at Newland, which all have the right of attending. These are held monthly.



REV. W. G. LAWES, D.D.

All expenses are met by two funds—(1) the Church Expenses Fund and (2) the Ministers' Fund. The whole church has therefore a common purse, and this means that what the district churches do not contribute the mother church has to make up. This involves that any extension or repairs are taken up by the whole church. It has been found in the result of working out that for the assistants it means easier work in preaching, as they have to go the round. But for the senior minister, though very interesting, it is not quite so easy, as it keeps him much tied to Lincoln, for it does not mean the same to a congregation if the regular minister is often away, however good the supply may be. As regards the rest of the week's work, it is more than doubled for every man. To begin with, there are four sets of all kinds of services and meetings to deal with every week. Each section of the church wants and holds its anniversaries, and each tends to consider its claims and interests stand first. But the four congregations are welded together by common interests and ever-growing sympathy; and it must be a healthy thing for a church to think and live for others as Newland undoubtedly does, and for district churches not to feel hampered and fretted by their poverty or the smallness of their recently-formed congregations. Apart altogether from the prominence which their successful

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experiment has given the church at Lincoln, the personal qualifications of Mr. Carlisle entitle him to notice. He is a scholar, having gained a First Class in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge. He has won golden opinions in Essex, where he placed the church at Maldon in a splendid position for work, and as a preacher he has won for himself a ready welcome into the foremost churches of the denomination. At Lincoln his wonderful powers of organisation, and the twofold fascination he exerts over young people and his brother ministers find great scope, and as he is still one of the "young men" of the denomination, there may safely be predicted for him a career, the end of which is not yet.

WILLIAM GEORGE LAWES, D.D., one of the Missionary speakers at the May Meetings, was born July 1st, 1839, at Aldermaston, Berks. He was appointed to Samoa as a missionary of the London Missionary Society, and ordained in 1860 at Trinity Chapel, Reading, of which he had been a church member. Having married a Miss Fanny Wickham, he sailed in the good old missionary ship the *John Williams* November 23rd, 1860, and arrived at Samoa July 23rd, 1861. Immediately upon his arrival he was appointed as the first resident missionary on Niué (Savage Island), and sailed there with Mrs. Lawes, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Pratt. Mr. Pratt, remaining for a time to introduce Mr. Lawes to his field of labour, devoted himself to the preparation and revision of the Niué version of portion of the New Testament for a few months, when he left Niué to return to Savaii. Mr. Lawes, having the sole charge of the Mission, now conducted the various departments of work.

He also formed a *class* for the *Training of Teachers*, and occupied himself in the *Translation* of the *New Testament*. Six years later, on March 15th, 1868, he had the pleasure of being joined by his brother, Francis Edwin Lawes, who then co-operated with him in the Mission. In July, 1869, after much painstaking, he had completed and revised a version of the *Psalms*. In 1872, he revisited England, but two years later, having been appointed to the New Guinea Mission, he departed, with his wife and child, for the scene of labour that must ever be associated with his name, as with that of his long-time friend, James Chalmers.

In view of recent events in New Guinea, Dr. Lawes will be one of the most eagerly welcomed speakers at the May meetings. Dr. Lawes has found that the recent tragedy on the Aird River has called fresh attention to New Guinea. But people find it difficult to understand how mission work can have made so much progress and yet such a tragedy be possible. The apparent contradiction arises from the fact that New Guinea is so large a place that what goes on in one part of the island *has no influence upon the rest of the country*. The fact that the people on the Aird River had never before seen "Tamate," as Chalmers was called, or heard the Gospel comes as a revelation to many people in this country.

Asked if he thought it feasible to start a mission among those who perpetrated the recent massacre, he replied:

"It is certainly feasible; but we shall have to follow the leadings of Providence, and it may be some time before we are able to do anything directly. There is no use in rushing to the place and founding a mission before friendly relations have been established with the people.

"With the Government, the relations have always been most cordial. We have been exceptionally fortunate in having as governors two men who have been in full sympathy with us, and the establishment of the Australian Commonwealth will probably result in changes in the administration of New Guinea, bringing the possession under the more direct control of the Federal Government." Dr. Lawes believes that the change will, on the whole, be beneficial, for the tone of public opinion in Australia is on the side of justice in the treatment of native races. The resources of the country are certainly great. Large areas have now been taken up by various companies and syndicates, and considerable development may be expected before long. The question of cheap labour will be of great importance. The climate is such that native labour must be almost entirely relied on. The gold mines which have opened at the east end and on the north-east coast have been fairly successful, and a good deal is expected from some new operations now being started. The rubber industry is likely to be very remunerative. The climate is suitable also for coffee, cocoa,

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and other tropical products. Sugar-cane of very good quality and in many varieties is a native product. Exports have greatly increased since the British Government

MISS A. E. LARGE.
South Seas.

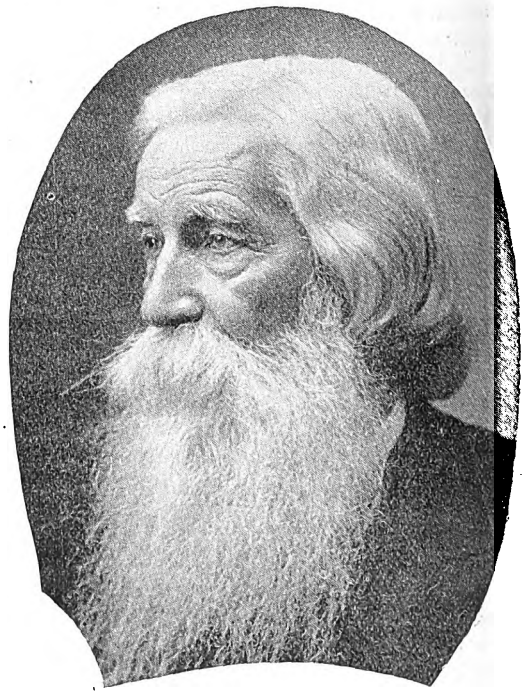
was established, and may be expected to increase still more rapidly as land is taken up by European enterprise.

There are twenty-four students in the College at present with their wives. The course of study covers four years, and up to the present about a dozen students have passed through the College, and are now settled in various villages, though the College was only started in 1896.

One of the most serious obstacles to the spread of the Gospel is the great diversity of tongues in New Guinea. Dr. Lawes takes back with him a Revised Edition of the New Testament in the Motu language, also a selection from Psalms, Proverbs and Isaiah. The Motu language is not very widely spoken, but it is one of the predominant languages in that part of New Guinea connected with his labours.

AGNES EUNICE LARGE, another representative from the South Seas, was born February 24th, 1854, at Mildenhall, Suffolk, and afterwards a church member at Dr. Horton's Church, Hampstead. She was appointed to the school for the children of foreigners at Apia, Samoa, and sailed 1892. In November, 1894, she was appointed to Rarotonga, to co-operate with Miss Ardill. She left Apia on January 27th, and arrived at Rarotonga March 7th, 1895. Her testimony will be of great interest, for her work among the children will enable her to speak of the future that lies before New Guinea, for in the rising race lies its hope, if hope there is.

DR. J. G. PATON, of the New Hebrides, needs no fresh introduction to the public. His famous book of missionary experiences has made his name a household word to great numbers. It will be an absorbingly interesting spectacle to see for the last time at the May meetings the man who is going back shortly to his own elected and beloved labours in "widening the skirts of the Kingdom of Light, and narrowing the skirts of the Kingdom of Darkness." It is not, perhaps, likely that any of us will again set



J. G. PATON, D.D.
New Hebrides.

eyes upon him, but the spirit of enthusiasm for missionary work he has evoked will remain when he has left us, and, in *that* sense, may he be with us always.

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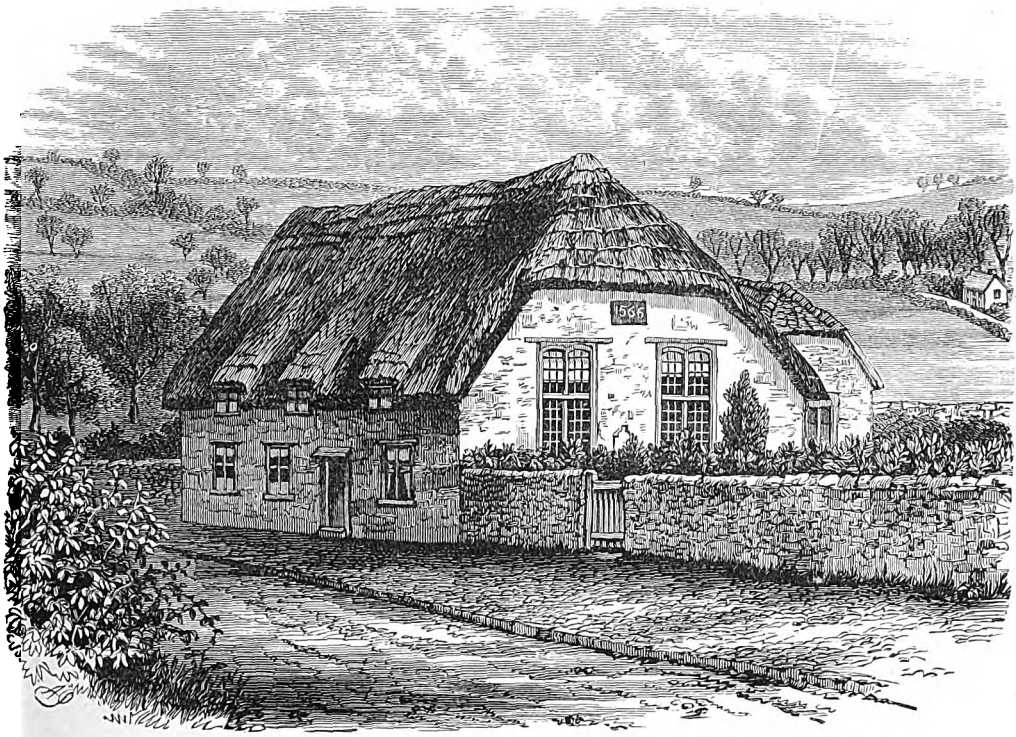
A Country Anniversary.

SUPPLIES had been growing very short in the little Manse for the past three weeks: it was getting near the end of the minister's year. Several accounts had now been standing for a few months, and would need immediate payment. But hope was strong in the minister's heart, and his wife was glad, for the ANNIVERSARY was approaching! Then outsiders would drive in as usual, and every little help would swell the small salary.



THE OLD CHAPEL.

. . . . .

The three weeks had passed. They had been busy ones. So many reminders had to be sent out to friends who had a near or remote interest in the place. Brethren had to be seen and pressed to stir up their people and put them in remembrance, lest by any means they should forget, and be missed at the small chapel which needed their help so sorely.

But alas! the day when it dawned was *wet*.

The clouds in the sky were matched by the clouds in the minister's heart. Showers to him would not be "showers of blessing." Rain would not be "rain of refreshing." A wet day was a wet blanket. For the heroic race of old which looked on wind and rain, and cared for none of these things, only used to be.

Anxiously the minister watched for the post. There were several letters containing apologies. He opened four, they were all alike, they all with one consent made excuse. He opened a fifth, it was

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a cheque for a guinea ; a sixth, it contained two ; a seventh, it asked his acceptance of five. His burdens were lighter by eight guineas.

He still anxiously regarded the weather. In the afternoon it poured incessantly, and his wife inquired if, after all, they had better cut up the cake. It would be sure to be wasted. But the minister had left the meeting in the hands of the Master. "Put it into their hearts to come!" he had prayed. So now he answered, "Cut it up by all means! It will be wanted!"

Tea time was drawing near. The usual few had come to the afternoon service. It was over, and now came the crisis. Hark! that was the sound of wheels. Regardless of dignity and of rain the minister dashed out bareheaded to receive the load of brave sympathisers, who had ventured. Two waggonettes came in one direction, and while they were yet unloading there came a third in another direction, and behind it several traps. The minister took heart.

"Has Mr. —— come?" whispered his anxious wife, mentioning a well-known helper of the district.

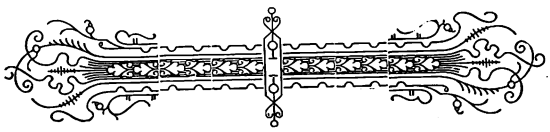
"No, dear, but he has *sent*, as usual."

The meeting progressed. Many had stayed away. It was surprising the amount of influenza there was about. But the Lord, who opened Lydia's heart of old, had opened theirs, and when the collections were taken, they were better than usual.

"Is it as much as you expected, dear?" asked his tired wife.

"Quite!" was the emphatic response. "When Jenkins and Morris and Keyes are paid, there'll be enough for that dress of yours, and I think I can see my way to an overcoat."

This is what the anniversary meant to him. Ah, and to how many more of struggling, barely paid country ministers?



THE great aim of the Proprietors and Editor of "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE" will be to make it in future Bright, Breezy, and Up-to-Date. Great attention will be paid to bringing our readers into touch with "live" subjects and persons of interest (not simply those whose portraits and careers are already familiar, and who may be said to have "arrived," but also with those who are "arriving"). There will also be short Illustrated Sketches of some of the Great Provincial Centres of Religious Work. Chatty Interviews will also be a feature. There will be Short Stories by the Best Writers, a long Complete Tale, one or two Thrilling Serials, a Child's Serial, Brief Articles, a Philanthropic Article, "In the Public Eye"; and the Book Reviews will set forth not only the contents of the books but the personality of the writer. "The People's Friend" series will also run from month to month, while the Religious Discussions commenced this month in "A Modern Esdras" will be continued. Other improvements will be announced shortly.

Editor.

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When the Mind Abdicates.

"IT is wonderful!" I said, after being shown the complete provision made for dealing with the insane at the —— County Lunatic Asylum. I had imagined it a work of great difficulty and suggested the same to the attendant. "Not at all," he replied. "You see it is just a matter of systematic treatment. The poor creatures who come in here soon fall into the routine, the greater difficulty coming with them at the first. It is then they require greater care and watching until the unvarying regularity of their life forms their habits, and we have little trouble with them afterwards."

"Do you mind describing to me something of their life?" I said.

"Well, when they first come in they are weighed, measured, bathed, their old clothes taken away, and the uniform of the place put on them, after which they are placed in the wards according to the nature of their case. There is the suicidal ward, and the ward for epileptics. These require the most careful watching both day and night, and there are some attendants always about."

"I can understand that," I said; "but what puzzles me is how you manage with them all at meals—say the suicide cases, for example?"

"They are all placed in the dining-hall in separate companies—the suicidal, the epileptic, the invalid, and the convalescent. Nothing in the way of damage is likely to occur at table; they are too closely watched. We count the knives and forks before meals, and count them afterwards. If one is missing, there is a strict search till it is found."

"Are you troubled much with the violence of the inmates?"

"Not so much as on the female side. The women always take the palm for violence. Here, at any rate, they are not the 'gentler sex.'"

"What do you do with the rough specimens then? I suppose you must isolate even the very noisy cases."

"Yes, we have the padded rooms, but they never stay in long—those seizures are mostly paroxysms."

"The majority, I suppose, are not exceptional cases?" I queried.

"No," he answered, "and all that are not we put to work. There is the farm, the engineer's, carpenter's, tailor's, and upholsterer's shops for the males, and all manner of house work, etc., for the women. It would never do to allow their minds to be unoccupied. Regularity, company, work, discipline, good food and plenty of sleep, these are the means we rely on for cure! They rise at six o'clock, breakfast at eight, have dinner at one, tea at a quarter past five, and go to bed at half-past seven; which secures them 10½ hours rest, and gives to us day attendants a fairly long evening."

"But you have said nothing about their amusements!" I remarked.

"Oh, they are well enough off for that. In summer there is cricket on fine evenings. Then there is the band, mostly composed of the attendants. Amateur theatricals are also given frequently, and it is a curious fact that however stupid the inmates are at other times, they are generally alive to any fun then. In the winter we have a dance every Monday evening, and holidays are pretty often given, in which case we have some special band up, and make a regular fête day of it. Altogether, many of them are far better off than ever they were in their lives."

"How long do they stay?"

"Oh, well, we had one man who was here 40 years—died here in fact. Another

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we discharged after 22 years' stay. The other day we sent out a man who had been here 18 years, but he couldn't get any employment, so had to go to the workhouse. He soon came back, however, saying they half-starved him, and out of sheer pity he was taken in."

"You don't 'half starve' them here," I observed, for I had noticed how strong and well most of those I had casually caught sight of appeared. "No, indeed!" he said, "liberal allowance of everything is the rule here, even tobacco."

"Tobacco?" I said, surprised.

"Bless you, yes, sir! Some of them have four or five ounces a week!"

"You have quite a little town inside the walls, I see—workshops and chapel, recreation grounds and theatre," I observed. "Have you a cemetery here?"

"Yes," he answered. "We bury those that die here in the place."

"I suppose you do not have many deaths?"

"Not so many considering the great number here. Besides, when the mind goes wrong the body often thrives the better, at least we find it so. It is in the cases of melancholia that the body wastes so."

"How many have you here?"

"Roughly speaking, about 500 males and twice that number of females, and to look after these we have, as you may imagine, a very large staff."

"The doctors, I conclude, are all specialists?"

"Oh, yes; and the great interest they take in their cases would surprise you. If a man or woman has a chance they'll get it here. But I must go.—Oh, here is one of the doctors!" And he mentioned to him the name of the patient I had come to see. Readily and courteously he gave me every information in his power. "I have no doubt the friends of the patients are often anxious to see you," I said. "Yes, indeed! It is very trying sometimes to have to turn inquiry agent, when one's hands are full of the other work. But then I think if we put ourselves in their place we should be just as anxious, so I put up with it for their sake."

I thanked him and departed, pondering that remark of his as I went. "If we put ourselves in their place." That was the spirit of the Master. It was the golden rule. And as I looked at the carefully-kept grounds, bright with flowers and ornamental grasses, and glanced at the buildings replete with contrivances to lighten the sad lot of the otherwise unhappy inmates, I recognised how that spirit pervaded the whole place, and was, in fact, its *raison d'être*.

THE ONLOOKER.

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FOR AFRICA BY AFRICANS.

THE African Training Institute for African Students, situated at Colwyn Bay, North Wales, is designed for the purpose of training self-supporting native missionaries to minister to their brethren in the Dark Continent; the founder of the Institute, the Rev. W. Hughes, was himself once a missionary on the Congo, and from his own experiences while at work there, evolved the idea of the college which he afterwards founded.

Of all climates in the world certain portions of Africa are the most inimical to the health of Europeans. The European missionary who settles in these regions has to encounter, in addition to the usual anxieties and discouragements of his work, the insidious effects of the climate, which saps his strength and makes all exertion peculiarly difficult, but climatic differences do not affect the native-born African, his standard of living is a lower one than that of the European, and he can support himself, or be supported, in comfort, for an amount upon which the most self-denying missionary would find it hard to exist.

REV. W. HUGHES, FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE.

In all races and in all classes "like appeals to like." The native convert, in what ever country he is found, can enter into, and understand, the prejudices, superstitions, the ways of thought of his heathen brethren, with a fulness of sympathy which the most devoted of European missionaries necessarily cannot possess. They look on from without, the native convert sees from within.

It is not the design of the African College to bring over every convert to England for training; only the more intelligent and promising are selected. For these the college affords an opportunity of complete severance for a time from the degrading influences of their native African customs and superstitions, and gives its students a training which will best fit them to become, in their turn, instructors of their heathen brethren.

They receive an ordinary course of English school training, and in order to equip them for their future work, special attention is paid to Scripture and composition of sermons. Each student in turn takes part in the services held in the Institute's Lecture Hall, in winter, and Colwyn Bay Public Hall or where the meetings are held in summer, which are so much appreciated by visitors and residents. In some cases students become medical practitioners, when friends undertake the expense. In such cases they are prepared for the preliminary examinations. A very important part of their training is industrial, each student taking up a trade or handicraft, their hours of labour being fixed so that they can carry on class work simultaneously. A printing office has recently been set up on the premises, where, in future, all printing will be executed by the students. Orders for printing are hereby solicited for the benefit of the work. Other trades will eventually be started. The millions in Africa need to be taught the first principles of civilisation.

It is a charitable institution and entirely unendowed. Contributions are sent by God's people in all parts of the United Kingdom. Being so thoroughly convinced that this is the most suitable scheme for the early uplifting of their country, native christians of West Africa

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send their contributions unsolicited. A number of persons in some parts of this country form themselves into "Bands," contributing, in the aggregate, twenty-five pounds annually for the support of a student. The total receipts in 1890 were £88 6s. 7d., but in 1901 they amounted to £1,940 9s. 8d.

Educated native Christian workers all along the coast have over and over again expressed themselves most favourably, and call upon their fellow-countrymen to accord to it their support. The native press of the Gold Coast, Lagos, and other English colonies say it is *par excellence* the agency for uplifting the African in every sense of the word. African travellers have also expressed approval of its methods, whilst Carey, Marshman, Ward, and other great missionaries in speaking of India and other heathen countries have pointed out that the principle upon which this institution is carried on must be applied to the great work of extending the dominions of our Saviour throughout the whole world.

A NATIVE.

They are recommended either by native churches of Cameroons, Victoria, Lagos, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, etc.; missionaries in Africa; or by auxiliary committees of educated native Christians, formed in convenient centres in Africa, who co-operate with the Institute. Each candidate is required to undergo a medical examination, and answer satisfactorily certain questions which are sent to him.

The influential firm of African steamship owners, Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., of Liverpool, have very generously undertaken to bring over and return the students free of charge, exept in a few instances, but even these at much reduced charges.

A frequent question addressed to us is "Why not send coloured missionaries from America to their brethren in South Africa: Why bring them from Africa?"

The Language.

Let us now ventilate the subject, and we will first proceed to treat of the difficulty of foreign missionaries learning the languages of Africa. It is a life's work to master a language thoroughly, to think in it, and speak it with the fluency of a native. Coloured missionaries from America have to encounter this language difficulty, whilst the natives of Africa already have it at their command. They learned the African language when babes; their mothers spoke and sang to them in their own tongue. Knowing it thus from childhood, they speak it with an ease that foreigners can never acquire. Moreover, when our students return home they will preach the Gospel as it has been intended to be preached from the day of Pentecost—so that every man may hear it in his own tongue."

The Climate.

Coloured men born in America cannot stand the climate of Central Africa as well as the natives. I have had experience of this fact. A coloured missionary from Jamaica was with me for three months at my station on the Congo, and his fevers were almost as bad as my own. He got

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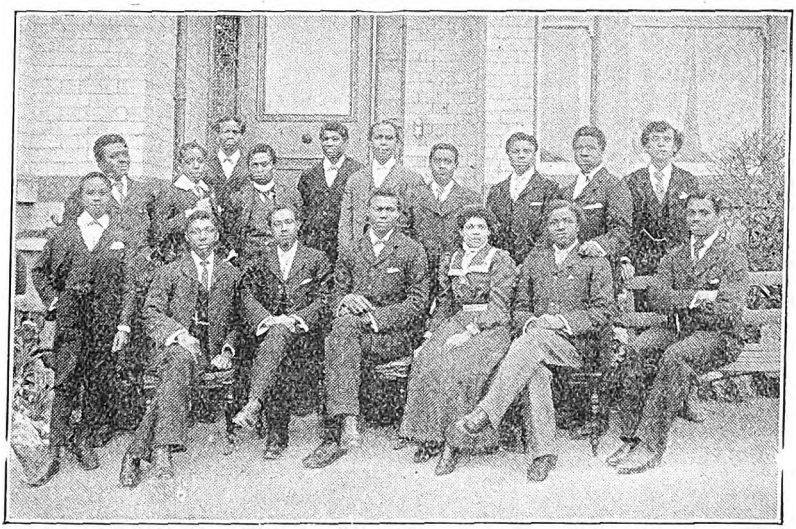
them often, and they were somewhat heavy. I admit that coloured men from America ought to stand the climate of Central Africa better than Europeans, and we have reason to believe they generally will; but there are many reasons why they cannot be as healthy as the natives. The constitutions of men are formed according to the climate in the country of their birth. The coloured men of America have all their lives breathed the air of America, drunk the water of America, and shared its civilisation. Our students, when they return to Africa, will be content to rough it in their old accustomed way. To us it appears as natural to return these young men to their native climate as it would be to transfer a fish from dry land to water. Our conclusion is that no men can stand the climate of Central Africa so well as the natives. They endure the scorching heat of the sun for ten hours each day without a hat or a cap on their heads, often with the woolly hair shaven from their crowns, and suffer no harm. They sleep with impunity in the open air at midday, sometimes with their uncovered faces turned to the burning sun, which would be fatal to a white man. Most of us have seen black showmen in the street tossing big turnips into the air and letting them fall upon their forehead with such force that the turnips were dashed to pieces. The explanation of the fact is the thickness of the African's skull. If I must take my choice, I would rather bare my head to the blows of the turnips than to the sun's rays in the torrid zone. The white man, before he can work or walk safely in Africa at mid-day, must wear a helmet with a crown of cork of considerable thickness, carry a sunshade, and fold a silk handkerchief or puggaree over the neck to avert the deadly sunstroke. We must learn to be reasonable and natural in carrying on the work of God in every country. In the third place, native African missionaries will have more

SYMPATHY WITH THEIR OWN PEOPLE

than would foreigners from America. A stranger cannot enter into the feelings of the natives as fully as an African; the American coloured man does not know all about the Africans—their poverty, their temptations, etc. The same law applies everywhere. No man can sympathise with an Englishman as fully as an Englishman or share the feelings of an Irishman or Scot like a brother Scot or Briton. It is a wrong and a blunder to appoint any foreigners, if suitable natives can be found, as judges, preachers, and magistrates in any country. Even were they the best of men they would be in the wrong place; they don't fit their places; they are square men in round holes, or round men in square holes; they are ignorant of the language, unacquainted with the affairs of the people, their



A GROUP OF STUDENTS.

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poverty, history, wrongs; they cannot sympathise with the sentiments, hopes, and aspirations of a conquered people like their own flesh and blood. A foreigner cannot plead the cause of any country in Parliament or anywhere else with as much force and point as a native. For instance, the English Church failed in its early days in Wales because it came here with an English cloak upon it attempting to teach in an unnatural way, preaching in another tongue to people who spoke Welsh, but the Roman Catholics were wiser in their generation when they went to Ireland, for they employed the natives of the land and succeeded in their purpose. What is against natural feeling and common sense will never succeed. When the first Great Missionary came from Heaven to save the world, He came in the most natural way, as much as possible like His brethren, tempted in all points like them, differing in only one point—without sin. Our idea in training Africans as missionaries is that in all points they are like their brethren, of the same blood, the same colour, the same humour, the same language, the same in everything, excepting in education and training. We see every day more and more the necessity of having preachers as much as possible like the people to whom they preach. This is the main cause of success with the Salvation Army, though connected with many infirmities. It is true in religion as in medicine—like cures like. There is an inspiration in the word "home," the very sound of it is soothing and homelike. The sweetest song in the English language is "Home, Sweet Home." When our African students have finished their training in this Institute, they will be sent to Central Africa. They think with pleasure of the time when they will go "home." They talk and sing about their "home," they dream of "home," they pray for the "homeland" and for the loved ones at "home"; they have come here to be trained for "home" mission work, and they earnestly desire to be instrumental in making their "home" happy. When English and American missionaries, both white and colored, are sent to Central Africa, they do not go "home"; they are sent away from their "home" to a "home." Their "home" is on the banks of the Congo, or some other part of foreign land. There is irresistible force in the "home" argument.

A LADY STUDENT.

We wish to express our entire sympathy with the above effort, and to direct our readers' attention to the necessities of the Institute (ED.):—

1. To wipe off an existing debt, caused mostly by the South Wales Coal Strike, the War in South Africa, Indian Famine, and the heavy drains upon all denominations in connection with the 20th Century Funds
2. To complete printing and tailoring departments (which will ultimately pay for themselves) for the thorough instruction of students in these useful trades.
3. To assist for a few years industrial native missionary efforts in Gold Coast, Yorubaland, New Calabar, Liberia, etc., until they become self-supporting.
4. To develop the Girls' Institute at Colwyn Bay.
5. To provide for the scores of applicants who continually seek admission into the Boys' Institute.
6. To pay for the freehold property, including present Institute buildings and land.
7. To publish 3,000 more copies of a Dualla hymn book for the native Christians at Cameroons. 2,000 have already been sent out.

Cheques to be crossed "Metropolitan Bank of England and Wales," and P.O.O. made payable at the Colwyn Bay Post Office. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by W. Hughes, founder and director, Colwyn Bay, North Wales.

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A Record of Facts,
Principles, and Discoveries.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—**"Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us."**

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food,** rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System,** Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood,* and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called '**Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus.**"

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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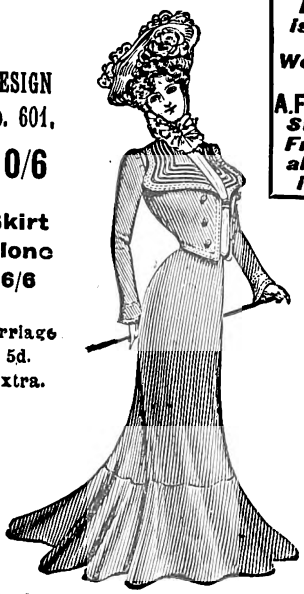

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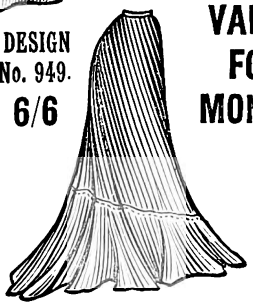

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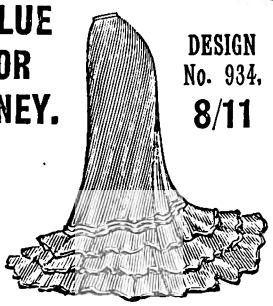

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Vol. 6. MAY, 1902. No. 8.

Price Sixpence.

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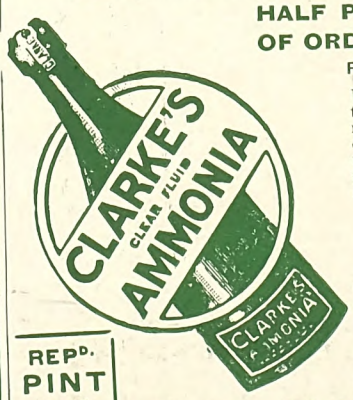

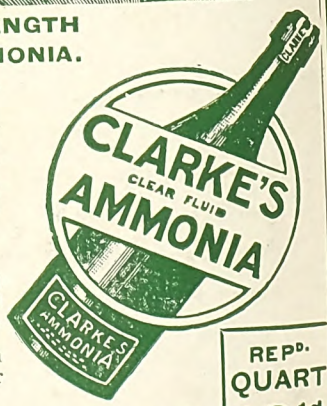

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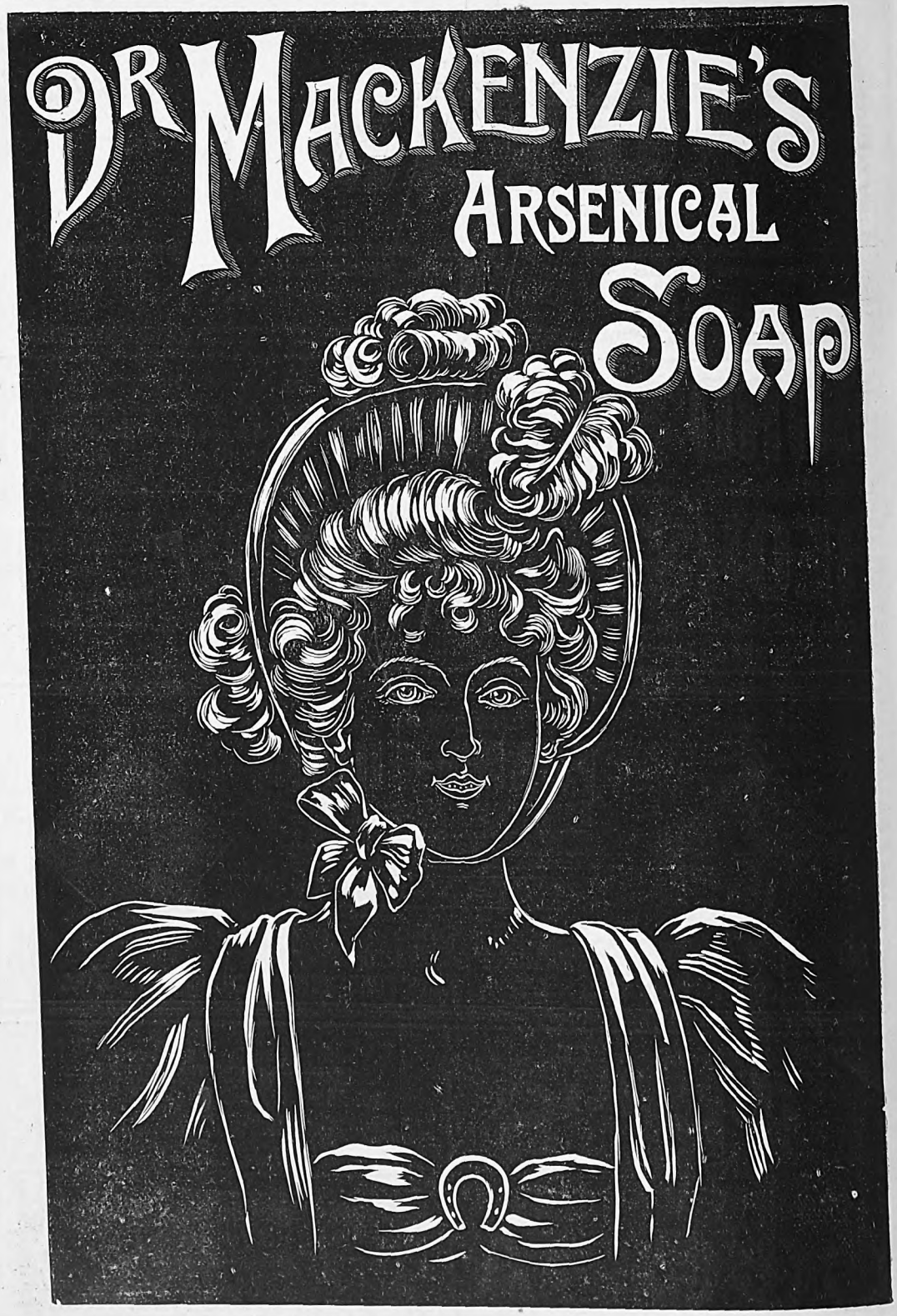

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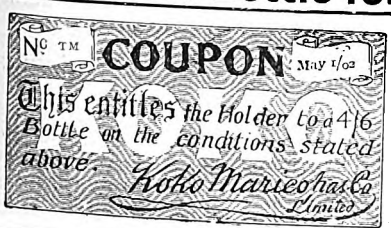

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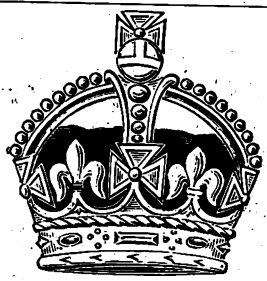

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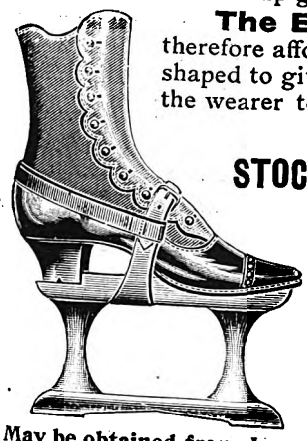

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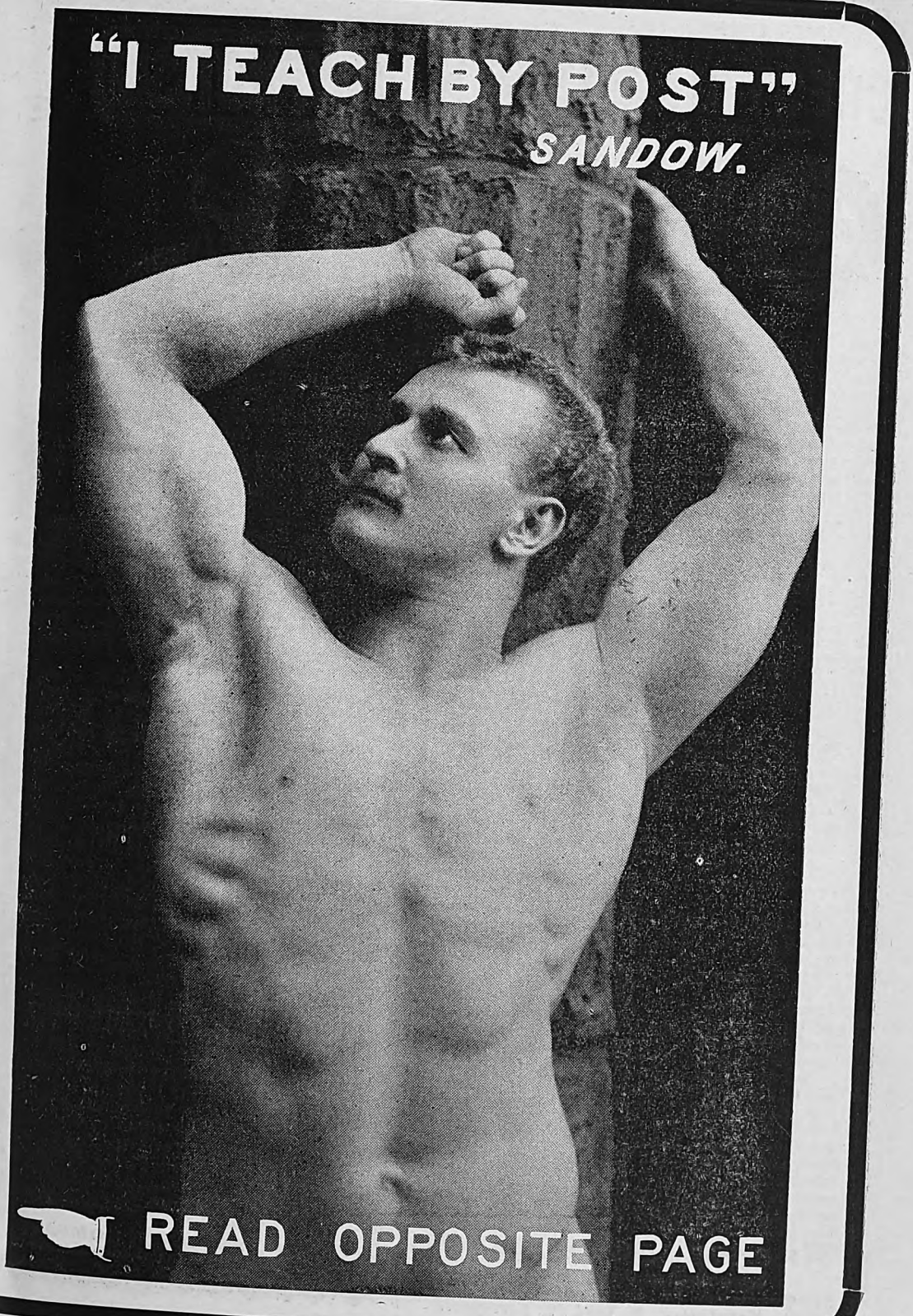

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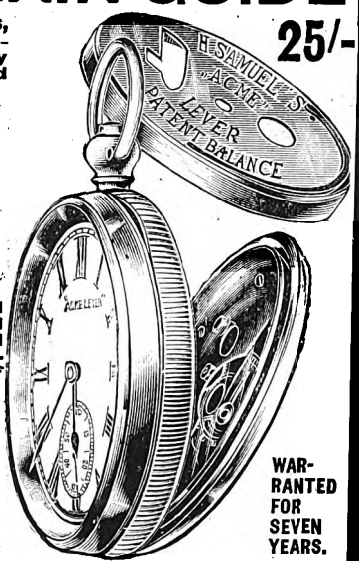

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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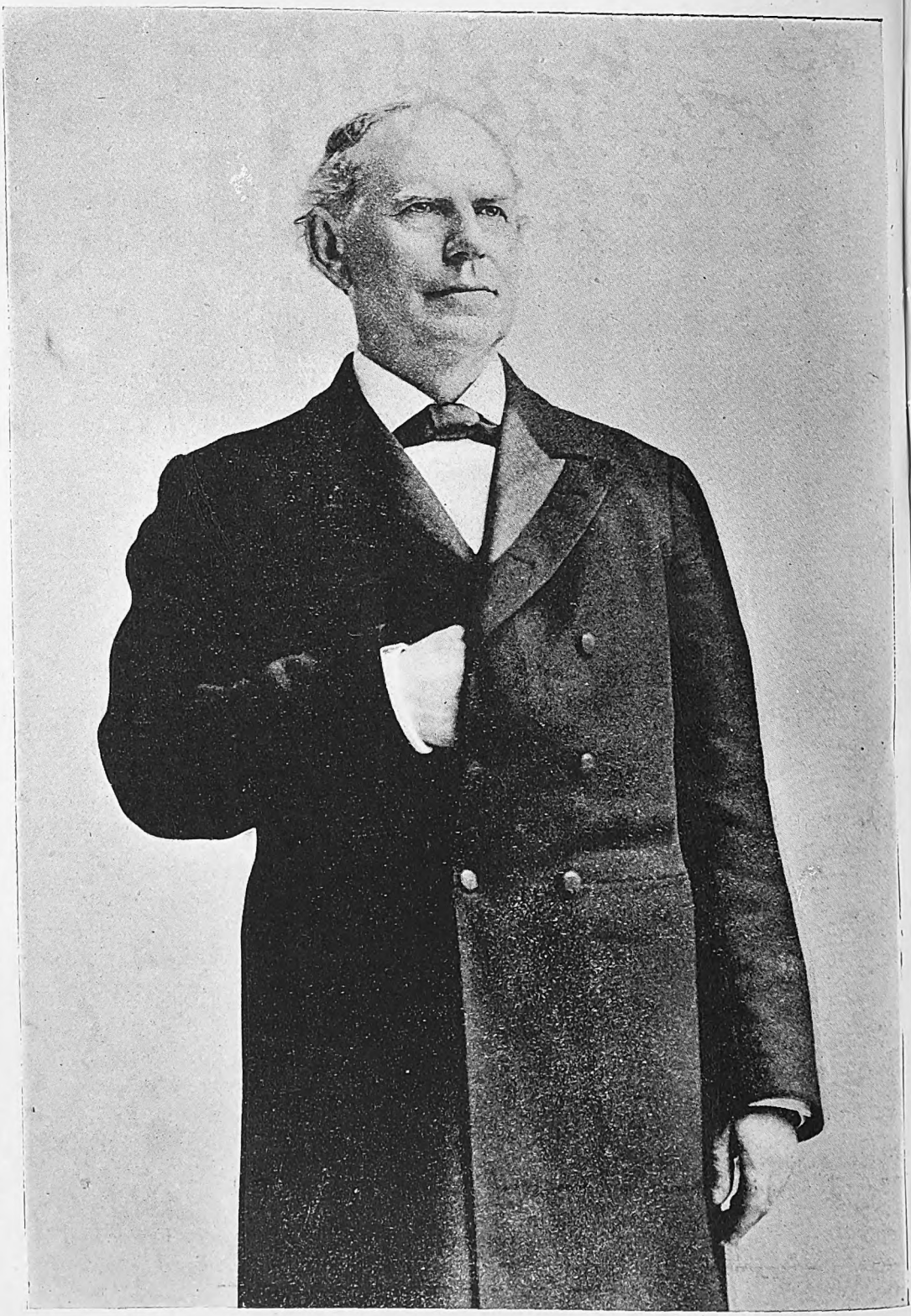

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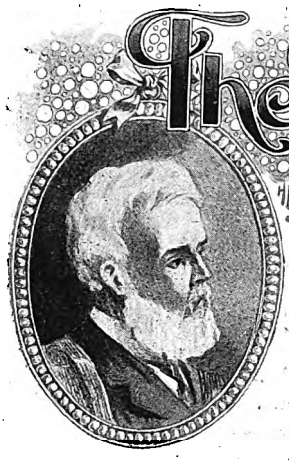

The People's Friend

OR,

The Adventures of Carlton-Hawes.

By CHARLES HERBERT.

II.

IT is breakfast-time at the Exeter branch of the Bank of Willis and Somerville's, but the manager, Mr. Wyatt, for once in his methodical, punctual life is a little late, having cut himself rather severely during his morning shave. His wife, a little, timid, shrinking woman, fidgets about the dining-room lest there should be any thing wrong, while she keeps an eye on the door.

"I shall have to hurry this morning, my dear," says her husband, bustling in. "I am positively fifteen minutes late, through this wretched gash on my cheek. I believe my hand was shaking through my disturbed night's rest. How restless you have been the whole night through."

"I couldn't help it, Richard. I've had the most uncomfortable feeling that something is wrong with Bert, and I can't shake it off anyhow."

"Stuff and nonsense!" returns Mr. Wyatt, cheerily. "The boy's all right! Far better than he would be tied to your apron-strings at home. It will make a man of him!" And he proceeds to help himself to bacon.

Just then, the servant bringing in the letters, his wife says, hastily, "Open your letters, dear, there may be some news."

"No,"—turning over the letters—"Yes! Here is something from Bert!"

He tears the envelope with impatient hand, glances swiftly through the letter, and this is what he reads:—

Rusholme
Manchester
Saturday

Dear Dad,

I know you'll never trust me again, when you hear what I have to tell you. I don't mean anyway out of it or I would try. Dad. She won't be telling, and we lost a great deal but that's not the worst. I have let myself to a business and the firm's money. They don't know it yet and I thought if you would pay Landers the money I could put it back. Will you? If you don't I don't know what I am to do. I think I had better kill myself.

Your affectionate Son
Bert

He lays it down and mechanically goes on with his breakfast; but his wife, who is used to mark the changes in his somewhat impassive countenance, sees a glint of hardening in his eyes that alarms her.

"Richard!" she cries, "I know there is something wrong. Don't keep it from me. Is Bert ill?"

"Yes," he answers, "he is. Very, very ill. *So* ill," he adds doggedly, "that I could wish he were dead."

He pushes his plate away irritably as he says this, and, beginning to pace the room, he declaims sharp, staccato sentences, each one stabbing the heart of the mother.

"He has robbed the firm!" Here he turns and comes back. "He has proved himself a thief!" Here he turns again.

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"He has been companying with betting men!" Another turn. "He writes they will prosecute if they find it out." Then he stops short, breathing heavily.

"But how did it happen?" gasps the mother. "Has he been let into it?"

"No! He writes plainly enough. It's only too clear, Mary. What shall we say to people? Our boy's a thief! a thief!"

She looks at him in despair. "You will go at once, dear?" she pleads. "Bert will want you. And perhaps you can say something or do something to put matters right."

"Never!" he cries, beginning again to pace the room. "If it were one of my clerks he would have to face it. And so must Bert. I will write him to engage a solicitor to defend him if they prosecute; but *I* will not go. And neither shall you!"

"Richard, you have a heart of stone!" exclaims the wretched woman.

"Mary," he says astonished, "surely you—you know me better than that. But the boy must learn, and, however painful it must be, he must stand on his own feet." And he strides out of the room into the bank and dashes off the fateful letter.

. . . .

"Can I see Mr. Carlton-Hawes?" a lady nervously enquires of the smart page, for she is overwhelmed at the luxurious appearance of the place. "Certainly," she thinks, "a man whose business will support all this will make very little of my affair."

"Mr. Carlton-Hawes will see you in about half-an-hour, madam," is the reply, and she waits with anxious heart for the summons; for in all London it seems to her no one has such a load to carry as her own. Wearily she sinks down into a chair, for she has travelled many miles to see this man, whose fame has reached her through a friend, who, like so many more, has been enthused by his ready advice and marvellous knowledge of human nature. Yet she wonders why she has come: there seems such a finality about *her* trouble. It is not a catastrophe that can be avoided, it has arrived. Yet she is there, racked with wonder, whether this specialist in human affairs can show her the best thing to do.

There is the sound of an electric bell, and she hears the rustle of a lady's dress pass the closed door, and is just wondering whether the invisible woman has found some way out of the care that drove her to this haven of the perplexed, when the door opens, and in his gown Carlton-Hawes himself appears.

"You did not make an appointment with me," he says, gravely, "and it is getting late," glancing at the clock. "Would it not be better to say some other day?"

"No, no!" cries the lady. "Every day will count now and may be too late. I have come from Devonshire on purpose to see you, and I must return to-night. I have left without my husband's knowledge. Please *do* let me tell you my tale!" beseechingly.

"Certainly," he replies, "if it is as pressing as that, and meanwhile can I have your trains looked out for you? To Exeter you go I see, Mrs. Wyatt," looking at her card." And he gives the requisite directions.

"Now please," he continues, "just take your time, and tell me the story in your own way."

Then she hesitates, but finally she says, with a wan smile, "I'm afraid you'll think me very silly to consult you over a matter in which I doubt whether even you can suggest anything, but if you can't there is no one can, and my boy is *ruined!*" And her face begins to work pitifully, while her fingers clutch mechanically at her dress.

"Is he at home?" queries Carlton-Hawes.

"No, and I wish he had never left us! But his father always believed in young men going out into the world, and standing on their own feet, and my other boys"—proudly—"managed it, but Bert always was easily led."

"What trouble is he in, then? Is it an entanglement with some girl?"

"No, indeed! Bert isn't one of that kind. But he's been betting, and"—here her voice sinks to a whisper, and her face pales—"he has helped himself to the money of the firm."

"Has it been discovered, or has *he* written home confessing?" Carlton-Hawes asks.

"They're sure to find it out, Bert says, and so he wrote to my husband before they do, and he—he won't stir a finger to help him. He's very, very hard, and I can't move him. All he did this morning was to walk up and down the room, white

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with anger, saying no Wyatt had ever been a thief, and he would let him go to prison and suffer."

"Is it a big sum then?" asks her listener.

"No, only a hundred pounds, which is nothing to us, but it is the awfulness of the thing that appeals to his father, and he is such a good man himself, that he cannot understand anyone being tempted to dishonesty."

"And you say he won't move a finger to help him?"

"No, he has set his lips in one of what I call his *rigid* moods."

"Then what is to be done?" says Carlton-Hawes.

"O sir!" cries the mother in agonised tones, "couldn't you think of something? Couldn't you pay the money and let me pay it back? I can do it in a few months, or I can borrow it if I had a day or two, and perhaps if poor Bert is saved his father will come round presently and be glad I did it. Can't you, sir, can't you?"

Carlton-Hawes keeps silence a minute or two, then he says abruptly, "What kind of man is his father? Is he a Christian—a professing Christian, I mean? And what is he? Churchman, Dissenter or what?"

"Oh, we are Nonconformists, and have been for many years. My father and my husband were both deacons of our church."

"I see," said Carlton-Hawes, his face lighting up. "I think there may be a way out; at any rate I am coming home with you to see. If we catch a cab in five minutes, we can get to Waterloo and have a few minutes to spare for a little refreshment for you—I suppose *you* have had nothing?"

"No, it would have choked me!"

"Well, you can have it now! Somehow or other, if it's to be done, we'll pull him through. It's hopeful that he writes before it is too late!"

Four hours later—four hours during which Carlton-Hawes has been weighing the chances of his appeal on behalf of Bert—he finds himself standing in the drawing-room of the bank in which the Wyatts live, waiting to see his client's husband.

After twenty minutes he gets impatient, and, fancying that he hears someone outside the door, he strides to it with quick tread, only to find Mrs. Wyatt standing there nervously and crying bitterly.

"He won't see you!" she says. "I thought he wouldn't! I have never seen him so angry in my life. I am afraid it's no good, after all." And she begins to cry afresh.

"Won't see me, won't he?" exclaims Carlton-Hawes. "Then *I'll* see him! Where is he?"

"But he'll be so angry!" she expostulates.

"Where is he?" is all the notice that he takes of the impending anger that she so evidently dreads.

"In the—the dining-room," she says, fearfully, adding, "it's the last room along the passage."

And Carlton-Hawes marches at the Red Sea of the other man's wrath, with the full intention of marching *through* it.

Then he flings open the door, and discovers the angry father standing before the overmantel, frowning fiercely into the glass, an occupation which he continues, taking not a fraction of notice of the new comer.

There is dead silence for a minute or two, during which Carlton Hawes measures his man, and draws his own conclusions; then he says firmly, "You want to see me, Mr. Wyatt!"

But the silence is unbroken. "I say you want to see me, Mr. Wyatt," insistently. "You want to see me, but you don't know it. I have something to say to you; be good enough to sit down and listen!"

But Mr. Wyatt does not budge. Quick as lightning Carlton Hawes pushes a chair nearer the obdurate man and lays a hand upon his shoulder. Then at last Mr. Wyatt turns, and meeting Carlton Hawes's commanding gaze, sits down obediently.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wyatt, opening the door noiselessly, drifts in and listens with strained attention as Carlton-Hawes speaks.

"Now, look here, Mr. Wyatt," he says peremptorily, "this matter that your wife has been good enough to lay before me has only one door out of it through which your son can go. That door is yourself. You are going to catch the Bristol express from here to-night and get to Manchester by to-morrow morning; pay what your son owes and ——"

"Never!" interrupts the father fiercely. "He's no son of mine from now. He

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must go through with it. I believe in principle, sir! If I paid all he owed to-morrow, would it make him any the less *a thief?* What right has he to mix among respectable men after this? They would expel him from any school if he had been at school, he would have been "*sent down*" from college if he had been at college, and he deserves the same treatment at business, and for anything I can hinder he shall have it doggedly!"

bottom of your position, but I see now. You are aiming for your son's good simply!"

The mother sighs and begins to cry afresh, as the father, with a voice quivering with deep feeling, says, "That is just it. If I could go to prison for him I would do it. But he has been a poor, miserable, undependable thing ever since he was at school, and it is time he learnt to stand alone. A little suffering will do

"BERT WYATT SITS WITH A STRONG LOOK ON HIS FACE."

"O, Richard, Richard!" cries his wife, "why not try and save him?"

"Why, because this will be a lesson to him. When he comes out of prison, if they send him there, I'll help him then; but if I help him now this will happen again."

Carlton-Hawes slaps his thigh delightedly. He sees harbour at last, and proceeds to pilot his ship into it.

"I see you are, before all things, a man of principle, Mr. Wyatt. I was afraid perhaps there was a little of the—excuse the phrase—vindictive feeling at the him no harm. As for the disgrace, it really falls on him, not on us. And when he comes out he can go abroad."

A cry that is wrung from the mother-heart startles them both.

"Oh, not that, Richard, not that! We should never, never see him again!" Then suddenly crossing to her husband, she says, "O husband, how can you be so hard? Why don't you remember him as he was as a little baby? Oh! the nights you walked the room with him, and thought nothing of it! And don't you remember how *you* wouldn't

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give in when the doctors all said he couldn't live, and you said he should, and stood over him for hours, moistening his lips with that feather and giving him food drop by drop? Why do you give up now? Why do you say 'let him go to prison?'"

"I am doing it for his good, wife," sobs the father, overcome at last by the picture that brought back the time when his boy's velvet cheek lay against his own. "I want him to be a man, don't you see? And it's through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."

"But that doesn't mean *prison*, Richard," moans his wife. "Oh, don't let him go, dear—don't let him go!"

"There is a better way than that, perhaps," says Carlton-Hawes, quietly. "Listen! I quite agree with you that anyone who can do as your son has done needs radical treatment. Let him have it. But the prison taint is not soon eradicated, and lost self-respect is not easy to regain. To put a boy like yours under prison warders—a worthy but by no means a discriminating class—would be to trample the soul out of him. No, I trust there is a better way than that. You and I will go down and see what can be done; perhaps justice can be met without prosecution. Will you come? You have yet to learn particulars. You do not know how your son is taking this. He may really be moved to self-destruction. Will you come?" he urges again as he sees the father shrink involuntarily.

"Yes, I will come," he says, "if you can show us a way whereby Bert will have the right treatment, and yet learn a lesson for life."

"Yes, go, dear!" exclaims his wife, "and let it be hushed up if you can."

"I shall not countenance that," begins Mr. Wyatt, jerkily, but Carlton-Hawes interrupts. "And neither shall I! Come along."

In his lodgings at Manchester sits Bert Wyatt, with the stony look on his face that is the worst disfigurement a young man can have. It is only just past breakfast time, and his breakfast is lying untasted on the table; the lad's heart is too full for any eating.

"I suppose it will be all over by to-day," he is thinking. "The pater would have been here yesterday if he were coming. I thought he would kick at this, so there's nothing for it, when it comes out, but dismissal or *even worse*."

And he pales at the thought. Just then the postman's knock startles him, and his hand trembles as he opens and reads the *merciless* letter his father had written on his first receipt of the news.

"There is no hope for me," he says calmly, "they all give me up. Perhaps it will be as well if I do get out of it altogether," sullenly. "It would not take long."

But there is another knock, then the sound of his father's well-known voice, and in another moment the cowering, shrinking lad sees his father entering the room, accompanied by a stranger.

Carlton-Hawes looks at him, and his heart leaps up with desire to help this pale-faced, miserable-looking young fellow, who finds the path of transgressors so hedged about with thorns.

"Bert," says his father, with a cheery ring in his voice, that makes his son look up hopefully, "I've thought better of my letter." And he holds out his hand, which his son takes in shamefaced fashion, that reveals his own sense of unworthiness.

"Glad you've breakfast on the table, boy!" says Mr. Wyatt, turning to the table to hide his emotion. This is 'the friend of the people,' Mr. Carlton-Hawes. You've heard of him, I've no doubt—he's going to try and help you. But let us have something to eat! I'm famished, then we'll talk over this *miserable* business." And a touch of bitterness creeps into the words in spite of himself.

Breakfast over, the father rather abruptly exclaims, "I'm going out for a little and I shall leave you with Mr. Carlton-Hawes. Tell him the whole truth, and then do exactly as he tells you. I'll be back in an hour."

And he leaves them together, knowing by experience that if he begins to talk to his son he will soon be making matters worse by his own reproaches.

"My lad," says Carlton-Hawes, "don't be afraid of me! I've come down on purpose to help you. Just make a clean breast of things and I'll do my best." And he lays his hand on Bert's shoulder.

"There's nothing to tell," answers the lad with quiet directness. "I got betting with a bookmaker—lost! Got into debt all round. Helped myself, and betted again, hoping to come out right. Then I knew it must be found out, and I wrote to father about it. That's all!"

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An hour later Mr. Carlton-Hawes might have been seen loitering up and down one of the meanest Manchester streets. Others were there also who passed impatiently backwards and forwards, as though they too were anxious for the arrival of someone for whom they waited.

Carlton-Hawes allows these people to cluster around the only well-dressed man in the street and wait while they evidently transact business with him. Then he approaches this well-to-do stranger and says, authoritatively:

"When you have finished I must speak with you."

The other half hesitatingly replies: "Why?"

"*It will be better for you*," says Mr. Carlton-Hawes. "And," he continues, "I should advise you to see me in private."

The bookmaker slightly winces, but he was so used to being *en garde* that he replies with every appearance of geniality:

"Certainly! I should be pleased to meet you, but it would be very awkward just now."

"Awkward, or not, you *must!*" says Carlton-Hawes. And there is that in his eyes from which the bookmaker shrinks, and he immediately adjourns with Carlton-Hawes to a room in a neighbouring hotel.

Then for half-an-hour he pleads with this man to help Bert from his dilemma by returning his ill-gotten gains, but in vain!

"'Tisn't business, mister!" says the bookmaker. "I have to stick to all I can get, else 'ow could I pay all I lose? I'm sorry for the youngster. Why don't his guv'nor dub up?"

"Well," says Carlton-Hawes, "I've given you a chance to put it straight of your own free will, but I see you won't, so now I am going to *make* you!" And as he spoke a curious scintillation of light is emitted from his eyes, and the bookmaker shrinks back as if he had received a blow. "Sit down in that chair," Carlton-Hawes says, imperatively. Submissively the man obeys. Carlton-Hawes places one hand upon his head—"Now," he says, "you will write me a cheque for £100, payable to yourself, and back it. Write!" he insists, and obediently and passively, entirely under the control of the other's will by this time, the cheque is written and endorsed. Then Carlton-Hawes takes it from him, saying, "You will now go direct to your home and go to bed till to-morrow morning and when you wake you will not remember what you have done with that cheque. Do you hear?"

"Yes," says the other, rising to go.

"Good-bye, then," says Carlton-Hawes, and in another moment the men separate. "I don't like using this mesmeric power of mine," mutters Carlton-Hawes to himself as he returns to Bert's, having cashed the cheque for £100 in gold, "but if ever it is justifiable it certainly is in this case."

"Now," says Carlton-Hawes to Bert, after he has brightened the boy up by giving him the money, "who taught you to bet?"

"Oh, it's general, sir! All the fellows do it more or less."

"I see! Well, if you could help put a stop to this betting would you do it?"

"Do it?" says Bert wonderingly. "Why it's the very curse of life! I should think I would! See what it's brought me to."

"Well, I'm going to give you a chance, I hope. Listen!" And he details his plan to the youth, whose face clouds as he proceeds.

"I couldn't do it, sir!" he says at length; "I couldn't face it!"

"My boy, you owe it to yourself to do it and you owe it to them. You owe it to your folks at home. You must let me tell 'Osgood's' you are *willing* to do it. But don't do it because you are forced!"

"I'd sooner go to prison than this," returns Bert, gloomily.

"Yes, I know you think you would! But it isn't the truth. I see you play football"—looking at a jersey hanging on a nail. "What would you think of a team who funked playing because their rivals looked big and heavy? Just what I shall think of you if you shirk this. I'm going to join your father now, and when I come back let me have your answer. And, my lad, while I'm gone pray about it."

"Pray! *I!*" exclaims Bert.

"Yes. What do you think prayer is for? For people who don't need it, or for those who do?" And Carlton-Hawes leaves him.

No one ever knows what takes place in that room while they are gone, but when they return there is a quiet, determined look on Bert's face, and he gravely says, "I'll do it, sir, if they let me."

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"Very well, lad! We'll go and see 'Osgood's' now." And they go, on the errand from which the father shrinks.

. . . .

It is five o'clock, and the clerks at "Osgood's," to the number of thirty, are amazed at being summoned to the Board-room. There they see the partners standing together solemnly, and Bert Wyatt, pale, but composed, and two gentlemen by his side, one looking flushed and nervous.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Bert Wyatt has something to say to you," says Mr. Osgood; and in deliberate tones he continues, "He has confessed voluntarily to a series of petty frauds, a matter which we have seen fit to arrange,——"

Dead silence!

—"but the young man does not wish to remain among you under false pretences, so he wishes to say a word to you all."

There is a pin-drop hush, as Bert, now flushing indeed, begins:

"I just want to say I've been a fool! I've been betting, and got into trouble, and then helped myself. It's all through the bookies. It looked such an easy way of making money."

Here he catches his breath and pauses before he goes on, facing the expectant crowd.

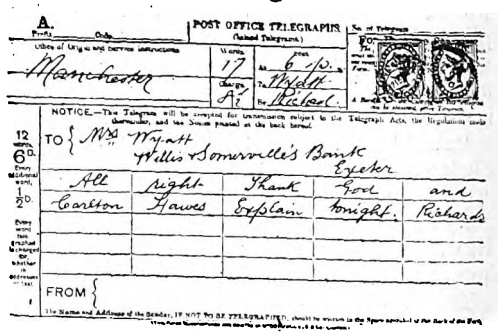
"The governors are going to let me stop, and the money has been paid. But I want to ask what you fellows think? Perhaps you won't like it"—humbly, and nearly breaking down—"I know I'm not quite fit, but you know the whole truth now, and perhaps—perhaps——" Here he breaks off short with quivering lips, while even hard old Richard Osgood blows his nose vigorously.

Quiet reigns in the Board-room for a time, then the chief cashier steps forward and says:

"Sir, this is better than any prosecution. Wyatt has tripped, but he's owned up to us like a man, and I am sure he will never bet and never borrow again. It will be a good thing if some of the gentlemen here learn the same lesson." And he looks at them all significantly. Then he proceeds, "I for one will never throw it up at Wyatt." (Hear, hear! from the others.) "That's right, you chaps! And I move that we bind ourselves never to refer to this matter again, in or out of this building. What do you say?"

No need of a seconder. Thirty hands go up, and the pent-up feeling breaks out in a hearty cheer, for the appeal devised by Carlton-Hawes has reached their hearts.

Thankful at heart, the father immediately despatches a telegram:—


A.
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS
(Inland Telegrams)
Office of Origin and Service Instructions
Manchester
Words 17
Charge A1
Sent At 6 p.m.
To Wyatt
By Richard
NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.
12 words 6d. Every additional word, 1/2d.
TO { Mrs Wyatt
Willis & Somerville's Bank
Exeter
All right Thank God and
Carlton Hawes Explain tonight. Richards
FROM {
The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space specified at the Back of the Form.

Carlton-Hawes returns direct to London and Mr. Wyatt speeds home to Exeter. But as the train leaves the station Carlton-Hawes grips him by the hand, saying, "Man, after this you'll better understand the fatherhood of God. *He* will not let us go! What if you had let Bert go?"

Ah, what?

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May Meeting Dinners.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

THE May Meetings again!—Once more the customary scenes of routine work left behind, and once more to face the great City, with its whirr, its stir, its enthusiasms and stimulus. But just as it has been said that the danger of theatres lies not so much in the theatres as in their associations, so it certainly must be said that the charm of the May Meetings lies not so much in

THE MAIN ENTRANCE, HOLBORN RESTAURANT.

associations. The meetings themselves are magnetic enough, and the quiet country workers in the churches and chapels of the provinces, or the sleepy country towns, or the still more sleepy rural districts, look on them as an annual the meetings as in their associations. Anyone taking his stand in the vestibule of Exeter Hall, or outside the City Temple, the Memorial Hall, the Church House, or any of the halls "where the saints do congregate," will realise this, as they watch

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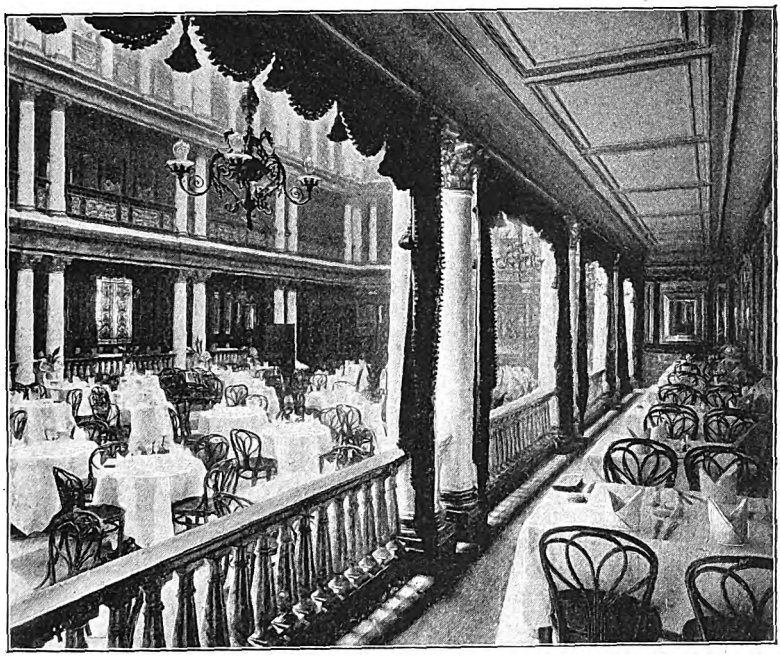


THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL.

the fun remembered.—"Well, old man!" is the simple interrogation of some young curate to another (it is sure to be some *young* curate who says "Old man!"—the older men, with equal simplicity, say, "Well, old boy!") But in both cases there is a world of interest, in tone and look, and the sentence speaks volumes.

"Hullo! there's old Muir!"

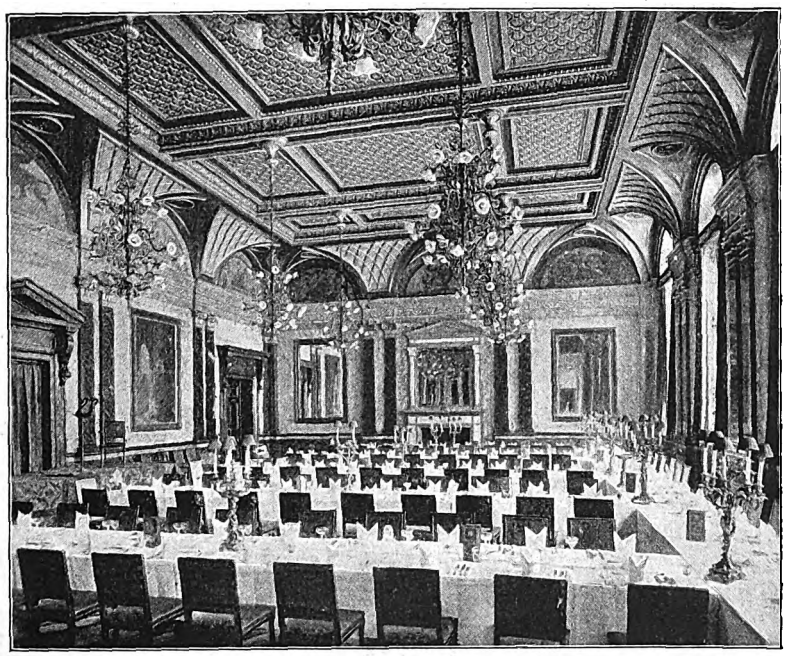
"Ah—h!" exclaims Muir, with a long-drawn-out emphasis that exhibits delight. "See you presently, old chap, at the 'Holborn.' Going, as usual, I suppose?"

He may well suppose that, for Holborn is smitten with an epidemic of "black fever" during the May meeting month, as the crowds-parsonic wend their way to the famous Holborn Restaurant for lunch.

"Is there a Church Conference on, or what?" asked a bystander, as he noted the hundreds of clergymen.

"No! It is a Round Table Conference," was the reply. But the man never smiled.

Perhaps he would have done, if he had gone into the great Central Hall dining-saloon, one of the finest rooms in Europe, and noticed every little table surrounded by the laughing, talkative clerics, who have so many stories to tell,



READY FOR THE ANNUAL COLLEGE DINNER.

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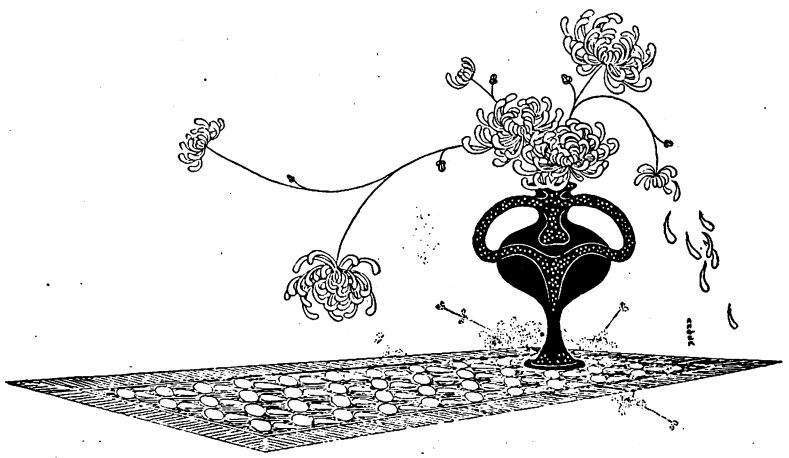
and who know so well how to tell them. No men are such good company as ministers, *unless perhaps we except journalists.*

Meanwhile the waiters (with that trained dexterity that is the charm of the "Holborn") noiselessly trot about, never in a hurry, but always in time, so the lunch itself is soon over, but not the chat afterwards. Away to the smoking-room they turn, and with never a dull moment the afternoon speeds by, till evening, with its recurring meetings, is soon at hand, and the twos and threes break up regretfully.

Upstairs the various colleges are holding their annual dinners. Every room is swarming with men, who meet together once a year for the sake of "Auld lang syne." Some are there whose hair has grown grey in the care of the churches, and who can look back for many years to these annual reunions, and as their gaze travels around the tables they miss some one or other who used to meet with them, someone who was there a year or two back, perhaps even last year, but whose place will know him no more — David's seat is empty and Jonathan misses him. And if a thought of wonder rises when they too will hear the call who can marvel? Oh, these gaps! these gaps! What sermons they preach, what reminders they give!

But musings-melancholy cannot last at a dinner; a roar of laughter, lower down the table, is infectious, and every eye turns in the direction of the laugh. It is only one of ——'s atrocious jokes. There he sits with face-ecclesiastic, but eyes beaming with merriment. He has been for years holding the fort in a little rural parish abounding with difficulties, but not with people. He has had to fight against confirmed ruttiness, absolute not-to-be-stirred indifference, poverty has limited his work, has introduced itself as an uninvited guest to his own home, but nothing robs him of the one thing that has helped him along through the years, the power to make fun when there was none ready made. If he could not laugh like that he would have died long ago!

A minute later, the Chairman having called upon a man to respond to a toast; he is soon on his feet engaged in that formidable task, the making of an after-dinner speech. Can he do it? If not, condole with the listeners! For of all dreary things, the dreariest is heavy speaking after a heavy dinner. If he *can* do it, congratulate the guests! It is the finest digestive they can have. An after-dinner speech should be racy, rapid, and rattling. It should touch its subject with a light caress, that never lingers. It should—but there, why go on? There is one thing it should not do! It should never *bore*. Ah me! How many agonies of endurance have these waiters passed through, for after-dinner speaking is a rare gift. Tell the tale trippingly, man! Don't be an unabridged edition! Raise a roar even against yourself, or, failing that, rally someone else! A hit, a *palpable* hit is what they want! Ponderosities who prose ought to be in the ranks of the unemployed. Remember, we have dined! And dined at the Holborn.



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The Sobering of Jim Russell.

"GOOD-NIGHT. mannikin," exclaimed Sarah Russell, to her two year old boy when after the regular evening romp he lay back breathless, but with his whole, attitude and sparkling eyes daring her to come on again. "Good-night. Mumma going downstairs now."

"—Dada?" he interrogated, sharply.

"Yes, to see dada, when he comes home." This with a sigh.

"Daddy walky straight, eh? Funny daddy! No! Tiss adain," pleadingly, as his mother, wisely ignoring the last remark, made to leave the room. "Only once more, mannikin," but the once mounted to half a dozen ere her own motherly heart was satisfied, then she departed, leaving him alone.

Mrs. Russell was a woman of about forty-two years of age, and at least twenty-one had gone by since she married her present husband. He was a man of great power of work, and had managed by his energy and cuteness not only to start in business for himself, but to make it pay splendidly. And now he had three shops in the town, and many men at work for him. The lines might have lain in pleasant places for the Russells, but in the days of his prosperity James Russell had developed a taste for haunting one of the best inns of the town, and for years he had scarcely ever come home at night quite sober. His wife clung fondly to the recollection of what he had been in former days, and hoped, against many disappointments, that his long lane of drunkenness would find a turning out of it at last. Oh, how she had prayed, wrestling with God to grant her this boon before her only son grew up to realise and perhaps imitate his father's degradation. For the first twenty years of her married life only two children had been given her, one a boy (now her elder son), a sturdy, manly fellow, nineteen years of age, and the other a little girl, who had lingered just long enough to win their hearts by her prattle and rattle, and then been quiet at last for ever.

Two years ago, however, to their great surprise, another little stranger came to their home, and in the baby, somehow the soreness of the mother's heart, which still yearned for her lost darling, found relief. She was happier now, too, for the little fellow filled up the time she used to spend in brooding about her husband.

So the years had gone, and were going, but the prayer of her heart was still unanswered, and her elder son George had grown up to know and to feel the shame of his father's vice.

Ah, how the knowledge cut her heart, that *he*, the man who should have stood by her in training his own children, should make the burden heavier by his manner of life.

"Poor little mannikin," she murmured to herself, as she descended the stairs, with the little chap's words ringing in her ears with their undertone of shameful fact. "Dada walky straight, eh? Funny daddy!" No, it wasn't likely that he would come home walking straight; he very seldom did now, and her heart grew leaden within her at the thought. She sat down in the dining-room, and began to mend some of little Tim's things, and all unbidden the smiles came back, as she contemplated a wee, scrappy pair of knickerbockers she had made for her tiny son.

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"They do look absurdly small," she said merrily, "and to think he'll one day perhaps be as big as his father." "And," whispered an inward voice, "one day perhaps as bad." "God forbid!" she ejaculated fervently; "he had better die!"

The resentful flush which accompanied these words was still in evidence when the maid came in later to lay supper, for there was a surging of inward excitement at the thought that twenty-one years of married life had at last come to this, that she should wish her little chap dead sooner than he should be as his father was. Oh, how rebellious she felt at it all, how the wonder filled her whether it was any use to go on praying; how she recalled the times when she had hoped for a little, then been disappointed for long; and leaving the supper untasted she sat back listlessly, as she often did, awaiting her elder son. Ten o'clock came; half-past ten, then she heard the sound of a key in the latch, followed after some fumbling by heavy footsteps in the passage.

"It is Jim!" she thought. "Strange he should be home before George."

And she prepared herself for a take-no-notice attitude, which experience had taught her was the best to assume towards her husband at such a time. But she sprang to her feet with an exceeding bitter cry as the door opened, and she saw it was not her husband, but the pride of her life, her own boy, her elder son, staggering uncertainly to a chair, heavy with drink. A moment she gazed at him, then with a choking sob rushed out of the room, while he called after her.

"Here, I shay, mother; let's have something t'eat. Whersh dad?" Silence reigned, and looking stupidly round, he said, "He's drinking again, p'raps. Bad thing—ugh, dad that drinks." And in much self-pity he wept copiously maudlin tears, while upstairs his mother in dumb tearless agony had cast herself on the bed.

Presently she heard the street door open again, and another staggerer reeled up the passage. A sudden fear possessed her. What if Jim should see George in that state, and in drunken fury strike him?"

She sprang from the bed, and rushed down into the room, and there she saw her husband scarcely able to stand, with one hand on the table, while he tried to steadily gaze at her son, who with hands in his pockets, was half sitting on his chair, a true picture of drunken sullenness.

"What are you looking at?" George murmured, resentfully, at last, to his father; but James Russell never answered a word, only looked.

"Tell you I won't have it," pursued George. "You've no right to grumble t' me. Seen you worse yourself. You're drunk now, s'pose."

But still his father only looked, and his son at last, in shame-faced fashion, exclaimed, "Oh, get out!" and, closing his eyes, prepared to sleep.

At last his father found his tongue, and turning to his wife, who stood trembling in the doorway, he lifted a shaking hand towards George, and cried, "My God, do you see that?"

Then with a glimmering hope that he was mistaken, he said, "What's the matter with him?"

For the life of her the mother could not keep the bitter irony out of her voice as she said, "Oh, nothing; he's only drunk!"

"'Only drunk!'" he said, with his voice quivering, though he was thoroughly sober now. The sight of his son had brought him round with a shock. "'Only drunk,'" and advancing to George he said, "Here, lad, rouse up, and come to bed. I'll help you up!"

And the drowsy, drink-fuddled son let himself be alternately pushed and pulled into his own room.

In the morning he emerged from it thoroughly ashamed of himself, but before he went out his father called him into his own little office, and with a voice husky with emotion said, pushing a paper over to him—"George, sign that!"

"That" was a total abstinence pledge.

A moment George hesitated, thinking of the fellows and their jeers, then he said, firmly, "I will, if you will."

"I've signed it already," said his father, gravely. "Look," and he pointed to his own name at the bottom of the very paper. Then George signed.

"Now," said the elder man, "let the past be forgotten; but in future let's see who will keep this the longest," tapping the paper.

They are still trying their best at the competition to this day, though that paper was signed years ago, and ever since Tim's father has walked straight.

THE END.

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In the Public Eye

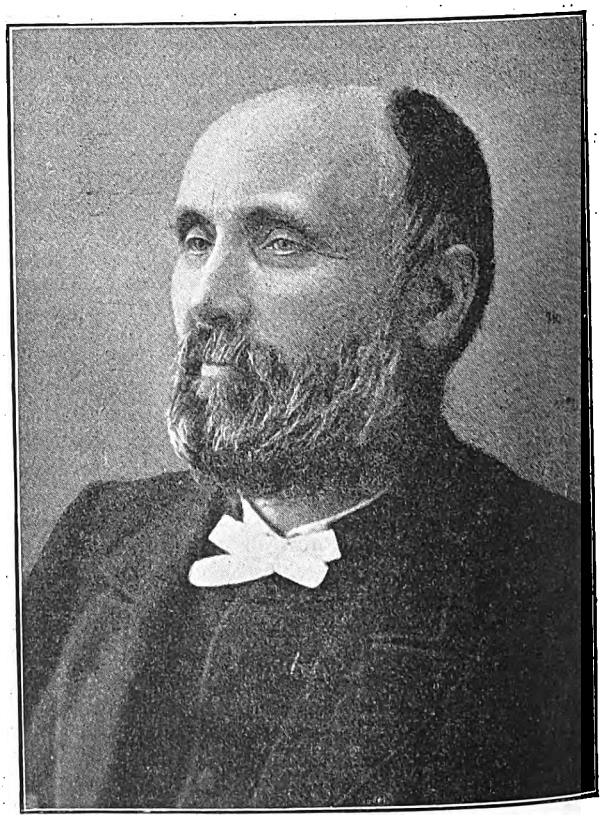
Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

THE Rev. Dr. Howie comes of a good old Covenanting stock. He is a direct descendant of John Howie, the author of the "Scots Worthies," and his forefathers fought many a valiant fight on behalf of religious liberty.

Dr. Howie is the Moderator-Elect for the year of the U. F. Church of Scotland, and he will bring to that chair the fruits of ripe experience, gained in a life-long struggle to advance Christ's Kingdom on earth.

He had a brilliant career at college, where he gained many medals and prizes.

He is possessed of a strong character united to a healthy enthusiasm for Christian work, bequeathed to him from his ancestors. His name will always be associated with the Church Extension scheme, which he has consistently and eloquently advocated. Over a quarter of a million has been raised for this purpose, and 35 new churches have been added to the Presbytery of Glasgow, principally through the ceaseless energy of Dr. Howie. As a preacher he is simple and earnest in style, and strong in his denunciations of the modern tendencies to depart from the beliefs and methods of earlier years. Hard work has marked every step in his career, and there are few men in Scotland whose lives are capable of giving such a stimulus to the rising generation as that of Dr. Howie.



REV. DR. HOWIE.
Moderator-Elect United Free Church of Scotland.

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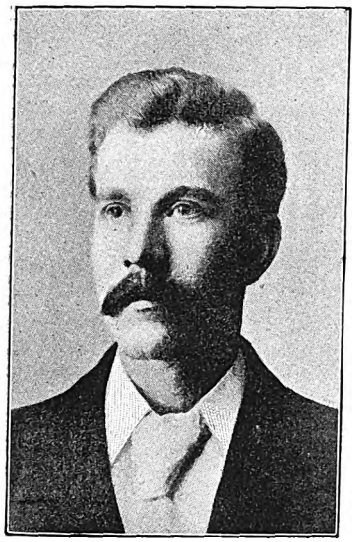

Arthur Mayo.

THE Rev. Arthur Mayo was born in the year 1875 in the town of Hemel Hempstead, Herts, where he also received his education. After leaving school he was apprenticed as an engineer, in which trade he remained for eight years. From his earliest life he has been led in the path of truth and virtue by his parents. At the age of sixteen, through the persistent pleading of his Sunday-school teacher, he was led to decision for Jesus Christ, but it was not until April of his twenty-first year that he felt God's call to him for mission work in the foreign field. In the August of 1897 he gave up his occupation as mechanical engineer in the employment of the Cranstone Engineering Company and entered the Pastor's College. Mr. Mayo has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society to fill the next vacant post which may arise on the Congo.

ON March 26th Miss Magill, Kensington Gardens, was summoned by the King to Marlborough House to paint a portrait of his favourite Irish terrier, "Jack." The King received Miss Magill very graciously, and said he admired a picture of a dog done by her.

Miss Magill is a highly accomplished young lady, and belongs to a good family, who are loved and respected by all for their great liberality and the interest they take in every good work.

She is a native of Stewartstown, co. Tyrone, hence her numerous friends throughout Ireland and the great Metropolis will rejoice to hear of the great honour which our beloved King has conferred upon her.

Miss Magill is a sister to Mrs. Kennedy Mullanteau, Stewartstown, whose famous drawings of animals (especially horses) have reached almost every country throughout the King's great and glorious empire.

THE Rev. J. R. Barraclough, M.A., needs no introduction to the residents of South Lambeth, where at St. Thomas's Church, Westminster Bridge Road, he is such a force for good. But it is not generally known that he devotes a great deal of time and energy to that quieter, less conspicuous service of the Church and philanthropy that is done in committees. On the Jews Society and the Protestant Reformation Society and in numerous others, his valuable

MISS MAGILL.

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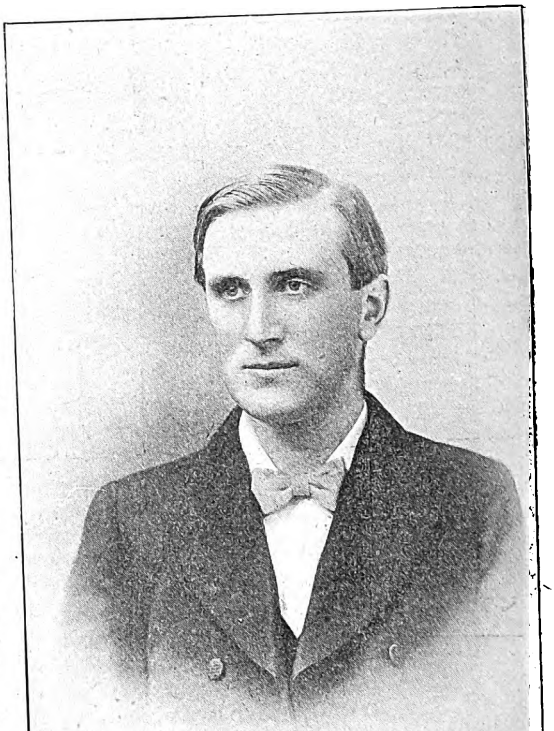
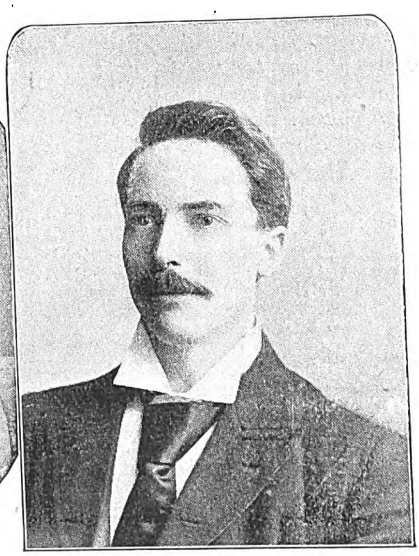
REV. J. R. BARRACLOUGH, M.A.

counsels are eagerly listened to. Altogether he is a type of the men who do not cause their voice to be heard in the streets, but who take as the motto of their life, "I serve."



REV. J. F. SHEPHERD, M.A.

THE Rev. J. R. M. Stephens and his wife are amongst the speakers who will be most eagerly listened to in connection with the Baptist Missionary meetings. He is 34 years of age, and was born at Cheltenham, but most of his life was spent at Bournemouth, where his work amongst young men brought him into local notice. In 1891 he felt moved to devote himself to the mission field and he has since been one of the Baptist Mission workers on the Congo. His wife, formerly Miss Jennie Austen, seconds his work in simply splendid fashion.



Jennie Stephens J. R. M. Stephens.

THE REV. J. F. SHEPHERD, M.A., is the pastor of Haverhill Congregational Church, Essex, and the Chairman of the Essex Congregational Union.

We hope to give an article on the unique activities of his church at Haverhill in our next issue.

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FOR a period of 20 years Mr. Bowden Green has been the energetic secretary of the National Thrift Society, and our readers may desire to be informed as to the nature of the work of that institution. "The National Thrift Society" is neither a savings bank nor a building society, but was established for the purposes of teaching the advantages, by precept and example, of habits of thrift (as opposed to parsimony) in time, in money, and in health to the working classes of the community. The literature issued by the Society covers every subject in which it is possible to exercise thoughtfulness and care. One especially important part of its operations during the last few years is that of "Thrift Campaigns." These campaigns consist of meetings in connection with various institutions and societies, and "Thrift Chats" to the work-people employed at factories, iron foundries, shipbuilding yards, flax mills, etc. The meetings and "chats" are followed up by a gratuitous distribution of thrift publications by well-known authors. Mr. Bowden Green, the principal lecturer of this hard-working institution, is a busy man. A member of the Ironmongers' Company, he has, on two occasions, been elected Warden of the Yeomanry, his father, the late Daniel Green, having been master of the Company in 1846. Last year Mr. Green was licensed by the Bishop of London to the office of Lay Reader; he is a frequent lecturer at various institutions, and is vice-president and hon. secretary of the Early-Rising Association. As an author his principal work is "Fragments of Thought," and the dedication of this somewhat unique volume was accepted by the late Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson. This work, at the time of its publication, was very favourably reviewed in many quarters, and a new edition is, we believe, in contemplation. Another of Mr. Green's works is entitled "The Chessboard of Life," and he has written largely on the subject of Thrift. The words of a charming little song, "The Daisy's Answer," are from Mr. Green's versatile pen. At the General Election in 1885 Mr. Bowden Green, as an "earnest worker in the cause of progress and reform," received a cordial invitation from the electors of the borough of East Finsbury to act as their representative in the House of Commons, on the ground of his interest in social movements and the welfare of the working classes. He accepted the invitation, but only as an Independent candidate, "pledging himself to neither political party, but rather to those legislative reforms which would raise the working-classes to a much higher degree of comfort," but he retired from the candidature. As a citizen of London and member of one of the leading livery companies, Mr. Green is strenuously opposed to the confiscation of the trust funds of the livery companies, but he is in favour of reforms under which the City Guilds would more completely identify themselves with the trades they represent, and act as patrons of technical education in all its branches.

MR. T. BOWDEN GREEN.

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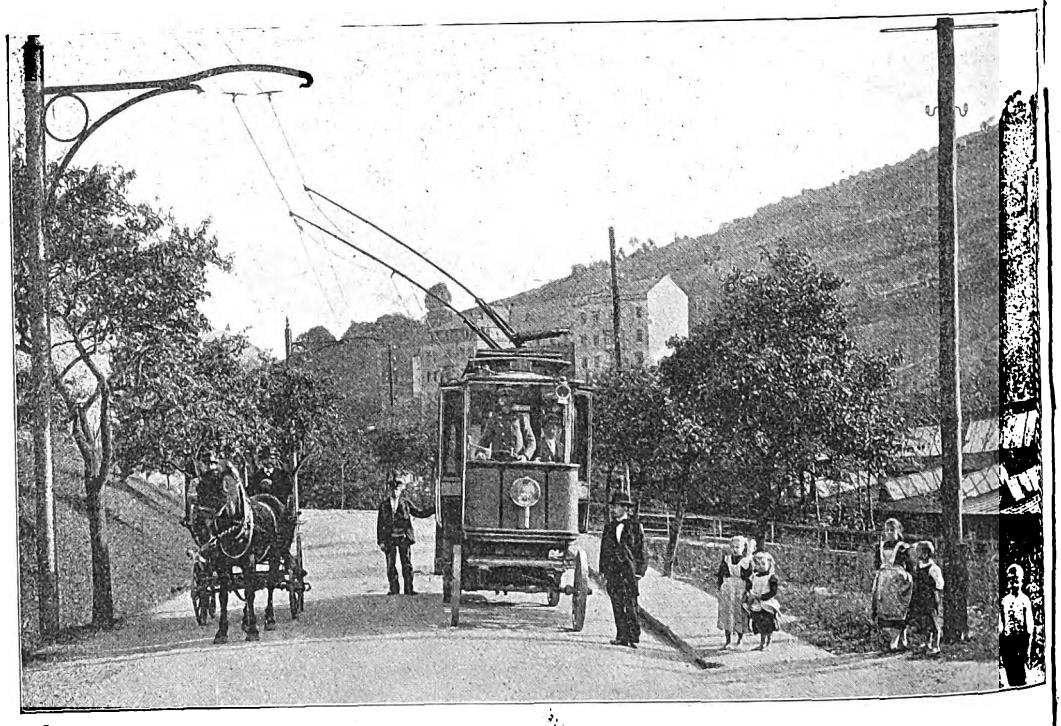
AN ELECTRIC TRAM WITHOUT RAILS.



THE ELECTRIC 'BUS AT WORK IN KÖNIGSTEIN.

WHENEVER you look about in a modern large town, you always see only too many tram-rails. It is a well-known fact that such rails are at times very dangerous to all frequenting the streets, especially cyclists; and in those towns which in winter time are visited with much snow and ice, the whole of the tram traffic is very frequently stopped.

We need only remember Berlin two winters ago, when for a considerable length of time the whole of the trams could not run. Mr. Max Schienman, of Dresden, has now built an electric tram without rails, which has been running since July 10th, 1901, and well answers all demands put to it.

This interesting tram runs through Königstein, on the Elbe, in the romantic vale of the Biela. At its commencement the length was only nine miles. The road on which the trams run is built of macadam, and the passenger cars run at a rate of six miles an hour.

On the top of the car there is a sliding-sledge, to which is fitted a sort of out-

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rigger having a grip on the overhead wires. This combination of outrigger and sliding-sledge allows the car to travel about four yards in a lateral direction without losing its grip on the wires.

A second advantage, and not the least, is that this arrangement allows of a slow Goods and of a quick Passenger service, as, on account of the lateral free movement of the car, a quickly travelling car may overtake and pass any other in its front, running in any direction. It is only necessary for the car to be overtaken to disconnect its outrigger from the overhead wire, which is done in a second.

The whole thing is so simple that it is a wonder it has not been applied before.

ANOTHER VIEW.

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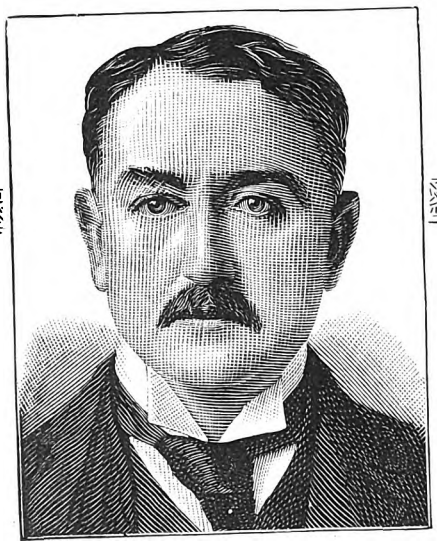
Chat Concerning Cecil Rhodes.



CECIL RHODES.

ONE of the first lessons of the life of Cecil Rhodes is that Life's disappointments are often the finger-post of Providence directing our ways. When he was at Oxford, with his mind simply brimming with ambitions, he caught a cold, which speedily landed him into consumption, or what appeared to be. To save his life he was sent to South Africa, where, however, he speedily regained health. But if it had not been for that disappointment at the outset of his career he would in all probability have never gone to the Cape. I can imagine the sickening of heart with which young Cecil Rhodes heard the medical decision: how he would say to himself, "It is no use now! I must go out among strangers, perhaps never to return." But the *dis*appointment proved to be HIS-appointment, and the way that looked drear proved the way that was clear.

It is just possible that some of *you* find that your life at the start is not marked out according to your planning. You had thought of one thing:—God seems to point to another. You cannot be the thing you would, it is no good arguing with a closed door; and there is nothing for it but to accept the inevitable and walk the way you do not wish to go. Well, it would not surprise me greatly, if you find *better* things waiting for you in the place you think out of the way, than in the position you would rather fill, just now. *Life* is a surprise packet for most of us, but I am sure that the things Providence sends us will prove far more valuable than the things we should choose for ourselves. For instance, a young man finds himself suddenly saddled with the care of his brother's family, or in some other way limited in his own life. He would not have chosen it; he has far other aims and wider ambitions. But he takes arms against this sea of troubles, and though he does not know it, he develops by such work a character that wins him far more notice and attention than if he had merely lived out his own plans of life, free and untrammelled. Another, who longs to go to college, has to leave school early through his father's death. Life seems clouded at first, but he does not know that some day when he gets into college it will be a better man, who will do better work, that will enter there. It is an astonishment to me to remember by what strange roads the Hand of Providence leads men to their destiny: and remembering the amazing results that have come through the disappointment of cherished hopes and plans I can only say: "Let us do our best where we are, *believing that nothing falls out by chance*, and that the answer of our hopes and the fulfilment of our plans is often wrapped up in the strangest parcels. Remember the casket scene in the "Merchant of Venice"! Gold was the one, silver the other, and leaden the third. In one of them lay the cherished portrait, and he who found it might cherish the original as well. But the man who raised the golden lid, and the man who raised the silver found it not, —it was in the lead. So is it often in life. In leaden casket of dullest circumstance there lies wrapped the career that easier circumstances would never have contained. Only lay your life at the feet of God and if He has a mission for you to fulfil He will see to it that thou shalt find "thy lot, and stand in it at the end of days."

The second lesson is the great value of having a great aim before you. One of the most *important* things in life is to have large aims. Never mind if you do not reach them —you will reach more than if you had aimed at less. Do you remember that miserable wretch of a king, Joash, King of Israel, who came to Elisha on the prophet's death-bed? The prophet bade him take a bow and arrows, "for," said he, "thou shall smite the Syrians." Then, as if the sight would be pleasant to his dying eyes, he commanded him to shoot into the ground. With every twang of the bow he heard, as in a dream, another Syrian downfall. Twang!—one! Twang!—two! Twang! —three! But he listened for another in vain —the King stayed his hand. But Elisha was wroth with him, and said, "Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times, then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it." But Joash was a man of small energies and aims, so he stayed his hand. I fancy that many young men and women lose a great deal in life through not being ambitious enough at the start. I believe in being as

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ambitious as possible, and setting no bounds to your ambitions. Without great pulse-stirring aims one will simply not get stirred. The man who aims at nothing will hit it. But those who set before them a great purpose are not likely to waste their lives, whether they fulfil that purpose or not. Cecil Rhodes' life aim was to fulfil a dream of his—the uniting together, the federation of, the English-speaking races. This purpose he kept steadily in view, and it is clear now that if he made money it was for this one end, and since death has cut his career short and refused him permission to see the promised state he longed for, he leaves it to other men to carry out his wishes. He always was a dreamer; but it is the dreamers *who work to interpret their dreams* that play the greatest parts upon the stage of life. Benjamin Disraeli was a dreamer, but he meant to make his dreams interpret themselves. And he did! He lived for the one aim of his life—political advancement—an aim that, from my standpoint, is not worth much; but it was, at any rate, an aim he fulfilled. I remember, as a boy, seeing him one Sunday afternoon on Westminster Embankment, leaning on Lord Rowton's arm. I met him as I went that way, and I came back again to have another look as he returned. And as I realised that fifty years before he had been a solicitor's clerk and that now he had just made his Queen an Empress, I caught sight of the way to build the bridge of life. Start at it! keep at it with invincible determination, as *he* did, as *Rhodes* did! Do you remember the words—the pathetic words—with which Beatrice Harraden closes her book, "Ships that Pass in the Night"?

"So the Professor went back," she says, "and began to build the bridge again. As we all do. We say we will build it strong and sure *this time! And meanwhile the years pass.*"

But what of that, I say? They would pass in any case. Better pass in building than in drifting! For whether building Life's bridge strong and sure, or drifting anywhere, anywhere on to the end, it is still true: "*meanwhile the years pass!*"

A third lesson from this life is the value of hard work. One of the finest touches in his will is that in which he refuses to allow even his own family to inherit his property till they have had at least ten years in business. He is afraid of the loafer, as well he might be, for money in the hands of that man means power for evil, and no power for good. If you want to know the *character* that is formed by plenty of leisure and plenty of money, you must study it in the worst place, *for there alone you find it.* As Marie Corelli pictured Godfrey Tempest and Sybil in the "Sorrows of Satan," so will it ever be. What earthly right have any men and women to loiter through life playing tennis and hunting, indulging in a round of gaieties at night and frivolities in the day? Are any men and women to get off scot free from Life's burdens? "No!" says God. "Men shall work! Work is My price for usefulness and happiness!" And if men and women will not pay it, "No!" says Evil. "You shall pay *my* price, and through your leisured moments, and flabby minds, and enormous means you shall find your temptation."

There is a great deal of manhood to be gained in the making of money if it is made in the right way. *Getting on* may hinder a man if he gets on by selfishness, by sweating, by keeping open late and early, driving himself and driving others. But so can*not* getting on injure a man if he does not get on through laziness, carelessness, and don't-careness. There are a great many good habits formed in business if a man sticks at it. Habits of thrift, prudence, forethought, care, purity, system, and sobriety. And since the world is the better for every such man, then every such man serves God.

Let me ask you, then, if it is your wish to succeed, to begin your labour by praying the prayer of Jabez of old that God would enlarge your coasts, and then by imitating the dedication I once saw in an old Bible of a merchant prince of Bradford:—

"I have dedicated my life first to God; my time, my energies, my money shall be first His. I will use my utmost endeavour to extend my business that I may have more to give and more influence to use, and will spend as little as possible upon my own gratification. I will learn all I can, make all I can, do all I can, give all I can. So help me God!"

And on that dedication was built up one of the most flourishing businesses in Bradford.

And, lastly, let us remember that, like Cecil Rhodes' life, *ours* may not be long. Lives like his are often broken *at the fountain* in fulness of work. "O that fatal thirty-seven!" said Lord Beaconsfield, referring to the many young men who die at that age—*men of promise* only. And if you take away twenty years of getting up steam and forming purpose from Cecil Rhodes' life of forty-seven years, you have only twenty-seven left in which to work. *Not long*, is it? No, but it may be shorter; of some it is true, "We just begin and then our work is done." *That* man was at work for *forty* years—*that* man was called home in five. Already the wings of the Angel of Death are raised to come our way, perhaps, though we know it not. Will another ten years see us here? We do not know. "We know not what an hour or a day will bring forth." But this we know: It will never bring forth fruit we have not sown, and that unless we rouse to live our lives in earnest we shall depart saying with perfect truth, the thing that Cecil Rhodes said *without* truth:—

"So little done, so much to do!"

Oh may God forbid! May God forbid!

THE EDITOR.

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A Miserable Mistake.

"MRS. LATEY to see you, sir!" said the busy maid-of-all-work at the minister's house.

Mr. Rutherford rose with rather more alacrity than he usually showed in responding to the interruptions of his people, for Mrs. Latey was a great favourite with him. Gathered as she had been from the swarm of outsiders in the town by the minister's own efforts, there seemed to have stirred within her something responsive to the earliest appeals she had heard from him, and ever since, she had been a regular attendant at the chapel, and given real signs of a radical change in her life.

Watching her efforts, Mr. Rutherford had become much prepossessed in her favour, for he was fully aware that any such efforts received the scantiest of sympathy at the hands of her husband.

Thomas Latey was a man whose total of virtues was expressed in the fact that he brought home every Saturday night his wife's weekly allowance *untouched*. What he did with the *rest* of his earnings was best known to his intimate friend, the landlord of "The Old Ship," in whose house he spent the greater part of his leisure time; and until recently Mrs. Latey had been quite as good a man as her husband at the work of clearing the barrels of the publican; so in the change which now set in it seemed to Tom's obstinate Essex nature that she was sitting in condemnation on himself. He emphasised this feeling in the usual Essex way—he sulked—and Mary Latey, finding it hard to endure, was in the habit of coming to her minister for a little advice and comfort. But no sad face met him *now*.

"O sir," she exclaimed, "I felt I must run in to tell you! Tom's been and got converted!"

"Sit down and tell me all about it," said the minister, instantly glad like herself, for he saw clearly that if these two could run together the prospects before the girls and boys of the family had immensely brightened.

"It's a rather long story, sir," she said, "but you know as how Tom have been again me all along. And I'm only telling you the truth when I says I couldn't have borne it nohow if I hadn't had a bit of prayer like to myself at night. So of course I used to wait till Tom went upstairs to bed, and when he grumbled I always said as how I'd got a little job to do, and he'd go off in a huff. Leastways he did till two nights ago. Then I was a-kneeling down, and speaking out my thoughts like, low as I could, and blest if he didn't come downstairs with his shoes off, and stand a-listening to what I was a-saying. I didn't hear him, but all of a sudden he says, quite gentle-like, 'Mate, what d'ye want to send me off to pray be yerself for? You ain't afraid o' me, mate, are you?' Lor, sir, you might have heard my heart thumping against my ribs, for, don't you see, I'd bin a-praying for him and I was afraid he'd heard and got the hump. So I got up and we had a talk together, and then went to bed as lovin' as you please ——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the minister, hastily; "and how did things go next day?"

"I was a-coming to that," she said, with a slight inflection of reproach in her voice, as though she scarcely liked the minister hurrying her over such an important chapter of her history. "When Tom come in from work to his dinner next day, he says to me, 'Mate! it's been a miserable kind of morning, I ain't been able to think of nought but my sins. Whatever

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shall I do to get 'em forgiven?' I talked to him, sir, as well as I could, but, you see, I don't know much myself, and I don't suppose I was much help like to him; but early this morning when he comes home to breakfast, he bursts out, 'Mary, I've got it!' 'Got what?' says I. 'Forgiveness,' he says, and then, sir, he went on to tell me, all as if he were struck with wonder, as how he'd seen a vision in the forcing-house he was a-painting of, and It told him his sins were a-forgiven."

"Well, well!" said the minister, "time will prove all things. I am glad to hear he is so happy about it."

"Happy!" I should just about think he is. He's like as if he'd been taking just enough to make him jolly, you know."

The minister sighed. He rather distrusted these emotional conversions, putting them down in a general kind of way to hysteria. But he was of opinion that a man had better be moved by excitement than *never be moved at all*, and after all, an egg beaten up into a froth was still an egg. So in a kind of dubiously hopeful mood he sent the woman away, who hurried off to get her husband's tea, for he had promised to come home that night.

That promise Tom Latey kept, and it was the beginning of a series. A new life had dawned for their home, and for two years of happiness Tom and Mary Latey walked in a new companionship, appearing to the whole town as a living object lesson of the effects of a true religion.

Then came Tom Latey's testing time. For months his wife lay ill, either suffering from fearful spasmodic attacks of pain or else from their effects. It was most touching to see the devotion of this simple working man to his wife. Straightway from his work Tom came home, day after day, and sat listening to his wife's complaints about her feelings and symptoms, but by degrees the minister noticed a subtle change taking place in the man, and began to fear. He had, somehow, always felt a little distrustful of Tom, and seeing his perfect submission to his wife in everything, looked upon him as a man without any real backbone. He was not, therefore, surprised to note an increasing absence from chapel on the part of Tom, and, finally, to miss him altogether.

It was in vain he called. Tom saw him, chatted, and that was all, while from the frequent visits there of the rector's wife, the minister began to suspect that some proselytising influence was at work; and, as soon after he heard that Tom had been seen at Church, he felt sure of it. It began to be a matter of common talk in town that Tom Latey had joined the ranks of the loaves and fishes hunters.

At first Mr. Rutherford had entirely refused to believe it, and in the visits, which he still felt bound to make to the suffering woman, he sometimes led the conversation tactfully to the subject of her husband, but all he could get out of the woman was "There's a little something wrong, sir, with Tom. Some day, when I get better, I'll tell you all about it."

The suspicions of the town were not altogether unfounded, and *that* Mr. Rutherford learned from a conversation with one of his people, who assured him that he had down in his books some bottles of brandy, which had been sent at the cost of Church people to the home of the Latey's.

Mr. Rutherford scarcely knew what to think, but the storm of indignation which filled him was entirely directed against Tom, whom, he concluded, must have taken to drinking again secretly, and have used his wife's illness as a pretext to get the means. Still, there was a lurking dissatisfaction in his mind, and the whole affair appeared mysterious, and all the more, because there was a pained look in Tom Latey's eyes whenever he met the minister's, which puzzled him. And he waited anxiously for the explanation promised by Mrs. Latey when she should get well.

It was written down, however, in the decrees of The Eternal that Mary Latey should find no restoration here. She grew rapidly worse, and at last there came a night when the bell of the minister's house rang hurriedly and the message reached him that Mrs. Latey was dying. Her husband was away working at a distant hamlet, so the minister saw her alone. She was just conscious enough to whisper, "I wanted—to tell you—something—but ——."

What that something was he never learnt from her. He knelt and commended her to a Diviner Companion on her unknown journey, and was departing, when she opened her eyes and the longing of her life seemed to find expression in

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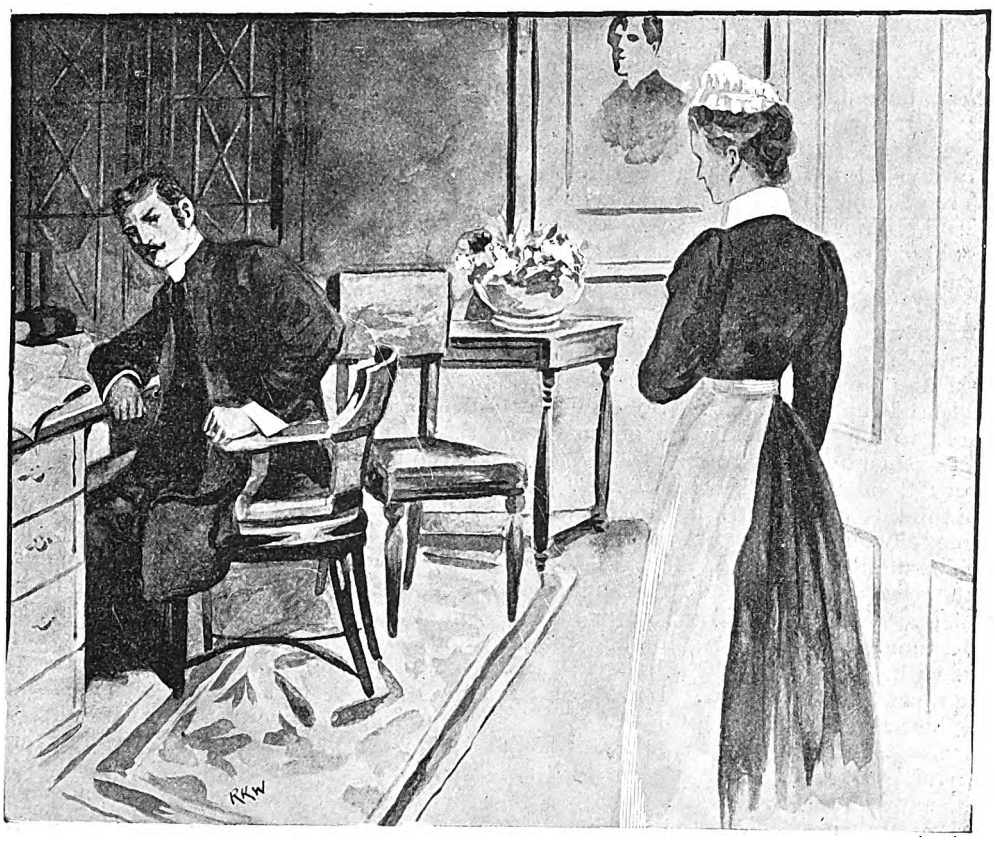

"CAN TOM LATEY SEE YOU, SIR?" SAID THE SERVANT.

the husky whisper, "You'll—take—care—of—Tom?" The minister nodded and the eyes closed again, and never more did he have speech with her, though she did not pass away that night, and at the wish of the husband he came again the next, just in time to see her die.

The weather was sultry and the small room of the cottage was intolerably hot. Around the bed stood the children, the neighbours and a relative or two, watching the death agony of the departing woman who quietly passed away, and a moment or so later her face took on a settled look of rest.

"Poor dear!" murmured her husband, bending over in a very passion of tenderness, "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Mr. Rutherford went downstairs with him, promising to look in on the morrow, but when the morrow came it found the minister prostrated with a bad attack of influenza, and in the slight delirium which seized him, Tom Latey haunted his thoughts. The whole week had to be spent in the enforced rest of a thoroughly worn-out man, and several days after succeeded before he was well enough to see *one* of his people. Meanwhile the problem how he was to keep his promise to the dying woman puzzled him perpetually. If the man only came to chapel now, he could do something with him, but time was all too precious to spend over a rickety man of Tom Latey's stamp, who had proved that no reliance was to be placed on him. In his inmost heart he wished he had never made the promise; still, there it was, and the first engagement written down on the tablets of his mind was to see this poor needs-be-bolstered-up man.

"Can Tom Latey see you, sir?" said the servant one evening, as Mr. Rutherford sat over a new book in his study. Almost a frown of impatience crossed his face as he said, "By all means! Show him up."

In came Tom with a cheery "Good evening, sir! We've all been sorry you've

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been so ill; but I thought as I'd like to have a chat with you about things—you've always helped us afore."

"Certainly, certainly! If there's anything I can do you must tell me. There is always a lot of business after a funeral. Were you able to get the insurance money all right, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom, proudly. "Forty pounds it was, whichever one died first. And as you were so queer that I couldn't advise with you, I settled everything myself—paid all the bills, the girl's mourning, and all the rest, and," hesitating, "cleared up all round. So now I've come to say I want to go into chapel work real hot and strong. I'll be there every Sunday, and if you can give me anythink to do I'll work me fingers to the bone for you. You've bin real kind."

The minister listened, amazed. What had come over the man? Then he said quietly, "Thank you, Tom, but one thing at a time. Let me understand how things are with you. Your wife's little will will want proving, you know. I made it out for her, and she left it all to you."

"Yes, I know, sir, but there wasn't anything to leave. *The Post-office book*, did you say? Why, sir, *she'd* had it all out."

Mr. Rutherford stared. It was not long before that he had known her to put £30 away, out of a legacy she had been left by a cousin. "All gone!" he thought. "Well, sickness has its expenses certainly, but she had had good friends, too!" Aloud he continued, "Ah, well, Tom, the balance left out of the forty will come in very acceptably to you in future, I've no doubt."

"Please, sir, there ain't no balance," Tom answered, shifting uneasily in his chair; then, looking nervously at the door, as though he were afraid someone might be standing there listening, he said, "I—I think I'd better tell you all about it, sir. Not as it matters much, though"—meditatively—"the poor dear's gone, and all the talking won't mend matters; but I feel as if I should like to get it off my mind, sir, for it's well-nigh stunned me."

Mr. Rutherford looked his astonishment, inwardly wondering what was coming.

"When I came to look into things," Tom continued, "there was a heap of money owing all round. 'Twasn't only the folk in the place, but right away at Notley." Notley was a town four miles distant.

"But what for?" said Mr. Rutherford. "She'd everything she wanted, hadn't she? I know *you* never stinted her."

"Not me!" said Tom, emphatically. "Folks who cut their missus down ain't no class. But what it was for I can't make out nohow. Seems as if she'd always been in a muddle like, and left me in the dark about it. And that's what I call the blackest part of it, for I thought no end of my mate, and never asked to see no books, nor nothing. If it hadn't been for that there forty pound, it 'ud been the ruin of me. The doctor only charged seven pound for all he'd done, through all those months. And when I paid him, 'Tom,' he says, 'she's been a good wife to you.' And of course I let him think so. I wasn't going back on Mary to *him*. Then there was drapers' bills and grocers' bills. Lor, sir, there was a heap on 'em, and what with the funeral and all of it, it took up the forty, and four more I'd got of my own. Why!" he exclaimed, with an impatient movement, "now I come to see it, my eyes are opened. I used to think her no end of a manager, and used to tell her as much, and she'd smile and chuck me under the chin, and tell me to get along, and all the time there was this money owing. You know, sir, she seemed powerful bent on saying something to me, during the last few days. I think it was a-troubling her. But it never came off, though I believe she'd ha' told me if she'd been spared."

The minister had listened transfixed with astonishment to this strange recital. If it were true, how he had been deceived in Mary Latey, and what right had she to ——? But Tom interrupted his thought by continuing: "It's me as was the donkey for not seein' into things, sir. It'd happened once before. You remember, sir, when Mary joined your chapel and I was, well," hesitating and colouring, "not-all-I-ought-to-have-bin?"

Mr. Rutherford nodded assent.

"Well, it was then I first found it out. I was going to a drawer, a-looking for my club card, while she was out, and I come across a book of Foster's the grocer, and something made me open it, and then I saw she owed him eight pound ten, and had been a-paying of it off, by six shillings a week. You could 'a knocked me down with a feather, as the

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sayin' is. So I put on my hat and went down to see Foster. 'Mr. Foster,' I says, 'ow is it the missus owes you all this?' 'Oh, it's all right!' he says. 'No, it ain't, I tells him. 'You'd no right to let *her*, or any woman in her station o' life, get into such a muddle, without lettin' me know.' Well, he hums and ha's, but the long and short of it was, I went home, and as soon as I'd hung up my hat, I lit my pipe and sat opposite her by the fire, till the children had gone to bed. I suppose I was very quiet, for the missus asked me if I wasn't well. So then I said calm like, 'Mate, whatever made you owe Mr. Foster all that money?' She looked at me thunderstruck, and says, 'I don't owe Mr. Foster nothing. Who's been a-tellin' you lies?' I looked at her dumbfounded, as they say, and then I said, 'Missus, however can you go down to the chapel and all the meetin's, and sit there and tell me that lie?' Then I showed her the book, and I says, 'Why ever didn't you come to me, mate, if you was gettin' behind. I'd 'a turned to and helped you all I could. I've never kept you short yet, have I?' 'No,' she says, 'you haven't, Tom!' And then she fell to crying, and so did I, sir, for I was that upset; but I forgave her, and told her I'd pay it off, *if I had to give up the beer* for it. And next day I began. Lor, sir, it was hard at first, but somehow it stuck in my throat that Mary 'd bin *afraid* of me; and I saw I'd been a bit hard, p'r'aps, and, what with one thing and another, seemed like as if I'd got a lot to be forgiven for myself. And I got desperate a thinkin' about my sins, till one day, in Warner's forcing-house, that I was a-painting up, it seemed to me as if an angel came to me and said, 'Tom, if you can forgive yer wife, the Almighty can forgive you.' And I believed it, and ever since I've tried to be a better husband and father. You know I've kept out of the beerhouse, and if Mary hadn't got so ill we'd 'a bin well off now."

Mr. Rutherford remembered the very different account given by Mrs. Latey of her husband's conversion, and marvelled greatly at the woman's glib lies, for he read that, in all the man had been saying, he was uttering the truth.

"Tom," he said gently, "I'm so glad you've told me, for I'm afraid I've been thinking wrong things all this time. Do you know," he proceeded, "that your wife has been having a lot of help from the people at the Church during the last months?"

Tom's face was a study; then he burst out, "Now I see it all! It was a puzzle at the time, if you like; for after I'd been away from chapel a few Sundays, thinking the missus 'ud be lonely, she began to worry me to go to Church for a change."

The minister started, but unheeding, Tom continued, "'Tom,' she'd say, 'you was brought up at Church, and used to be in the choir; I'm sure you'd like a service, just for a change. I don't want you to leave chapel, but if you'd only go just a Sunday or two, it'd please the rector's wife.' Well, after a deal of persuadin', I went. Then when my mates saw it, they put it about I went for what I could get, and as I thought, p'raps, you'd think the same, I never come near you no more. And to think they was *right*!" he went on bitterly. Lor, how I've been fooled!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Rutherford, "you are not the only one." And the vision of this simply trustful man struggling on to help this woman, not only raised the man to giant stature in his mind, but filled him with supreme contempt for his own erratic judgment. "Tom!" he said, "come and see me as often as you can. I'll be better soon and we can work together."

"Right, sir!" said Tom, taking the outstretched hand heartily, and rising to go.

But at the door he hesitated and came back, speaking nervously. "You don't think, sir, as how it'll make a difference to Mary on the—the other side, do you?"

The minister was nonplussed.

"I've been thinking all the week," Tom went on humbly, twirling his hat, "that the debts and things were owing to that 'ere morphia she took so much of for her pains. 'Praps," I said, "she weren't responsible like! And don't you think, sir, the lies might go down in the morphia bill too?"

"Yes, Tom, I do! Morphia would do it all. And if *you* can put it down to that, God may do so too. The Old Book says, 'He knoweth our frame.'"

"Then He'd know all about hers, and p'r'aps He'd remember it in her favour like?" wistfully.

"Yes, He would remember," the minister said, huskily.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahometan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls.

CHAPTER II.—(*continued*).

HER heart stopped beating for an instant before she answered, rather huskily: "I am so glad you have come, Ali; how lucky! I was just wondering how I should get down. You have no idea how delightful it is up here. Yes, do bring a ladder, and come up, too."

She looked down over the wall as she spoke, debating whether she should jump down while he fetched the ladder and brave the stinging cactus and the slimy water; but the buffaloes daunted her; she dared not dash in amongst those huge forms and wicked-looking horns. In any case Mahomed Ali never gave her the chance. He stood against the wall and blew a whistle, and Hazel saw a flutter of skirts at the terrace door and on the steps, and three or four women came running across the compound. They brought out a ladder after some delay, with much vociferation and gesticulation, and Mohamed Ali mounted gravely and sat down beside her. He looked down at the cactus and the buffaloes and away over the paddy fields, with their little banks and canals, to the tall, straggling hedges and nullahs and waste places covered with tangled and thorny growths that lay between them and the red road in the distance. Then he turned and looked straight into her eyes with a smile. At that moment Hazel hated him with the impotent hatred of the helpless.

"It was very fortunate you happened to come home this morning, wasn't it?" she said; but though she smiled, she could not keep the sneer out of her voice nor the contempt out of her eyes.

"Very fortunate," said Mahomed Ali, calmly. He cared not at all whether she knew that he had never left Madras. His pretext of a journey was only the polite fiction usual in such cases, involving no discredit to anyone.—"What would you have done if I had not happened to come?"

"I suppose if I had shouted and waved to them on the terrace, someone would have seen or heard me and come to my rescue in time. I will get down now, please, Ali, the stone is hard and I am tired of sitting here."

Mahomed Ali did not come to dine with his wife that evening as she had expected and dreaded. He had presumably started again on one of his urgent and mysterious journeys, and Hazel had time to reflect on the consequences likely to follow her latest escapade. For three or four days she waited, too full of dread and apprehension to make any new plans; but nothing happened. She went every day and sat for hours in the early morning and in the cool of the evening in her favourite mango tree, for the simple sake

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of the peace and solitude and freshness that she always found there.

A fortnight passed on with monotonous sameness, until her husband saw fit to return once more from his travels and shed the light of his countenance upon his lonely wife. This time he remained almost constantly with her for nearly a week, and was more tender and lover-like than she had ever seen him since the old happy days they had spent in England, before he left her and went back to his own country. During those days he did not appear to resent or even to notice the coldness she was literally unable to hide from him. He strolled about the compound with her in his indolent fashion; he sent for Nautch girls to dance before her on the terrace, and singing girls to beguile her with their melodies. As Hazel said ungratefully to herself, in the zenana the one idea of amusement was the ungainly antics of the dancing girls and the harsh discordant music of their singing sisters.

After a week of this soft dalliance he bade her good-bye one morning with great affection, begging her to take every care of herself during his absence, from which she understood that he would be again invisible for a time. But she made no remark and asked no questions.

During that week she had made up her mind that it was useless to make any new projects until she had mastered the language of her husband's people, and could understand what was going on around her and what the orders meant that were given in her presence. Amongst so much eternal chatter and gossip it seemed to her that she must pick up many hints that would be useful to her.

THE ONE IDEA OF AMUSEMENT IN THE ZENANA.

A few of the women were not "Gosha" (as they call the secluded zenana women), and were allowed to go out more or less freely and transmit orders to the men servants who were always lounging about the front of the house, the stables, and the apartments used by the men of the family; some of them were allowed to go

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out into the bazaars, and they had at all times free intercourse with the men of the household and with anyone who came to the house. Hazel reflected that she might be able to make use of one or other of them later on; but until she knew Hindustani perfectly she was completely isolated in her father-in-law's house.

As soon as Mahomed Ali was gone, Kair Unissa Begum and her rabble of attendants returned and took possession of Hazel's apartment. And Hazel set herself seriously to learn their language, studying the Hindustani grammars and reading books and dictionaries she had brought with her, listening with earnest attention to the chatter of the women and joining in the conversation herself with such scanty remarks, such few words as she had at her command. The vocabulary in use in the zenana is an extremely limited one. Politics are not discussed there, nor art, nor literature, except such literature as was to be found in the romances that Asha Bee, the reader, was continually reading aloud to them. But, small as the vocabulary was, there were many words in frequent use that Hazel could not find in her dictionary, until one day Kair Unissa with lazy good nature sent one of her women secretly into the bazaar to buy a dictionary not expurgated for the use of missionary ladies.

As soon as Hazel began gradually to understand the language well enough to follow the romances and appreciate the jests and witticisms of her companions she entered upon the worst phase she had yet known of zenana life. The grossness, the coarseness, the hideous vulgarity of those women's minds was inconceivable.

One day Hazel turned angrily on her own women. "The first one of you that I hear talking in that vile way again will go at once, that very day. I will not have such people about me."

Kair Unissa looked at her curiously. "Where would you send them, Hazari Bibi?" she asked.

"I would send them away. I don't care where they go. They will have to find another mistress," Hazel answered.

"Are there places in your England where you send your disobedient slaves to be beaten?" Kair Unissa asked. "We do things much more simply here. If one of my slaves annoys me I tell the other girls to beat her. Do you want them to beat your Taj Bee? It is true they ought not to laugh when you are angry, but why do you let them?"

Hazel shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "We don't beat our servants in England," she answered; "if they are bad servants we send them away."

"Where to?" asked Kair Unissa. But she was not much interested in the subject. She did not care to hear about English ways which she could never understand. "Shall I tell them to beat one of your girls? You don't seem to care to see them laugh, perhaps it would amuse you to see them cry. Taj Bee was the worst, and she always cries the loudest. They can go and get some sticks in the compound."

Two of the women moved towards the terrace and Taj Bee began to cry. Hazel laid her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder. "Don't cry," she said. "No one shall beat you. I will not have her beaten, Kair Unissa. You hear, all of you, no one is to touch her." Then she went away quietly herself to her refuge in the mango tree.

But she had made one friend for herself in that hostile camp. From that day Taj Bee was devoted to Hazel heart and soul. She had never seen anyone interceded for before when punishment, merited or unmerited, was to be meted out to them; and she felt her mistress had had cause to be offended with her.

That night when Hazel was sitting sadly alone on the terrace in the dark, after Kair Unissa Begum and her noisy crowd were gone, Taj Bee came out humbly to her and kissed her feet. Hazel passed her hand softly over the girl's dark head, "What is it, Taj Bee?" she said.

"The kind Begum Sahibe is sad," said the girl, "What can I do?"

"Yes, I am sad," said Hazel gently, "because I am very far from my own country and my father's house. But no one can help me, Taj Bee, I have no friend in this strange land."

The slave sat down at her feet. "I know," she said. "Twice you have tried to run away from the zenana, and my Lord Mahomed Ali is angry, and that is why he never comes now to the zenana; and they watch you night and day. And the big Nabob Sahib is very angry, too, but Mahomed Sahib will not let him do anything. He says, Wait a little, she

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will grow gentle and good, this life is strange to her; but she loves me, and she is my heart's delight.'"

For a moment Hazel hesitated to discuss her troubles, but she was too forlorn and friendless to stand upon her dignity with the meanest slave who felt kindly towards her.

"What could the Nabob Sahib do to me?" she asked.

"Many things, Hazoor. He can give medicine to make you always sick and tired, to make you die perhaps. He can shut you up in the black hole where you would never see anyone. He is afraid you will run away and go to the English people and they will be angry, and it will hurt him with the Sirkir and the Lord Sahib. But Mahomed Sahib says you will not run away, he will not let you, and so he watches you always.

"Does Kair Unissa watch me?" Hazel whispered.

"No, Hazoor. She does not care, she does not listen when they talk, she eats opium and thinks of other things. The old Begum, too, eats much opium and thinks always of other things. But they fear the Nabob. He wants Mahomed Sahib to marry another wife.

"Oh, Hazari Begum! go no more to the compound," continued the girl. "Some day there will be a snake in the tree where you always sit, and it will bite you and you will die."

"I must think," said Hazel.

"If they knew I told you these things they would kill me," said Taj Bee. "Cannot you be happy here like the other begums, Hazoor?"

"I ought never to have come," said Hazel softly.

Then the girl kissed her feet again and went away.

Hazel sat on in a panic that bewildered all her thinking faculties. Only one idea kept beating on her brain; that she must get away from the zenana and all its dark and dreadful possibilities. She had unconsciously hoped something from Kair Unissa's wedding. She knew that English ladies came sometimes to these native festivities and were admitted into the zenana to see the bride, and she had hoped she might get speech of one of them unobserved among the crowd of visitors; but Taj Bee's words had killed this hope. She was sure the terrible old Nabob would never risk such a chance of her meeting her own countrywomen. She had asked Kair Unissa once whether any of the ladies of the Zenana Mission ever came to the house, but Kair Unissa had never heard of them. One of the servants repeated some vague gossip of the bazaars of English Mem Sahibs who visited some of the poorer Mahometans and taught them to read and to make knitted comforters and babies' caps and gave them funny little books that were translated from the English. They had some children, too, who lived in their house and wore shoes and stockings; they were mostly orphan children from the last famine, or children of pariahs who had become Mahometans. But the Mem Sahibs never came to the Nabob's house, and none of the Mahometan ladies who visited there knew anything about them.

A good many visitors came to the house, wives and daughters of the Nabob's friends and relations. They always drove up in close-shuttered carriages, packed full of women. All the men of the household withdrew out of sight while they were admitted, veiled and muffled, through a little side room, up to the apartments of the Begum, where they smoked their hookahs and chewed betel and nut and gossiped with the Begum and her attendants. The same precautions were observed when they departed, a slave going on before to clear the way for them, so that they might reach their carriage unprofaned by the eyes of any man.

Hazel thought of all these things now, but in none of them could she see any opening of escape for herself.

"I must trust myself to Taj Bee," she said at last; "she knows all their ways so well and hears everything that is going on. I will get her to help me, and if she betrays me I can but die. I shall never be able to do anything by myself."

She remembered bitterly her two frustrated schemes of escape, that had seemed to her so subtle, and that must have been so childish and simple in the eyes of these Orientals. She had thought herself a match for them once, but she did not think so now.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning Hazel had not made up her mind to renounce her cherished retreat among the branches of the mango

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tree beside the garden wall. So she rose early as usual, and went softly out across the terrace; but in the dim light of the early dawn she missed her footing on the worn stone steps of the narrow staircase, and fell down, nearly the whole flight, twisting her ankle under her in her fall.

"I wonder I never thought of doing this before," she said to herself, as she sat at the foot of the steps, nursing her injured ankle; the pain was so great she was sure she must have really hurt it seriously; and when she tried to rise she found it impossible to stand upon it. "I shall have to see a doctor, of course. Ali cannot refuse me that. He will have to send for some one to attend to my ankle," and in the midst of her pain new hopes sprang up that she might at last communicate with the outside world. Before she decided to call for help, her ankle had begun to swell, and the pain of it was intolerable. She blew her whistle at last and some of the women came to her assistance.

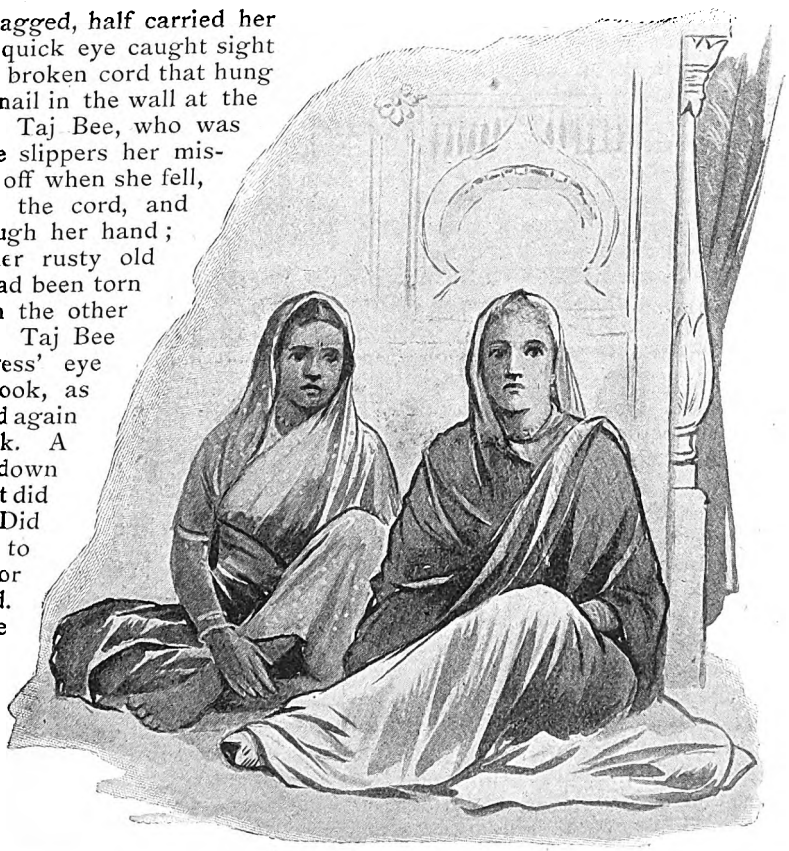
As they half dragged, half carried her up the stairs, her quick eye caught sight of a long trail of broken cord that hung from a rusty old nail in the wall at the top of the steps. Taj Bee, who was following with the slippers her mistress had dropped off when she fell, stooped and took the cord, and drew it idly through her hand; at the end another rusty old nail dangled that had been torn out of the post on the other side of the steps. Taj Bee caught her mistress' eye with a meaning look, as she dropped the cord again without any remark. A cold thrill ran down Hazel's spine; what did that cord mean? Did they want her to break her neck, or only to be disabled.

As soon as the servants had laid her on her bed, she sent for her husband. The fiction of his absence from home was not alluded to, and he came immediately at her summons, and was full of sympathy and regret for her sufferings. He went out and looked at the steps, and Hazel heard him scolding and questioning the servants. The cord was no longer to be seen and Hazel did not mention it. She could only wonder whether it was by his orders or unknown to him that the cord had been stretched at the top of the stairs to trip up her unwary feet as she descended them.

"I suppose those lazy servants never wash the steps," he said, coming back into the room; "they must have been slippery with grease to throw you down like that."

"I am sure my foot is very much hurt, Ali," she said, "the pain is dreadful; please send at once for a doctor."

"Do you think that is necessary, dear?" he asked, touching the swollen ankle tenderly; "some of the women understand very well what to do for accidents of this kind. They will bathe your foot and bandage it for you."



HAZEL AND HER SISTER-IN-LAW.

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"Indeed I must have a doctor," she insisted; "there may be something broken or dislocated in my ankle, and if it is not properly attended to, I may be lame all my life."

A neglected lame foot or a badly-set broken arm are not uncommon in the zenana, and are considered of very slight importance, so that Mahomed Ali thought Hazel's insistence to have a doctor somewhat exaggerated; but he was a kind young fellow, and tolerant, as all Mahometans are, of the unaccountable caprices of the zenana; so he answered now:

"Of course, dear, you shall have a doctor if you really wish it. Katheeja Bee, go down and tell one of the men to run at once and fetch the Hakeem to attend to the Begum Sahib's ankle; and you, Gause Bee, get a purdah ready."

The women bustled about, and brought out a wide, heavy sheet like the one upon the floor, which they unfolded and placed ready by the side of the bed.

Presently the doctor arrived, but before he was admitted into the room two of the women raised the sheet and held it up between them, effectually screening Hazel from view; only one corner towards the foot of the bed was lifted so as to expose Hazel's delicate white foot and now swollen ankle.

"My ankle is very painful; please touch it gently, doctor," Hazel said, as she heard him approach the bed.

"The Hakeem Sahib does not understand English," said Mahomed Ali.

And at the same moment Hazel felt a cold, clammy touch laid gently on her foot.

"What!" she cried; "isn't he a proper English doctor?"

"He is a very good doctor," said her husband, coldly; "he is the doctor who always attends the family."

The sudden disappointment was more than Hazel could bear. With that and the pain together she fainted away, and when they brought her back to consciousness her foot was bandaged and the doctor gone.

"He says there are no bones broken, Hazel dear," said her husband; "but the ankle is badly sprained, and you must not put it to the ground for many days."

"What does he know about it?" said Hazel faintly, then she caught a warning look from Taj Bee; "though to be sure he has made it feel a good deal easier and more comfortable," she added hastily. "I will follow his advice, of course, and I dare say it will soon be all right again."

With many expressions of sympathy, and strict injunctions to the servants to look after her carefully, Mahomed Ali left her.

"Go and get me some breakfast," said Hazel, when he was gone, "you, Taj Bee, stay here and wait on me. And don't you others be all day gossipping in the kitchen, and keeping me waiting for my breakfast."

"Did you see the cord they had stretched across the stairs, Taj Bee?" she whispered, as soon as they were alone together.

"Yes, Hazoor, I saw it; but it is gone now," said Taj Bee.

"Do you know who put it there?"

"Who knows, Hazoor?" answered the maid. "They do not want you to walk about at the young Begum's wedding, and perhaps speak with some of the English ladies who will come to see the tomash; and I heard that Mahomed Sahib is going away, truly, for a few days before the marriage, and if you tried to run away while he is out of the house who can tell what our Lord the Nabob would do? The Nabob is very terrible when he is angry. But now with your broken foot you will be safe here while Mahomed Sahib is away, and also when the wedding people come."

"Did you hear them say so, Taj Bee?"

"No, Hazoor, but I know. I was born in the house of the Nabob Sahib, I have lived here all my life, and I know the hand of my lord."

"And the wedding will be in a fortnight," said Hazel presently. "To think I have been here three months, and I am no nearer my freedom to-day than I was the first day I came into this dreadful house! Oh, Taj Bee! If I had only known what a zenana meant I would have run away out of the compound that first day when Mahomed Ali brought me home."

"You will still run away, Hazoor?" the slave asked anxiously.

"I shall never leave off trying to get out of this hateful prison till they kill me," said Hazel desperately, "and if you really love me, Taj Bee, you will help me."

"I am your slave," said Taj Bee sadly. "If you cannot live here and be happy like the other Begums I will help you to

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go away, and if they kill you they can kill me also; and when you go I will also follow you. But it cannot be yet, Hazoor—not till the broken ankle is well, and you can walk again."

"No, of course not. I don't expect you to carry me off on your back or to fly out of the window with me," said Hazel, and she laughed a little with the renewed hope this unexpected ally had brought her; "but we can think and talk about our plans and what we will do as soon as I am well again."

"And will you listen to your slave's advice, Hazoor?" said Taj Bee, earnestly. "I am a poor woman, and ignorant, but I know my own people, and I know the ways of my lord the Nabob, and they are not as your ways and your thoughts, Hazari Begum. For he will say one thing and do one thing, and in his heart he shall think other thoughts. It may be they will let you go into the big Begum's room at the time of the tomash to see the bridegroom ride up to the door on the great day of the tomash. And also from this terrace they will let you look out upon the fireworks in the garden. And it may be, Hazoor—I cannot tell, but it may be—that some of the English ladies will come to see the tomash and to walk about and look at Kair Unissa Begum; but, Hazoor, do not try to get speech of them. I pray you listen to this advice. It will seem easy to you to get speech with them, and it will seem that no one is looking at you; but do not trust to that—that is the way of the Nabob, that he will try you. Every moment you will be watched, and the English ladies cannot help you. If you see any, hide yourself from them. If one speaks to you, answer her in Hindustani only, do not let her know that you are English; so shall you blind the eyes of my lord the Nabob, for it is not that way you must try to escape. But I do not know even that they will let you see the guests. If they tell you 'Stay in this room,' stay, and do not even look out, lest they think you are trying to get speech of the English ones. For truly I tell you, Hazoor, they would hide you away or kill you before anyone could come to take you out. If there was one of them that would take you by the hand and say 'Come out with me, I will not leave this house without you,' it would be well, Hazoor; but they will not do that. They will say 'I must tell this thing to my husband, and to-morrow I will return with him and make enquiry into this matter'; but to-morrow is too late for you, Hazari Begum. When you are dead or hidden in some other place no one will ask about you. The Nabob is a great man and rich, and his zenana is very sacred. My lord will throw dust for the English sahibs, and the English meddle not in the zenana."

"You are wise, Taj Bee. I will follow what you tell me," said Hazel, sadly, recognising the truth of the slave girl's view of her position.

Taj Bee went on to another subject. "And, lady beloved," she said, "do not make the lord Mahomed angry against you. If he is angry, and loves you no more, he will say to his father, 'She is nothing to me; do with her as you will.' And the Nabob will be glad, and that will be the end."

"I daresay you are right," said Hazel. She had felt angry with Mahomed Ali, and had classed him with her enemies, but now she thought that perhaps, after all, he was doing his best to protect her in that strange household. It was natural that, accustomed all his life as he had been to the seclusion of the ladies of his own family, he should not have understood that his wife would take the life of the zenana so hardly.

"I will go now, Hazoor," said the slave, "and tell them in the kitchen to bring your breakfast. I will say that you are angry that they delay so long, so that they shall not think we have any secret matters to talk together."

"Yes, we must be very prudent," Hazel agreed. "But where shall we be able to talk where we can be sure of not being overheard?"

"I will think, Hazoor," the slave answered, hurrying away to warn the laggards in the kitchen.

Later in the morning Kair Unissa Begum came and looked at Hazel curiously, and asked a few questions about her accident. And, between two opium pills, the old Begum roused herself enough to send a message to her daughter-in-law that she was much afflicted at her hurt, and that she prayed Allah would be pleased soon to make her well again.

"Is the doctor coming again?" Kair Unissa asked.

"I do not know," said Hazel.

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"Mahomed Sahib said he would not come again," Gouse Bee answered. "I was holding the purdah and my lady was fallen into a swoon, and I heard the Hakeem say, 'Shall I come again, Mahomed Sahib?' and Mahomed Sahib said, 'There is no need to trouble you again, unless I send for you.'"

"Then old Zeinab Bee will have to bandage it. One of you come and tell me when she is going to take off the bandage. I want to see what it looks like," said Kair Unissa.

She had wanted Hazel to have the bandages undone at once, so that she could see the injured ankle, but this Hazel had politely refused to do. She was never able to find out whether her young sister-in-law suspected her of shamming hurt, or whether her curiosity was merely the idle curiosity of the zenana, where every incident that stirred the dull monotony of existence was made the most of.

The doctor had recommended that Hazel should be kept very quiet that day, for fear of fever, and Hazel took advantage of his order to escape from the hated reading and dancing, singing and story-telling, that filled Kair Unissa's day. On the same pretext she sent away her own attendants, Katheeja Bee and Gouse Bee, telling them they might go with Kair Unissa's women, that she only required Taj Bee to wait on her, and that she could not bear so many people in the room with her when she was ill. They went gladly enough, accounting to themselves for Hazel's strange taste for solitude and quiet as one of the curious fancies of the foreign Sahib folk to which she belonged.

"Well, Taj Bee, what are we going to do? Have you thought of anything?" Hazel asked, when she and the slave girl were alone together, all the restlessness of fever being added to her natural impatience.

"We must go slowly, very slowly, Hazoor," said the girl. "We must not begin anything until the marriage feast for the little Begum is finished."

"But have you thought of any way we can escape after that?" asked Hazel.

"Oh, Hazoor, you are too much in a hurry," Taj Bee answered. "Until my lord's suspicions are dead, and he ceases to watch all your goings, we can do nothing. You do not see the danger, Hazoor. You do not know the zenana and the things that are done here."

The words sounded ominous. "Have you seen things done here, Taj Bee?" Hazel asked—"here, in this very house, I mean?"

"It is better not to talk of such things," said Taj Bee evasively.

"I should like to hear just one of the stories of things you have really seen yourself. I won't say a word to anyone about it afterwards, however horrible it may be."

Taj Bee submitted: "I will tell you a story of something that happened to my mother's sister here, Hazoor, many years ago, when I was a child. The Nabob was a young man then, and my mother's sister, Bibi, was one of the Begum's women. And because she was very fair and pleasant to look on, the Nabob looked on her with favour. The Begum was very jealous in those days, and would not have the Nabob look on any other woman, so they kept it very secret, and no one knew, and that is a strange thing in the zenana, Hazoor, where there are eyes and ears everywhere. But Bibi never said anything to make suspicion because she loved the Nabob very dearly. But there were other young girls growing up in the zenana, and one of these took the fancy of the Nabob; and he was tired of Bibi and loved her no longer; and Bibi was jealous and in great unhappiness, and when she met the Nabob in the passages going to and fro, she spoke to him, and reminded him of his old love for her; and one day one of the other women heard her and told the Begum that there was a slave who loved her lord. The Begum was very angry and spoke bitter words to the Nabob, and the Nabob denied it, and swore that the tale-bearer was a liar. I know not who was the tale-bearer, the Begum never told; that is the custom of the zenana, Hazoor. But one day Bibi went to the bazaar, and *never came back*."

"Well, I don't see anything very dreadful in that," said Hazel, rather relieved, when Taj Bee stopped in her narrative.

The slave went on in a more impressive tone, "Hazoor, they said she went to the bazaar. But one day the Nabob, meeting her alone in the passage, spoke to her kindly and said it was really her whom he loved, but that he feared the Begum because her tongue was bitter; but he would

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meet her in the garden that night, but none must know of her coming. Under the terrace, Hazoor, there is a little door in the wall, and inside there are steps that go down into a little room, very dark and damp and full of many rats and ugly

"How could anyone know?" she whispered.

"How can I tell, Hazoor? So it was. It was known in the zenana."

"Do you think anyone can hear us now?" Hazel asked rather anxiously.

KAIR UNISSA AS A BRIDE.

beasts, and when Bibi came to the Nabob in the garden, the little door was open, and he pushed her into that dark room and locked the door. Bibi came no more out, nor did any man ever hear her cries."

Hazel listened with the hair stirring about her head, and cold drops standing on her forehead.

"I think not, Hazoor. Who would listen to hear the talk of a lady with her poor slave girl? And you are not of our country, Hazari Begum. No one will think that Taj Bee can love you, and do your will against the will of the lords of the house."

Hazel lay very quiet for a while. That

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simple sentence of the slave girl, "No one will think that Taj Bee can love you," stung her to her very heart. How lonely, how friendless indeed she must be when no one, not even her own servant who was always about her, could be suspected of caring for her fate. Taj Bee had mentioned it as a subject of congratulation, but it hurt Hazel *as nothing had hurt her yet* in that most hateful house.

"Tell me all you have heard in the house about me, Taj Bee," she said, presently. "You say the Nabob, my father-in-law, is angry with me. What does he want to do with me?"

"How can I tell, Hazoor, the heart of the Nabob? He talks every day to Mahomed Sahib that he should marry the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan. He had promised a long time ago that Mahomed Sahib should marry Aziz Unissa Begum. But my lord Mahomed answers always, 'It is too soon; I cannot yet bring another wife into the chamber of Hazari Begum.'"

"He can bring home ten thousand Begums if he will only let me go back to my own country," said Hazel, indignantly, revolted at the villainy of her unknown father-in-law."

"He will never let you go back, Hazoor," said the slave girl, with conviction. "It is a shame for a great lord like Mahomed that a wife should go out of his zenana to be seen of other men. But you will always be the first wife, Hazari Begum. And, truly, I think not that my lord will take another wife. He will say to his father, 'Wait, wait,' and one day Sultan Mirza Khan will be tired, and he will find another husband for Aziz Unissa Begum. But if Hazari Begum is not kind to Mahomed, it may be, some day when he is angry, he will say, 'Bring Aziz Unissa into my zenana.'"

Hazel moved restlessly on her bed. "If he were to take another wife, would she come here, into this room?" she asked.

"Surely, Hazoor, where else could she go! This is Mahomed Sahib's zenana."

To think that she, an English lady, should ever have lived to hear her own room spoken of as any man's zenana! "How vile and hateful it all is!" she said in English.

"Aziz Unissa is very gentle and merry," said Taj Bee, soothingly; "she will love Hazari Begum and be to her as a sister."

"Good heavens! Are they *women* at all, these zenana creatures!" cried Hazel passionately.

Taj Bee perceived that her last remark, reasonable and comforting as it was, had not pleased her mistress. "Mahomed Sahib has great love for the Begum," she went on, hastening to retrieve this mistake, "and surely if she is kind, he will never bring home another wife, if it is not pleasing to her."

"I shall never degrade myself to fight for my own husband's love with another woman," said Hazel, hotly. "All I want is to get out of this hateful place, and go home to my own country, where people can live decently and openly. And you must help me, Taj Bee."

"I will help you, Hazoor. And if they kill me, a woman's life is not so happy that I should be sorry to leave it," the slave answered submissively.

"I would far rather die myself than stay here," said Hazel. "We must get away together, or we must die together, Taj Bee."

If she had wavered for a moment in her intention of making her escape that hint of a second wife for Mahomed would have fixed her determination. If he were true to her for a time even, she knew there would surely come a day, when her youth had waned and her beauty faded, when Mahomed would bring home a younger bride to take her place in his heart and home, to make that zenana life she hated more intolerable.

A few days later, Taj Bee informed her that Mahomed Ali had returned; he had really been absent this time, but he did not come up to see her.

The house was full of the bustle of preparation for Kair Unissa Begum's marriage, and there was a constant flow of visitors through the zenana. On the day of the great tomash Hazel's servants helped her to hobble into the Begum's apartment, where Unissa sat on a charpog, under a canopy of red, gold-bespangled gauze, speaking to no one, eating nothing, with her head bent down almost to her knees, mourning, as the Mahommetan custom is, for three days, the end of her maidenhood. The room was full of visitors, who stared with much interest at the mourning bride, and chattered and gossipped ceaselessly among themselves

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GOING TO THE HOUSE OF THE BRIDE.

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with the futile talk and coarse jests that obtain in the zenana. Hazel sat on the floor amongst them, joining when she could in their conversation.

Suddenly a servant darted into the room, in a great state of excitement. "Some English ladies have come," she cried. "They are coming up here to see Kair Unissa Begum." There was a dead silence; some of the women of the house looked curiously at Hazel. Taj Bee, who sat behind her, plucked her veil gently.

"I think I had better go to my own room," said Hazel; "I am very tired, I cannot talk any more. Have I leave to go, Begum Sahib?"

The Begum nodded and waved her hand, and Hazel's women helped her to withdraw. In her own room she told them they might go back to see the English ladies, she herself would lie down and rest awhile.

"I will stay," said Taj Bee. "What do I care for the white-faced English folk? I see too much of them driving through the bazaar in their great carriages," and she looked significant at her fellow slaves, who hurried off, apparently much relieved, for it was well understood amongst them that their state prisoner was never to be left alone when Mahomed Sahib was not with her.

"If only this tiresome foot was well, I am sure I could get away with those English ladies," said Hazel impatiently.

"It is very good that you came away, Hazoor," said Taj Bee earnestly. "They would never have let you speak to the English lot. The women had their instructions. They would stand round you and talk and sing and make much noise, so no one should hear what you said, and if the English ones ask, 'What is that?' they would say, 'It is a poor slave girl who is possessed with a devil. We will carry her into another room, so that she shall not disturb your highnesses.' Then would they bring you in here, Hazoor. And the Nabob would say, 'Hazari Begum is a wicked woman who will bring shame and trouble upon my house. I must put her away where no one can hear her mischievous words.' There is always the black room under the terrace, Hazoor. But the Begum is wise to come away. Now will they say to the Nabob, 'Hazari Begum cares nothing for the English folk; she flies from before them; there is no fear for her.' And Mahomed Sahib will say, 'See, my wife is happy in the zenana. She cares no more for her own people. She will try no more to escape away from us who love her.' Surely the Begum has done wisely."

"It is very hard though," said Hazel, lying on her bed with the slow tears rolling down her pale face. "And if it had not been for your advice, Taj Bee, I should certainly have tried to get those English visitors to help me."

Later on in the afternoon, when the English visitors had gone, to join in the tomash in the reception rooms downstairs, Hazel went back to her mother-in-law's room, to watch for the arrival of the bridegroom. He came, riding on a white horse, hidden in gorgeous trappings, and decked with flowers like some sacrificial beast. He himself was literally veiled in white jasmine blossoms; on his head was a garland, from which depended on every side, long ropes of flowers that completely covered him from crown to knee. A crowd of his relations and friends and retainers, on foot, surrounded him and guided his horse. At the foot of the steps they lifted him from his horse, and led him up the steps to where the wedding guests awaited him in the verandah and the rooms behind.

"Will he come up here?" Hazel asked, with some interest.

"Up here!" they cried, shocked at the idea. "No, indeed! To-morrow he will come to take her away, but he will not see her till she comes into his zenana, and he removes her veil."

"And she will not see him either?"

"Oh, yes, she has seen him many times from the window, when he came with his father to visit the Nabob."

There was now a general rush of the guests to the terrace outside Hazel's room. A high trellis had been fixed up there the day before, so that the ladies could look down on the garden without being seen. The garden was full of people, some in gorgeous raiment of silk and satin, some in clean cotton garments, some in dirty rags; the eternal contrast of splendour and squalor that walk always hand-in-hand in the shining East.

Hazel could see a few English ladies and gentlemen sitting on a row of chairs below the terrace. On the lawn a white sheet was spread where the jugglers gave their magic performances and the swords-

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men displayed their feats of marvellous dexterity ; cutting a melon in halves with one sweep of the sword while it lay on the naked breast of a man, without so much as scratching his skin ; slicing a banana on his face ; and in many other ways sweeping the weapon within a hair's breadth of his body without even grazing his skin.

The juggler showed his tricks that have never yet been understanded of the European, or explained to his satisfaction ; he grew his mango from a seed, in a little heap of earth, under a cloth, and handed the perfect miniature tree with roots, and a half ripe fruit growing upon it, to the company for their wondering inspection. He hewed in pieces a boy of his troupe, and threw the bleeding limbs into the air, to the manifest horror of the English ladies, who could, some of them, never be completely reassured by the sight of the same boy running up to them from another part of the compound. He set a ladder on the ground, and ran up it, and drew it up after him, disappearing with it into space, to return a moment after, prepared with other wonders. He showed them the time-honoured basket trick, and many more, for he was a very clever juggler who had never spoilt his own hereditary magic by learning the conjuring tricks and sleight of hand of his Western *confrères*.

All the time refreshments were handed about, sherbet and fruit, cakes and sweetmeats.

At sunset the gardens were lighted up with innumerable little lamps, all along the paths ; the trees bore splendid fruit of gorgeous Chinese lanterns, and there was a very brilliant display of fireworks.

Many of the zenana guests did not go home that night, but slept on cushions and rugs on the floor, invading Hazel's apartment as well as those of the other ladies.

Hazel lay awake half the night, wondering in great bitterness of soul whether after all she had done wisely to refrain from making any attempt to communicate with her fellow-countrywomen on the only occasion on which she was ever likely to meet any of them. Her lame foot seemed to her her only excuse for having let slip an opportunity that might never return.

Next day Kair Unissa Begum's bridegroom came with carriages close-shuttered to bear away his bride and her women to their new home ; the bride still apparently plunged in the most profound grief.

Hazel was unspeakably glad of her departure. The whole atmosphere of the zenana seemed purer and cleaner when she and her following of coarse ribald women were removed from it. Hazel was left to the companionship of her own three women ; the Begum's servants had no longer any excuse for perpetually invading her retirement as they had done when Kair Unissa brought her singing and dancing women there to enliven Hazel's solitude.

The zenana returned to its normal state of stagnant monotony, rarely broken by the visits of the few Mahometan ladies who still came to pay their respects to the Nabob's wife. The Begum slumbered on her charpoy, and Hazel ate her heart out with longing for freedom in her prison above the neglected garden.

Her ankle was quite well and strong again, when Taj Bee came to her one evening where she sat on the terrace, and whispered in her ear : "Hazoor, I have found a way of escape!"

(*To be continued.*)

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A Quarrelsome Neighbour.

IT was only a chance meeting in the street of Rockton, but the young doctor, who courteously raised his hat to the gracefully-dressed girl, walked on with a new spring to his steps, and somehow to her the sun seemed to be shining with greater brilliance.

Robert Stewart and Elise Gordon were drawn to each other by a strong magnetic attraction. He had scarcely settled in Rockton two months; they had hardly me, texcept in the most casual way, yet there was that about Elise which strangely appealed to him; and there was something about his dignified appearance and quiet, reserved manner which also unconsciously impressed her.

The fact that they had met so seldom was peculiar, peculiar in the sense that it owed its origin to an inveterate hatred which old Robert Gordon, Elise's grandfather, cherished to the whole medical fraternity. Having owed the early loss of his only wife to the carelessness of one medical practitioner, his savage dislike of that one tree was extended to the whole forest.

The Gordons' house was only next door to the doctor's residence, but beyond the ordinary civility of a call, he forbade his grand-daughter to cultivate his acquaintance. And as between their two gardens ran a high brick wall, and as the doctor's house had not a single outlook over the wall, they were as completely apart as though they had lived miles distant.

Every now and then, though, Elise would run against the doctor as she left the front entrance of their house, or he would meet her in the street, and had it been known it might even have been put on record that sometimes from the doctor's windows a pair of black eyes watched her walking past, and sometimes from the Gordons' house a pair of blue eyes watched him.

When they had happened to meet in Society, the young doctor and Elise Gordon had simply changed eyes, but before the affection which was already there could be recognised or expressed in any other way than by eye-telegraphy, there was that sturdy barrier of an old man's unreasoning dislike to be broken down.

This afternoon Dr. Stewart walked on briskly, rightly interpreting Elise's pleased glance of recognition. "I'll win her yet," he muttered, "grandfather or not! But the puzzle is, how to get nearer to her than now. Of all the unreasonable things! I might as well hate all grandfathers as he hates all doctors, and, by Jove! if he keeps me apart from Elise, I believe I shall."

. . . . .

Three months later!

Dr. Stewart was no nearer familiarity with his next-door neighbours; on the contrary, he had contrived to draw down the old gentleman's hearty dislike upon his own head, independently of his profession, and it was no longer with Mr. Gordon a case of "those scamps," or "those humbugs," but "*that* scamp!" "*that* humbug!"

The reason was very simple.

In an evil day it had occurred to Dr. Stewart that as his own bedroom was without the sun the greater part of the afternoon, on the side that faced Mr. Gordon's, it would be nice to have two windows put in.

"Elise! Come here!" thundered her grandfather one morning, "do you see what that scamp is having done now? My privacy will no longer be respected!" —fuming—"I'll—I'll have the law of him! Let him put the windows up by all means; he shall finish them to the uttermost, *then* I'll make him take them

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RUN FOR THE DOCTOR QUICKLY! GRANDFATHER HAS HAD A FIT!

down! The wretch! the—the *insolent* wretch!"

Elise went pale at the old man's excitement, but was too wise to attempt any eloquence but that of silence. "Bah!" continued the irate old gentleman, shooting a suspicious glance at her, "there's not a doctor anywhere who is a gentleman."

"Dr. Stewart always strikes me as being *that* particularly, grandpa," she returned with quiet dignity. "You would think so too if you knew him better." And without waiting to see the effect of her declaration she walked off.

The windows were in, and immediately Mr. Gordon moved for an injunction against them; but in his desire to put his

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enemy to the greatest expense possible, by allowing him to finish them, he overreached himself and lost his case. His solicitor had warned him of this beforehand, but all remonstrance was so much further provocation; *fight* he would, and absolutely refused to hold any communication with Dr. Stewart.

"Gone against me, has it?" he said calmly, "then I'll *appeal*. I'll ruin the scamp in costs if nothing else."

His solicitor smiled. "There would be no appeal allowed, I'm afraid. You see it's a point that has been settled already. But there are ways of driving Stewart out of the place"—cunningly.

The hint was not lost on the old man, and all manner of rumours to the discredit of the doctor began to get abroad. In addition to which another young doctor arrived on the scene, only too plainly backed up by Mr. Gordon's support.

But Dr. Stewart stood his ground, though with increasing difficulty.

All baseless rumours he could despise, the effect upon his practice would be transitory, but the competition of a rival cut up a good living into a small income; yet he determined to wait. He intended to win Elise, and stuck to his opportunities of just seeing her with bulldog tenacity.

. . . .

"Run for the doctor, quickly!" exclaimed Elise to the servant. "Grandpa has had a fit."

"Yes, miss, but Dr. Griffith's ill with typhoid, and——"

"Then give *my* compliments to *Dr. Stewart*, and request him to come to me at once."

Dr. Stewart came, only too willingly. Chance seemed to have delivered his enemy into his hands, but it was with the sternest feelings that he gazed at the old man whose unreasoning hatred separated him from his love and then tried to ruin him.

"Why shouldn't I let him die? He is as near death as possible now," he thought, as he looked at the flushed face and blue lips, and listened to the puffy breathing.

But Elise, who had been watching his face, whispered: "Be good to him! All Rockton will lose a friend in him if *he* goes."

"All but *myself*," he answered, gloomily.

"You will win him over yet!" suggested Elise. "If you pull him through, perhaps——"

A moment he stood considering. Was it possible that there was a *gentle* side to this vindictive old man?

"Suppose I am able to save him?" he queried gently, "and when restored he hates me still—tell me will *you*, will you"—hesitating, then boldly—"will *you* love me?"

"I do!" she answered readily. "I love you both. Poor grandpa!"

Day and night care, day and night nursing, and at last out of the Valley of the Shadow the old man came, gentle through weakness and bitterly humiliated at owing his life to his enemy.

"Had you wished to kill me, I could have understood it better," he said, humbly.

"*I did wish*," Dr. Stewart returned frankly—the old man liked him all the better for it—"but you'd have been even with me if *I'd lost the case* this time. You must pay costs again"—jokingly. "I mean, I want you to give me Elise."

"*Heavier* damage than the last," grumbled the old man, humorously; "but if you take *her*"—laughing—"there's one thing, I'm out of all indebtedness to your wretched profession, after all. *She's* beyond price."

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How the Sunshine Society Grew.

"DEAR, oh dear, you have broken the back of your little messenger!" exclaimed a young lady to a friend as she leaned over her shoulder, and read the words she had just written on the fly-leaf of an Easter booklet.

"Why, what makes you say that? What in the world do you mean?" The writer dropped the pen, took up the gift, and read aloud the inscription :—

For my dear friend Mabel, I wish all the blessings of Easter.

JOSIE.

New York,
April, 1901.

"Surely no one needs the blessings of life more than Mabel. She is away out on the desert plains of Arizona. I doubt that another Easter greeting will reach the camp. You know she had to go because of consumption. That old library where she worked nearly killed her. Her mother is with her. The only people they ever see outside of the camp are Pima Indians."

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

"Well, you see I belong to the Sunshine Society," said the other, "and I could not conscientiously scribble all over that book as you have done. I have said you have broken the back of yours. It can't go any further than you personally send it. With all that 'Mabel and Josie' written on him he'll find himself tucked away in some box of cards in Mabel's trunk, and there he will stay dead forever to the world. Now, just let me tell you the history of that little fellow if sent out on his Easter journey by a 'Sunshine' member. Suppose that I send him. We must play that this is a fresh booklet without a mark on it. Now I will take one of my calling cards and write on the back of it the same that you have spread all over this first page. Then I will pin the card on the fly-leaf. Note that I say pin——"

"Yes, yes; I'm 'catching on,'" laughed her companion, who was listening eagerly.

"But for fear Mabel might not 'catch on,' too, I am going to write on one corner of the card the motto of our society."

In plain letters she printed "Pass it on."

"You don't want her to give it away, do you?" exclaimed the pupil.

"Wait! Wait just a minute. You are too impatient! Now we will suppose it is mailed—it arrives safely, and Mabel is delighted. 'How sweet to remember me!' she says, and perhaps her eyes will fill with tears of joy. 'I wish I could buy something like this for mamma. Mamma's life here is like that of a prisoner, but she won't go away and leave me.' All at once she spies the words 'Pass it on.' Now I can't even describe to you the expression that comes over her face. You will have to imagine it. She does the booklet all up in the tissue paper and again ties the pretty pink ribbon about it, slips under the ribbon a loving message all her own, and places the package on mamma's plate at lunch

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time. Now once more you must make your own picture, and this time of the mother's pleasure. The booklet is read, and the little verses copied into the scrap-book to be used at the Easter service already planned for camp. Then we hear mamma say :—

"'Mabel, dear, don't you think Mrs. Alexander, who is too sick to come to the meeting, would enjoy this?' 'Oh, let me run over with it,' cries Mabel. 'I was going to give her this rose, anyway.'

"Mrs. Alexander enjoys the gift for an hour or so. She sees the motto, and with the true Sunshine spirit, sends the messenger into the next tent to a young man who is homesick.

"'Well!' he says. 'Isn't this luck! The only Easter card in camp. I'll send it over to Miss Mabel, she——'"

A peal of laughter here interrupted the teacher. "Why," exclaimed her pupil in Sunshine, "Mabel's got it again. Really, for a minute you made me think everything was true."

"'Well, I'd like to impress upon you that the truth goes way ahead of any imagination. Mabel would have a good laugh and start the messenger out on another round of duty. There is no limit to the sunshine that one wee card or booklet can scatter if it's 'back isn't broken' by some in the very start. Here endeth the first lesson," said the teacher, and her eyes twinkled right merrily.

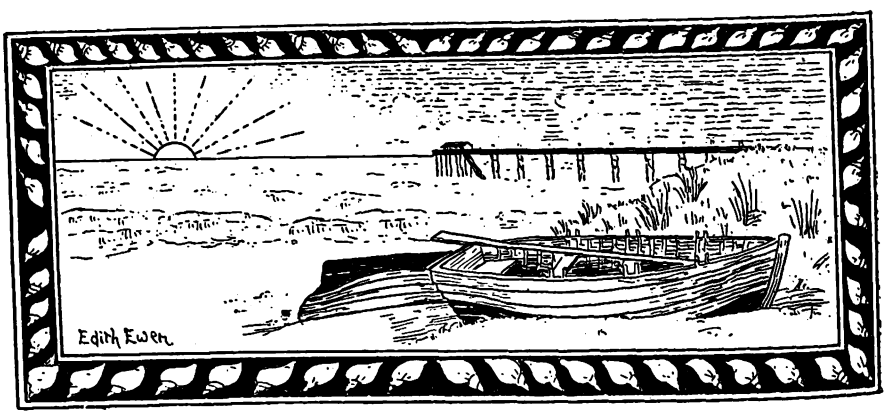
Her pupil reached for the booklet and tore out the fly-leaf, saying: "There, sir! I've mended your back, my little man, and may you do even more than has been prophesied for you."

It was just so that the Sunshine Society started. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, when editor of a department in a busy daily paper, objected to the staff giving her cards written upon, and a lecture something like the above was delivered one Christmas time. Eighteen cards were passed on as a result, and the story was the first report issued by the society. It started the sun a-shining, and now there are hundreds of well-organised branches. Miss Susan Parsons is president. All communications should be directed to her Room, 99, Bible House, New York City.

The striking growth of the International Sunshine Society, especially in churches and Sunday Schools of various denominations, has aroused much interest in many quarters. Mrs. Alden, founder and President-General, explains that the organisation was calculated to be helpful to all denominations.

"If Methodists come in," she said, "the work makes them better Methodists.

"If Episcopalians join they will find their church dearer than ever. If Baptists become Sunshiners, they find themselves more enthusiastic Baptists than ever. If Presbyterians fall into line their church will be all the stronger."



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A BORN POET.

HIS SORROWFUL HISTORY.

THERE was no doubt he was a poet! Three persons at least had reached a state of solemn certainty about *that*—his mother, his sweetheart and himself. He had been a poet from the age of *eleven* years, at which period of his life his father had suddenly died, and under the influence of his boyish emotion he had written three commemorative verses. The feet were rather mixed, iambic and trochaic being used impartially, but the lines *rhymed*. His mother was proud of them and showed them to her minister, who had called on an errand of condolence; and in an unguarded moment he inserted them in the church magazine.

Since then the poet had not been much in print. But this was *not his fault!* If not familiar with printer's ink, he certainly was with another kind. It dyed his fingers and iron-moulded his cuffs. Unfortunately, the cuffs were bought and paid for, and the poems were *not*. Still, hope stirred strongly within his youthful heart, and by the time he was fifteen he had comforted bereaved friends, exhorted himself and others to high aspirations, and celebrated the birthdays of his many acquaintances—all in *poetry*. Then he went to business.

It was a hard life. *Anyone who had him to train found it so.* They tried him at sending off invoices, but he covered the back of one of them with a striking couplet that occurred to him, and unwittingly sent it off.

They tried him behind the counter, but the shopwalker, missing him, found him at last reading Tennyson *under* the counter. The poet said it was "absence of mind," and the other replied *that he quite believed it;* but they couldn't get rid of him, owing to his indentures; so there he stayed, and, roasted from morning till night, the poor poet had a bad time of it.

At last he was out of his time, and he was *not* asked to stay on. He had great difficulty in getting any employment, for he wore his hair so long, and cultivated an appearance of eccentricity; but folks who didn't understand called it *untidiness*. Meanwhile, his poor mother kept him, and his girl waited for him, and he rewarded them by *reading them all he wrote*. It was not much of a public, but everyone must have a beginning—*and an end*. So it came to pass that his mother died. The patient fingers which had worked for him dropped working for ever. But he wrote this verse for her memorial card—

> The golden sun was setting in the west,
> When her sweet spirit sank to rest.
> Oh, may we all like her thus pass away,
> To those bright realms of everlasting day.

After this he starved for a time. Then he married—*not the girl who had waited for him so long*, but an elderly widow who fell in love with his "uncommon" appearance. But, alas! she drank; and the widow also died. With the salvage of her money he emigrated, thinking that in a new country there would be room for *genius*.

When last heard of he was labouring for the meat which perisheth as a baker's journeyman in a New Zealand settlement. Cured? Not a bit of it! He still fills the poet's corner of the local newspaper, and uses the little spare cash he has to send copies to his friends in the old country.

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WHERE THE SUNBEAM LAY.

A CHILD walked with her mother on the beach. The sun was nearing the west, and was shut in with struggling mist and clouds, but a long, narrow beam of sunlight slanted across the waters and seemed to the two almost to touch their feet. They walked on and on, and still the sunbeam lay at their feet.

"Mother, mother!" cried the child, exultantly. "See, the sunbeam moves with us. When we stop it waits for us, and if we go back a few steps it follows us."

The mother smiled, and the child prattled on.

"Oh, mother! all the little boats between us and the sun are in the sunlight, and the others are grey and dull. How sorry they must be when we move on."

And still the mother smiled. A sudden thought seized the little one.

"Mother," she said, "I want to see if it is you or me that the sunlight follows. I will run down the jetty and see."

And she darted off, while her mother stood still on the beach. It seemed to the child that the ray of light changed its direction as she ran along, so that it pointed always to her, and when she stopped at the end of the jetty it paused and lay once more at her feet. She raced back triumphant.

"Mother," she cried again, "the sunbeam is following *me*, not you. It left you and came with me!"

"No," said the mother, "it may have gone with you, but it stayed with me all the time."

Out upon the rippling waters a little boat was dancing exultantly and calling to another.

"The sun loves me," it said, "dearer than all the others. A ray has been sent straight to meet me and kiss me; and see, all the boats in a line with me are in the gleam, and you and all the others are left grey and gloomy."

"No, no!" cried the other boat. "What a great mistake you are making. The sun-ray is kissing *me*, not you. Yes, and it is kissing one other little boat between me and the sun. It is you who are out of the gleam, if you would only own it. What dreadful stories you tell!"

And they quarrelled about it. The ray of light said nothing, and perhaps only the sun itself knew the whole truth about where the sunbeam lay.

On the heaving sea of life many vessels ride, and sometimes the Sun of Truth is shut in with many mists, and only one struggling ray seems to slant across the waters to them.

By the shores of Life's Sea, where many sand castles are built and many children play, you may hear one calling to another that the Light of Truth has sought him out and left his fellow untouched and unglorified.

And perhaps only the Light of Life Himself could pierce the mystery and tell us where His sunbeams lie.

B. B.

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Audrey's Promise

CHAPTER I.

"MIND, whatever happens," Georgie Amyot cries to Audrey as they come downstairs together, "you are not to let mother come for me before half-past six. If you cannot keep her any other way, you must take her into the club and make her have some tea, and tell her I am always in the smoking-room, where non-members are not admitted. You mustn't, on any account, let her find out, or even suspect, that I have not been at the club the whole time. She would never let me go again, and goodness knows how much would come out if she began ferreting about."

"You can trust me, dearest," Audrey answers, with the instinctive loyalty she has always shown her sister.

The trees were still leafy, the grass green and smooth, the wide gravel paths cool and shady and almost deserted in that little old corner of Ranelagh Gardens that is still left down by the Embankment. In one of the most secluded paths a pair of lovers paced slowly up and down. An incongruous pair they looked at the first glance—a tall, handsome, soldierly young fellow in a sergeant's uniform, and a dainty little fashionable butterfly, exquisitely dressed, with a piquant dark face, a fairy figure, and bright, vivacious ways.

"It is awfully good of you to come down here and meet me, sweetheart," he was saying, tenderly. "I only wish I was not obliged to come out in uniform. It would look so awfully bad for you if anyone were to meet us."

"Oh! no one is likely," Georgie, answered, brightly. "And you look awfully well in your uniform, you know, Leslie. I wish all the officers were obliged to wear their uniforms always—they would look much nicer. But I am afraid I shall not be able to come again for some time, and you must be very careful, dear," she continued, with a slight note of anxiety in her voice, "not to tell anyone that you know me. You must never mention my name to anyone, or seem to know anything about me. You know, if anything ever got to mother's ears, it would get me into a dreadful row. Of course, I mean to tell her about you some day, but I think it wiser to wait until you have got your commission; you are sure to get it soon, aren't you?"

"I can't tell, dear," said the young soldier, with a sigh; "only you may be quite sure I should never mention your name to anyone. Our love is much too sacred a thing to me for me ever to want to talk about you to anyone."

"I wonder how you came to enlist," she said, looking at him rather curiously.

"The Camerons have always been soldiers," he answered, with a proud uplifting of his handsome head. "I couldn't get through my exams., you see; and then I was the third son, you know, and there was not much money forthcoming for coaching and so on; and I daresay I was an idle young fool, and wasted my time, so that I couldn't pass the exams. As I could not go up the steps to the front door, I just slipped in by the side door; and here I am sergeant, and likely to remain one, as far as I can see. If only I could get sent out to South Africa—out to the front, you know—there would be some chance for me then."

"But you might get killed," said Georgie. "You mustn't go away and leave me. What should I do without you?"

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She looked at him, her brown eyes tender and velvety under the shadow of her wide grey hat, with its soft grey plumes. "I can do nothing at all about it, worse luck," he said ruefully. "If they don't send my regiment out, I shall have to stay at home."

They stood to listen to the clock at the Chelsea Barracks striking six.

"Six o'clock! I must go," cried Georgie. "You can write to me just as often as you like, and I will write as soon as I possibly can. Don't come to the gate with me, dear. My hansom is waiting for me there. Good-bye, good-bye, my dearest. I will come again as soon as ever I can."

"HERE WE ARE AT LAST," SAID MRS. BRUCE-AMYOT.

He watched the little figure, in its delicate French-grey robe, tripping lightly down the path to the gate. She climbed hastily into her hansom, and was whirled away to her club.

A little later, Mrs. Bruce-Amyot and Audrey walked into the drawing-room where she was waiting for them. "Audrey is a little brick," she said to herself, as she noted the weary look on Audrey's pale young face. She seemed to see written there all the tiresome conversations, all the worldly talk and chatter and scandal of the fashionable drawing-rooms where Audrey had lingered with her mother that afternoon, to give her time to meet her soldier lover in the Gardens.

"Here we are at last, my dear," said Mrs. Bruce-Amyot. "I am sure you must be tired of waiting for us. Audrey is getting to be the most complete little gossip. She had so many last words to say, and so many confidential chats in the doorways with the girls we met, that I really thought we should never get away at all. And now we really must be getting home. Are you quite ready, pet?"

Audrey nodded to her sister, as who should say, "Yes, you see, I managed it quite cleverly." She looked very lovely standing there in the pale blue draperies that clung about her tall, graceful figure, and the black picture hat that showed off the splendid gold of her hair and the lily white of her skin to such advantage. Georgie caught her hand and gave it a grateful squeeze as she sat down beside her in the carriage.

. . . . .

A week had passed away, and Audrey was singing softly to herself at the piano, when a smothered cry from Georgie startled her, and she turned round quickly.

"Oh! Audrey, Leslie's regiment is to go to South Africa. He begs me to meet him this afternoon. He says it may be

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the last time we shall be able to see each other. What on earth am I to do? How can I possibly get away this afternoon? You know I am going to Lady Willoughby's garden-party with mother."

Audrey looked at her helplessly; she was never good at plottings or expedients. "Can't I go with mother instead of you?" she suggested.

"No, the only thing I can see for it is this—— Are you going to help me, Audrey?"

"Of course."

"You must go and meet him for me. Yes, child, there is no help for it, unless you want him to be cruelly disappointed, waiting about down there all day for me. It can be managed quite easily. I shall ask you to go to the club for me. You can have the little brougham to take you there; then you must take a hansom and drive down to Chelsea Gardens and meet him."

"But Jones will wait at the door for me," Audrey objected; "he will see me take a hansom."

"No, he needn't, baby. I see I must arrange every bit of it all for you, or you will make some mistake. You go into the club; then, ten minutes after, you send out to say you are going to stay and have tea at the club, and he can go home and come for you again at half-past six. Then you will take the hansom, and make the man wait for you outside Chelsea Gardens, and you will get back to the club in plenty of time. It is as simple as possible."

"What am I to say to him?" asked Audrey.

"Tell him how it was I couldn't come—he will understand—and try to arrange some other time for us to meet. You know what engagements I have. Perhaps he may be able to get leave once more before they start, either before they go to Aldershot or while they are there. Tell him I will do everything I possibly can to see him before he goes. I must see him. I cannot let him go all that dreadful long way, perhaps to be killed, without saying good-bye to him.

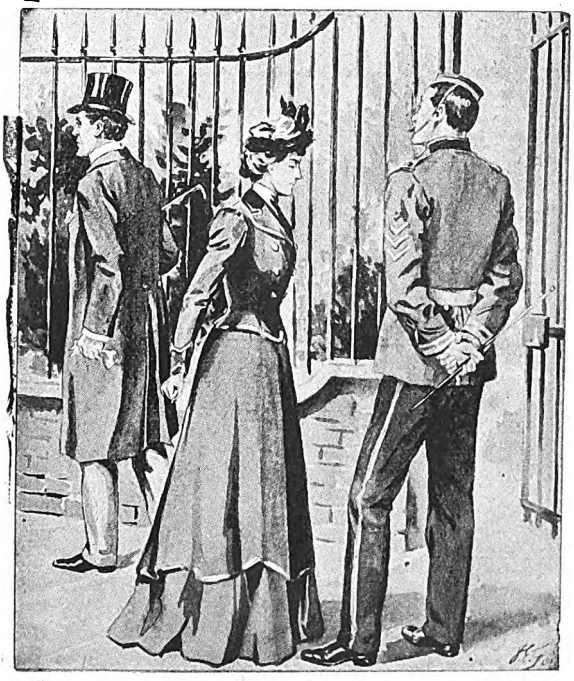
Audrey carried out her part of the programme faithfully. As she turned into the broad, shady avenue in Chelsea Gardens, she was aware of a tall young fellow in a scarlet uniform, with the three gold stripes on his arm, advancing with martial tread towards her from one end of it. As soon as he reached her she took her courage in both hands, and bravely accosted him.

"Are you Mr. Leslie Cameron?" she asked.

She knew she must be right, for he had a fair moustache, and he looked at her with two surprised grey eyes as he saluted her and answered, "Yes, that is my name."

"I am Audrey Bruce-Amyot," she said in a sweet, clear voice, looking up at him with grave blue eyes. "I have come here instead of my sister Georgie; she cannot come. Georgie hopes you will be able to arrange some other meeting before you go. You will be able to get leave again, won't you?" she went on.

"Of course I shall try, but I am afraid there is not much chance. We go down to Aldershot the day after to-morrow. But you must tell Georgie that my going to South Africa is the very best thing that could possibly happen for us. I am sure to get my commission. It is a splendid chance for me. And when I come home we can be openly engaged, and have done with all this hole-and-corner business. I



AS THEY PASSED OUT AUDREY ALMOST BRUSHED AGAINST HER OWN LOVER.

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shall be able to come forward openly and claim her honourably, as a man should do who is honoured by her love."

"Yes, I know," said Audrey, gently.

They talked together a little longer, and Audrey gave him a little note from her sister, in which Georgie set forth the days and hours on which it would be impossible for her to get away from home to meet him, and the more propitious moments when she could be at his disposal. Then they began to walk slowly towards the gate together. He forgot Georgie's precaution of always parting from him in the avenue below—he was, perhaps unconsciously, less careful of the sister than of his adored one herself—so he walked on calmly to the gate.

"I cannot help being very sorry you are going," she said kindly, and her blue eyes were a little misty as she raised them to his face.

They had reached the gate by this time. As they passed out Audrey almost brushed against her own lover, Lord Carstairs, who, as ill-luck would have it, was on his way to make a call in one of the flats near by. He must have heard those last words of hers; he must have seen that mistiness in her eyes, and that martial figure by her side was blatantly conspicuous.

Audrey's presence of mind forsook her, as it always did on an emergency, and she did the most foolish thing she could have done under the circumstances—she turned in obvious confusion to Leslie Cameron, shook hands with him abruptly, then fled to the waiting shelter of her hansom, and was driven off, leaving the two men staring at each other transfixed.

CHAPTER II.

Audrey was dressing for dinner in a dull, mechanical way when Georgie flitted into her room on her return from the garden party, a gay, gossamer figure in white chiffon with lustrous gleams of old gold shining through its folds, and an old-gold picture hat frothing over with snowy plumes, with dainty white-shod feet, and broad bracelets of dull gold on her white-gloved hands. She glanced curiously at Audrey sitting in that dull way at her dressing-table.

AUDREY DID NOT HOLD OUT HER HAND IN GREETING WHEN HE CAME TOWARDS HER.

"If you don't want Elise any more, Audrey, I wish you would let her go to my room and get my things ready," she said. "I will wear the red surah, Elise, with the white lace overskirt and bodice." Then, as the maid left the room, "What on earth has happened, Audrey? You look as if you had committed a murder."

Audrey turned to her sister with a gasping sob.

"Oh! Georgie, I am a most unhappy girl," she said.

"Tell me about it, dear," Georgie said, putting her arm tenderly round her young sister's neck.

"Who would ever have thought of such an unlucky thing happening?" wailed Audrey. "Harold was passing by Chelsea Gardens, and he saw me with Leslie."

"Whew!" Georgie blew a most unlady-like whistle. "That Harold! I have no patience with him! He is always spying about just where he is not wanted. Don't worry about him, my pet. Perhaps he didn't see you after all. Tell me exactly how it happened; it may not be so bad as you think."

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"Everything went all right at first, and I saw Leslie, and I was coming out of the gardens. In another five minutes I should have been safe away. It did seem cruel he should have been there just at that moment. As we came out of the gate we walked right into him."

"'We!' Do you mean to say Leslie came right up to the gate with you?" cried Georgie. "How idiotic! He really ought to have had more sense! He knows I never allow him to come beyond the avenue with me. Well, what did you do then? I know you too well to suppose you made any attempt to turn it off. I wish to goodness I had been there to make up some story to account for Leslie. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," faltered Audrey. "I—I just shook hands with Leslie and got into the hansom and came away."

"Shook hands with Leslie;" Georgie groaned. "And never attempted to make any explanation! My poor Audrey! you will never have any more gumption than a baby! How could you give yourself away like that?"

"No explanation would be of any use now," said Audrey, gravely, "except the whole true one."

Georgie looked down with a shamed colour in her piquant face. She felt, selfish little butterfly that she was, that Audrey ought not to be allowed to sacrifice herself. Harold ought to be told the truth.

"Don't say any more, my dearest," Audrey said presently. "I could never try to get happiness for myself by hurting you. I daresay you are right about Harold; at any rate we will not risk it; we will let things remain as they are."

"You know if the worst comes to the worst," Georgie went on, "and he does break off the engagement now, directly Leslie comes home again and we are married I will explain the whole thing to him myself. It is not as if he were the kind of man to go and engage himself to some other girl; he never took any notice of any other girl till you came, and you know he is nearly thirty. He will go on loving you just the same, and in a few months, when everything is all right and straight, he will come back and ask you to forgive him."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, AUDREY! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

And with this comforting assurance Miss Georgie took herself off, adding to herself in the privacy of her own apartment:

"You will have forgotten him yourself in a few months' time, and serve him right for a meddling prig."

. . . . .

"No letters for me this morning, Elise?" Audrey asked, sleepily.

"Mais non, mademoiselle," said Elise, handing her her morning cup of tea; "il n'y a pas de lettres pour mademoiselle ce matin."

It was a reprieve, though Audrey knew that the execution could not be very long delayed. And she was unprepared with any plan of action when, a few hours later, Harold was announced.

She stood by the window, obviously waiting for him, when he came into the drawing-room. She did not hold out her hand in greeting when he came towards her, but the moment was too tragic to her for her to suffer any shyness or embarrassment.

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"I thought you would come as you did not write," she said quietly.

"And what have you to say to me?" he asked, with a calmness that did not conceal his repressed excitement.

"There are things you must want to ask—oh! I know it is your right to have some explanation—but I cannot give it, Harold; indeed, believe me, I would if I could. I can only ask you to trust me for a little while, until—until ——"

"Until when?" he asked sternly.

"Until I can clear up the whole of this matter," she said.

"Let us put the matter clearly. You have a secret rendezvous with a soldier—a common soldier—and you part with him in tears. What am I to think of all this?"

His voice softened suddenly, and he took a step nearer to her.

"My darling, trust me! If you have been foolish, I will forgive you, but this secrecy and mystery is breaking my heart. We were to have been married next month, but how can we be husband and wife with this secret between us?"

MRS. BRUCE-AMYOT WENT UP TO AUDREY'S ROOM AFTER LUNCHEON.

But Audrey said never a word.

His heart ached to take her in his arms as she stood there so fair and sad in her cool green draperies, with the sunlight on her golden hair and the shadows deep in her blue eyes; but the figure of that odious "common soldier" in his uniform stood between them.

"You will say nothing?" he asked, the jealous pain in his heart growing into anger.

"I have nothing more to say," she answered then.

"Then he is your lover?" he went on, harshly. "You love him, but you have thrown him over for my higher rank and greater position! It is all plain enough. You met him yesterday in those Gardens to say good-bye before you sold yourself for money and a title. Well, far be it from me to let my worldly advantages stand between two true lovers." He laughed harshly as he turned to take up his hat from the table behind him.

Audrey stood, with hands clenched tightly together, looking her last on the man she loved. With dim eyes she took in every detail—the tall form, the broad shoulders, the proud head; the blue eyes that had looked at her with such adoring tenderness; the clear-cut lips that had touched her own with such melting sweetness — her king among men, who must leave her now for his honour's sake and because she had promised! Well, that was her honour, too, and honour was dear to both of them, and truth, and the keeping of promises.

He walked out of the room without turning again to look at her, without any word of leave-taking; the small civilities of life were forgotten in the ruin that had fallen on them both. When he was gone she slid down where she stood into a limp heap. There Georgie found her later.

"Good gracious, Audrey! what on earth are you doing there?" she cried, stooping over that forlorn figure.

At the sound of her voice and her touch Audrey came back out of a merciful dream of unconsciousness.

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"Do get up, child!" she urged. "Suppose mother had found you there, or one of the servants! What is the matter?"

She let Georgie put her into a chair, and sat there looking up at her with a face so wild and white that even Georgie was frightened, and rushed off for some wine.

"Here, drink this. Now don't be silly, Audrey; drink it up at once; you are looking like a ghost. I have no patience with that Harold coming here and making scenes. But you do take things too tragically, you silly child! What does it matter if he has gone off in a huff? I daresay he will come round again. If you did marry him I believe you would be dead in a year with his tempers."

Audrey took no notice of her sister's chatter, and by-and-bye crawled up drearily to her own room and lay down on her little white bed.

"Don't come down to luncheon; I will explain to mother," said Georgie, as she left her there.

And Georgie did explain to Mrs. Bruce-Amyot that Audrey and Harold had had some stupid lovers' quarrel and broken off their engagement, and that Audrey was fretting herself ill in consequence.

"Do you know what it was about?" inquired Mrs. Bruce-Amyot, curiously.

AT FIRST WHEN SIR JASPER APPEARED GEORGIE TOOK A GREAT DISLIKE TO HIM.

"I am sure I don't know. But don't say anything to Audrey about it, mother. She really is dreadfully upset, and I don't believe it was her fault at all. Harold has such a vile temper."

Mrs. Bruce-Amyot smiled as one who should say, "Do you take me for an idiot?" But when she went up to Audrey's room, after luncheon, and kissed the pale little face lying on the pillow, she whispered, "Don't fret, my little Audrey; things often come right

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sooner than we expect," in a more motherly tone than Georgie had ever heard from her.

CHAPTER III.

Sergeant Leslie Cameron embarked with his regiment without having any other opportunity of meeting his lady-love. She wrote him tender farewell letters, and with these he had to rest contented.

The season was over. Mrs. Bruce-Amyot had taken her two daughters down to the pretty old Dower House in Devonshire to recruit from the fatigues of the season. And it was while down there that they heard, to their delight, that "The Grange," a fine old house that had long been untenanted, had been let to a Sir Jasper Treherne, who had taken it for his mother. Mrs. Bruce-Amyot naturally called there, and the acquaintance soon ripened.

Sir Jasper himself was a slight man of middle height, with a silky black beard, small delicate features, and restless, keen dark eyes; there was a pale waxiness about his face that told of ill-health.

At the first, when he suddenly appeared in the midst of the afternoon tea at the Grange, Georgie had taken a great dislike to him, but after a little his presence seemed to hypnotise her.

Meanwhile, abroad, war had been declared at the Cape, and men's and women's hearts and thoughts were over the sea with the soldiers who were playing the rough game of war, with all the nations of the world for onlookers. Darcy Bruce-Amyot was there with his regiment, and many another kinsman of Bruce-Amyot and Treherne. Every morning Mrs. Bruce-Amyot looked down the lists of killed and wounded in a breathless hush of terrible suspense, only relieved by her "None of our boys, thank God." And Audrey read them through again by herself, looking for Leslie Cameron's name with palpitating heart. There was another out there at the front whose presence there would have wrought up her suspense to the very point of agony had she known of it, which, happily for her peace of mind, she did not. Georgie never read the papers; she was content to hear what the others told her. "She dare not look herself," thought Audrey, filled with tender pity for her sister's anxiety.

One day she read Leslie Cameron's name, with the words "severely wounded" after it. She had to wait till night before she had an opportunity of being alone with Georgie; then she went to her room when everyone had retired.

"Have you seen the list of wounded to-day, Georgie?" she asked, in an interval of that young lady's chatter. "No; you know I never read them," she answered. "I leave that to you and mother, who like harrowing sensations."

Audrey's voice was sweet with the tenderest pity as she went on. "I know, dear, you are afraid to look at them because of Leslie. Georgie, darling, he has been wounded. I saw his name to-day. He is not killed, but he is severely wounded." She stood there like some pitying angel, with the tears in her tender blue eyes, and her gentle arms held out to her sister.

Georgie looked at her curiously. It was true then, wonderful as it seemed, that Audrey alone of all their little company had been blind to Sir Jasper's courtship and Georgie's own willing acceptance of it.

"Poor Leslie! I am very sorry," said Georgie and the words sounded, even to her own ears, absurdly inadequate. But to Audrey it only seemed that she was stunned by the pain and the surprise of this unexpected blow. She held her in her arms, kissing her softly, bending her tall head over her and murmuring words of tenderest sympathy and consolation. Then she went away and left her alone, as she herself would have wished to be left in a like trouble.

Georgie sat down on the side of the bed, drawing the brush slowly through her long dark hair. "Aubrey is really unique" she said aloud, and laughed shamefacedly.

. . . .

Across the pathless veldt, under the blue, clear African sky, two young officers rode gaily side by side—Harold, Lord Carstairs, captain of one of the troops of irregular horse; Leslie Cameron, lieutenant in the East Chalkshire. He had got his commission at last, in that land where commissions might be won by gallant bravery and deeds of derring-do.

"And so you came over from India when the war broke out?" Leslie was saying cheerfully. "Did you have good sport out there?"

"Yes, very good, thanks. At least, I mean—that is to say—I hadn't time to go up country, you know, before I heard of

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the row over here. No, the tigers will have to wait for me till this war is over," Carstairs answered absently.

He was trying to remember where he had seen this handsome youngster before; there was something very familiar about him.

"Will you go back to them when the fun here is over?" Leslie asked, with friendly interest, looking at him at the same time with a certain puzzled curiosity. "What on earth did the man want with tigers in India," he thought, "when he is engaged to that lovely Audrey Bruce-Amyot?"

"I think so; most likely," said the other, answering Leslie's spoken question.

"I only got my commission since I came out here," said Leslie, in his frank way. "I came out in the ranks, you know—a sergeant."

Then suddenly Harold remembered where he had seen those grey eyes and that fair moustache before. This was the man whom Audrey had parted from, with tears, at the gate of Chelsea Gardens.

They shared a tent that night at the camping place. Carstairs was silent and moody, and made no response to his companion's cheery, kindly advances. This meeting with Leslie seemed to tear open again the wounds he had begun fondly to hope were healing after all these months.

Leslie was almost asleep when suddenly his companion asked him—

"You are a cousin of the Bruce-Amyots, are you not?"

"Oh! no," said Leslie, sleepily; "they are no relations of mine."

Having said this, he hesitated a moment. He had got his commission now, he thought, and he and Carstairs had grown very intimate in these last few days, as men do grow intimate who have faced danger together and fought shoulder to shoulder, and the temptation to confide in him was great.

"They are no relations of mine," he repeated slowly, "but I am engaged to Miss Bruce-Amyot."

"Oh!" said Carstairs.

It was true then, incredible as it seemed. His Aubrey, whom he had thought the very soul of purity and honour, loved this man, and yet had been willing to give herself to another for his rank and position. She had deceived them both, for this man evidently knew nothing of her relations with himself.

Leslie waited a moment or two for congratulations that never came, and then wandered away into dreamland.

Next day was the day of the disaster at Nicholson's Nek. A part of the force had been sent on during the night to take up a flank position, and, as everyone knows, was cut off from the main body and made prisoners. Very early in the morning the main body attacked the Boer entrenchments, fighting with the heroic gallantry that has everywhere distinguished our soldiers in South Africa—regulars and irregulars, Australians, Canadians, Natalians—sons of the Empire, fighting shoulder to shoulder in the Empire's war.

The retreat had been sounded on that unlucky field, when Leslie Cameron's horse was shot under him, and, falling with him, broke his rider's leg above the knee. Unable to rise or extricate himself from his struggling charger, Leslie would have died there under the Boer bullets but for the daring rescue of a rider, who dashed back from the retreating lines through the hailstorm of bullets, and, taking the injured officer upon his own horse, carried him to a place of safety, where he was sheltered from the bullets until the ambulance-bearers could come and carry him away to one of the ambulance waggons. Lord Carstairs had seen him fall, and for Audrey's sake who loved him, he risked his own life to save his rival.

A couple of hours later, as Leslie lay feverish and half unconscious with the pain of his leg, the bearers brought in Harold Carstairs, with a bullet in his side, and laid him beside the man he had rescued. There would be no more fighting for either of them for many a day to come.

In due course they were taken to the ambulance hospital, and lay there for many weeks side by side in their narrow cots. In that enforced idleness of pain and fever, they had ample leisure to cultivate a deep and lasting friendship—born on Leslie's side of an immense gratitude, on Harold's of a generous self-sacrifice in favour of the man whom Audrey loved.

But the Bruce-Amyots were never again mentioned between them.

As soon as they were well enough to be moved the two young officers were sent down to Cape Town and shipped home. They had hoped to be able to rejoin their

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regiments without going home, but they were both so ravaged with fever, so prostrate with weakness, that the doctor had decided that they must go home to recover completely before they would be fit again to undertake the hardships of a campaign in South Africa.

At Cape Town they found letters awaiting them.

For Leslie there was no letter from Georgie, though there was other news as good as it was unexpected. His uncle, Sir Hugh Cameron, wrote congratulating his nephew on his commission and the gallant bravery that had won it for him, and offering to make him an ample allowance to enable him to hold his own in the regiment in his new position.

"Though at my death the title will have to go to your eldest brother," he wrote, "I shall make you my heir to every penny that is not entailed."

Leslie read this letter to Harold, as they smoked together in their deck chairs on board the *Monarch*, homeward bound.

"I am very glad," said Harold simply. "That makes things all right for you, doesn't it?"

"Yes, that makes things all right," Leslie answered joyously. "I am going down into Devonshire for a few days. I wish you would come with me."

Lord Carstairs divined who it was that drew Leslie "down into Devonshire," and he hesitated for a moment before he answered, with a fine air of indifference—

"Very well, I don't mind if I do. I have nowhere else to go particularly at this moment."

Perhaps, he thought, if he could once see Leslie and Audrey together as acknowledged lovers, it might kill the gnawing, aching regret for her that was always tearing at his heart.

And so it came about that a few days later the two convalescent warriors went down together into the soft and pleasant west country where the Dower House nestled in its old-world garden.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Jasper at last found his opportunity for the declaration that had been burning in his heart all these months; or rather, for the opportunities had not been lacking, he found the courage to seize one before it escaped him. He had made a practice of slipping over the wall by Georgie's favourite walk, and there he often found the girls strolling up and down together after breakfast, reading their letters and discussing their plans for the day.

One cold and windy morning he found Georgie pacing her favourite promenade alone.

"I don't often get the chance of finding you here alone," he said impulsively, as he held Georgie's hand in both his own.

"Audrey has only this moment gone in," said Georgie, "she found it too cold out here. I don't believe you ought to be out yourself, you know you are an invalid; you ought to take more care of yourself now the winter is coming on."

"Yes, the winter is on us, there is no doubt of that," he said absently, looking at her with a rapt admiration. What an enchanting fairy she was! She seemed to him lovelier every time he looked at her. To-day she wore a fleecy cloud about her head that framed her dark curls and her soft little flower-like face most delicately; the dark furs of the long cloak she had wrapped about her, toning with the rich carnation of her cheeks and the velvet of her brown eyes, gave an indescribable impression of softness and richness and hot-house bloom that intoxicated the man as he looked at her.

"My beautiful fairy!" he said.

Georgie made him a little curtsey, smiling up at him in her irresponsible fashion.

But the man grew more strenuous: "Are you playing with me?" he said, gripping her arm with fierce strength. "You must have seen these many days how madly I love you, Georgie! Georgie!"

"I have not been playing with you," she answered softly; her eyes fell, and she leaned a little towards him, though his grip on her arm pained her.

"Is that true?" he cried breathlessly, "do you mean that?"

He loosed his grip upon her arm, to gather her into his passionate embrace, murmuring incoherent words of thanks and blessing as he bent over her, hardly yet daring to kiss the flower-face. She was a little frightened at his vehemence, and yet it stirred her to an answering thrill.

"Do you really love me so much?" she whispered.

"Too much, too much, my fairy witch! I love you to distraction. I have thought of nothing else day or night since first I

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met you. And you?—do you love me a little, my beautiful fairy?"

And Georgie, forgetting plighted troth and other ties in a brief madness, murmured back: "Dear Jasper."

They had a blissful hour to themselves out there under the fast fading autumn trees. Sir Jasper was the most passionate and the most extravagant lover Georgie had ever known in all her rather wide experience. He amused and flattered her immensely. And she made no objection when he insisted on going into the house to see Mrs. Bruce-Amyot and ask her consent to their engagement. This was no penniless young sergeant, nor detrimental younger son who must tell his love in secret to his lady love only; and yet Georgie felt curiously relieved when she found that Audrey was not with Mrs. Bruce-Amyot in the drawing-room when she and Jasper went in to make their confession. Audrey was so impulsive, she told herself, and had so little tact, one never knew what she would say or do if she was taken by surprise.

"OH," SHE EXCLAIMED, "ONLY A PASSING FANCY!"

Mrs. Bruce-Amyot was dignified and gracious, everything that a mother should be whose daughter is about to make an entirely desirable match.

Later on in the day Lady Treherne paid a visit of congratulation, evidently at her son's request; she was very civil, very colourless, and very talkative, as usual; but she stared a good deal at Georgie, with a sort of alarmed wonder in her eyes which was not usual.

Before this visit Georgie had had a short but rather sharp encounter with Audrey, who was even more surprised at the news of her engagement, and even more "impulsive" in her manner of receiving it than Georgie had expected.

"Have you quite forgotten Leslie Cameron?" Audrey asked, staring at her sister, wide-eyed, in great bewilderment.

"Poor Leslie!" said Georgie with a sigh, "that was always such an utterly impossible affair. You must have seen that yourself, Audrey, though I will say you were always most kind and discreet about it. I don't think I could ever have dared to tell mother about it, even if he had got his commission. It would have been a terrible thing to marry a subaltern, without a halfpenny beyond his pay, even if mother would ever have allowed such a thing. After all, you know, it couldn't ever be anything but a passing fancy, though he was a dear fellow, and much handsomer than Jasper."

Audrey stared at her with such pain and bewilderment in her white face and wide blue eyes that Georgie was frightened, and stopped suddenly.

"Oh Georgie!" she said, "only a passing fancy!"

It was for this then that she had lost Harold, her king among men; for this that ruin and desolation had come into the fair promise of her life. She went to the window and stood staring out at the pouring rain and drenched garden that was not more gray and desolate than her life had been since the day that Harold left her with anger and doubt in his heart where love had been.

After that one passionate protest Audrey mentioned the subject no more. Her nature was too loyal and too constant to allow her to keep up any feeling of resentment against the sister she had idolised all her life, but when Georgie rattled on, in her inconsequent way, about Sir Jasper's sayings and doings as she had done once about Leslie's, Audrey listened

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in silent wonder, and found it very difficult to sympathise.

The course of true love seemed to be running smoothly enough for Georgie and her new lover. The first little stone that ruffled the surface of its current was a remark made by Lady Treherne, in the most casual manner. Jasper had been talking before her of the date of their marriage when she interrupted him.

"But you cannot settle anything about that, my dear," she said, "until Gilbert comes home."

Jasper turned on her furiously.

"Gilbert!" he cried, "Gilbert! What has he to do with my marriage? What business is it of his when or whom I choose to marry? Am I the eldest son or is Gilbert? Answer me that!"

His face was transformed with that look of dark and evil meaning, and Georgie saw his mother shrink away and shiver, as she had seen her do once or twice before.

"Why do you ask such foolish questions, Jasper?" she said feebly. "Of course everyone knows you are the eldest. But I thought you would naturally like to consult your brother on such an important question."

"Then you thought wrong. Gilbert is too meddlesome by half in my affairs. But he had better be careful! If he attempts to meddle in this affair it will be the worse for him," said Jasper, hotly.

At this moment Ursula came quietly into the room, and he turned to her.

"You had better write and tell Gilbert to stay away," he said. "I am not going to have him coming down here interfering with me as if I was a child. You tell him it will be safer for him to keep out of the way for the present."

"I don't think he is at all likely to come at present," said Ursula calmly. "He seems to be enjoying himself very well where he is, and I have heard nothing of his coming down here." She glanced warningly at Lady Treherne. "Will you come upstairs, Aunt, I want to consult you about something," she went on; and Georgie noticed that the old lady trembled so, as she left the room, that she had to lean on Ursula's arm.

"I must be going home now, Jasper," said Georgie, a little unnerved by this unexpected scene.

"I HAVE WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU FOR SOME TIME."

"Very well, dear, I will come with you," he said pleasantly. And he was so pleasant then and afterwards that the disagreeable impression he had made that day on Georgie's mind soon wore off and was forgotten.

Ever since her engagement Georgie had had an uncomfortable feeling that Ursula watched her, and was always trying to get hold of her alone. As Georgie had no desire for a private interview with that young lady, she took some pains to frustrate her attempts in this direction, and it was some weeks before Ursula caught her off her guard and unattended. She was strolling slowly down the drive from the Grange, waiting for Jasper to overtake her and walk home with her, when Ursula came swiftly across one of the lawns towards her.

"I have wanted to speak to you for some time," said Ursula, hurriedly. "I am glad to have found you alone."

"Indeed?" said Georgie.

Ursula dashed into her subject at once, evidently feeling she had no time to lose.

"This engagement cannot go on," she said, "You cannot marry Jasper."

"I don't think you will be able to prevent me, Miss Treherne," said Georgie, looking at her with open dislike.

"He is mad!" cried the other passionately. "He is mad! Are you so blind

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MY MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

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you cannot see it, or is it that you will not see?"

"A man always seems mad to his relations when he falls in love with the wrong woman," said Georgie, coldly.

"It is not that," Ursula answered. "He was mad long before he met you. He is sane at times, as you have seen him, but he has fits when he is a raving maniac. I warn you; look here," and she raised her dark hair to show a scar on her temple, "do you see this scar? He shot me once in one of his mad fits, and only just missed killing me."

"An accident," said Georgie, carelessly, "I suppose that is why he never goes out shooting now."

"He is not allowed to go," the other went on, less vehemently. "He is not to be trusted with a gun. This was not an accident. He tried his best to kill me, as he would kill you some day if you married him."

"You are mad yourself," said Georgie.

"You will never marry him," the other said in a tone of finality. "If the knowledge that he is mad cannot stop you, be sure we shall find other means that will."

But Georgie only laughed.

"You would not try to keep him if he belonged to some other woman, I suppose," said Ursula, trying another tack.

"That depends," said Georgie; "not if he was married to the other woman, naturally."

Ursula looked keenly at her, and then went on.

"Jasper and I have been engaged to each other ever since we were boy and girl together," she said. "We should have been married long before this, if his terrible malady had not declared itself; but our marriage has been put off time after time, on account of his health, on account of these outbreaks. He has been better sometimes for long intervals, and we have hoped he was cured. But we have long relinquished all hope of him. For years his mother and I have lived in a daily dread of fresh outbursts of insanity, and from time to time they have surely come. But in the intervals he is at least not dangerous; he is much as you have seen him. I have devoted my whole life to him, he is mine, though I know I can never be his wife."

"That is all nonsense about his being mad," said Georgie, looking with great dislike and distrust at this woman whose personality had always repelled her. "And if you haven't the pluck to marry him yourself, you should not be such a dog in the manger as to stand in the way of another woman doing it. If Jasper still considered himself engaged to you, he would not have asked me to marry him."

"You mean to go on then, in spite of everything?" Ursula asked.

"I don't mean to answer any more questions," Georgie answered impatiently. "You yourself acknowledge that you do not intend to marry Jasper; therefore it can be no business of yours whether he marries me or not."

As she stood, still looking somewhat defiantly at Ursula, Jasper came up to them.

"What has Ursula been saying to you?" he asked with quick suspicion. "She is always watching me and trying to thwart me. You must not listen to her. What has she been saying?"

Ursula moved away towards the house.

"Nothing that need matter to us, dear," said Georgie, who had no mind to raise a storm even against Ursula.

"She and Gilbert are in a conspiracy against me," he said, watching Ursula's disappearing figure with lowering brow. "She is jealous of you, of course, darling. I daresay she has been telling you I was once engaged to her, when I was too young to know my own mind; but that was broken off long ago, before I met you. You believe that, don't you?"

He turned and looked at her with gloomy eyes as he finished.

"Of course, dear, I believe you," she said brightly; "don't let us think any more of such foolishness. What does Ursula matter to us?"

Nevertheless she felt not altogether easy in her mind as she strolled down the drive towards her own home with Sir Jasper beside her.

"I don't choose Ursula to talk nonsense to you about me," he said irritably; "I shall insist on knowing what she has been saying. Come for a turn in the wood before you go home; there we can have it out comfortably."

"It is so dreary in the wood, now all the leaves have fallen," Georgie objected; "it will be so much more comfortable over the fire in the boudoir at home."

"You are afraid to come with me!" he cried violently, "you have been listening to Ursula, you have believed her lies.

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You too are turning against me! You do not love me!"

"Nonsense, Jasper," she interrupted laughing. "How can you talk so foolishly! What do I care for anything Ursula can say? I never liked her, and I never trusted her. Of course I will come into the wood with you if you really wish it, though I must say I wonder at your taste; nasty, damp place."

"Ah, now you are my own true sweetheart again," he said, drawing her hand within his arm and turning towards the wood, which lay just beyond the park gates, on the other side of the road.

They had had some pleasant rambles there together in the summer and in the early autumn, before the wealth and glory of the trees had been swept from them. Georgie, with her gay and sensuous nature, hated everything that was chill and depressing, and her laughing face looked serious enough as she turned it towards her lover.

"I hope, Jasper," she said, "you do not expect me always to meet you here. That would be a strange way of showing the devoted love you profess for me."

"Forgive me, darling. But, indeed, this is such an important matter. We cannot discuss it properly anywhere where we are liable to be interrupted at any moment."

"I cannot see that anything Ursula says or does can be of sufficient importance to make you slight my wishes," she answered, pouting.

They were now within the wood. He walked on some little distance moodily, without taking any notice of her words or of that charming pout, that sat so bewitchingly on her dark little face. Then he stopped suddenly and looked at her with a sullen and evil look.

"I say it is important," he said; "I insist on knowing every word she said to you. Begin at once."

His tone and look were so menacing that Georgie's heart failed her with sudden terror. They were alone in the wood, there was no one in sight. She clung to his arm in a sort of panic.

"Don't be angry, Jasper dearest," she said, with a catch in her breath. "Of course I will tell you anything you ask. You know I have no secrets from you."

"What did Ursula say?" Jasper repeated.

Georgie's face was white and her lips trembled.

"She does not want you to marry me, you know, dear," she said, "and so she told me you were engaged to her, and that she would never give you up."

"Was that all?" he asked.

"Yes," said Georgie, faltering.

"It's a lie!" he shouted, shaking her off violently, as she clung to him. "It's a lie! She told you that I was mad, and that's a lie, too! But you believed it. Answer me that, did you believe it?"

"No, no, Jasper, of course not! Indeed I paid no attention to anything she said," Georgie answered, trembling. "Pray, pray, Jasper, believe me! Indeed, I have done nothing to make you angry with me. I cannot help what Ursula chooses to say."

"Why do you shake and cower like that, and turn white, if you are indeed my true and faithful sweetheart?" he whispered.

His whisper was so much more dreadful than his shouting had been that Georgie lost all control over her nerves, and shrieked in wild terror. In a moment the maniac sprang upon her and seized her by the throat. But even as he did so there had come an answering shout from the road, and a crackling of dry twigs and branches under the tread of hasty feet. The next moment Jasper was hurled away from her, and Leslie Cameron took her into his protecting arms. In the blind terror and confusion of the moment it seemed supremely natural that Leslie himself, and no other, should have come to her rescue.

"O Leslie! Take me away! He will kill me!" she cried, breaking into wild sobbing.

"There, there, my darling, you are safe now. I will take you home," said Leslie, soothing her, with the most anxious tenderness.

A few paces off Lord Carstairs stood over the fallen figure of Sir Jasper, who seemed afraid or unable to rise.

"What on earth is it all about?" asked Harold, looking at them across the body of the fallen one in much perplexity, "and who is this chap?"

"He is mad," sobbed Georgie, "and he tried to kill me. Take me home, Leslie; I am so dreadfully frightened."

At the word "mad," Sir Jasper sprang to his feet.

"I am not mad!" he shouted furiously. "False and wicked woman, how dare you

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accuse me? You have deceived me! I will shoot you, both you and your accursed lover!"

And before Lord Carstairs could stop him he rushed past them down the path towards the road.

"He looks mad enough, indeed," said Harold drily. "You seem to know the lady, Cameron. Please introduce me. Good heavens! It is Georgie Bruce-Amyot."

Georgie lifted a flaming face from Leslie's shoulder. The moment Leslie's arms had touched her, that strange delusion of hers that she loved Jasper Treherne fell away from her, and she knew at once and for ever that Leslie Cameron was the one man in the world for her.

Lord Carstairs began to laugh. "We arrived in the very nick of time," he said, "but what was all the trouble about?"

"You are surprised to see us here, I daresay," said Leslie, noting Georgie's bewilderment. "We have been invalided home from Africa, you know. Didn't you get my letter?"

"No, I got no letter," said Georgie faintly.

The smile died away on Lord Carstairs' face.

"Look here, Cameron," he said, "I don't want to seem impertinent, but would you mind telling me which of the two Miss Bruce-Amyots you are engaged to?"

"Why, Georgie, of course," answered Leslie.

"Then where does Audrey come in?"

"I don't understand you."

"I met you in Chelsea Gardens, walking with Miss Audrey Bruce-Amyot, this summer," said Harold Carstairs stiffly. "I did not recognise you at the time, but I know now that it was you."

"It's no use making a secret of it any longer," Georgie broke in. "Audrey went to meet him that day instead of me, because I couldn't get away. I am very sorry for it all now, Lord Carstairs, indeed I am. But mamma didn't know anything about Leslie, and she would have been angry; I was obliged to keep it a secret, and—and—Audrey helped me, and she promised not to tell."

Lord Carstairs looked at her for a moment in grim silence. Through her incoherent explanation he began to see vaguely that somehow amongst them all Audrey had been made the scapegoat.

"Where is Audrey now?" he asked.

"Audrey is at home," said Georgie. "You know the Dower House?"

He nodded abruptly and left them, striding down the road. He had forgotten Sir Jasper Treherne and Georgie's timely rescue, but Leslie had not.

"I want you to tell me," he said very gently, "what was the meaning of that quarrel we interrupted? I saw that the man was a gentleman, and not any stray tramp wandering through the wood. Why were you walking here alone with him, and why did he say you had deceived him?"

And for once in her life Georgie sought for no clever specious fable that should deceive and re-assure her lover, but told him the truth honestly, with tears.

And Leslie Cameron, who, perhaps better than anyone else in the world, understood that wilful irresponsible nature, forgave her, and took her to his heart again.

. . . .

Audrey sat by the fire in the morning room. She had grown to be very chilly of late, as people are apt to be when their vitality is low by reason of much fretting in secret. She often sat idly by the fire in these days instead of going out with Georgie.

She was a little paler and a little thinner than she had been six months ago, but her youth had fought with grief, and kept her rare beauty still undimmed. The perfection of her lily fairness and the splendour of her golden hair showed as exquisite as ever against the deep violet of her dress and the bands of dark fur that trimmed it. She was thinking sadly, as she sat there alone, of the havoc and desolation that had come into the fair garden of her life in its very springtime, and of the hopelessness of any future bringing back sunshine or brightness into its waste places. And because her thoughts could never dwell entirely on herself, she was thinking, too, of Georgie's faithlessness, and the bitter grief and disappointment in store for Leslie Cameron when he should return. She knew that he had got his commission, she knew, too, that he was invalided home, but she never spoke of these things to Georgie, who had not been able to keep faith with her absent lover. It was curious that she should not have known that Harold Carstairs, too,

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had been at the front, and had been wounded. But she knew no one in his regiment, and among the long lists it was easy not to see names one did not seek for. And she believed him still in India.

In upon her sorrowful musings a visitor came quietly, unannounced. Looking up in the gathering twilight, she saw her lost lover coming towards her. In that moment it seemed to her that she had passed the very outermost limit of her endurance. All the pain and bitterness and self-repression of those last months seemed to pour back over her in a flood.

"I cannot," she cried, "I cannot," and, bowing her fair head upon her hands, she broke into wild weeping. She knew that he was kneeling beside her; she felt his arms steal round her; she heard his voice in the old, remembered tender tones.

"Darling, darling, can you ever forgive me?"

And she stayed her weeping to listen to his pleading, to hear how great was his love, how undying his remorse for having so misjudged her; to hear him say, with earnest meaning:

"And I know, my faithful heart, that you will keep your promises to me as you kept that cruel promise to your sister."

[THE END.]

A TRUE BRITON.

THE brave little lad whose picture appears here walked one hundred miles to see the King and Queen. Arthur Lanyon and his chum, both about fifteen years of age, ran away from their homes in Penzance early on the morning of March 3rd, and commenced a daring walk to Devonport for the sole purpose of seeing the King and Queen. They were practically penniless and totally unacquainted with the road. No one seemed to know of their intentions and their parents were in a panic, fearing the worse, but on Wednesday evening news came of their safe arrival at Devonport. Owing to a mistake they took the wrong road when full two-thirds of the journey had been done, and their little error cost them nearly thirty miles of extra tramping, so that altogether quite one hundred miles was covered. The time occupied was from Monday morning till Wednesday evening with very little rest by the way, and a chance meal or two, for which they trusted to Providence. The nights were cold and frosty, and they must have displayed great courage and determination to accomplish such a remarkable feat, but they saw their Majesties several times and were satisfied.

ARTHUR LANYON.

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REALISING - - OUR COLONIES.

I.—CANADA.

"CANADA? Yes, that is *one* of our dependencies," we say with smug satisaction; yet the "dependency" is no less than forty times as large as the United Kingdom. If a skeleton be made of the map of Europe, and a child were then asked to cut it out from an atlas, and try to fit Canada into the skeleton map, it would be found nearly to fill it.

Its relative importance in size to our other great possessions is seen from the accompanying sketch.

Its possibilities are shown from the fact that, if its huge areas were populated at the same rate as the area of Great Britain, *i.e.*, 323 to the square mile, it would hold the enormous number of eleven hundred and sixteen millions, as compared with the thirty-eight millions who now seem to crowd our soil. At present, only five millions of these have put in a claim to occupy, so in every sense it may be said, "Yet there is room."

Size, however, is no proof of capacity. A desert is large, but quite as uninviting, but it must be said of the great tracts of land in Canada they are indeed "great wastes" for they are wasting for lack of use.

It is enough to make a thinking man sit down by the great rivers of Canada and weep, as he realises that mineral wealth, productive soils, and forests of timber are only waiting for pluck, painstaking, and perseverance to go in and possess them, while numbers of men are starving in the old country. The five million inhabitants who are there are terribly in earnest, as is seen by the business that is done. In the old country each man exports per head £7 10s. per annum, yet Canada runs pretty closely with £6 10s. per head; but owing to its greater facilities for producing for its home consumption, it finds it only necessary to send to foreign countries for about half the value per head we require here at home, Great Britain importing £13 per head and Canada only £6.

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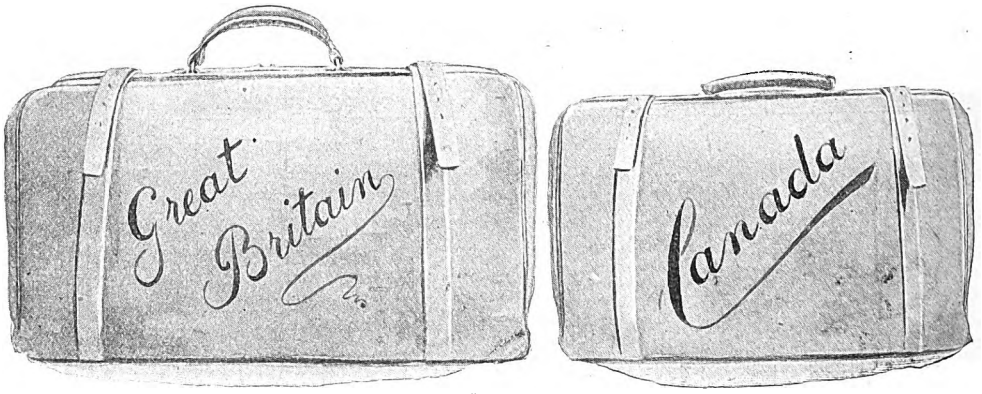
A clearer proof of how much is ready to hand for those who settle there, there could not be. The people are only half as dependent upon foreign help as those at home, and if the place were as fully worked as here, it would apparently be as powerful in the world markets.



CANADA'S POWER PER HEAD OF EXPORTING IS SEEN TO BE NEARLY THE SAME.

Towards the development, of which it is plainly so capable, Canada has only 5,000 miles less of railway than Great Britain, which boasts 21,000, so that its opening-up can only be a question of a short time. The education of the coming generations is seen to on as liberal a basis as at home, both the Canadian and home systems providing for the instruction of 20 per cent. or the population. Its climate is healthy, having the advantage of being one thing or the other for at least half the year. The perplexing variableness of our home climate is unknown there, one remark alone hitting off the truth: "A man in Canada carries his milk in a basket one-half the year and his butter in a pail the other half."

CANADA'S NECESSITY FOR IMPORTING SEEN TO BE MUCH LESS.

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A MODERN ESDRAS.*

By WOLFE STREET.

These papers are confessedly an imitation of the 2nd Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS alone in my chamber, and as my custom is before I sleep, I lifted up my heart to God with all its many needs.

Much of my prayer had oft been prayed before, but God had long delayed the answer.

And as I prayed I thought: "Why do I thus? If God wills to send me blessing, He will bless, and if He be not willing, no prayer of mine can change Him."

Whereat I was perplexed, and cast about to see the reason why the Father willed that men should *ask* Him for the gifts they need.

. . . . .

Now while I mused, I must have fallen in a trance, for Uriel came to answer the bold questions of my heart. And when I saw him I made haste to speak, for my heart was sick with the vain longing to understand.

"Oh my lord," I said, "I cannot comprehend why I, who am but a father in the flesh, will give my child so many things *unasked* for, and yet the Heavenly Father needeth prayer. I know His Mercy and His Love are far beyond mine own: yet *here the servant seemeth almost better than the Master.*"

"Thy words are rash," he answered. "Thou hast said thou dost not *understand:* thou sayest well, for thou dost not. Yet must thou strive to do so. Thou must *stand under* facts of life, stand at their roots, ere thou canst comprehend the ways of God. Tell me, therefore, why dost thou *think* that men should pray? Does thy request instruct God's wisdom? Is it not written He knoweth ye have need before ye ask? Does it more willing make Him to assist thee than before? Nay, since He changes not, that cannot be."

"This is but as I thought," I answered; "therefore did I wonder!"

"Then, seest thou not that if the need for prayer lies *not with* God, the need for prayer *must lie with thee?* Answer me now and I will teach thee! Thou hast a son. For his sake thou dost save and toil; and ever art thou anxious that in his future he should have success. Is it not thus?"

"Even so, my lord," I answered, "and it is *natural!*" A shade passed over his countenance as though I had offended, and he replied—

"If this then be thy feeling, express it boldly unto God. Say unto Him, 'Be pleased to grant my child great riches. Let him be *first* in life whoever may be *last!* Whoever suffers, let him rejoice!' Canst thou pray thus, O Esdras?"

"Nay, my lord, I cannot be thus selfish."

"Then see how prayer *can test the quality of thy desires.* The thoughts a man ought not to *pray* he should not *think.* Once more I bid thee listen. Thou hast an enemy, O Esdras, and sometimes thou dost wish that he might suffer for the things he wrought against thee. Thou would'st not be a little glad if he were greatly sorrowful. Go then, Esdras, crying, 'Lord, deal with this enemy of mine! Let me see him crushed and humbled, suffering and sad! Bring him into a narrow place!'—Say it! Say it!'

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"My lord, I cannot! It would prick me to the heart. David prayed thus once *against* his enemies, but I have read how Christ did pray *for* His."

"The things then thou *mayst not ask* thou hast *no right to wish*. Seest thou *what proof of thine heart's wishes prayer can make?* Prayer, if 'tis real, bringeth the mind to only ask good things. In life's mad rush the thoughts of men get dark with error, Esdras,—prayer brings them to the light of truth.

"Once more I would remind thee how in prayer thou *hast refreshed thy soul.* Was it not like breath of mountain air—life on a higher level, thinking high thoughts in company of God? The world's great workers have been men who often prayed. Tell me, O Esdras, the spring and source of all great work?"

"Even God himself," I answered.

"True," he replied; "but also Man—Man looking out on God, or looking *in* upon Him, perceiving His purposes, hearing His words; then, throbbing with a strange excitement that rushes forth in burning eloquence, mastering the minds of men, waking their sympathies, rousing their love, and kindling in their hearts the self-same fire. *The companionship of God is the inspiration of men.* That is why thou shouldest pray.

"And yet there is another cause which, if thou ponderest, thou wilt see. Some things there are which can be *given* to another, such as money and other earthly goods, but canst thou give thy son knowledge without he strives to learn?"

"Nay, my lord, he must be schooled, and of his own will give attention, or in very deed he cannot learn."

"And the more eagerly he tries, the more he learneth, Esdras? Is it not so?"

"Even so, my lord! His mind will open to contain more truth. The size of the measure ever settleth how much it can contain."

"Like as thou dealest with thy son," he answered, "to give him *knowledge*, so does the wise God deal with thee.

"Truth, Righteousness, and Faith cannot be *given*, they must be *acquired.* Think on thine own words, 'the measure of the vessel will ever settle how much it can contain.' The mercy of God desires to lead thee unto *Truth*, to establish thee in *Righteousness*, and to increase thy *Faith;* but *these* He cannot *give* thee, as He could give thee *money*, thou must *acquire* them. As thou send'st thy child to be schooled, so bids He thee unto His presence chamber. There thy spirit's powers expand by wrestling till He giveth Light and Grace as thou art able to receive."

"But, my lord," I questioned, "did not the disciples of old pray 'Lord, increase our Faith,' as if Faith could be *given?*"

"True!" he said unto me. "And the prayer was answered. In journeyings often, in perils by land and sea, persecuted of men for the sake of Christ, beaten with many stripes—a hissing and a bye-word amongst the nations, they exercised the little Faith they had, and that increased it. As the muscles of the smith harden by use, and as by work his strength increases, so must it be with Faith. Dost thou wish thine increased, O Esdras?"

"Yea, my lord, for Faith is mighty in its workings."

"Have then thy wish! But know, O man, thou shall have trouble in the flesh, and in the Spirit. Times shall there be when clouds shall overshadow thee, with never a silver lining or even a silver fringe. Thy Faith shall be stretched to its utmost limit, even as men stretch the web of elastic, but, unlike that, it keeps the limit to which it has been drawn."

"But, my lord," I said, "why is it that 'tis given unto us according to our Faith? Why should God's *gifts* depend upon my *trust?*"

"Does that thing seem so strange," the Angel answered, "which yet is being carried on around? It has been written that lacking Faith it is impossible to please thy God: I tell thee, Esdras, that lacking Faith thou canst not even please thy fellow-men; thou canst not serve them nor thyself without this Faith.

"The world is served by many a law placed by the Lord in Nature for thy use; but the great ruling law which governs all is Faith itself; Faith launches forth thy frail bark on the Ocean, nor can one put to sea without it. Faith lights the fire within thy dwelling: why art thou not afraid that it will be consumed? Faith puts the arrow on the string, and Faith again it is which draws the bow. Before thou usest *one* of Nature's laws 'tis Faith must set it working. ¶Thou canst not speak or move without some

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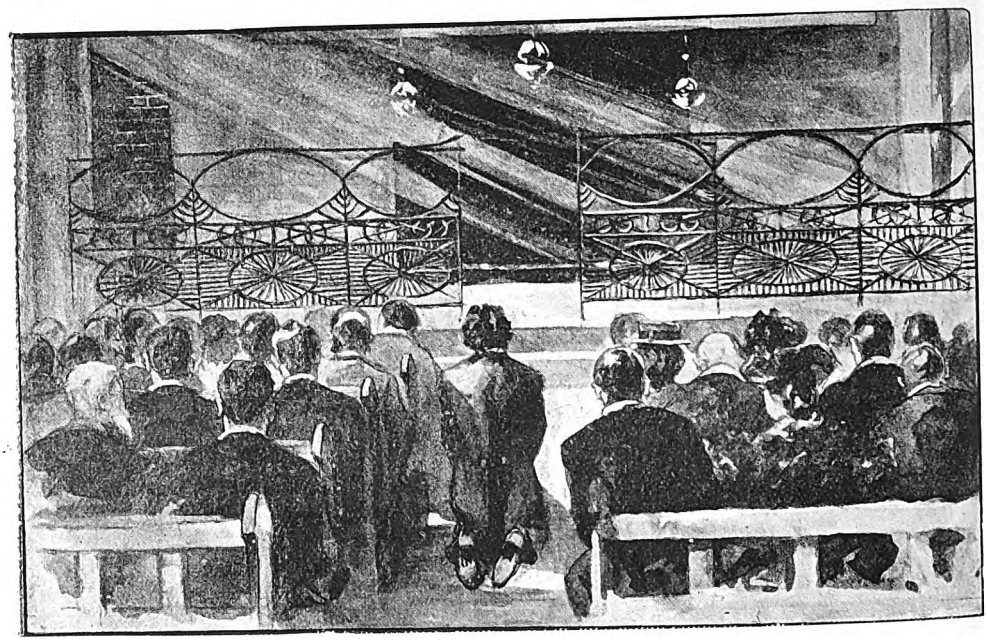

WITHIN THE CHURCH THE LIGHT STOLE DIMLY THROUGH THE RICHLY-COLOURED GLASS.

Faith. It is the key to all things round thee. And if thou has but little Faith it limits thy possessions. The man who says he cannot is not able. Think but thyself without the power to walk—thy limbs will drag upon thee even as if dead. Lose but thy Faith, and thou wilt lose thy health. To the believing mind all things are possible, for in this world thou mayst be sure there is some law to be the servant of thy will, for World and Will alike both came from God."

"My lord!" I said, "whilst thou art speaking the world appeareth simply filled with servants of Mankind. Never before have I beheld it on this fashion. Clearly I see how Faith in Man keeps men together, and Faith in Nature's laws gives increase to their powers. But that which troubleth me is this: Why things we cannot gain ourselves are given us though faith in God, or else withheld because we trust Him not?"

"Come with me now and I will teach thee!" Uriel answered. And in my dream he bore me to that mighty bridge which spans the black flowing river of London, and said to me: "Lean thou over the edge thereof and drop a stone into the waters under thee!"

I did so, and with ever-increasing speed did the stone fall, till its splash was heard as it struck the bosom of the waters.

"How didst thou that?" he questioned.

"I did but do thy will," I answered.

"Yea, but how wast thou enabled? Thou didst but *drop* the stone, *another force* than thine compelled it downward. Didst thou not see that ever as it fell it moved more rapidly? Some other force than thine had quickened it."

I answered: "This is that force which men call gravitation."

"And hast thou ever seen it?" Uriel asked.

"Seen it, my lord! It is a law—I know not more about it."

"Did not the world-life go on as smoothly before men gave this law a name?" the Angel answered.

"Even so," I said, "for in its ignorance the world has acted *as though 'twere there.*"

"O Esdras!" he cried, "and Faith is but the *name* thou givest to the law by which God worketh in the vast unseen. Named or unnamed, still it is there. Seen or unseen, still it is there, and, understood or not, 'twas there from all Eternity. Act thou as if It were and It shall serve thee well. Matter or Spirit is subject unto it. *It is the method of the Power of God*, and by it God can give thee richly all things to enjoy. Have Faith in God! And *as* the measure of thy faith, to thee it shall be measured."

. . . .

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Thus changing eyes with Uriel I saw this universe as the abode of God. I understood at last the world as one vast treasury, and God Himself the treasurer. I saw afresh the Lord of *Hosts* as Lord of *Laws*. Laws for our daily life on Earth set there to see that as our Day our Strength shall be; and over all the greater Law of Faith—(the *Foreman-servant* of that God, Who liveth to serve Man) wearing the livery of God, inscribed with God's great motto

"ICH DIEN!"

CHAPTER IV.

Grey was the day, and leaden-hued the sky, when I arose on one Good Friday morn, and with the early crowd which thronged to many a church, sought to remember the Suffering Son of God.

Within the church the light stole dimly through the richly coloured glass, and the great altar draped in black seemed but to lend an added sadness to the scene. Finding no seat, for many were before me, I fell upon my knees within the aisle, and there in silence waited, worshipping. Backward my thoughts then wandered to the World's Great Tragedy, when the cruel hands of men had crucified the Son of God. And then it seemed as though the altar rolled away and I was gazing on the hill called Calvary. Beside it Uriel stood, and with magnetic gaze still drew me on, until I stood beneath the shadow of the cross.

I looked beseechingly upon him. "Was there no other way than this?" I cried, "to satisfy the Will of God? This is a ministry of Anguish, Blood and Death, a ghastly horror, unlike the workings of a God of Love! Read me this riddle, if thou canst, my lord: Why suffering innocence can thus appease an Angry God."

A moment he regarded me, then with reproachful tone, he said: "Who told thee God was angry?"

"This is the way men view the Cross," I murmured.

"Then they misunderstand it," answered Uriel. "The Father loves thee, not because Christ died! Christ did but live and die because the Father loved thee."

"Why, then, the Cross for Him?" I questioned.

"'Twas on account of men, *not on account of God* that Jesus suffered there. Death won not love for thee, nor yet forgiveness, *they* were and are thine own, through God's forbearance."

"Why, then, that cruel death upon the cross?" again I cried.

"That death was needful to do a work *for Men;* to teach their stubborn hearts how God viewed Sin. Full freely God forgave, but for the sake of men—God cannot treat SIN lightly. The sins of men of olden time cost them a sacrifice. And why? It made God none the richer, but was ordained to show to men the costliness of sin. If God made light of sin to men, men would make light of sin to God. Behold! in Jesus Christ God's object lesson how He regards Man's sin. And that thou mayst see that for Man's sake alone the Saviour suffered thus, tell me, O Esdras, why the Lord was *crucified?* Others have *slept* all peacefully to death, or drowned in ocean's depths have swiftly passed—why not the Lord?"

Knowing not what to say, I answered not.

Then said the Angel: "'Twas for the sake of men, so hard to stir to sympathy, He suffered such a *cruel* death, else without suffering, the Son of God might well have laid aside the human form in which He robed Himself. But so low down are men that nothing but the sight of awful agony moveth their hearts and wakes their sympathy. And that the *travail* of His Son might bring forth sympathy in men, and win them through their sympathy to higher life, the Saviour died *upon the Cross*. Not on behalf of GOD, but on behalf of men. 'To draw them unto Him' the Saviour suffered thus."

Awhile I stood and pondered on the greatness of that love which bore so much for us. But when he made as though he would depart, then I restrained him, crying:

"My lord! my lord! The days will pass into the years and many a baffling mystery shall yet come to thy servant. I may not ever have thee at my side to give me light. Canst thou not ere thou leavest for thine own abode, give me a *clue* to use in the great maze of Life? Some key to open any lock, some lamp unto my feet? Speak, lord! thy servant heareth!"

And at his feet I fell. Yet stay he would not; but as he departed he spake these words: "This is the key—

FOR THY SAKE."

And *they* have been the lamp unto my feet.

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THE INITIAL VELOCITY.

THERE was dead silence, and the students gazed at one another amazed. It had been coming for a long time, and now the impetuous lad blurted it out: "Well, doctor, it is a strange thing if God was in Christ that it only showed itself during the last three years of His life!" And Ernest Reader flung himself back in his seat impatiently.

The somewhat ascetic-looking professor smiled feebly. He had been a specialist in the disease of Doubt for a quarter of a century and saw that this young man had it badly.

"Come and see me this afternoon, my lad, and we will talk it over."

There was a titter at what the rest thought a snub, and in the Common Room after lecture the budding sceptic caught it not mildly; but the youngster was quietly cautious of rejoinder, and the baiting fell flat.

. . . . .

Ernest Reader departed from the doctor's house with some theological cobwebs brushed away from his mind, and that night he looked into the jewelled heavens, and thinking of the bright star which had led the wise men of old to a *Babe* he remembered how they yet found faith to "depart rejoicing." The blood rushed to his head, and he exclaimed excitedly, "If they could find faith for the *Babe*, then may *I* in the *Man!*

> Strong Son of God! Immortal Love!
> Yes, *I* that have not seen Thy Face,
> By faith, and faith alone embrace;
> Believing, where I cannot prove!

But he was not quite cured, only convalescent, and the disease of Doubt cleared itself up with a rash of speculation. He broke out—all over. Boils of original exegesis painfully disfigured his public appearance, blotches of doctrina animosities irritated his skin. He became subject to delusions, seeing "Cant" everywhere, and growing wildly excited at its presence.

His deacons grew alarmed. One old medical man in his congregation, however, rightly diagnosed his state. "He must have it!" he said. "It's the Original Sin working out! Comes out in the body as whooping cough and measles, in the heart as flirtation, and in the mind as Modern Doubt. He'll get over it. Never fear! Don't 'Lynch' him." And they didn't, for some of them remembered the Rivulet controversy. So though the Campbells were *coming*, they never arrived. Soon after this the Rev. Ernest Reader married. Henceforth his heterodoxy showed in a mild form at home. "My dear," he said, when their first infant appeared, "please don't try to graft any religious ideas upon the boy. I should like to see if they will come of themselves."

She smiled.

Twenty months later the proud father was carrying the boy round the garden, bright with flowers, and his Human Experiment lisped out in excited tones, with his tiny index finger quivering, "Pwetty frowers! Dord dood-make-'em—Baby!"

He turned to his wife, intending to lecture her for instilling these ideas into the child, but somehow God had never seemed so real as on the lips of his child. The flower-God *was* good. So he only laughed and kissed him instead.

The Human Experiment had a mind which moved with a momentum of its own, plus the initial velocity his father's nature had given it.

"Isn't God good to send us this Bunny for dinner?" said his mother, desirous of

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improving the occasion, when one of their people generously sent them a couple of rabbits.

The Human Experiment stood on one leg and answered, "Guess Bunny didn't think Him good."

The Rev. Ernest hugged himself when he heard it. "That boy'll be a thinker!" So he was. At six he spelt out in a book: "GOD-GAVE-US-JESUS." "Papa!" he said, "that's funny! Why Jesus is God, isn't He?" The Rev. Ernest groaned, wishing he didn't think quite so much. But that initial velocity was at work.

He tried his hand upon his girl.

"I hate the cant about conduct," he said. "There's nothing unclean of itself." So he had her taught dancing. He surrounded them both with an atmosphere of freedom and unconventionality. But as they grew up he began to be puzzled as to how he should manage these unruly steeds—their galloping pace alarmed him.

So the years passed. His son was a fine young fellow, physically superb—captain of the football team, mentally keen, scholar and fellow of his college; his daughter was accomplished and graceful, a clever smart journalist, and the magnet which drew many a heart. He had reason to be proud of them both, *but* their minds were drenched with the scientific scepticism of the day. All this brings the story up-to-date. This is the sequel.

. . . . .

"Sir, you must put an end to it, I say!" thundered Mr. Reader's wealthiest deacon. "I will never let my son marry that free-thinking, worldly daughter of yours. Tell her she must dismiss him!" And he fumed, and fretted and sweated.

"Is a matter of opinion to stand between two young hearts?" asked the minister, gently.

"Opinion, sir! opinion! It's a matter of *conviction*! it's life here, and the life to come that turns upon it. How a man can marry a woman from whom he must separate for ever when they die is beyond me. My son is a *Christian*, sir, and your daughter is an *atheist*."

"I GUESS BUNNY DIDN'T THINK HIM GOOD."

"Not that, not that!" said the minister, hurriedly. "Only a materialist. She believes that knowledge is limited to phenomena—that which can be proved by experiment."

"Well, it's the same thing!" returned the other, impatiently.

The minister opened his mouth to speak, but it was such a long way down to this man, who physically towered above him, that the father held his peace.

With a shaking hand the minister sat down to report the interview to his daughter. "Poor girlie! How she will fret," he muttered. But in answer to his letter came a wire, "What a joke!"

The minister gasped.

While the telegraph form still spake, the maid announced "Mrs. Hinchcliffe." A charming woman entered, who, since the death of the minister's wife, had been a deaconess in all but name. "Oh, Mr. Reader, do look at this!" And she handed him an epistle from his son, asking for her daughter's hand. "My husband declares he can't have an unbeliever for a

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son in-law. And he's so clever, too! Such a splendid future before him! What a pity he isn't a Christian! Whatever shall we do? And Nellie confesses she's so fond of him!"

"I think, Mrs. Hinchcliffe, we'd better let it alone. Perhaps through her love he may be led to believe in the existence of a 'Love of infinite degree.'"

It was no good opposing the marriages in either case. Cissie Reader, on the strengh of her appointment as an editress of a flourishing ladies' journal, snapped her fingers at the threat of her father-in-law to disinherit them. Frank Reader obtained a capital appointment as headmaster of a large grammar school and immediately installed Nellie Hinchcliffe headmistress.

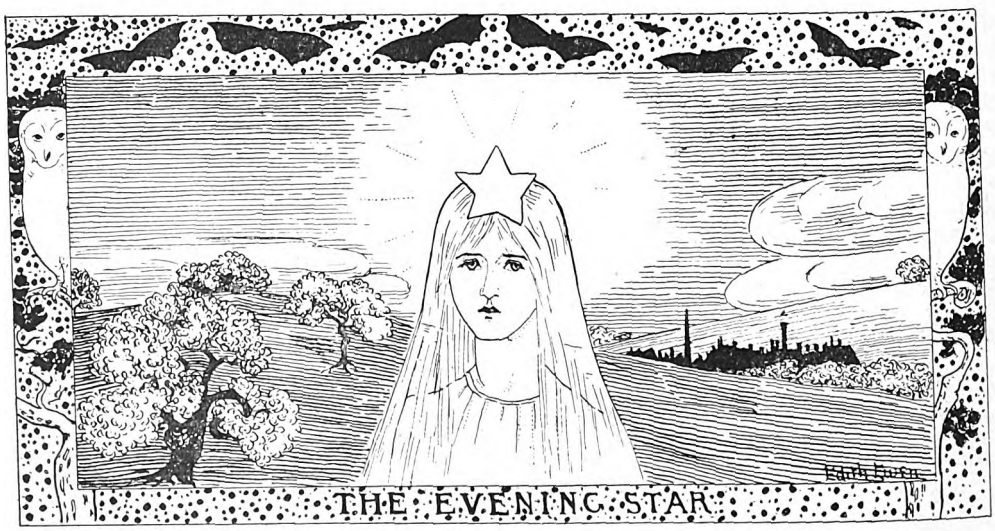
There came a time, however, when the headmaster stood by an open grave, where, with many a pang, he laid the first blossom of the spring of their married life.

"Don't tell me, don't!" agonised the mother, "that I shall never see my darling again!"

He didn't dare to *say* it, somehow he couldn't *think* it. Philosophy was dumb in the season of his sorrow. He had never felt the lack of anything but the *material*, now his heart yearned for things-not-seen-as-yet. And his feelings ran away with his intellect till he "settled it in his heart" in the old-fashioned way, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Cissie found her way to light through the entrance into the infant school. The children "wanted to know you know," and somehow scientific materialism couldn't explain. Family experiences shed light upon the great human family and the Divine parentage, till in humility she sat at the Father's feet crying:

> Forgive me, where I fail in truth,
> And in Thy wisdom, make me wise!



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A SURFACE CURRENT.

By BETH BANNESTER, B.A.

THEY had just arrived at that stage of intimacy at which one woman says to another—

"Dear, do you know, you don't make half enough of your hair? It's such lovely hair, I should *love* to do it for you."

Margaret Compton had put the final hair-pin into Vera Gray's thick coils, and stood contemplating her handiwork in the mirror with great complacency.

"Do you know what a charming picture you make?" she said softly. "Do you know the thought that comes to me whenever I look at you?"

Vera blushed as she answered, "I cannot tell."

"That you are just throwing yourself away on *Somebody*."

Vera straightened herself, and there was a perceptible touch of annoyance in her tone as she replied—

"If you mean Mr. Somerville, I cannot agree with you."

Margaret knelt down beside her friend and put her arms round her.

"There, I knew you would be angry and freeze me up. I cannot help it, dear. I can't bear to think of your spoiling your life like that. *You*, with your face, with your talent, shutting yourself up in some little country manse (for he will never get anything better), and ——"

Vera cut her short.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"It is so difficult to put it plainly without hurting you, dear. I know you like him for something you think you see beneath the surface. But cannot you see the difference between him and the young men of our set? He may have brains enough, but he hasn't the intangible something which will make him go down in society. It is not to be expected from him. You know his people are quite plain farming-folks. And there is someone, Vera, who wants you so much, and who could give you such a different position. You might do just what you liked with my brother Fred. You would make a man of him."

It was the word too much. Vera sprang to her feet.

"Thank you," she said icily. "Hugh Somerville is a man already."

Margaret bit her lip and wished that she had held her tongue. But in truth she was succeeding better than she knew. Vera Gray was a loving, true-hearted girl, yet she was being insensibly influenced by her friend's flattery, and Margaret had been staying with her for a fortnight, and almost succeeded in persuading her that marriage with Hugh Somerville would be an act of immense condescension on her part. As yet she had not acknowledged this even to herself, but the feeling was there, and it was bound sooner or later to show itself in word or action. There were two alternative dangers ahead for Hugh Somerville—either that Vera would throw him up altogether, or that she would prove the minister's worst drawback, a worldly wife, ever chafing at her social position and fretting at the restrictions of her lot.

Her lover, as he strode along the street that morning with knitted brows and quick determined stride, was quite unconscious of the subtle change that had stolen over her. He was a broad-shouldered, squarely-built fellow, but his features, though massive, had the stamp of refinement which intense and

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concentrated thought sets upon some men's faces.

The door-bell rang about twenty minutes after the conversation give above, and Vera went down to meet her lover, too preoccupied to notice the look of trouble in his face.

"I am off to catch the next train home," he said abruptly, after the first greeting. "Read this, Vera."

He took a black-bordered letter from his coat-pocket. It was from his sister, announcing the sudden death of their father.

For a few moments Vera forgot herself in her sympathy with Hugh. Then something prompted her to ask:

"And when shall you be back in college, Hugh?"

"I am not coming back at all," he answered decisively. "At any rate, not for two or three years. Do you realise, Vera, that my mother and sister are dependent on the farm, and that my brother is only nineteen, and will need an older head to guide him for two or three years at least. So I must turn into a farmer instead of a shepherd of souls, as I had hoped."

Vera's face fell.

"Oh! Hugh," she cried, "how *dreadful!* A country manse would have been bad enough, but a farm ——"

"*A country manse would have been bad enough!*"

What evil angel prompted Vera to utter those words? She could have chosen none that would have put a wider gulf between herself and her betrothed.

A thunderbolt would not have startled Hugh Somerville more. He had fully believed that Vera was in sympathy with his aims and aspirations. He had come, feeling sure that she would understand the terrible blow that had fallen upon him in the postponement of his cherished hopes. He had intended to tell her that he never meant to give those hopes up, that he would work faithfully and patiently at the task to which outward circumstances had called him, but always with the determination in the background to seize the first lawful opportunity to leave it, that he might obey the inward call to higher service. He had meant to ask was she willing to wait, perhaps through weary years, till the golden time should come, when, with no neglected duty in the background, they might join hands in loving service for God and man?

When he next spoke all the softness and gentleness had gone out of his tones.

"And now, Vera," he said, "I have only to ask you to release me from my engagement."

"Release you?" faltered Vera, startled and frightened by his tone.

"Yes, to release me," he went on, with stern decision. "A farm would be no place for you, and even if I ultimately enter the ministry, it will probably be through a back door. There will be little chance of my completing my college course. The annuity from which my father paid my expenses dies with him."

Vera felt as if the ground were crumbling beneath her feet. She only retained her self-possession by a strong effort. Never until this moment had she realised what Hugh's love was to her.

"And you don't care, Hugh?" she asked, in a tone which the very intensity of her feeling made constrained and cold.

"There can be no question of any personal feeling in the matter," he answered harshly. "We have to face the hard facts of life. Our betrothal was a mistake from the beginning. The mere fact that you dread life in a country manse is proof enough that we should be ill-mated."

Five minutes later, Hugh Somerville was striding down the street, and Vera was standing motionless in the middle of the room. *Hugh had left her.* That was the one fact that seemed real to her. Her petty vanity, her selfish day-dreams, seemed to have fallen away from her like a discarded veil, and left her face to face with an awful loneliness. Hugh had left her. And he did not care!

If she could have seen Hugh's face behind the newspaper which he held upside down before it in the train, if she could have seen him as late that night he paced the little gabled garret in the old farmhouse, she would not have added that last clause. For in truth, Hugh Somerville was in the great straits of life. The woman he loved had been, as he thought, only the creation of his own fancy; the God whom he believed to have called him to service and sacrifice, now seemed to mock and reject him.

Vera knew nothing of all this. She went through the day's routine like one in a dream, and at night dressed mechanically for a party. Then at the

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last moment she pleaded headache, and insisted on Margaret Compton's going without her.

By-and-bye a sweet-faced old lady, sitting alone in a big room crowded with old-fashioned furniture, heard a gentle rap at the door.

"Come in!" she cried, and Vera entered.

"May I sit with you, granny? I'm tired and out of sorts, and this is the only restful room in the house."

"Only too glad to have you, dear child," and the elder lady stretched out a hand of loving greeting to her orphaned grandchild.

But Vera seemed as if she could not rest. She knelt beside her grandmother for a few seconds to watch the sunset, then she paced up and down the room, finally she paused in a corner of the room before an antique spinet, and, leaning on a chair-back, let her fingers wander idly up and down among the keys. She played a few stray chords, then insensibly glided into an old melody that she and Hugh had often sung together. The mellow tones of the old instrument lent themselves to the pathos of the air, and it seemed to her that she heard Hugh's rich full voice in the background. Suddenly

SHE LET HER FINGERS WANDER IDLY AMONG THE KEYS.

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the music ceased, and a low sound of convulsive sobbing was heard from the corner.

"My child, what is it?"

In another moment the elder lady was standing beside her, with her fingers resting on the bowed head.

"Nothing, granny, don't worry about me. Only that I have thrown away all that is worth having in life, and I have found it out too late."

"Child, how I wish I had spoken to you before. But I thought you would only resent it, and that I might do harm."

"Then you have seen how I have been feeling, granny."

"I have seen a difference in you, Vera. I hoped it was a phase which would pass away in time. But, now, tell me all about it."

And with her head resting on her grandmother's shoulder, Vera told her "all about it."

Two hours later the pair were still clasped in each other's arms, and Vera was gazing wistfully at her grandfather's portrait opposite.

"And you never wished for a different life, granny?"

"Never, dear. Mine was a joy that comes to the lot of few women, for in obeying the dictates of the earthly love I never came into conflict with the impulses of the heavenly. Oh, to have been a help, however small, in such a life-work as your grandfather's! It is a joy that will never leave me. Death itself could not take it from me!"

The old lady clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"Ah! child," she went on, after a moment's pause, "if you had seen what I have seen of the world's sin and misery and wrong—of the awful suffering beneath its crust of gaiety—if you had seen, too, the miracles of moral healing that I have seen as a result of my husband's work—he hope that has been kindled in despairing hearts, the wretched homes that have become bright and peaceful, you would feel as I do the utter pettiness and vulgarity of the world's tawdry ambitions. There is only one thing worth living for—only one joy that never palls, and that is to follow the Master of us all in His work of helping men and women. He that will lose his life the same shall save it."

The tears stole down Vera's cheeks. She understood Hugh at this moment through her grandmother's words as she had never understood him before. For in truth, Hugh had unwittingly done her a great injustice. He was a man who seldom brought his deepest feelings to the surface in conversation. When he had spoken of them to her it had been in language which left much to the imagination. He had supposed that starting from the basis of common beliefs and aspirations she would go through just the same processes of thought and religious experience as he had done, and he had taken it for granted that she stood on the same spiritual platform with himself, instead of stretching out a hand to raise her to his side.

Vera had been brought up by an uncle and aunt, who had spared no expense in her education, but who understood nothing of the training of character. She would have been sadly spoiled but for the loving care of the grandmother, who shared her son's house. To her the girl now turned as her only comforter. The old lady was somewhat of an optimist, and felt sure that Hugh would write before long. Possibly her prediction might have been verified if a false report of Vera's engagement to Fred Compton had not reached his ears. As it was, three weary months stole by, and hope had become very dim in her heart. She had forfeited his love, and with it the privilege of helping and comforting a noble soul.

. . . .

"Ah! Mees Gray, it is von touzand peeties that you use not your talent, your genius. Tere are many professors of music who would give zeir ears to play as you have played zis night. You might make vair mosh money."

Vera had heard this before. She was about to reply listlessly that she did not want money. Her uncle had given her plenty of pocket-money, and she had never troubled herself about the future. But now, a sudden thought struck her. Hugh had said that lack of funds would prevent his returning to college. Oh! if after all, she could help him, without his ever knowing or guessing.

"Can you help me, Professor Reiter?" she asked eagerly. "Uncle is sure to let me do what I like. I have a great wish to earn some money myself."

Vera proved as great a success as a teacher as she was as a performer. Before

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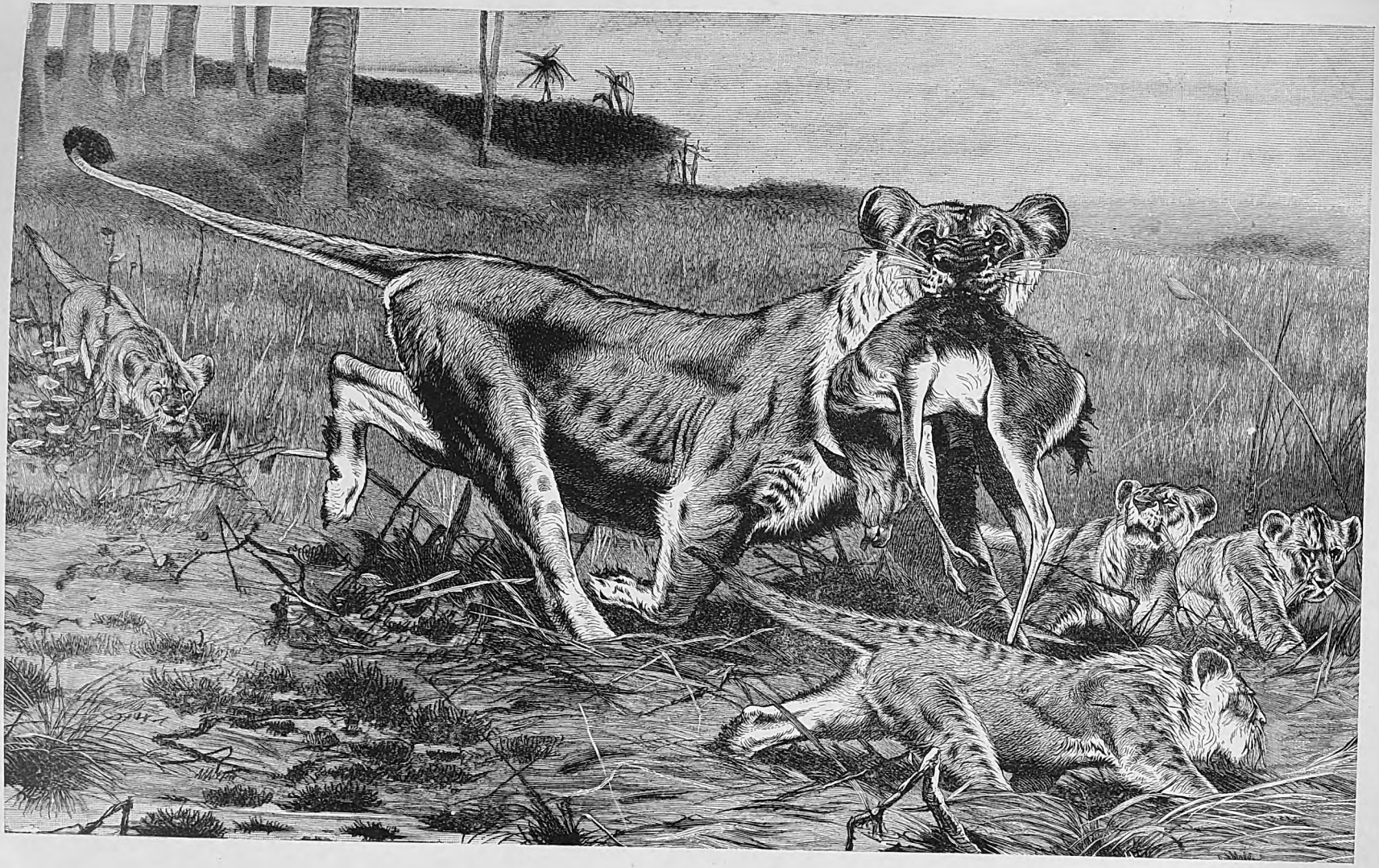

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long her hands were full of work, and her friends were prophesying that she would kill herself. Some thought she worked to stifle her remorse for having jilted Hugh Somerville, others said it was to show she didn't care that *he* had jilted *her*. Vera worked on and took no notice of any of them.

Just two years after the morning on which her betrothed had said farewell to her, a letter arrived at the farm addressed to Hugh. As he broke the seal, bank-notes to the value of one hundred pounds fell out of it. Both address and enclosure were type-written, and the letter ran,—

"Will you accept this from one who took a deep interest in your career when you were at —— College, and who has heard of the way in which you sacrificed your prospects? It is not so much a gift to yourself as a contribution to the work to which you pledged yourself. It is sent with only one condition, that you use it for the purpose of qualifying yourself for the ministry as soon as you can conscientiously leave home."

"It is very, very strange," said Hugh to his sister, "that this mysterious packet should have arrived on the very day after your engagement to Will Slater, and his offer to live here and manage the farm."

"I am not sure," she answered simply, "that it is so strange after all, if we have any confidence that our lives are ordered for us. I have always felt sure that God would not disappoint my father's life-long wish and prayer that his son should be a minister. There is no doubt but that you ought to accept it, Hugh."

Hugh did accept it, but Vera did not know that he had done so until she saw his name at the head of a theological honour list.

When, three years after this, Vera was asked to take part in a sacred concert at a city church, she had no idea that the vacant pastorate had just been offered to Hugh Somerville. Hugh came in late, at the back of the hall, too far from the platform to see who the performer of the moment was. He was always deeply moved by the best music.

"That is divine," he murmured to himself, as a great yearning pathos filled the air—a pathos that seemed to come straight from the cry of a human soul rather than from any instrument. "Let me see your programme," he whispered to his next neighbour.

When Vera entered the performers' room, Hugh Somerville was standing there alone.

"Then you are not married?" he said without preamble or explanation.

"Married! *Hugh!*"

She could not have said less, her quivering lip could not have said more. She did not know that the audience were clamouring for her return; she only knew that she was folded close in an embrace which seemed as if it would never let her go.

. . . .

"Do you know," said Hugh, the day before their wedding, "that my two years' apparent waste of time was the best thing that ever happened to me? I may have known something of theology before—I know something now of the real human struggle through which my people have to go. My training would have been sadly incomplete without it. And I have learned a little more patience," he added, slyly. "I do not now mistake *the surface currents* for the real tides of feeling."

"I am so glad you don't regret it," said Vera.

"There is only one thing I regret," he answered." And in reply to her questioning look, he went on, "That I was such an idiot as not to know where that hundred pounds came from."

Vera crimsoned. She had had no idea that Hugh had guessed her secret.

"There is only one thing *I* regret," she whispered, softly.

"And what is that, little woman?"

"That I have lost the chance of showing you how gladly I would share your work in a country manse."

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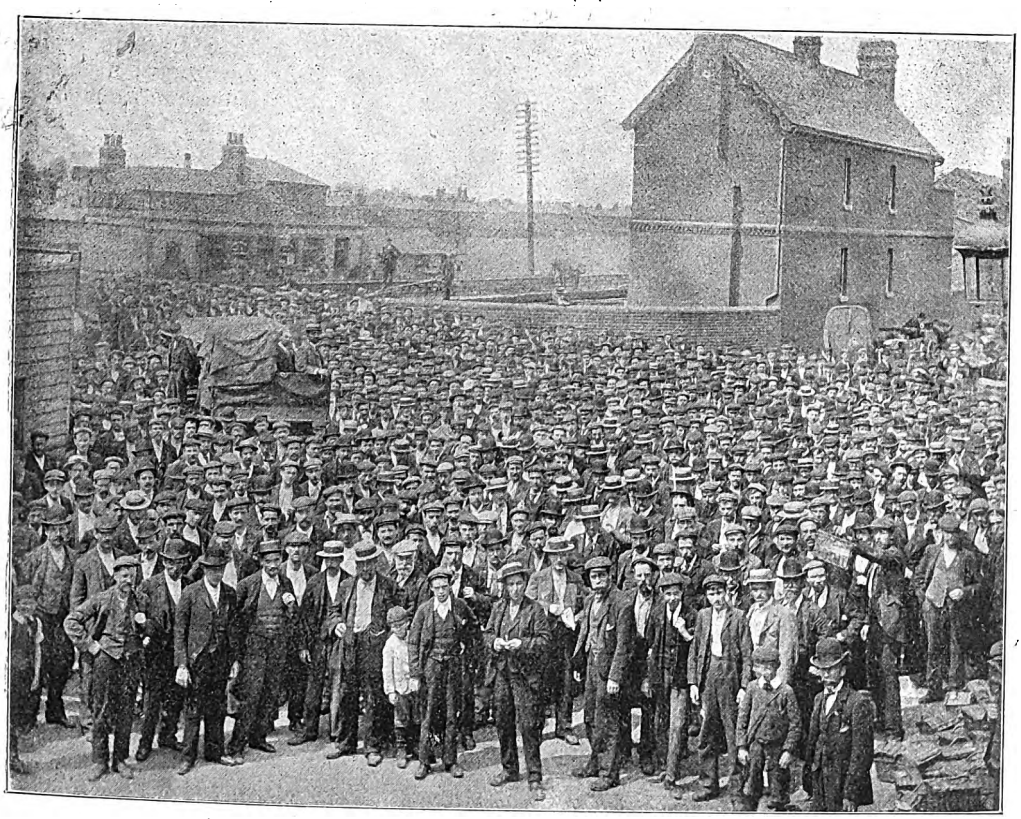
The Protestant . . Reformation Society.

FOR seventy-five years the society, whose work is the subject of this article, has steadily adhered to its original programme of "maintaining the religious principles of the Reformation," and of all the many productions resulting from the religious philanthropy of the great Nineteenth Century, none more deservedly claim the sympathetic attention, the interested zeal, and the practical help of Protestant Christians.

(1) *The Society has a noble past.* All along its career its earnest defence of Protestant principles, and its loving endeavours to enlighten and evangelise the Roman Catholics of this land have attracted the warm regard of those who have followed its work. To recall its



Photograph by THE SECRETARY (MR. WALTER A. LIMBRICK) *F. L. Huntley.*

Addressing Government workmen at the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, on "The King's Protestant Declaration."

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WILLIAM JOSEPH FRASER, ESQ.

Member of Executive Committee since 1880 and now Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Society.

earlier years at once associates the mind with some of the greatest names in the story of Evangelical Church life. And since then not a few of its agents have achieved special distinction, and of these Mr. Walter Walsh, who formerly laboured for the Society in Oxford and Nuneaton, is a conspicuous example. It would be difficult rightly to measure the enormous influence for good exercised by this Society upon former generations, and, through them, upon the national Protestantism of to-day.

(2) *The Society is doing a great work in the present.* These grand traditions of the past have been cited simply as a healthy stimulus to patient, strenuous, and successful effort. Is the Society at the close of the century worthy of its past? The answer is, emphatically, "Yes!" Whether it be tested by its supporters, its agents, its methods, or the work it is accomplishing, it will be found closely following its appointed path. Methods of activity may be altered or modified to suit changing circumstances, but the purpose and spirit of the Society's founders is loyally followed. Such names as those of Colonel Sandys, M.P. (the President); the Bishops of Durham, Sodor and Man; the late Bishop Ryle of Liverpool; Archdeacon Taylor and Canon Woodward; Canon Christopher of Oxford; Preb. Webb-Peploe; Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., K.C.M.C., and others, all of whom are, or were, actively interested Vice-Presidents, are sufficient to indicate the present character of the Society's supporters. As to its agents, it may fairly be doubted whether in the whole kingdom a man more specially fitted for the post of Clerical and General Superintendent of the work could have been found than the Rev. Charles Wright, D.D., whose unselfish acceptance of this office, without regard to its probable consequences upon his prospects of well-deserved promotion, deserves the grateful recognition of all Protestants. The Executive Committee includes such well-tried men as Mr. W. J. Fraser, Chairman; Archdeacon Taylor, the Rev. W. R. Mowll, Rev. J. B. Barraclough, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Rev. Charles Neil, Rev. F. B. Johnston, Major G. H. Johnston, and many others. Mr. Walter A. Limbrick, the Sec-

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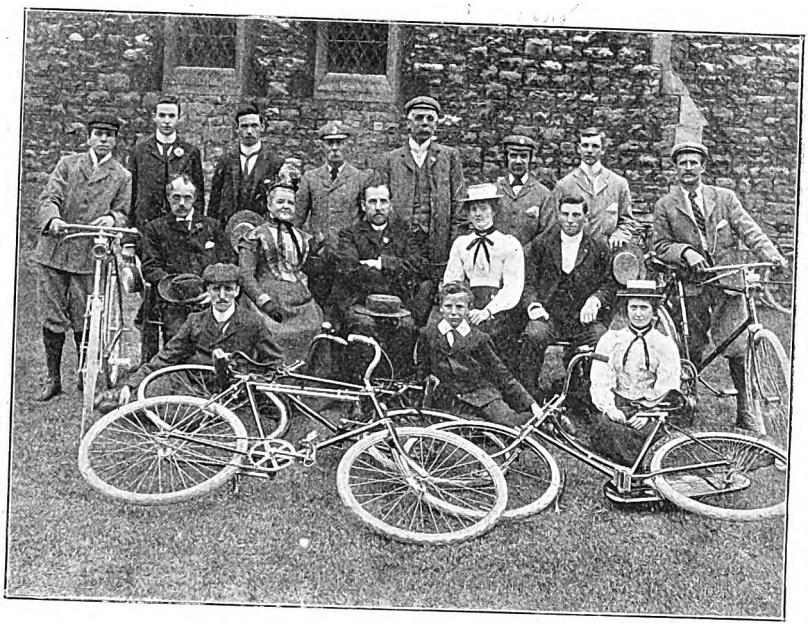
retary, belongs to the younger men of the Protestant party, and brings to his duties an intimate knowledge (so necessary in these times) of the detail of business matters gained during a long connection with an old and honourable City of London firm of merchants; and of all the Missionaries, and the Secretary for Oxford (Rev. C. J. Casher, B.D.) it may be justly said that they are not only trained for their work in the technical sense, but are specially fitted for it by spiritual sympathies and deep conviction. It would be impossible within the compass of an article like this to detail at length the Society's methods of operations. Stress should be laid, however, upon the fact that great importance is attached to the employment of only *trained* agents. Everyone who knows anything of the difficulties of controversy or of dealing with persons trained in the Romish faith, feels the necessity of employing only those who are quite familiar with the subtleties and arguments of that Church. Hence the P.R.S. requires its agents to be well trained in this direction. In former days agents were trained by the Rev. R. P. Blakeney, LL.D., and later by Canon Hobson, of Liverpool. At the present time preference is given to candidates who have been trained by the Irish Church Missions or the Irish Society, the character of whose work so nearly resembles that of this Society.



MR. H. WOLSTENHOLME AND THE WESTON-SUPER-MARE CYCLE MISSION BAND.
Photograph by T. J. Kerslake.

THE REV. DR. WRIGHT.
Clerical Superintendent of the Society.

The methods of operation in the mission centres vary with the different circumstances and needs of the locality. Generally speaking, the work is carried on under the supervision of a local committee and honorary superintendent, but close touch is maintained with the Parent Society. Monthly and quarterly reports, signed by the Local Superintendent, are regularly received at the London Office, which are carefully read and

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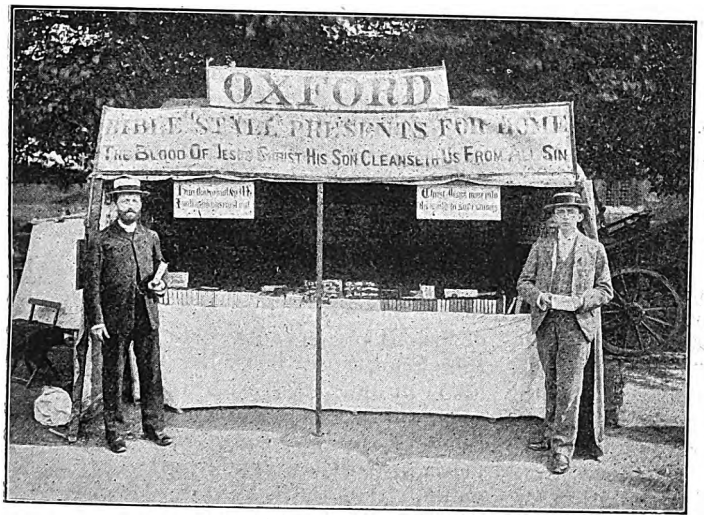

REV. C. J. CASHER, B.D., AND HIS BIBLE STALL AT OXFORD.

a cycle band, and the visitors by services on the sea front. In Hastings, St. Leonards and district, quite a network of Protestant educational classes effectively teach numbers of people; and at Mayfield, Tunbridge Wells, where there is a scattered population, clubs for boys—in which instruction is given with recreation—form a special feature. And all these are *in addition* to the regular work of meetings, domiciliary visitation, Bible-classes, discussions, lectures, and the like.

Nor should the direct work from the London office be overlooked. Every officer is on the Missionary staff and is actively engaged in its work. The special work of the Secretary supplies a distinct want. For years the teaching of Church history in a popular form has been monopolised by the High Church and Ritualistic party and it is to this department Mr. Limbrick has addressed himself. Aided by a fine apparatus, popular educational lantern lectures are given north, south, east, and west, with great acceptance. These regular efforts are supplemented from time to time with occasional lectures by eminent Protestant speakers. Special work at the Universities or training colleges for the clergy by Dr. Wright — grants of books to libraries, gifts of literature for distribution, the publication of a quarterly paper, the *Protestant Churchman*—and the frequent issue of new books, pamphlets, etc., are other features of the work. Tributes of warm approval are frequently received from those qualified to judge, and if space permitted, many such testimonies might be cited.

So far, we have dealt only with the past and the present, with the history and the work of this noble Society. We conclude with some observations upon its future and its needs. It cannot be doubted that with wise guidance and adequate support *the Society has before it a great future.* The gift of £250 per annum by an unknown clergyman through Canon Christopher, supplemented by generous help from other friends, made the important appointment of Dr. Wright as Superintendent practicable, and for this step in advance there is cause for thankfulness. But there is *much more* that needs to be done, and to be

MR. WALTER A. LIMBRICK.
The Secretary.

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done immediately. At Liverpool *four* missionaries could be well employed instead of one, as at present, and, for a population of 1,500,000 Roman Catholics, at least thirty or forty trained men should be available instead of twelve, as at present. The *Protestant Dictionary* now being prepared by the Society at great expense needs special help, but the truth is, the support given to the Society is miserably inadequate, and there is a strange apathy on the part of English Protestants with regard to their duty towards English Roman Catholics. A few statistics will vividly display the truth of the statements. In the province of Quebec there are 600,000 Roman Catholics out of a population of 1,500,000, *i.e.*, *less* than *one-half* the R.C. population of England, yet for the evangelisation of these, the PRESBYTERIANS ALONE maintain thirty-six mission fields with ninety preaching stations, a staff of sixty-seven active agents and two schools in which 4,000 French Canadians have been educated since 1880. The Irish Church Mission carries on its grand work amongst a population of about 3,000,000, *i.e.*, about double the R.C. population of England, and receives between £15,000 and £20,000 per annum for this purpose. As against this, the total income of the P.R.S. for the past two years, exclusive of a special legacy, has been only a little over £3,200 per annum. Is not this a grave reflection upon the Protestants of this wealthy land?

And surely there is no duty more apparent than that of sending the Gospel to the Romanist *in our midst!* With a steady income of only £7,000 per annum, the Society could do *much* to wipe out the present reproach. Who amongst the readers of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE will hearken to this call for help and service? Who will come forward to raise this Society to a worthy position amongst the Protestant Evangelical agencies of this country? We cannot do better than conclude this article with the words of two leaders in our religious life of to-day.

The Rev. Canon Christopher writes: "The usefulness of this Society, both as the *only* Mission to Roman Catholics in England, and also in its other work of the promotion of the Religious Principles of the Reformation, has been *greatly increased* during the last two years, through God's blessing on the able sermons, lectures, and literary efforts of its learned Clerical and General Superintendent, Dr. C. H. H. Wright. *I entreat* those who thank God for the Reformation, and desire to preserve its good fruits, to help this Society by large-hearted gifts, and also by moving, with the energy and hopefulness of faith and love, their friends to aid it to the utmost promptly at this crisis in the Church of England."

The Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A., Vicar of All Souls', Langham Place, says: "We welcome a Society like this, and I urge you to support it with your offerings. Let them be liberal. Buy this Society's literature, read its literature, understand these things that are talked about to-day. For, let me tell you, this battle between Popery and Protestantism is not a mere war about words which busy men, men who have to live their lives, can leave alone for mere theorists, it is a battle of life and death, it is a battle of freedom against tyranny."

Contributions will be most thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Society's Office, 62, Berners Street, London, W

[At this time, when Roman Catholic propaganda of every kind are seen so busily at work, the need for such a Society as the above is only too evident. The principles of the Reformation, on which war has been confessedly declared, even within the Established Church of England itself, need to be insisted on with positiveness carried to the point of dogmatism. There are many things which "do not matter," but the Romanising of our English Church, our theology, and our schools is not one of them. Help these people to carry on the war against it if you can.—ED.]

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A Record of Facts,
Principles, and Discoveries.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"That our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—**"Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us."**

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, or the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food**, rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System**, Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers ; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive ; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence ; enterprise and speculation have become less and less ; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the **"Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus."**

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly ; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the **"Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus"** has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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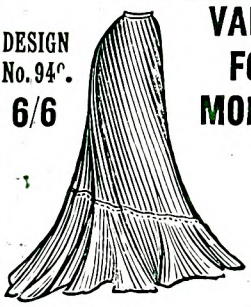

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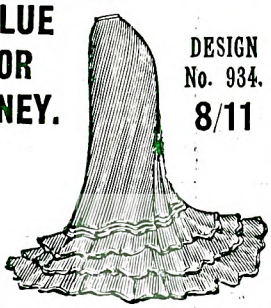

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IS THIS AN IMPRINT OF THE BODY OF OUR SAVIOUR OR NOT?

See Article Inside.

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Vol. 6. JUNE, 1902. No. 9.

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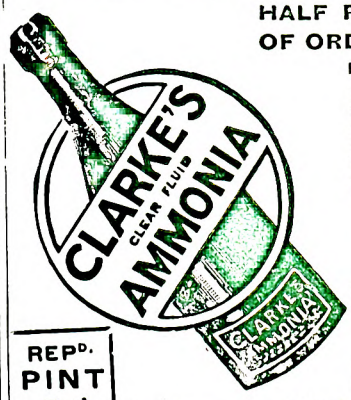

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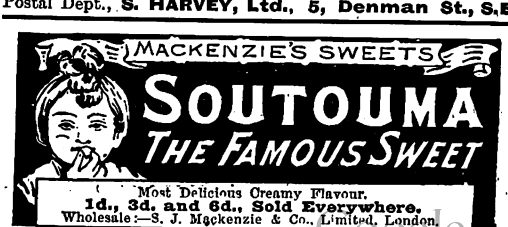

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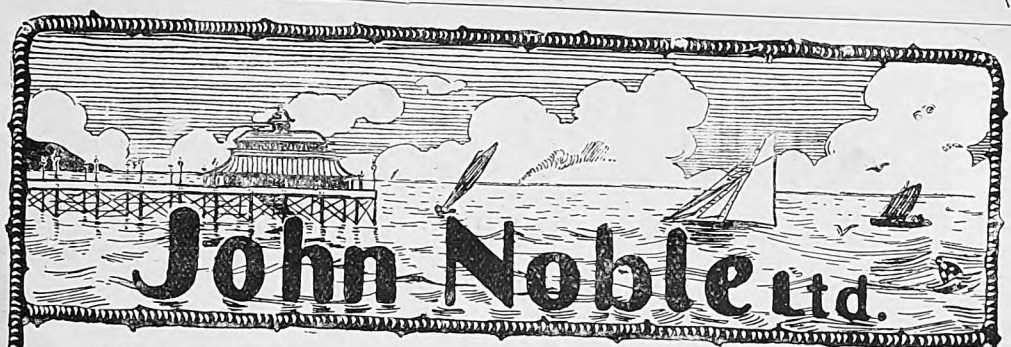

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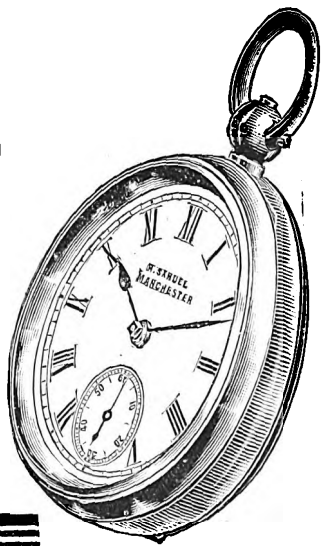

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(Miss) F. L——.

Derwent Street, Belper, Sept. 22nd.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to tell you that I am quite a new man altogether; I don't know myself. I have lost my cough, and my breathing is quite different altogether, and I am gaining flesh, for I have gained 7 lbs. in weight. I can walk up hills or anywhere now, and not take the slightest notice of it. It is only your remedies that have done it. I shall have another month's medicines in the course of a week or so.—Yours truly,

F. W. S——.

Long Lane, Aughton, Jan: 27th, 1902.

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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The Sacred Shroud.

THE existence of sacred relics, especially of those which have possessed, or are supposed to possess, wonderful healing powers to those who had faith in them, has always provided science with subject matter for scoffing. In fact the most dearly cherished beliefs of the Church have often been in opposition to the experimental observations of the scientific world. It therefore causes something like a thrill of curiosity, if nothing deeper, to find that to, at any rate, one branch of science, *i.e.*, photography, we are apparently indebted for a confirmation of some of the statements of Holy Writ with regard to the death and burial of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is now many hundreds of years since it was written by St. Matthew that "when Joseph had taken the body, *he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth.*" And by St. Mark that "Joseph bought fine linen, and took him down, and *wrapped him in the linen.*" And by St. John that "There came also Nicodemus which at the first came to Jesus by night, *and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes* about a hundred pound in weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and *wound it in linen clothes with the spices* as the manner of the Jews is to bury." The italicised portions call our attention to two facts: first, a linen shroud; second, the saturation of the shroud with aloes and myrrh and spices. In the old account these statements naturally passed as mere details, and although it was claimed that in the Cathedral of Turin the identical shroud itself was preserved, it was looked upon simply as a relic. But now science, in the shape of photography, has stepped in and revealed the fact that a veritable photographic impression has been left on the shroud by the presence of the sacred body of the Lord Jesus Christ. And science also undertakes to explain how that impression has been made. First of all, look at the fact of the impression being there.

The shroud itself is a yellow-coloured sheet of linen bearing certain reddish-brown stains, and was contained in an urn over the altar of Turin Cathedral. According to tradition it was venerated in Constantinople until 1205, when it disappeared, being recovered in 1353. In the fifteenth century it passed into the hands of the house of Savoy, and was deposited at Chambéry. Finally it was transferred in 1578 to its present resting place by Duke Emmanuel Philibert, who wished to spare Carlo Borromeo, the sainted Archbishop of Milan, the fatigue of a pilgrimage to its distant Savoyard shrine.

The stains have long been considered to represent an impression of Christ, but it had been almost forgotten when it was taken out of its reliquary in 1898, on the occasion of an Exhibition of Sacred Art. Then some photographs were specially taken by Signor Secondo Pia of Turin, and the negative on being developed showed the exact positive image of a corpse. The assertion led to a great deal of controversy. Some people contended that these extraordinary images were supernatural, while others declared they were nothing but common paintings dating from 1353. Eighteen months ago they came under the notice of M. Paul Vignon, doctor of science in Paris, and M. Colson, assistant professor at the Polytechnic School of Government Engineers and Artillery Officers, and they began a series of experiments, the result of which was communicated to the Academy of Sciences by Professor Yves Delage, the well-known zoologist and physicist. The apparent inference was that the marks on the shroud

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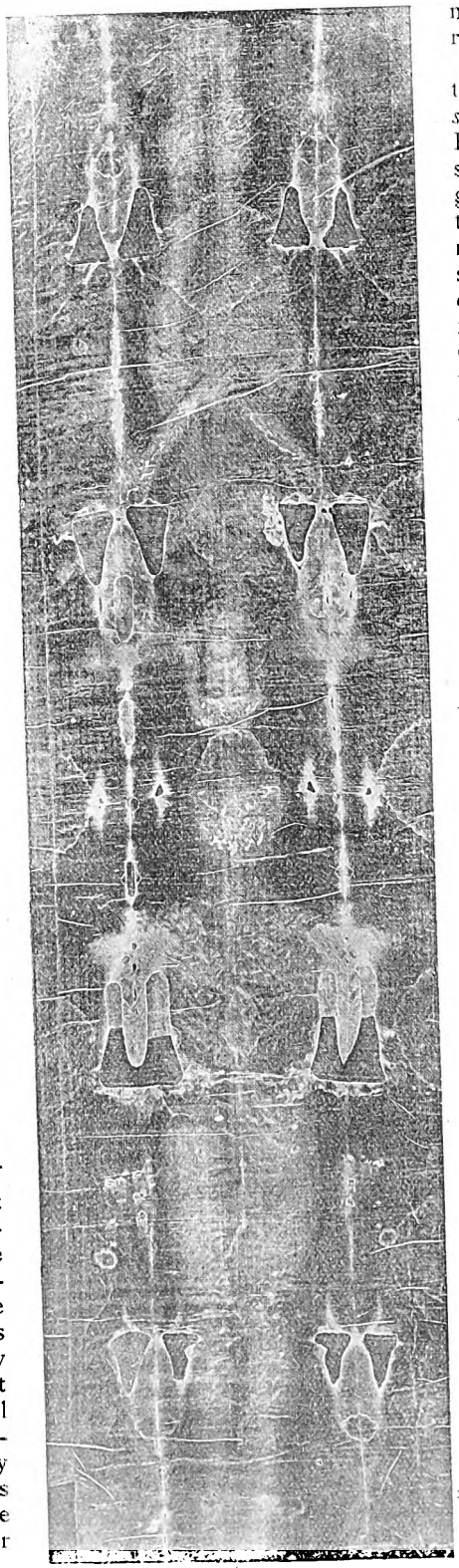
were themselves a negative imprint, and this remarkable fact led the investigators to begin researches. They found that the shroud bore a startlingly exact image of a dead body which had been nailed by the wrists and feet, had borne flagellation by Roman scourges weighted with lead, and had received a thrust in the side, while the head and face distinctly showed signs of wounds from thorns and of having been smitten.

As it had been suggested that they might have been common paintings transformed later on into negatives by a chemical action, he demonstrated that was impossible on the ground that no mediæval artist would have thought of attempting such a realistic presentment of a corpse, in which even the drops of blood were of the natural spherical shape. The communication to the Academy proceeds as follows:—

"Moreover, the images are infinitely superior from the anatomical point of view to anything that could have been produced in the Middle Ages, and they correspond to all the geometrical conditions of the marks. They consequently do not constitute a pictorial work. The winding-sheet has really preserved the marks of a body which bore the *stigmata*, or marks, of astonishing realism."



LOOK AT THIS, THEN TURN IT ROUND AND LOOK AT IT FROM THE TOP.

Dr. Vignon finds in the image all the *stigmata* of the Passion. He demonstrates by the photographs of the shroud that the body of the man buried in that shroud had worn a crown of thorns placed far back on the head. On the upper part of the forehead blood had flowed from several wounds, and trickled slowly down in a furrow to the eyebrow, where it had coagulated. Another photograph shows the traces of the scourging. The whips found at Pompeii would have produced wounds and lacerations of the form found on the shroud. The mark of the lance is there, and also the mark of the nails driven, not through the hands, as they are generally represented in pictures and on crucifixes, but through the wrists. The weight of the body would, in most cases, tear the hand. M. Rénan affirmed, in his "Life of Jesus," that, generally, when criminals were crucified, they were beaten astride on a piece of wood. All these marks are to be found reproduced on the shroud with surprising correctness and realism.

These, then, are the facts and now for the explanation. The problem was how could the image have been produced on the linen by natural causes. At this stage Dr. Vignon

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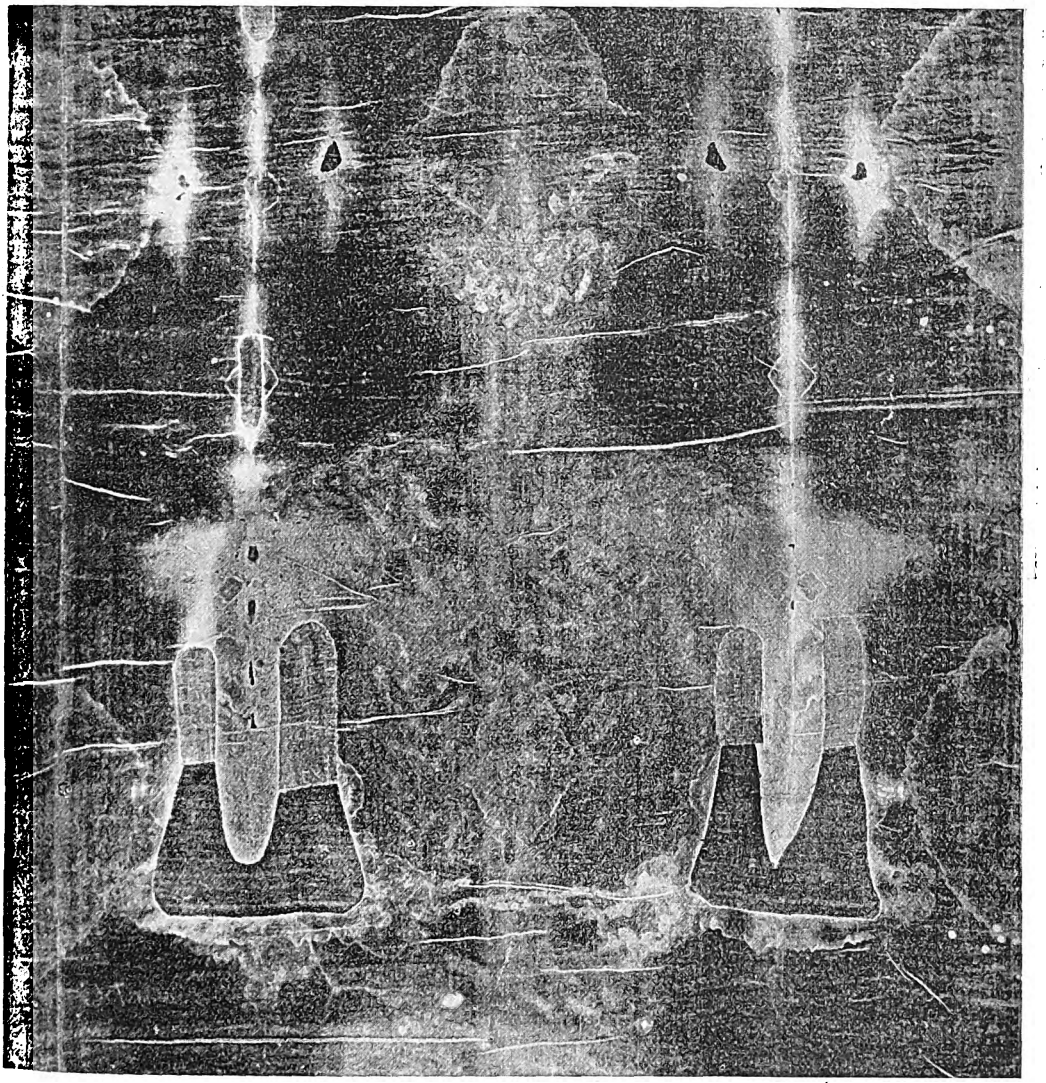
started certain experiments. He was given the clue to the solution of the problem by an experiment made by Commandant Colson, Professor at the Polytechnic School, who demonstrated the possibility of producing negative images by vapours capable of acting chemically on a suitable substance. He found that a corpse shortly after death emits ammoniacal vapours, and that the latter react chemically upon oil mixed with essence of aloes, the substance with which the shroud of Christ is recorded to have been impregnated.

Dr. Vignon proved that a linen sheet smeared with this oil will reproduce with the exactness of a photograph the imprint of a body, giving out the ammoniacal vapours which permanently dye the linen a reddish brown.

Proceeding, the writer of the paper maintains that there is a remarkable agreement with the historic circumstances of the burial. It was necessary the body should be neither washed, anointed, nor bound in winding sheets, and a perusal or the original text of the Gospel will show that it was thus. Finally, it was also necessary that the body should not have remained in the shroud sufficiently long



THE LACERATIONS OF THE BACK.

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THE IMPRESSION OF THE HEAD ENLARGED.

for it to decompose. Everyone, no matter what may be his religious opinion, says the communication, knows that on Easter Sunday the tomb was empty.

The French Academy of Sciences, while displaying the keenest interest in Professor Delage's communication, declined, on the ground that the matter was controversial, to follow his suggestion to appoint an official committee to inquire further into the question, and the *Times* wisely declines to discuss the validity of the shroud, but the *Lancet*, taking up the scientific study of the facts, says :—

"We have frequently recorded in our columns the fact deduced in an elaborate research by Dr. W. J. Russell, F.R.S., that almost all substances are able in the dark to act on the photographic plate and to produce a picture. The phenomenon would appear to be established always in the presence of an oxidising process, and Dr. Russell at length came to the conclusion that peroxide of hydrogen was the main factor concerned. In the case of the sheet in which tradition says that the dead Christ was wrapped, we have the analogue probably of a photographic plate or sensitised film. The cloth was impregnated with oils and aloes. It is well known that fixed oils are sensitive to oxidation and aloes contain constituents allied to the pyrogallic acid series, which would probably turn brown in the presence of an oxidising process. The action by which, therefore, the image of the dead Christ was recorded on the cloth would appear to be due to chemical change rather than to the effect of light. On this explanation an exact image, even to minute details such as wounds produced by the thorns and the marks of the blood drops and of flagellation by whips of a definite kind, is not by any means beyond the bounds of probability. It is an intensely remarkable and interesting instance of the light which the very latest developments of scientific search may throw on traditions and controversial matters in history. We are face to face undoubtedly with a set of new phenomena, giving distinct indications of the existence of emanations hitherto not recognised from both animate and inanimate bodies. The discovery of

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these emanations has been due to the fact that they affect the sensitised silver film, but there is no doubt that there is a very large number of substances also which are affected in a similar way, though not to the same degree as silver in the presence of albuminous substances. Natural photographs appear on all sides, as is proved by the simple experiment of placing an opaque object on grass or on fresh gravel exposed to the light. An exact outline of the shape of the object will be found on removing it after a time. The property of radio-activity is different, the substance in this case actually emitting radiations itself. The images due to the emanation of vapour are yet another but not less interesting phenomenon, as is abundantly manifested in the case of the traditional winding sheet of Christ."

Now for the objections. First, there is the historical objection to the authenticity of the shroud itself raised by Father Thurston, of Farm Street Church. He notes that the Abbé Ulysse Chevalier claims to have proved to demonstration that the winding sheet is a spurious relic manufactured in the fourteenth century. The abbé is a scholar of distinction, and of his perfect loyalty to the Catholic Church there can be no possible question. The Jesuit organ, *Analecta Bollandiana*, states that the abbé's discussion of the subject is final, and that "it only remains to declare 'with a clear and unmistakeable voice,' as Pope Clement VII. declared it, that 'this figure . . . is not from the true sweat of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

It is affirmed, too, that the story of the "image of the shroud" given by Geoffroy de Lirey to the college founded by him in 1353 is not lost in the mist of ages, and does not happen to present any of those obscurities by which the historian who wishes to impart his own laboriously-acquired conviction to others must at times find himself baffled. We have, for instance, the document addressed to the Pope by Bishop Peter d'Arcis, in which he denounces the fraudulent dealing of the Chapter of Lirey, who for motives of avarice pretended that miracles were worked by this shroud, whereas his predecessor in the see of Troyes had officially investigated the matter and proved it to be a forgery. The Avignon Pope, Clement VII., permitted the exposition of the winding sheet on condition that it should be explained to the people that it is not the real shroud but a devotional representation of it.

Father Thurston concludes: "We are not, of course, in any way bound to believe that those responsible for the subsequent veneration of this alleged relic have been guilty of conscious fraud. Just as in the case of so many facsimiles of the Holy Veils, what was in the first instance a mere copy for devotional purposes has come in time to figure as an original—the wish, no doubt, being father to the thought, but probably without any deliberate insincerity."

Scientific objections have also been raised, for instance:—

M. Roux asked Dr. Vignon why he had not attempted a decisive experiment with a whole body obtained from an anatomical institution. Dr. Vignon replied that he had thought of doing this, but he had at present been unable to do so on account of the difficulty of obtaining a body which united the necessary special conditions.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Illustrated London News*, also says:—

"Those who have followed Dr. Russell's experiments on photographing in the dark will remember that he demonstrated the possibility of an imprint being left on a sensitive plate through contact with any object from which peroxide of hydrogen was evolved. There is, of course, no parallelism between a linen shroud and a sensitised plate, but it might probably be argued that science has not yet exhausted all the possibilities whereby an imprint might even be left upon the former in virtue of certain purely chemical reactions. There is nothing known in photographic science which can lend countenance to the notion that the shroud at Turin, acting as a 'plate,' received a negative imprint thereon. As for a photograph of the shroud developing a positive imprint of the body enclosed in it, this is equally inexplicable, unless we are to translate the description as meaning that on a photograph of the shroud there came out markings or appearances suggestive of the configuration of a human body. This, of course, is a very different thing from the assumption that an actual negative photographed on the shroud was reproduced in the photographic obverse. Several things concerning the Turin shroud incident need investigation: chiefly one point of extreme importance,

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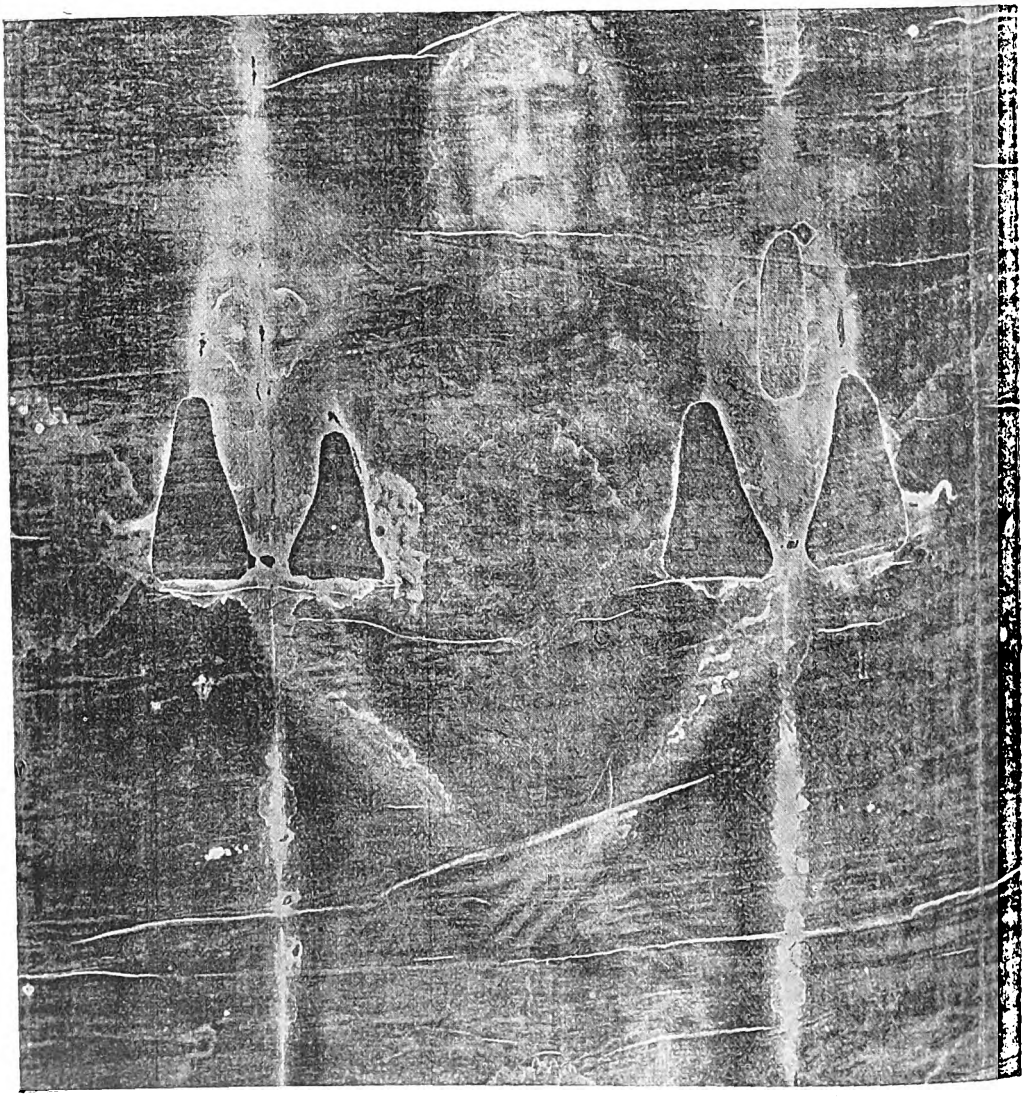
which appears to constitute 'the little rift within the lute' in the case of Dr. Vignon's experimentation. As we have seen, he demands the existence of ammoniacal vapours proceeding from the body enrolled in the sheet as a condition for the reproduction of its imprint. Ammonia is one of the products of animal putrefaction and decay. As it is an accepted dogma of the Christian religion that the Saviour's body suffered no decay, it may be interesting to learn whence the ammoniacal vapours, postulated by the French *savant* as the cause of the imprint on the Turin shroud, could have been derived. It has been suggested that the ammoniacal odours could have arisen from the sweat of the body enclosed in the shroud. Perspiration is a more or less evanescent secretion, and that the small amount of ammonia which might be contained in the skin-products could assist in producing an exact reproduction of the body, is, to my mind, almost inconceivable. Be that as it may, the whole case rests on unverified experiment."

We have submitted the photographs to our readers to give them an opportunity of judging for themselves.

EDITOR.



THE UPPER PORTION ENLARGED.

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How the GERMANS took LONDON

An Imaginative Sketch that might be Realistic.

Extracts from "THE DAILY SIGNAL."

Wednesday, May 23rd.

A RUMOUR is current in the City that some thousands of German clerks have been warned by their Government to hold themselves in readiness to return to their country for military service.

It is further stated that they will be enabled to give their employers a week's notice. Naturally, various comments are being made as to the necessity for such a step.

Thursday, May 24th.

A definite step has been taken by the German authorities which now confirms the rumour referred to in our columns yesterday respecting the German clerks, etc., employed in London. It seems that the directors of certain railways have been notified that a large number of trains will be required for taking several thousand passengers to Harwich and Tilbury.

They have, however, fortunately for us, been given to understand that they will be required to take this heavy traffic in hand on a Sunday, the German Government not being willing to seriously interfere with the important City traffic arrangements, more than is absolutely possible.

It also transpired in the City that the German authorities had given orders for all the excursionist steamers they have chartered to rendezvous at Tilbury, so it is supposed they wish to have these vessels in readiness to fetch over some of the German clerks that will be leaving London, and it is now supposed that we may expect to hear at any moment that these men have received instructions to hand in their week's notice.

Naturally, great jubilation exists among City clerical circles; higher wages, more employment, and a good time generally are looked forward to; but, for a time, some disorganisation will naturally exist, and there is a disposition to feel grateful for the week's notice that has been promised.

May 26th.

News has reached us from Harwich that several German officers have been staying at Parkeston for the past few days, presumably for the purpose of completing arrangements as to the embarkation of the small army of clerks from London that will be returning to take up military duties in the Fatherland.

They have been enjoying themselves when at leisure by exchanging civilities with local military officials, and they take daily excursions into the country. Some of them have hired a couple of motors and get almost half over the country between daylight and dark. It is said that they have made arrangements for large supplies of food stuffs to be sent into the town for the "emigrants" when they arrive from London on Sunday, and the

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local farmers and cattle dealers have been doing good business.

The German ironclad "Fürst" has arrived at Sheerness, and is taking in coal.

The "Kaiserin," a German cruiser, is now off Gravesend, and, judging by appearances, is very fully manned.

The German man-o'-war "Berlin" appeared to-day off Portsmouth and took up her anchorage, after exchanging the customary salutes. A couple of torpedo boats are with her.

The destroyer "Teufel," flying the German flag, and two torpedo boats are now lying off Portland. Officers coming ashore have been enquiring for coal.

Two German torpedo boats have just arrived at Southampton, and are expected to remain several days.

Saturday, June 2nd.

It is stated that at the very last moment the Germans leaving London to-morrow have been instructed to provide themselves with railways rugs, overcoats, and provisions for two days, the reasons given for this being that, as a large number are expected to be leaving London, some delay may take place in entraining and embarkation, and being Sunday, when hotels, inns, etc., will be closed for the greater part of the day, the travellers will not be entirely dependent upon outside sources for sustenance.

Some comment has been made on the local cattle market at Chelmsford to-day respecting two strangers who made large purchases of fat and store stock. It turns out that they were also at Romford on Wednesday, and effected large purchases of fat stock quite early in the morning, and before the usual buyers were in attendance. Some of these found themselves awkwardly situated when they found their usual source of supply interfered with in this way. It seems they paid in each case with Bank of England notes, and what caused some surprise was the fact that all their Chelmsford purchases were sent upon the Southend road in charge of the usual drovers attending the market, and their instructions were to get them as far as Rochford. Some are wondering if the two parties in question will continue their buying at Colchester to-morrow.

PARLIAMENTARY COLUMN.

Saturday.

An hon. Baronet enquired if the Government were prepared with the terms of peace to be offered to the State of Uliska, as it would appear that recent developments had now brought the early termination of the war within the region of practical politics.

A Member of the Government, on rising to reply to the hon. Member, was noticed to be very ill at ease, as if somewhat disconcerted by the query addressed to him, and it was some time before he seemed to strike the line of his reply. He commenced by stating that all the Members of the House—he might say both Houses and include the country generally—were more or less surprised at the duration of this war with Uliska, and at the greatly unexpected loss to us both of valuable lives and money. He would not recapitulate all the advantages now known to have accrued to us, but would go straight to the point at issue. Well, in this case, when there was every probability of war breaking out, certain pourparlers were addressed to us by two of the European powers—one in particular—he need not mention names—[shouts of "Germany, Germany"]—as to the line we proposed to take when it came to discussing the terms of peace.

We were practically given to understand that annexation pure and simple would not be tolerated.

As the situation had now dawned upon everyone, and Members were excitedly whispering in knots of twos and threes all over the House, exclamations of "I told you so," "Just what they expected in the City," were distinctly audible in the Press gallery, and when at last the hon. Member was allowed to proceed he was evidently labouring under great emotion, and continuing, he said, "Well, I can only warn hon. Members and the country generally not to expect too much. Practically our hands are tied, and we shall not therefore be able to reap the full benefits of our very costly victories."

Here the hon. Member resumed his seat, and then the commotion was something to be remembered. The House got completely out of hand. The sense of humiliation was so great that it was impossible to restore order for several

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THE EXODUS OF GERMAN EMPLOYEES FROM FENCHURCH STREET.

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minutes. The Speaker was greatly distressed.

At last another hon. Member rose to speak, and quiet was temporarily assured, and he proceeded.

"With all due respect to the feelings of the hon. Member, I feel that I must still inquire if the Government has reason to suppose that the general exodus of Germans now about to take place has any connection with the coming crisis so explicitly referred to by the last speaker."

Now, it is passing strange what an extraordinary effect this question had upon the House. No one else had given the matter a thought in connection with this state of affairs, and each Member sat silently endeavouring to think the matter out for himself.

From a Sunday Paper, Sunday, June 3rd, 1902.

On making final inquiries at the War Office last night for the latest news from the front, information was conveyed to the effect that communication with Uliska was entirely suspended for the time being, and no accountable reason for this was forthcoming; but a terrible uneasiness existed when, after fruitless efforts, it was found utterly impossible to get into touch with Uliska by any single route. A theory existed that a terrible earthquake had taken place, dislocating all the cables along the coast. This, under the circumstances, was the most comforting explanation suggested, and the majority were disposed to accept this as the true state of affairs, but terrible excitement was caused when it became generally known at the West End clubs. Fortunately Sunday intervenes, or something like a panic might ensue with the public in its present state of mind.

Special Edition—Sunday.

Startling information is supplied by the Central News Agency. At the present moment England is entirely isolated from the outside world. Not a single cablegram can be sent from this country in any one direction. It is supposed that some foreign Power, or combination of foreign Powers, has secured the control of all the cables, and severed connection with this country for the time being. The West End—where by some means the news has already become generally known—is in a state of unparalleled excitement, and all sorts of rumours are afloat.

Many personages of high authority were astir in the early hours of the morning, but nothing has been allowed to transpire.

The City.

The exodus of Germans commenced soon after the railway officials had disposed of their ordinary Saturday night's traffic. It soon became evident that the company were in for a very big thing, as ever since eleven o'clock in the evening a steady flow of emigrants had set in, some thousands of whom were making their way to Fenchurch Street and some to London Bridge, but by far the greater number were congregating at Liverpool Street, the authorities responsible for the exodus having at the last moment accepted the hint and provided a number of steamers to take some of the crowd to Tilbury by water.

Extra Special Edition—Sunday Afternoon.

A rumour is current that a full Cabinet Council is now sitting, and that, in addition to the members of the Cabinet and Defence Committee, the Commander-in-Chief and other high officials from the War Office and Admiralty have been seen quietly making their way there, and that in consequence a crowd is gradually growing.

The City.

It would seem that natural curiosity induced many thousands of people to make their way to the City in the hope of seeing what was going on at the railway stations. This was particularly noticeable towards the afternoon, when all sorts of rumours were floating about. However, they were doomed to disappointment, as the precautions taken by the police effectually prevented the passing of any but those who could show an occasion for entering the City.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

Ministers having retired to their residences after an anxious and trying week, one of them was exceedingly astonished to have the German Ambassador announced about eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, with a request for an immediate interview. A sense of terrible foreboding oppressed him, and on entering the room

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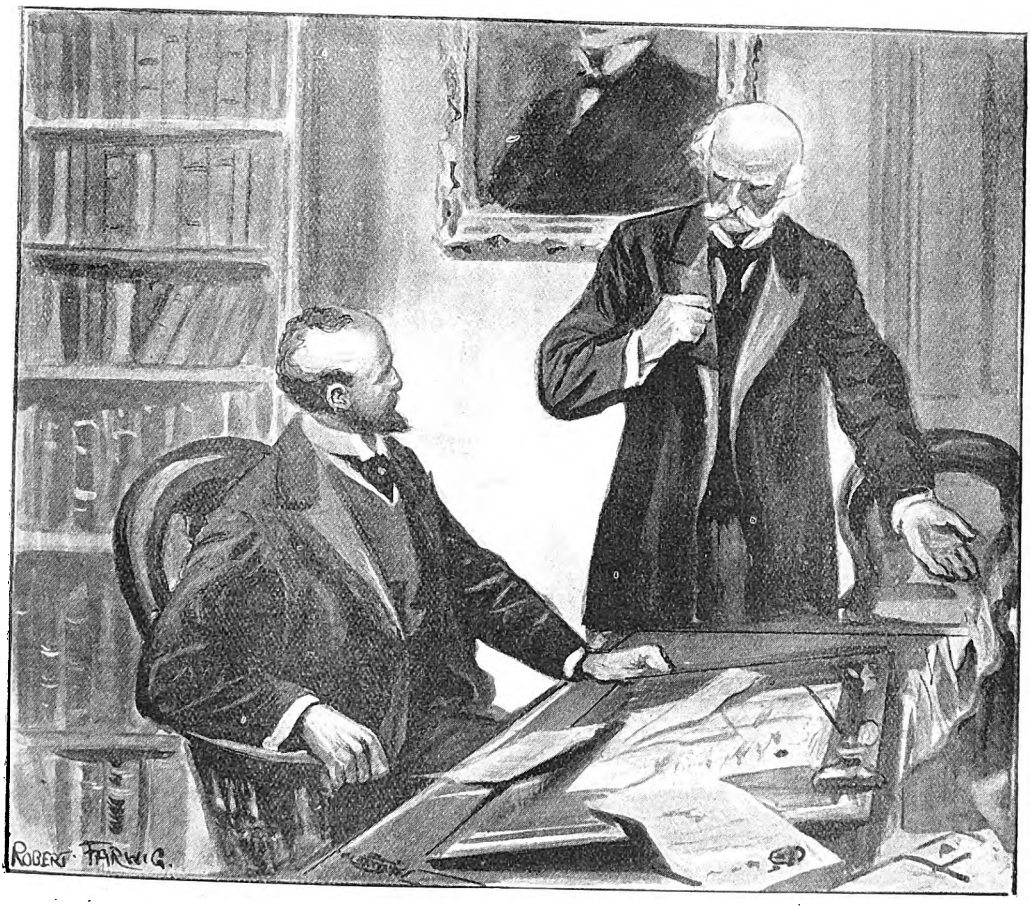

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR DECLARES WAR TO THE MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

he was evidently ill at ease. The German Ambassador also showed great agitation, overcome with the terrible shock he was about to give—and a shock it proved to be, when he handed him the following declaration :—

"*From Herr Von ——, as representing Germany. To the Right Hon. ——, as representing Great Britain and Ireland.*

"GREETING.—Whereas we well know an agreement was entered into by our respective Governments having regard to the terms of peace to be submitted by his Majesty's Government to the State of Uliska, and now it having become clear that the subjects of his most gracious Majesty King Edward will not allow their Government to carry out the terms of the contract entered into by our respective Governments, I am commanded to make a formal declaration of war against England and her Colonies, which is to take effect from twelve midnight this 3rd day of June, 1902."

Some seconds elapsed before the English Minister realised the situation; yet, after the Ambassador had taken his departure, the Minister took instant action to communicate with the other members of the Cabinet, and, engaging a special train, travelled rapidly to town. This, of course, took up two or three hours, and it was getting well on towards Sunday morning before some half-dozen of his confrères could reach Arlington Street. Of course, it was not long before they desired to get in touch with the Fleets, and then they saw the significance of the report concerning cable communications. These were found to be still defective. Suddenly an incident relating to a signal-book "missing" occurred to their minds, and then it dawned upon them that the enemy might also be in posses-

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sion of their private "Cipher" Code, in which case, as they controlled the cables, all sorts of fictitious messages might be despatched, sending the fleets and vessels on the wildest of wild-goose chases—even, possibly, causing them to take steps that would land them forthwith in another war with France or Russia; perhaps both.

The terrible danger of their position, and their utter helplessness was overwhelming, but it was deemed advisable not to let the real state of affairs become known until Monday, fearing an onslaught might be made upon the poor German clerks who were at that time rapidly leaving the City (as they supposed) and they would be wanting full control of the railways.

It afterwards transpired that in course of conversation with a British Minister—who was prostrate and all but speechless with astonishment—the German Ambassador had suggested that as arrangements had been made to embark his countrymen who were leaving London as rapidly as possible, steps should not be taken to interfere with these—at present innocent of the true state of affairs—or at any rate proper care should be taken to afford them protection. Sunday had been fixed for the transit out of consideration to the railway authorities and the convenience of the British public.

We know now how the bait was taken.

Copy of notice mysteriously posted to the country police authorities in the districts bordering on the Great Eastern and London, Tilbury, and Southend Railways, and received at all the Metropolitan Police Stations by the first post on Monday morning:—

"Whereas it will become known that war has been declared against the people of this country by Germany, and that for the time being the two railways have been seized by German troops, the police forces, both town and country, now under control of his Majesty's Government, are expressly advised to warn the inhabitants under their control or protection not to approach the railways in question, or in any way to interfere with the rails, wires, or traffic under the penalty of being shot on sight.

"The police authorities will be allowed full scope to exercise their usual functions and, in fact, are invited to do so, and while acting in this way they will be treated as non-combatants; but they, in common with other inhabitants, must take heed as to approaching or to interfering with the said railways in any way.

"Any interference with his Imperial Majesty's forces by non-combatants—*i.e.*, unattached or non-uniformed troops—will be instantly and severely punished (the penalty for firing on troops by non-combatants is death), and a severe lesson will be dealt out to the inhabitants of any town or village sanctioning or assisting in an attack of any sort.

"All stores or supplies requisitioned will be paid for.

"(Signed)

"COUNT HERBERT VON KRIEG,

"Commanding the Invading Forces."

(*To be continued.*)

☞ **See Next Issue for Startling and Thrilling War Events.**

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A Costly Experiment.

"GOOD-BYE, then, dear," and for the second time the minister lingeringly kissed his wife. She looked at him perkily, as in the old college days, when that same coquettish look took his fancy, and replied—

"Now, John, don't put yourself into a fever, or you will spoil everything by your nervousness. Just act as if you were in your own place, and you will preach as well as anyone they are likely to hear. Good-bye, dear."

The 'bus drove up to the manse, and the Rev. John Stanley took his departure to preach at the flourishing church of Adnell, in Birmingham, then without a pastor. There was no telling what might occur as the result, so the good man had been in a state of expectation and restlessness ever since he had received the offer of a Sunday there. The church was a great way off from his own home, necessitating a journey to London, even before he could get a train for the great Midland city to which he was bound. On alighting at Liverpool Street he found, to his disgust, that he would have to cross London in a heavy storm. He looked somewhat ruefully at his boots, which were too thin to resist the damp long, but making up his mind for the inevitable, he strode rapidly the not inconsiderable distance to the tram which would take him from Finsbury to St. Pancras. Trams were cheap, and if nothing came from his visit, it would be as well not to have spent money on a cab. But other persons beside the minister were bent upon the cheap trams, and being Saturday afternoon, crowds were leaving the City, so that in a downpour of rain he had to wait his chance. By the time that he had arrived at St. Pancras, what with the damp, the sharp east wind, and the fact that he had only been able to procure a draughty seat close to the door, he felt thoroughly chilled. He was not by any means a strong man, and the exposure found him out. To his great annoyance he discovered, as he sat down at supper-time with his host, that a cold was putting in evidence of its presence.

"I am afraid you are not very well," observed Mrs. Langton, his hostess, noticing the slight hacking cough. Anxiously he hurried to assure her he was never better. He felt it would not do to make any fuss on an occasion like this. If he should produce any impression that he was delicate, it would be all over with his chances. During supper he partook heartily of the substantial meal set before him, thinking it was better to observe the good old maxim, to "feed a cold and starve a fever." But in the night he paid for it. A severe pain in his left side, catching his breath, attacked him, and made him sleep a fitful, troubled sleep. In the morning he felt terribly ill, all his bones seemed aching, but with sheer force of will he managed to appear quite bright and cheery in conversation. He joked with the children, and kept them all lively by the stories he told. "He is quite an interesting companion," said his hostess to her husband. "If he *preaches* as well as he talks, I should think he'll do. He's very different from Mr. Fletcher, our old minister."

And *preach* he did. Although he felt himself almost disabled by the terrible stabbing pain in his left side, and somehow felt unable to draw a deep breath, still he struggled on, for was not his future and that of his wife and children dependent upon it? After the service

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there were many congratulations, and the Sunday-school superintendent invited him to visit and address the school in the afternoon. He would have liked to refuse, but he dared not. Yet, as he walked from the school in the afternoon his breath was so laboured that he wondered how he should get through the service at night. A cup of tea somewhat revived him, and

IN VAIN HIS WIFE STROVE TO SOOTHE HIM.

earnestly asking strength for the task, he fought his way through the final service, and without a doubt produced a great impression. But the strain was too great, and feeling as if he would fall off his seat, he at last excused himself to his host on the ground of being tired, and withdrew for the night, but first of all running out ostensibly to place a letter in the post-box, and seizing the opportunity to call into a chemist's and get some mustard leaves. These he applied to his side now and again through the night, but with little success. He *stole* about his room, making very little sound lest it should be noticed, and so the night passed slowly enough in agony. In the morning he was surprised to see the colour of his face—it was a bright scarlet—and finding himself so thirsty, he concluded he had a terribly feverish cold. He left by the earliest train he could conveniently catch, and making the best of his way home, no sooner got into his own dining-room than he surprised his wife by fainting right away. The indomitable will was conquered. The doctor soon diagnosed his illness as an attack of pneumonia. "There is no telling how this will end, Mrs. Stanley," said he; "his temperature is very high, and the inflammation most acute. We will do our best, though."

For a fortnight the minister battled for his life, and then emerged from the Valley of the Shadow weak as a babe. In his delirium he had prattled ceaselessly of the church. Sometimes with wild, staring eyes he said to his wife:

"Isn't to-day Saturday? The church meeting was Thursday night. There ought to be a letter! Ah, that's the post. Run, dear. Oh, if I only get it!"

In vain his wife strove to soothe him. Not till he regained consciousness did the mind cease to relieve its anxieties by these babblings.

Three weeks after, when he was convalescent, the invitation came which meant so much to them all.

"Ah, wifie. It was worth it, wasn't it?" he said.

"No," she answered, severely, "it was *not*. You might have left us altogether. And if only I have you, my darling, I'd willingly be as poor as a church mouse."

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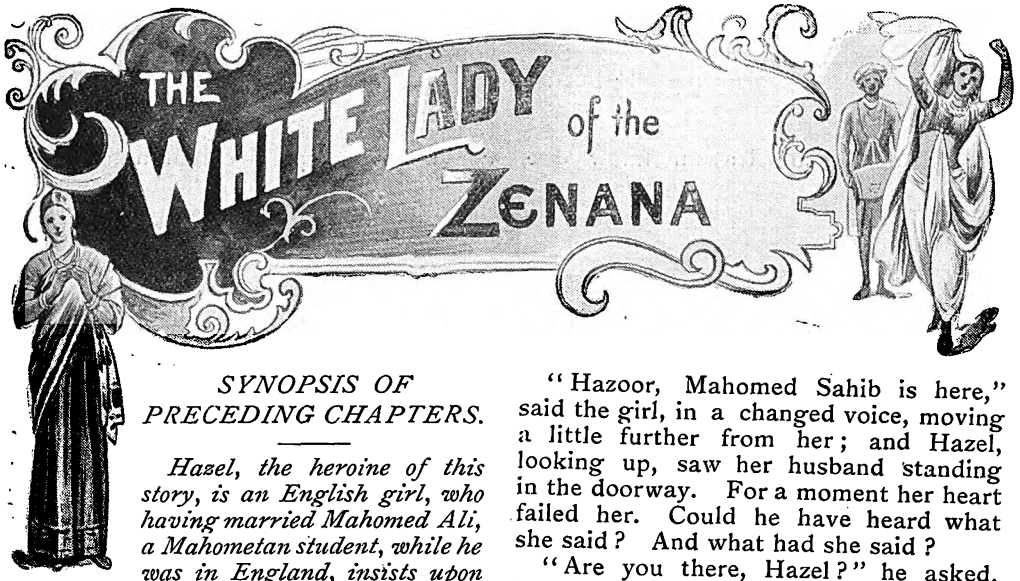

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahometan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!"

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, Taj Bee! Quickly! Tell me what it is?" gasped Hazel.

"Is your foot well enough now to walk far, Hazoor—to run if they come after us?" Taj Bee asked.

"Yes, yes! it is quite well," Hazel answered, breathless with excitement. "What is your plan? Make haste and tell me quickly."

"Hazoor, Mahomed Sahib is here," said the girl, in a changed voice, moving a little further from her; and Hazel, looking up, saw her husband standing in the doorway. For a moment her heart failed her. Could he have heard what she said? And what had she said?

"Are you there, Hazel?" he asked, looking out into the darkness.

"Yes, I am here," she answered, going slowly to meet him, without any demonstration of welcome.

"How are you, dear?" he said, taking her hand, "I hope your ankle is much better."

"Thank you, it is still rather painful, and I cannot use it much," she answered, by a sudden inspiration.

He helped her back to her chair with tender solicitude and sat down beside her.

"I am afraid you will miss Kair Unissa," he said, "she was here a good deal with you, wasn't she?"

"She was here a good deal, certainly," said Hazel dryly, "but I do not know that I shall miss her very much. We could hardly have very much in common, you know. I was not brought up in a zenana."

"I thought perhaps you would like to have a friend to stay here with you for a little while," he said.

"I have no friends in this country," she answered shortly.

"A companion, I ought to have said," he corrected himself, "a young girl of your own age who would be bright and pleasant and keep you from being dull here all by yourself, now Kair Unissa is gone. One of my father's friends has to go to Bombay on business, and he has an only daughter whom he does not want to take with him, so we thought it might be

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pleasant for you to have her to stay with you till her father comes back to Madras."

While he was speaking, with a sudden shock the truth flashed upon Hazel. She almost cried out, "Aziz Unissa!" but by a tremendous effort she controlled herself and stopped the words upon her tongue; it would be fatal to betray any knowledge that had come to her through Taj Bee. But her voice shook a little as she answered: "It was very kind of you to think of it, Ali; but I am really not at all dull, and I would very much rather not have anyone here. You see we have only this one room, and I think it is pleasanter to keep it to ourselves."

"She will have Kair Unissa's room, of course. I never thought of her coming in here to disturb you. But I hope, dear, you will try and be kind to her, and let her come in here sometimes to be with you," he said.

Hazel was nearly suffocated with indignation. Nothing but the hope inspired by Taj Bee's whisper of a plan of escape could have kept her indignation from bursting forth. But she held it down and asked indifferently:

"Is it really settled that she is to come? Because if she is only coming on my account, I would much rather not have her."

"I am afraid it is settled," Mahomed answered, and there was a note of relief

HE SAT DOWN BESIDE HER.

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in his voice. Hazel had evidently not understood the true inwardness of his proposition. "My father saw his friend Sultan Mirza Kahn this evening, and invited him to send his daughter here, when he leaves Madras."

"When does he leave?" asked Hazel.

"Oh, not for a week or so, I think. I do not know the exact date yet myself, but I daresay I shall hear to-morrow." He put out his hand to take hers, and she dared not refuse. Her mind was too bewildered for the moment for her to know what line of action to take, but she felt that in any case she must not commit herself till she had talked to Taj Bee on this new development. So she accepted his caresses with a little less coldness than she had shown him in their later interviews.

He was graver and more quietly tender than she had ever seen him, and she noted, with something like a pang of regret, how much he had lost of the youthful brightness she remembered in London. After all, she had loved him once, and she had been very happy with him in the early days of her marriage. He was soft and peace-loving and submissive as the men of his warlike race have become in the enervating softness of the climate of Southern India. And to-night, at any rate, she was disposed to blame his father rather than himself for driving him into a course he would never have entered upon of his own accord. Perhaps if she had understood the conditions better, and been kinder and more gentle to him in the first days of her coming to his father's house he would have withstood his father for her sake. But she had drawn away from him in her first disappointment and resentment, and left him to stand alone. And now an evil thing had come upon them both. So she meditated within herself, sitting with her hand in his, out there on the terrace, in the balmy hush of the evening, with the soft perfumes of the garden beneath wafted up to them on every breeze.

She would have been glad if he had left her then, so that she could consult Taj Bee, but he stayed that evening, and nearly the whole of the next day; it was not till the late afternoon that he went downstairs for a little while, presumably on business connected with this new marriage. Then she was able to call Taj Bee to her counsels.

"Why did you not tell me what they were saying downstairs?" she asked, looking with some suspicion on her handmaiden.

"About Aziz Unissa Begum, Hazoor?" said the girl. "No one knew anything about it until last night. Sultan Mirza Kahn came yesterday; but he comes often, and the Nabob talked long with Mahomed Sahib afterwards; but he has talked many times about this marriage, as I told your Honour. Last night the Nabob told the big Begum that my lord had consented; Ameeda Bee was there, behind the charfroy, and she heard him, and this morning she told me. Before that I knew nothing. What did my lord say, Hazoor?"

"He said only that a young lady was coming here to be a companion for me, and he said her father was Sultan Mirza Kahn, and then I knew," answered Hazel.

"And what did you say, Begum Sahib?" the slave asked, with evident anxiety.

"I said nothing. He does not know that I have ever heard of Aziz Unissa."

"The Begum guides herself with wisdom," said Taj Bee, approvingly. "He must not know that Taj Bee has told you anything, or he will take me away from your service, and then I cannot help you. They will begin soon the marriage ceremonies, and Mahomed Sahib will be much away, but we must be very careful for a little while. I shall hear the servants talking, and we shall know all their counsel."

"You said you had found a way of escape. Tell me what it is before Mahomed Sahib comes back."

"It is this, Hazoor. You have seen when the ladies come here to visit the Begum, they bring many strange servants with them; and when they go away, one goes before and cries: "Gosha! Gosha!" to the men, so that they shall all go away out of the path of the ladies. Downstairs there is a little room on the side verandah and there the ladies wait, till they get into their carriages, and all their faces are covered with the thick sheets, and no one looks towards them. This is my plan, Hazoor. You will put on a servant's dress; I will get the stuff in the bazaar and make it, and when the ladies come down from their visit to the Begum, you and I will go with them to the little door. No one will look at us; when they

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are getting into their carriage we will walk down the path very quietly to the gate, and if they see us, they will think we are servants going to the bazaar. They do not know all the servants of the Begum, or who is Gosha, and who goes to the bazaar. I will get some walnut juice for the feet of your Honour, and your face and hands, and nobody will look twice."

Hazel bent down and kissed the girl, in a passion of gratitude. "You are a clever girl, Taj Bee!" she said. "We must go before Aziz Unissa comes into the house."

"Yes, Hazoor. It is no use to wait for that; it would make it more difficult if there were more women about to watch us. They do not watch you now so much—they think you are tired of trying to get out. Since the wedding they do not suspect you so much, because you did not try to talk to any of the English folk. But they must not think you know about this new marriage and are angry because of it. And do not tell anyone that your foot is well, Hazoor, but go limping still, that they may think you cannot walk quickly."

"GOSHA! GOSHA!"

"Here, Taj Bee, quickly; take one of my rings to sell in the bazaar—you will want money to buy the dress and the walnut-juice and things," Hazel said, slipping off one of the many rings from her finger.

They are not scrupulous in the bazaar; Taj Bee would be able to sell it easily enough, without any questions being asked of how she came by it.

Before they could say any more, Mahomed Ali came back; more grave and sad than before, it seemed to Hazel. But she herself was bright and almost gay, with the best hope she had had yet of making her escape.

Mahomed was much with her in those days, but whenever he left her, she went and sat in the old Begum's room, that she might not miss any visitor that came, and that Taj Bee might hear all the gossip that went on among the Begum's servants.

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"I have got the dress all ready," Taj Bee told her one day; "but we cannot go yet, while Mahomed Sahib comes so much to the zenana; he might send for you, and miss you before we had got safely outside the gate."

"I must be gone before that other woman comes," Hazel answered; "whatever happens I will not sleep under the same roof with Aziz Unissa."

But this feeling was beyond Taj Bee's comprehension. "My lord has greater love for your Honour than for her," she remarked timidly. "And if you love my lord so much that you are jealous he should bring home another wife, why do you want to go away from him, Hazoor?"

"It has nothing to do with love," said Hazel, with her face in a flame. "I am his wife; he insults me when he brings his mistress to his house where I am living. I wish we could have a carriage waiting for us outside, Taj Bee. Couldn't you hire a man to come and wait in the road for us?"

"It wouldn't be safe, Hazoor," the slave answered decidedly. "The man might talk to any of the Nabob's servants, if they saw him waiting in the road. What will you do when we are safe outside, Hazoor? I know not the ways of the English folk."

"I have thought of that," said Hazel. "When I tried to run away before I meant to go to one of the Sahibs' houses and ask the Mem Sahib to give me clothes and money to go home to England; but I do not like to go in this dress, they might not listen to my story. Can you get some of my own clothes from the boxes downstairs?"

"I do not know, Hazoor. The boxes are put away in a *godown*, and I think the Nabob has the keys, or Mahomed Sahib, but I will see."

The boxes had been put away and forgotten in a godown, but they were not locked up there, and in one of them Taj Bee found a rusty bunch of keys hanging in the lock. It was easy enough to take out anything that Hazel wanted.

"I suppose I must only have a very few things, or it will make too large a bundle," Hazel said, wistfully, when Taj Bee brought her this welcome news. "I must have a dress, of course, and a petticoat, and shoes and stockings and a hat; and gloves will not take up very much room; and I don't see that I can do without some under-things."

But Taj Bee protested against the madness of cumbering themselves with so much baggage. And after long haggling and many earnest representations from the slave that their very lives might depend on her prudence and restraint in this matter, Hazel happily bethought her of a thin dust cloak which might be allowed to do duty for other garments for the moment.

"Bring me that cloak and the smallest bonnet you can find, and a pair of shoes," she said, at last, "and I will make that do."

"I will make a bundle and hide it in my own godown," said Taj Bee, "and when we have got outside the compound, I will come back through the gap in the hedge behind my godown and fetch the things; but if it is a big bundle someone may see it, and ask me, 'What is that?' and when they see the English garments of the Begum they will know all, and we shall be undone."

"It will only make a very, very small bundle, Taj Bee," said Hazel ruefully; "but, of course, I see it would be madness to take anything that would be large enough to attract attention, but those things will go quite easily under your veil. And, after all, if we have any trouble we can always leave the things behind."

And so it was decided between them, and then they had nothing to do but wait their opportunity,

"Sultan Mirza Kahn is going to Bombay at the end of next week," said Mahomed Ali one day, "in about ten days' time, and his daughter Aziz Unissa Begum will come here the day before he leaves. I hope you will like her, Hazel, and find her a pleasant companion."

Hazel was too full of her own projects just then to care very much who came to the zenana, or in what character they came, but there were moments, such as these, when a wave of revolt swept over her at what she considered Mahomed Ali's cold-blooded treachery, and she found it almost impossible to answer him civilly.

"You must please remember, Ali," she said on this occasion, "that she is your guest and not mine; it is not by my wish or my invitation that she is coming. Of course you will not be able to come up to the zenana at all while she is here," she added, suddenly remembering what had escaped her before for the moment, that

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if Aziz Unissa came to the house simply as a guest she could not be seen by any of the men of the house.

"She is my mother's guest, of course," he answered awkwardly, "she will occupy Kair Unissa's room, which is quite out of the way of this one." Hazel was afraid to pursue the subject any further for fear of showing that she knew too much.

Taj Bee came to her, in great excitement that day as soon as she was alone. "My lord is going to bring home Aziz Unissa Begum on the ninth day," she whispered. "He will not come upstairs so much now; he will sit at the feasts at Sultan Mirza Kahn's house, as Abdullah Sahib sat in this house before the marriage of the little Begum; and we can go out the next time the old Begum has visitors."

"You are sure everything is quite ready? The English clothes and the servants' dress and everything," said Hazel, trembling with eagerness.

"Yes, Hazoor, everything is ready."

A few days later the opportunity came. Hazel sat in her mother-in-law's room, with beating heart, half suffocated with excitement, while a large party of visitors talked and chattered and gossipped round the Begum. When Taj Bee plucked gently at her veil, for a moment her heart failed her, and almost it seemed better to stay for ever in the zenana than to risk the unknown vengeance of the Nabob if she was discovered. But she slipped out with Taj Bee to her own room without being observed.

"This is a good time," said Taj Bee. "That Begum always stays a very long time; it will be nearly dark when she goes."

Hazel changed her rich dress, hurriedly, for the common cotton garments the slave girls wear. Taj Bee took off her jewels and tied them in a corner of her veil. Then they went out and sat on the floor in the passage outside the Begum's room, where it was nearly dark at all times, and waited for the visitors to come out.

"I heard some news just now, inside," whispered Taj Bee, as they sat waiting. "Aziz Unissa Begum is not coming; she is going to Bombay with her father. Some say she begged to go that she may buy beautiful dresses in Bombay, to please the eye of Mahomed Sahib when he shall bring her home; and some say they will not have the marriage now at all, and Sultan Mirza Khan has got another husband for his daughter, where she will be the first wife."

"It doesn't matter to me," said Hazel, "whether she comes or whether she stays away, I shall not be here."

"They say," Taj Bee went on, "that Sultan Mirza Khan did not know that Mahomed Sahib had already a Begum, but some of the visitors who come here have talked of Hazari Begum, and now he says he will not let his daughter marry to be the second wife in any man's zenana. That is the talk of the zenana, Hazoor, but no one knows yet what is the truth, only that Aziz Unissa goes to Bombay."

The visitors stayed late, as Taj Bee had said, but at last there was a rustling and chattering in the doorway; a girl ran down the stairs, calling "Gosha! Gosha!" and a troop of veiled women flocked after her. The two last were Hazel and Taj Bee. They met no one as they shuffled down the stairs and through the passage to the little side room opening on to the verandah round the angle of the building. Two carriages were waiting outside; but there were no coachmen on the boxes, and not a male creature was in sight.

It seemed much lighter out here than it had done in the Begum's dingy apartment.

Taj Bee caught Hazel's hand and led her round to the farther side of the carriages, while the ladies and their attendants packed themselves into the first carriage. Like shadows the two fugitives flitted down the short drive, and reached the gate and passed out into the road. How easy and simple it all seemed, now it was over!

Taj Bee hurried Hazel down the road for a short distance, then across the corner of a compound into a banana tope, where, amongst the large-leaved, close-growing bananas they were completely concealed.

"Wait here," Taj Bee whispered, "while I run back and get the clothes out of my godown."

"No, no," said Hazel, holding her, "don't go back. It is not safe. Never mind the clothes, we can get some more to-morrow."

"It is better that I should go back, Hazoor," Taj Bee insisted. "No one will suspect me. I shall hear what they say in the house, and where they are going to look for you. It is well for us to know

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the counsels of the Nabob. I will go very quickly; my godown is close to the hedge between the compounds: no one will see me get through the hedge."

Taj Bee had perhaps some treasured possession of her own she did not wish to leave behind her; and Hazel very reluctantly let her go. She herself sat down, to wait for her return, on the little path between two rows of bananas.

The time seemed endlessly long as she sat there trembling at every rustle of the leaves, at every sound of passing voices in the road. The sun went down suddenly, and it was dark; and then the moon rose and lighted all the land, almost as if it had been day, and still Taj Bee did not come.

When Taj Bee had been gone an hour Hazel began to feel very uneasy. When two, and then three, hours had passed she gave her up for lost. "They have caught her," she thought, "and God knows what those cruel men will do to her! Perhaps they will torture her to make her tell where I am. I will wait one hour longer, and then I will go back. They shall not torture her for my sake." She sat with her watch in her hand for an hour. Then she put it away, and stood up, very quiet and pale and determined. "It is impossible she can have been four hours gone, unless they have taken her," she said; "I will go and give myself up."

She took the path she had seen Taj Bee take, through the bananas and across the back of the compound, to the thin hedge that divided it from the side of the Nabob's grounds, where some of the servants' huts were; still hoping as she went that she might meet Taj Bee returning. But there was no one. She slipped through the hedge into the compound and went towards the house. On the gravel path by the side door she saw a noisy group standing, shouting and gesticulating, and in the midst was Taj Bee, torn and dishevelled and woe-begone, crying shrilly to the men to let her go. Hazel saw one man strike her, asking loudly: "Where is the Begum Sahib, your mistress? Tell me where she is, and you can go. The Nabob is out, but when he comes home he will kill us all for letting the young Begum go."

But Taj Bee cried and protested that she knew no more than they did where her young mistress was hidden.

As Hazel drew nearer, she saw her husband come up the drive from the gate, with two or three men; and in a flash she knew that he had seen and recognised her; he turned his head away at once, and it seemed to her he tried to draw off the attention of the men with him that they might not look towards that side of the compound. And seeing that, Hazel forgave him for many things, and never again, through all that was to come, did she count him amongst her enemies; he had done his best for her in that moment. But she came on bravely towards that noisy group, drawing her veil over her face, not to shame her husband.

"It is I, Hazari Begum," she said. "Let my servant go."

The men turned to look upon her, stupefied. Taj Bee laughed jeeringly. "What is that mad woman saying?" she cried. "That she is the Begum? A pretty Begum! Do not heed her—she is a slave out of the bazaar!"

The men stood doubtfully, not knowing what to do, looking for orders to Mahomed Ali. How it might have ended no one can say, but, as they stood there, there was a great clatter of wheels and horses' hoofs, and the Nabob's carriage drove up through the further gate.

The time for hesitation was past. Mahomed went forward a step or two, and took his wife by the arm to lead her within.

Taj Bee seemed to realize that all was lost.

"Oh, Hazoor!" she cried, "why did you come back—why did you come back? What is the life of a slave-girl worth, O blessed one, that you should risk yourself for me?"

The men dragged her away, lamenting and beating her breast. And Hazel, in silence, with despair in her heart, went with her husband back into the house and up the stairs to that room she hated and had hoped never to see again.

The room was empty. Mahomed locked the door while she stood silent, her face hidden in her veil.

"Take off those clothes, and come out to me on the terrace. I have to speak with you," he said. He spoke in a tone she had never heard before; there was no anger, no sternness in his voice, but it sounded thin and hollow, like the voice of one who was weak after long illness. He went out to the terrace, and there, when she had put off her disguise with trembling, fumbling fingers, she joined him.

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He stood, leaning against the balustrade, and she went and stood near him, dumb and stunned.

"You make it very hard for me, Hazel," he said, "I know not even if I shall be able to save you, this time. It was nothing less than madness to come back, when you had once got away."

"I was afraid of what they would do to Taj Bee," said Hazel, simply.

"You have done her no good, and you have put your own life in danger," he answered.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

In this extremity he seemed to cast aside the veil of subtlety with which an Oriental hides his thoughts and purposes, and spoke openly, almost as an Englishman might have done.

"My father has been very angry, many times," he said, "and I have stood between you and his vengeance. I have had to make sacrifices you know nothing of; and I have made myself responsible to him that you would not escape and bring disgrace upon us. This time you have gone too far; and you have intrigued with the women of the zenana to help you. I do not know that even my influence can save you from his anger."

"Will he kill me?" she whispered.

"Women have disappeared from the zenana for less than this," Mahomed Ali answered. "At any rate he will make it impossible for you ever to attempt again to escape. God knows, when I saw how unhappy you were here, I would have let you go long ago. But he would never hear of it. And lately I have thought you were trying to get used to the life of the zenana, and be contented in it."

"I wish you had told me all this before, Ali," she said.

"You would not believe in my love for you," he answered; "you looked upon me as your enemy."

She put her hand gently on his arm. "If I had known you were really on my side, Ali, I would have tried to be more patient," she said.

"I could not have helped you to get away," said he, "and nothing else would have satisfied you. And now, if I can save you from death or worse things, it is as much as I can do. I must go down now and see my father."

Her hand tightened on his arm: "Do not leave me," she whispered.

He put his arm around her, and drew her closer to him.

"And what of Taj Bee?" she asked.

"I can do nothing for her; she is a fool," he answered shortly. "You must let me go now, Hazel. You need not be afraid. You are quite safe here. No one will come here to-night. And if I cannot come back to you you must try and remember that I am doing the best I can for you."

"Oh, Ali, why can't you protect me?" she cried. "Take me away from this dreadful place. Let us both go together, now, at once. An Englishman would take me away to a safe place and fight for me."

"I am not an Englishman," said Mahomed Ali, and so saying left her.

CHAPTER V.

Hazel sat, white and desperate, behind her closed venetians, with her women and the Begum's women crowded about her, staring at the scene outside.

The terrace was lighted with lamps; on one side were chairs, and there Mahomed Ali sat with his father, their attendants standing behind and about them. For the first time Hazel saw the terrible old Nabob. He was a tall large man, with the straight, high features that his son inherited; they were thickened and sensualised, but they still bore the stamp of the dignity and power of a long race of irresponsible rulers of men.

As Mahomed Ali passed before her windows to his seat, he whispered to her in English: "For God's sake make no sign."

"What are they going to do?" she asked the women about her.

"Hazoor, they will punish Taj Bee, who has made the great Nabob angry," the women answered. They sat and stood about her, silent, in a fearful expectation; their busy tongues stilled by an excitement that was half terror, half pleasant anticipation.

Through the little door at the side came Taj Bee, unveiled, her face ash-grey, her hands bound, driven forward by two men who followed her out of the darkness of the little staircase. She would have thrown herself on the ground before the Nabob, but the men held her up. Her screams rang in Hazel's ears. At a sign from the Nabob a man came forward with

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SHE ROAMED RESTLESSLY TO AND FRO LIKE A CAGED PANTHER.

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a little vessel full of grey powder in his hand. Screaming and struggling, Taj Bee was laid on the ground, and held by the two men, while the third knelt down beside her head.

"They are putting the fire pepper in her eyes," one of the women whispered.

The fear screams of the victim grew into shrieks of mortal agony.

"Taj Bee! Taj Bee!" cried Hazel, but her voice was drowned in the screams of the woman. She shook the venetian doors, trying to burst them open. Mahomed Ali looked round apprehensively; the old Nabob, staring straight in front of him, with a mask of cold implacability upon his face, seemed to take no heed of her disturbance.

The man with the powder rose slowly from his knees, the others loosed their hold of Taj Bee; and the slave scrambled to her feet; she stumbled blindly about the terrace with her hands over her eyes, shrieking, praying and cursing in a delirious agony.

Hazel within roamed restlessly to and fro, like a caged panther, with helpless hands beating upon each other, going now and again to the window to shake the venetians and call, "Taj Bee! Taj Bee!"

The women tried to restrain her, fearing both for themselves and her if the Nabob's displeasure should be turned in their direction. But Hazel shook them off. She would have bearded the Nabob, face to face out there on the terrace, if she could have got at him.

The Nabob sat impassive, apparently unconscious of Hazel's presence behind the venetians. It may be some long-dulled chord in the Nabob's heart had vibrated to that act of heroic courage when Hazel came back and gave herself up to her enemies for the sake of a wretched slave girl.

When Mahomed Ali went to him the evening before to plead for his wife the Nabob had turned away impatiently.

"Pshaw!" he said, "she is mad, like all these English folk; you must look after her better in future."

Never before in all his life had Mahomed Ali known his father to stay his hand when one had offended him, and that one was in his power.

The Nabob rose at last from his seat on the terrace. One of the men caught Taj Bee by the arm to draw her aside out of the path of his lord, and she turned upon him as helpless and feeble creatures will turn when they are driven to distraction; she struck him wildly and blindly in the face, so that he dropped her arm and staggered back. The Nabob and his train passed out, and Taj Bee was left raving and stumbling upon the terrace alone.

"Help me to open the doors!" cried Hazel. "Bring her in, and I will bathe her eyes." And she called to the slave outside: "I am coming, Taj Bee! I am coming!"

"We cannot open the doors, Hazoor," said one of the women.

"We must bring her in. She will die out there," Hazel urged. "Go, one of you, and get the key from Mahomed Sahib."

"She will not die, Hazoor," one of the women answered; "the fire-pepper is not to kill. Your Honour knows Ameeda Bee of the Begum Sahib's women—she, too, has had the fire-pepper in her eyes."

"The blind woman?" asked Hazel, shuddering.

"Yes, Hazoor," said another; "she will see no more with her eyes, but it may be she will live, and it may be she will die. Allah knows. But we cannot bring her in till my lord the Nabob gives order to unlock the doors."

"She would have us too punished by the lord Nabob," muttered another.

And the women began to slink away out of the room. It was not always safe, they told each other, to do Hazari Begum's bidding, although she was their mistress. So they crept away, and Hazel was left alone.

She tried her strength again upon the venetian doors, but they were too strong for her. She tried to talk to Taj Bee through the laths, comforting her; but Taj Bee had been rapt away into a distant land of pain and confusion where the voices of this lower earth could not reach her. She had sunk into a moaning heap by the balustrade, and took no heed of the voice of the "blessed one" she had loved to her own undoing.

Hazel threw herself upon the bed, and buried her head in the pillow to shut out that horrible low moaning, but it sounded in her brain, and would do, she told herself, as long as she lived.

(*To be continued.*)

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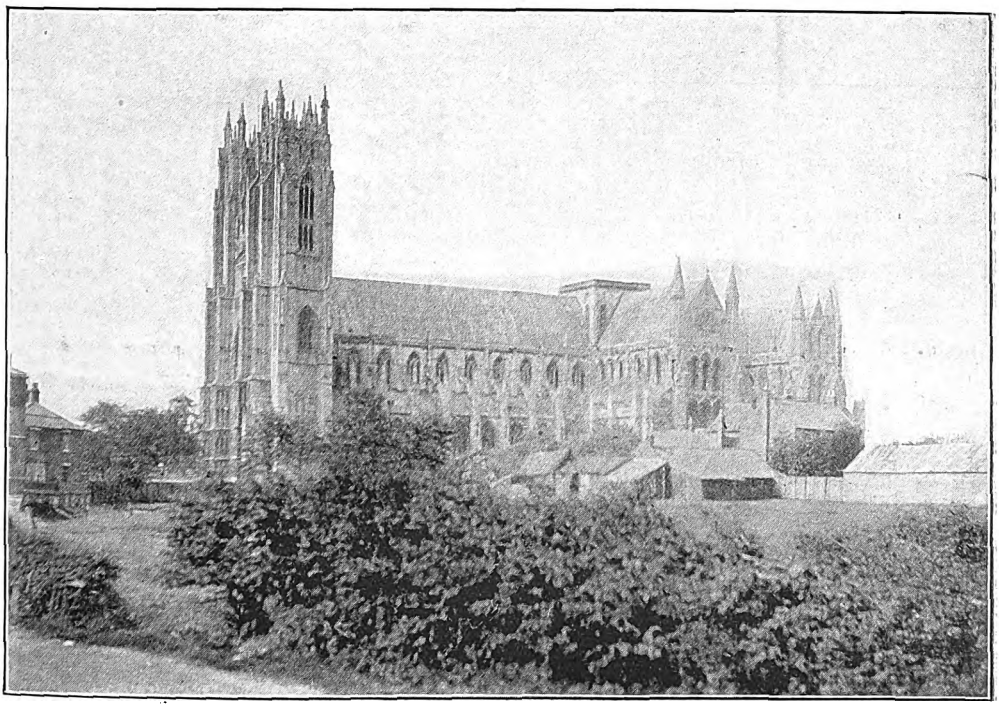
A CITY OF REFUGE.

By REV. J. E. SHEPHARD, F.G.S.

A CITY OF REFUGE, into which the manslayer might flee, leads us back to Old Testament times, where we find provision made for six such cities. In our own country we had similar institutions in the days of old. Their value and importance will readily be seen when you remember how often a man or woman forfeited his or her life for some minor offence, not so many years ago. With the increase of light, and a fuller Christian charity, with perhaps clearer conceptions of justice, we have become more humane in our treatment of the wrong-doer. Thus the need of such places has ceased to exist. Then very often these places became the hotbeds of crime, full of corruption. The fugitives from justice often remained, and did not always reform, so that they became a menace to public morality.



BEVERLEY MINSTER.

Take the city of which we deal as a specimen. In the thirty-first year of Edward I. the sanctuary men of Beverley, and many thousands of thieves and outlaws, had been allowed to enlist, and were in bad repute for deserting, especially after receiving their wages. For the most part they were criminals of the worst type, and these cities became worse than gaols.

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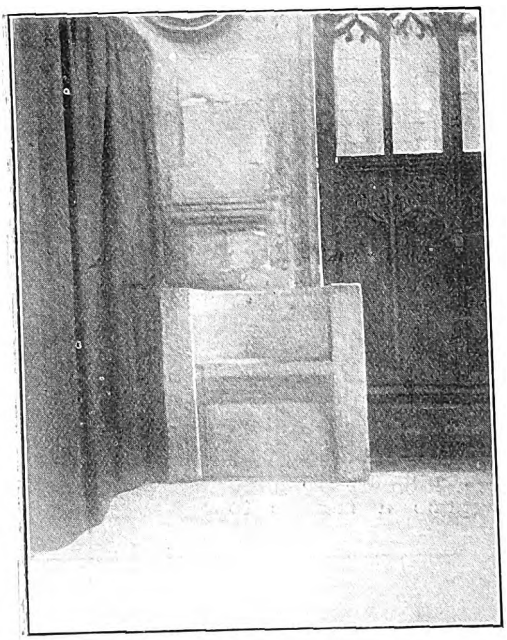

SANCTUARY STOOL, BEVERLEY.

Some thirty miles from York, and one hundred and eighty north of London, stands the beautiful Beverley Minster. It is seen for many miles, although it seems to be in a valley. The town itself nestles at the foot of the wolds which shelter it on the south-west. History gives us an account of this place as far back as the time of Paulinius, 627 A.D. John, Bishop of Hexam, built a little parish church here in 662 and dedicated it to St. John the Evangelist; he rebuilt and converted the church into a Monastery, with fourteen priests and clerks. Attached to the college of priests was a school, which developed into the Grammar School. In 866 the Danes almost demolished it; four years after, however, it was restored. It is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died A.D. 721. In 938 Athelstan, first monarch of England, gave several privileges to the Monastery, one being the conferring on it the privilege of Sanctuary. This was not merely for manslaying, it was open to all wrong-doers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offences, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts, or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the Monastery or church. There used to be four crosses upon the main roads leading to Beverley, marking the limit of the area. The well-preserved one in our illustration stands in a field on the York Road, a little over a mile from the gate shown here. Another stood on the road to Ferriby, where at one time a ferry conveyed passengers over to Lincolnshire, where there is a road running south. The place of the other crosses is uncertain; it is, however, more than likely that one would be placed on the road to Hull and the other on the road to Driffield. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in the stone chair, known as the "Frid stool" or "Freed chair." The photograph here given is that of the old chair as it is still to be seen behind the choir in the Minster.

To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country. There are records of how in their flight they would leave their horses at one stage, and steal another to take them on their journey to the next. They were not very hotly pursued, because by their flight they forfeited their goods and chattels to the King: to say nothing of the King's officers, who would doubtless get a picking. In the course of time it became necessary to register them, and there are

SANCTUARY CROSS, BEVERLEY.

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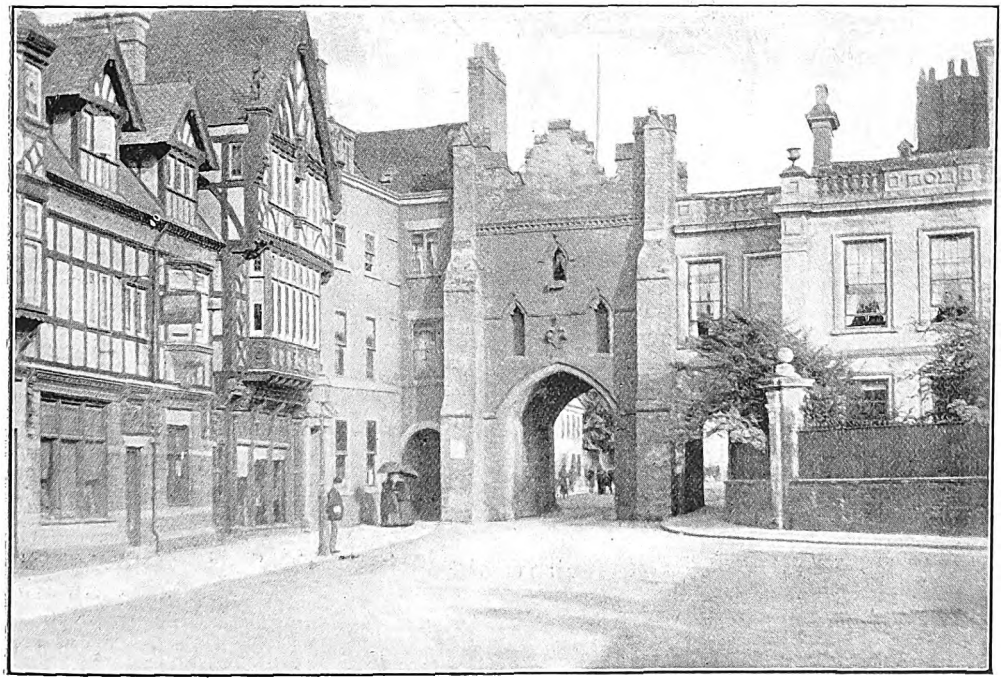
several interesting documents extant showing who they were and what they did. The earliest recorded list at Beverley dates from A D. 1478-1539. There are 469 cases recorded during that period, or an average of nearly eight per year. How many there may have been before that period is not known, but it is more than likely that the percentage would be much higher.

From the ancient records we gather that sanctuary was limited to forty days, during which the fugitive had to appear before the officer appointed, clothed in sackcloth, to confess his guilt, and take an oath to adjure the realm. In 1530 an Act was passed imposing the penalty of being branded upon the brawn of the thumb with the letter A. If they tarried beyond the time limit they were denied adjuration, and it was unlawful for any-one to furnish them with food. Still, in many cases they did tarry, were fed, and not a few became burgesses of Beverley. During the forty days, too, the Church would intercede for them, and arrangements were generally made for them to atone for their sins. Should these pleadings prove of no avail, and they be sentenced to leave the country, they would take their way to the port of Hull, bearing before them a cross, to show that they were under the protection of the Church. At Hull, arrangements were made to ship them to a land where, let us hope, they would begin a new and better life.

The present Minster, as it appears in our illustration, was commenced in the early part of the reign of Henry III. There are many things of interest connected with Beverley. In 1405 Henry IV. visited it, and again in 1408. In 1421 Henry V., accompanied by his Queen, visited the shrine of St. John. In 1488 Mother Shipton was born, and baptized by the Abbot of Beverley. The earliest account of a printing-press, north of the Trent, is of one at Beverley in 1509. It is a quaint old place, full of interest. Its Westwood is one of the finest open spaces in the country, and is the spot where the Minster should be viewed from. There is an ancient church besides its Minster, full of beauty and well worth a visit. This, however, has no connection with Beverley as a city of refuge.



THE GATEWAY, BEVERLEY.

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On Mean Means.

AN ECONOMIST.

I MAY explain that I make my living by pulling disused meat, sweet, and other cans to pieces, and making them into price tickets for green and tea grocers, butchers, and other tradesmen. Now as the resulting profit is so small the utmost economy must be observed if solvency is to be retained. I am an old bachelor living alone in a house of but one room—the smallest house, I believe, in the county of Essex. I thought I would give my weekly housekeeping budget to the public, as the element of the actual seems to be so frequently absent from lists of poor people's expenditure :—

	s.	d.
Bread, seven half-quarterns... ...	1	5½
Butter, ½ lb.	0	6
Tea, 6 oz.	0	6
Milk	0	1½
Coals, ¾ cwt.	1	0¾
Paraffin oil	0	3
Tobacco...	0	6
Blacking, soap, matches, blacklead	0	0¾
Rent	1	6
Total	5	11½

As an instance of loose writing on this subject, a letter lately appeared in the *Daily Mail*, professing to record a poor man's weekly payments, containing the item "lucifer matches, 2½d.," from which it would seem that he used twenty boxes of matches a week. *One* box lasts me *a fortnight*. Sugar I have relinquished, one consequence being that eczema is held at arm's length. I do not contend that laborious work could be done on my dietary scale, but it is what I have to live on, having, seven years ago, taken to a trade which barely keeps body and soul together, and out of which I do not know how to get. An "excavator" once said to me: "When I first went navvying I used to reckon a shilling would just get me a dinner; that was, a pound of beef, a half-quartern loaf, and a pot of beer." A navvy's exercise would be requisite for anyone wishing for sufficient appetite for such a meal. I have had a good deal of enforced experience, and I believe my list is the lowest that ordinary work can be performed upon. I find tea is the most economical beverage, cocoa takes too much milk, and coffee too much trouble. I have many and many a day lived on dry bread, but it is not sufficient to work on; one can distend the stomach with bread alone, yet afterwards feel unsatisfied and irritable; in fact, broken is the grand old rule that a healthy person has no business to know that he has any inside. Butter or cheese supplies what is required, butter being the most economical, as cheese goes at the rate of a pennyworth a meal.

It has often been thrown at me that if any man won't work, neither shall he eat; but it is quite as true that "If any will not eat, neither shall he work."

A TINWORKER.

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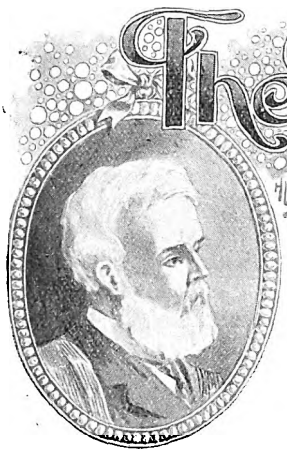

The People's Friend

OR,

The Adventures of Carlton-Hawes.

By CHARLES HERBERT.

III.

"I CAN'T understand it, so there!" exclaims Mrs. Wright, with irritation in every tone. "When my husband was alive I had only to ask and to have; now I'm perpetually told 'the business cannot afford it.'"

The young manager standing before her looks rather cynical as he hears the remark, and answers with a tinge of bitterness in his tone, "I am doing all I can to make the business pay, Mrs. Wright, and I am very sorry for the worry you have over it. *Wouldn't it be better for you perhaps to sell it?*" This last with emphasis.

A young lady, who till now has been seated at the table, drumming idly upon it with her fingers, looks up suspiciously at this remark and its emphatic tone, and the manager, catching her glance, colours deeply.

"But, Mr. Bertram, if the business is going down in the way you say," she interrupts, "what is it likely to fetch?" And she fixes upon the manager a glance of suspicious questioning that makes him feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"It is impossible to say, Miss Somers," he replies; "but of course it would not fetch anything like the price it would have done some time back."

"Precisely!" Miss Somers retorts jerkily. "Nothing like the price it would have fetched before it got into your hands to manage."

The implication was unmistakeable, and without replying the manager turns in some confusion to Mrs. Wright, who hastily says: "Oh, do be quiet, Mabel! I believe Mr. Bertram has done his best; but business is slow, and perhaps, after all, it will be well to try and sell it. I don't mind parting with the business if you can get a good price for it, Mr. Bertram. Suppose you try? Anything will be better than this everlasting worry."

"I will do everything I can," he answers, and with a kindly smile from his employer and a freezing bow from Mabel Somers he departs, but in such evident nervousness that immediately the door closes upon him the two women look at one another and laugh.

"Ah! it is all very well for you to laugh, Nellie," says Mabel. "I believe that Arthur Bertram has not acted straight over that business. I never liked him. Why"—disgustedly—"the creature cannot even look one in the face for a moment without dropping his eyes."

"Rubbish!" exclaims Nellie flippantly. "My husband thought the world of him, and I never knew *him* to make the least mistake in his estimate of anyone."

"Well, my dear, we shall see!" returned her young sister, with the tone of her voice expressing the adamantine unconvincibility of the unconvinced.

. . . . .

Four weeks later Carlton-Hawes was in his office, wading through a mass of correspondence, and as he laid down one letter out of the huge bundle he exclaims, "Faugh! Another case of 'left in the hands of women!' Whenever will husbands learn to be more sensible? If they saw as much of the business incapacity of women as I do it would be a shock to them."

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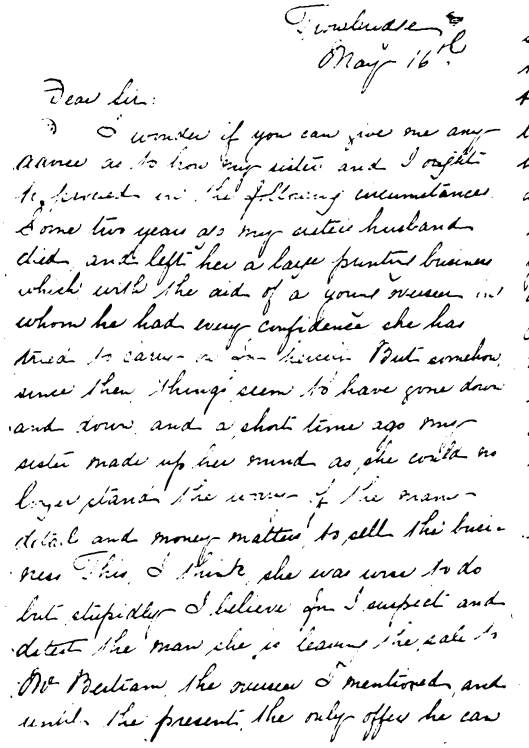
And he again peruses the letter thoughtfully.



Trowbridge
May 16th

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you can give me any advice as to how my sister and I ought to proceed in the following circumstances. Some two years ago my sister's husband died, and left her a large printing business which with the aid of a young overseer in whom he had every confidence she has tried to carry on for herself. But somehow since then things seem to have gone down and down, and a short time ago my sister made up her mind as she could no longer stand the worry of the many detail and money matters to sell the business. This, I think, she was wise to do but stupidly I believe for I suspect and detest the man she is leaving the sale to Mr Bertram, the overseer I mentioned, and until the present the only offer he can secure is £2,000. Now I have a strong conviction that if we let it go for that he is going to make a good deal of money out of the bargain himself, for my sister often heard her husband declare that it was worth at least £4,000. Nellie, my sister, that is we not know I am writing to you, but I want you to tell me whether you can think of any way in which we can keep a check on what he does. Nellie will have no other means except what she gets out of the business and a small annuity and as I live with her, you will naturally understand why I am so anxious to make her see that she cannot trust him. I could say a great deal more if I could see you. — Will you make an appointment with me, and talk it over?

Yours faithfully,
Mabel Somers.

Mr. Carlton-Hawes.

"Poor women!" he thinks. "It looks as if they were in the hands of some unscrupulous rascal, and I'll bowl him out if I can."

And he writes her to come and see him.

The next Tuesday she enters Carlton-Hawes's office, who regards her with a slightly puzzled glance when she is shown in. From her letter he had expected to see a lady somewhat severe of aspect and suspicious of look—but this young and radiant vision of loveliness! Smilingly he gives her a chair, then produces her letter from a pigeon-hole, and settling back in his seat with a professional air, he says:—

"Now, Miss Somers—to business! You wish, I believe, to give me further information with regard to this rascal Bertram."

"Yes, that's just what he is!" she exclaims, eagerly. "I believe he is just trying to get the business and ourselves into his power. Nellie has had an awful difficulty with him. She declares she finds it worse to get money out of the business, now that her husband is dead, than when he was alive. I believe he wanted to drive her to sell, and to sell it *through him*, so that he could make a good thing out of it."

"Possibly," exclaims Carlton-Hawes. "But who is this Mr. Bertram? What makes you think that he would be a man likely to act as you say?"

"Well, the very first time I met him I took a great dislike to him. And if you could see him for yourself I don't think you would wonder! He drops his eyes whenever you look at him, as though he thought that you were suspecting him, and that in itself is a suspicious sign. And taking into account his conduct to my sister, it seems to me only reasonable that he is a man who ought to be watched. There is his photograph!"

Carlton-Hawes takes it and regards it fixedly for a few moments, then he lays it down and begins to think. "It certainly does not look like the face of a man who would do a shabby action," he ponders, and furtively he looks at the face of the

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girl before him as though to scan whether she is likely to have formed an impulsive estimate of the other's character and motives. "Well!" he exclaims at last, to the eagerly waiting girl, "it is an easy matter to find out. I will undertake to look into this matter, and let you know the results. I presume the sale of the business has been advertised, and, if so, you had better let me have a copy of the advertisement; then I will see what I can do. Meanwhile, keep your sister from selling, whatever you do."

. . . .

Three days later Arthur Bertram receives a rather belated reply to his advertisement from a firm of agents Carlton-Hawes employs to hide his own personality, and, frowning as he read it, casts it aside in irritable fashion, muttering, "No one shall get it into their hands if I can help it." One day, two days pass, it is almost a week since their communication, and at last, thinking the suspicions of the girl must be well grounded, Carlton-Hawes decides to visit the *Trowbridge Press* as the representative of his agents. Nothing rouses him like injustice to a woman, and he is prepared to go any lengths to unveil the villiany of this scoundrel. So inwardly boiling with indignation he sends in the card of the agents, and ask to see Mr. Bertram. Immediately Carlton-Hawes meets him, he is distinctly impressed by his appearance, but remembering that the best of men may trip into villainy "when it is in the power of their hand," he proceeds deliberately: "We sent a reply to your advertisement the other day, and as it seems a likely thing for a client of ours, we though it best that I should run down and have a look into things. Why did you not reply?"

And he looks him straight in the face.

Arthur Bertram hesitates, and his hesitation produces a bad impression upon Carlton-Hawes.

"Well, to tell the truth," says the manager at last, "we have already received a very good offer, and——"

"Perhaps our client can go one better," interrupts the other suavely. "At any rate, as I *am* here I should like to be put in possession of particulars."

Arthur Bertram looks rather annoyed, but says: "I shall, of course, be pleased to answer any questions." And at once Carlton-Hawes begins to ply him with queries as to the returns of the shop and works, the book-debts, the expenses of working the business, the rent and rates, and so forth—to all of which he gives straightforward and ready replies.

Carlton-Hawes listens, and begins to be exceedingly mystified. If all these statements are true, the business is not worth anything like the £4,000 mentioned by Mabel Somers, and the man who has offered £2,000 is little short of a madman.

"Have you had many offers?" he enquires.

The other looks dubious. "Scarcely a fair question, is it?" says he. "We certainly have had, and are considering *one* very decent offer. What, may I ask, do *you* feel inclined to offer for the business?"

"What is the *lowest* you will take?" —quickly.

"What do you say to £3,000?" queries the other, anxiously.

"Just a half too much. That is all," says Carlton-Hawes, firmly.

"I have had £2,000 offered already," says Arthur Bertram, triumphantly.

"Why even £1,500 would be a fancy price for it, man; the business is so clearly going down!"

"Think so?" returns Mr. Bertram; then, off his guard, he adds impulsively: "It never shall go down while I can help it."

Like lightning Carlton-Hawes sees the implication in the words, and says: "Oh, so you have an interest in the business yourself, have you?"

The other flushes and answers: "How do you know that?"

"Simply because if another man bought it you would not be sure of being in the position to 'help it' or not any longer. But if you think that you can succeed in future why haven't you in the past?" —suspiciously.

"That is my affair!" returns the manager haughtily, "and if you have nothing further to offer I may as well bid you good morning!"

"Come, come, Mr. Bertram," Carlton-Hawes continues quietly. "It is a pitiable thing to see a young man like you letting down a business to get it into your own hands." Sternly: "What if I were to make it my duty to see your employers, whoever they are, and tell them?"

"But for answer Arthur Bertram looks

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him straight in the face and says, "Then that would be the worst day's work they ever did in their lives. If they listened to you, that is. You are only a stranger to me, but I cannot stand such an imputation from a stranger." And he turns on his heel and leaves Carlton-Hawes decidedly puzzled.

"Wanted, a motive!" mutters Carlton-Hawes, as he journeys back to London by the next train. "Of course, it will be an easy matter to write Mabel Somers that I have discovered the business is worth no more than, and not so much as, is offered for it. But it is clear he is buying it for himself, or someone who has an interest with him. I should say *offhand* that he has let the business down with that intention, but the man *doesn't look that kind.* I must send Allcott down to enquire into his character and the antecedents of Mrs. Wright's husband and the business. I'll get to the bottom of it somehow. If he has been letting it down, I'll get *another* man for them, and he can work it up for them instead of selling."

Three days later, he sits in his office receiving his man's report, who rapidly reads from a note-book.

"Went down Trowbridge. Gossipped around. Business established some years. Better once. Two rivals in town now. Former proprietor drank a little. Speculated good deal. Generally lucky. Present manager well spoken of. Member of chapel. Generous giver. Specially lately. Lived with uncle till recently, when uncle died. Uncle miserly wretch. Thought it likely left manager money. Looked it up. Found it so. Down in will £3,000. That's all, sir!"

"Very well!" says Carlton-Hawes. "Leave your note. "I'll think it out."

He sits there for half an hour, then taking out and reading Mabel Somers' letter, he says: "Of course the husband when alive could have let his wife have more money from his speculations, which accounts for her having no such bother as at present. Then the rival shops account for damage number two. His uncle's money furnishes the means of buying the business. But why does the fellow want to buy a rotting concern at a fancy price — especially with all these odds against him?"

And again he falls musing. Presently he smiles broadly, muttering "that might be the explanation certainly," and as he recalls a certain remark of Mabel Somers —"He drops his eyes whenever you look at him"—he thinks he sees a light.

Carlton-Hawes is nothing if not rapid, so a wire brings Miss Mabel up to town on mischief bent.

"Well?" she says merrily, as she steps into the sanctum of the sage and drops the man of mystery a mocking curtsey. So radiant and so young does she look that Carlton-Hawes catches the infection and smiles brightly in return. "You have found something out?" she says, breathlessly.

He nods.

"But not what you expected. The business would be dear at £1,500."

Her face falls.

"Then why," she asks, "did anyone offer more?"

"No outsider did. Mr. Bertram is buying it himself—and I must say I think him very foolish. There are the rival shops now, and the business is not likely to be what it was."

She looks more amazed than ever.

"Where is he getting his money?" she asks. "I always thought him poor. They lived in a wretched house."

"Uncle died—I understand he was a bit of a miser. At any rate, he left him enough to buy this business. Now look here, Miss Mabel"—lightly—"please don't talk, but listen. I want to tell you a story."

With a pretty little shrug of her shoulders she is all attention.

"Once upon a time," he says, "as they say in the fairy tales, *but this is no fairy tale*, there was an agent put in charge of a market-garden by the owner when he died. For a little while all went well, but the owner's wife soon found the profits were far less than her husband had been in the habit of giving her. She did not know that her husband has given her more from other sources that ceased at his death, and imagined that all the money had come from the market-garden. Seeing she expected so much, the agent tried to give it her, but later on the money he had given her was wanted to restock the grounds and pay the heavy working expenses, and, as he could not get it, debts increased, and the grounds could not be stocked. As a matter of course the business decreased and her worries increased. At last she said, 'It will be better to sell this market-

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garden and live on what I can get from it. I will ask the agent to sell it for me.' But when he tried he could get no offers; so he said within himself: 'The mistress and her beautiful daughter whom I love must be helped, and I have just sufficient to enable me to buy it. I will give them more than it is worth for the love that I bear to the daughter.' And he did so. But by some means or other the daughter heard of it, and the story says it won her heart at once."

There was a moment or two's quiet in the dim room, during which Carlton-Hawes drums the table with his fingers; then he says—

"Do you think it was strange of the daughter?"

"Not at all!" she replies. "Very natural!"

"Then," he answers, "go thou and do likewise! For that is the story of your sister's business. The agent is Mr. Bertram, and you are the sister instead of the daughter."

She springs to her feet with heightened colour, crying, "Are you quite sure of this?"

"I feel sure that is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! You told me he could not look you in the face, but when I went down he was straightforward enough. A man of rare decision, whose face is the face of a good man. He could hold his own with *me* at any rate. I made enquiries that show me my reading of his character is correct, and the only motive for his foolish action must be his interest in you. Come, young lady! Look back a bit and see if you can't remember some incidents that back up my belief." She sits a minute or so, with her colour coming and going, then says, "I believe you are right, and"—looking at him in startled fashion—"I—I have been blaming and suspecting him."

"Well, well," he says, cheerily, rising and holding out his hand. "Change the verb *suspect* to the verb 'to love.'"

She goes to the door in shame-faced fashion, all her confidence gone; then on the threshold she looks back and says: "But—all the trouble—you must have taken—I am in your debt. What is your charge?" And she fumbles for her purse.

He steps to her side and says simply: "A slice of your wedding-cake when you can send it, and please let it be soon!"

Six months later he has it, and Mr. and Mrs. Bertram join the crowd to whom the thought of Carlton-Hawes is as the fragrance of a flower.

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Bishop's Stortford College.

A GREAT NONCONFORMIST COLLEGE.

THE school which was opened in 1868 grew out of one which had previously existed. This, known as the Collegiate School, owed its origin, in 1850, to the desire of some of the townsmen of Stortford to obtain better means of education than then existed. This school attained a fair measure of success under the headmastership of J. Bell, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and turned out such men as Prof. A. S. Wilkins, of Owens College, and Rev. W. Field, M.A., for some time Headmaster of Silcoates. In 1868 a movement was set on foot among Nonconformists in the Eastern counties to provide facilities for the education of their sons which would enable them to obtain a public school education without exposing them to influences calculated to undermine their Nonconformity. This movement resulted in the establishment of a company—the East of England Nonconformist School Company, Limited—to provide such schools throughout the Eastern Counties. Among those who took a prominent part were Mr. E. Grimwade, of Ipswich, and Mr. Samuel Morley, of London. They were helped by Rev. W. Cuthbertson, then

A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE.

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minister at Bishop's Stortford, and he reported to them that the Collegiate School was suitable for their purpose. These buildings and grounds were therefore acquired, and the school refounded as the Nonconformist Grammar School, and the Rev. R. Alliott, M.A., was appointed to the headmastership. Mr. Alliott, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all been ministers, was educated at Bedford Grammar School, and was then a minister at Knutsford. The school, when he started, contained only about twenty-five boys; but from the first was an enormous success, and in 1875 had grown to such an extent that enlargement of the premises became necessary. The school was affected by the agricultural depression which set in in the early eighties, but always maintained a good number of boys, and the results of its education and training were most satisfactory. During Mr. Alliott's headmastership several scholars who have since become well known passed through the school—Rev. W. E. Blomfield, of Coventry; Rev. J. W. Ewing, of Wandsworth; Mr. W. B. Hayward, the headmaster of Blackheath; and C. D. Whittaker, the headmaster of Taunton. Mr. Alliott resigned in 1899, owing to ill-health, after thirty-one years' work, and only survived his resignation one month. After careful consideration the directors choose Mr. F. S. Young, M.A., himself an old Stortfordian and pupil of Mr. Alliott's, in his place.

F. S. YOUNG, ESQ., M.A.
Headmaster.

As a boy he was a leader in all departments of school life, captain of cricket and football elevens, as well as head of the school, and at the close of his school life an open science scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford, attested the value of his work and training at Bishop's Stortford. On leaving Oxford, he was appointed science master at Mill Hill, a post which he only resigned on his selection as headmaster, to take up the work which Mr. Alliott had made of such importance. At Mill Hill, in addition to his science work, he devoted himself to the organisation of the games, basing his work upon the principle of seeing that every boy, and not only those of special capacity, had his share of attention and took his share in this important part of school life. Changes are always a severe test of an institution, but that the foundation had been laid by good workmanship has been abundantly proved by the last two years. During the brief interregnum, the number of boys had decreased somewhat, but instead of the 86 in January, 1900, there are now 130.

The ideals which Mr. Young has set before himself are high, and therefore not easy of accomplishment; but he has brought to his task strength of purpose, practical experience, and full acquaintance with the problems that have to be faced, and with the solutions that the great examples of the teaching profession have found for them.

Just before Mr. Young's headmastership, in 1894, some additions had been made to the school. Up till that time the grounds had been confined to a gravel playground and a playing-field of about two acres. Another field was now acquired, and on part of it a swimming-bath built. This is one of the buildings of which the school is justly proud, and it is an institution which is greatly appreciated by the boys. It cost over £2,000, is 60 feet by 30 feet, and as the water is heated it can be used all the

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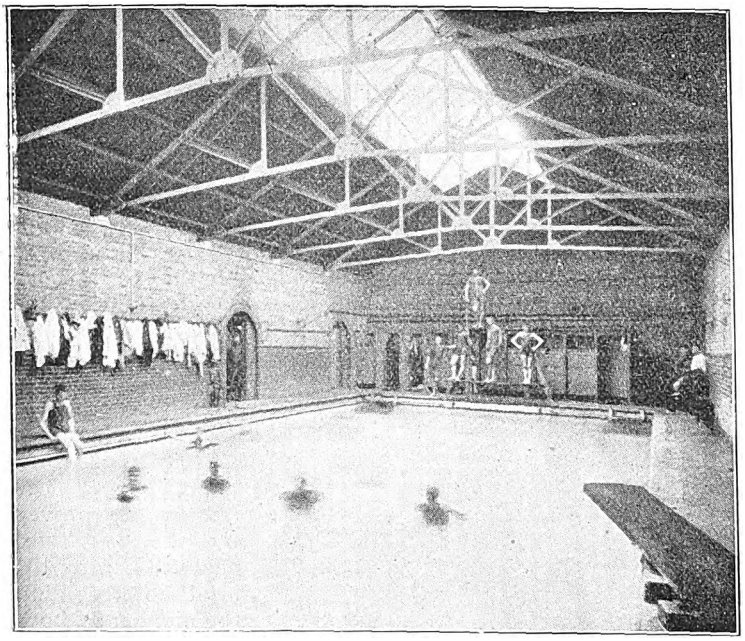

THE SWIMMING BATH.

year round. Swimming races are held in the summer term.

Since Mr. Young's headmastership improvements have again been effected. The first was the addition of science rooms, comprising physical and chemical laboratories and lecture theatre. Then the living accommodation was altered, at the same time giving far larger and better class-rooms. Formerly, the studies were built over the class-rooms in a building outside the schoolhouse. The whole of this block was converted into class-rooms, and the studies built in the school-house. This enabled the school-house to hold over eighty boarders, in the opinion of Mr. Young one of the greatest moves forward. He believes that the principle of large houses is false. It prevents the house-master from knowing his boys properly, prevents the ideal system—the provision of as near an approximation as possible to home life, and renders necessary what Thring expressively described as "barrack discipline." Further, if good masters are to be attracted, prospects must be offered them, and the opportunity of a boarding-house of their own provides this. About the same time as the other additions a gymnasium was fitted up, and the new field acquired in 1895 levelled and turfed. This increased greatly the provision for school recreations and games.

A short time ago it was obvious that the school-house would not much longer contain room for the increasing number of boarders. A preparatory school was therefore acquired, in which all boys under twelve are placed. This has only just been opened in the charge of a house-master, and the large number of entries secured in the first term makes the success certain.

As the school-house still almost full, notwithstanding the acquisition of the preparatory school, it is expected that another boarding-house will shortly have to be opened.

The generous help of the governing body, and the loyal support of the parents, have been freely accorded to the headmaster's efforts; and last, but by no means least, the enthusiastic and effective co-operation of the assistant masters. In all ways the hopes for the school's future are high.

It may not be out of place to give some details of the boys' life. As has been stated, there are at present two houses for boarders, the school-house, and Newbury House for the boys in the preparatory school. In the school-house are about eighty boys; at Newbury House, at present, eight; and there are forty-two day boys—eight in the preparatory school and thirty-four in the college. The school-house is under the control of the headmaster, who is helped by two other masters, while the college day boys are, for purposes of discipline, work, and games, constituted a house under a house-master, whose special duty it is to interest himself in all the life of his boys. This system, which was but recently introduced, gives promise of working admirably, and has been welcomed by the day boys.

It is an essential principle of the school that as much as possible should be entrusted to the monitors. The monitors

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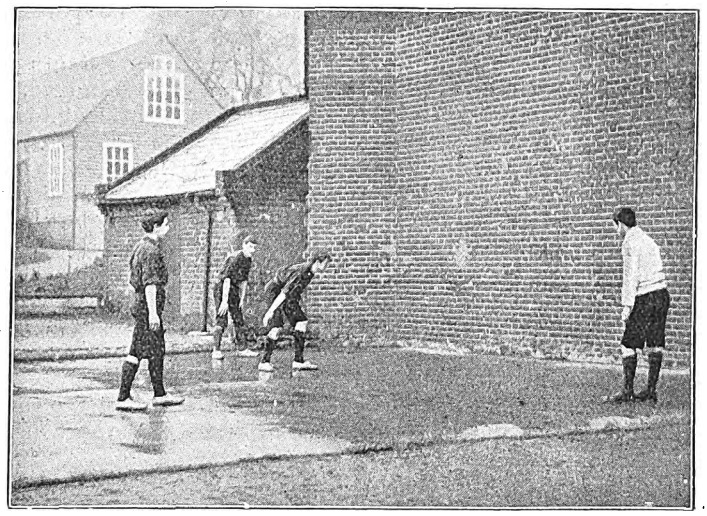
are responsible for general discipline in the house when the house-master is not with the boys taking preparation or otherwise engaged with them. This does not by any means imply that the headmaster does not know his boys: he comes into contact intimately with them at a large number of times. He endeavours to know as much as possible of each boy in relation to every part of his school life. In a public school, however, if it is to train boys for after life, when they will have to "do that which is right in their own eyes," the boys must be trusted, and with a good monitorial system this can be done to a very large extent. Such a system, it is believed, has been developed at Bishop's Stortford during the last two years, and no small part of the good work done has been due to the monitors. They are close to the headmaster, in consultation with the head or two head monitors, and are not only confined to or necessarily chosen from the sixth, but may be chosen from the fifth form; fitness to govern being the guiding principle of the choice. The monitors and sixth form have studies, and also, as far as they are available, boys in the fifth. The rest of the fifth form live in a common room of their own; the rest of the school-house boarders in the big school-room.



THE RACQUET COURT.

In the summer work commences at 7.15, when preparation is taken by the headmaster or one of the masters in the house. This, however, is not taken in the two winter terms, but the day commences with prayers in the house at 7.50. Breakfast is at 8. At 9 the whole school assemble in the big school for prayer before morning school. This lasts from 9.10 until 12.25, and is divided into four periods of forty-five minutes each, with an interval of five minutes between each. At 12.25 forms are free, and gymnasium instruction, choral singing, and various duties fill in the time until dinner. Most boys are free entirely, however, four days in the week, and play cricket, football, fives, etc. On summer afternoons school is from 2.30 till 4.5, and the rest of the time, from 4.5 until 6.30, given to games; but in the two winter terms school is from 4 till 5.40, and the time for games between dinner and school. Tea is at 6 in the winter and 6.30 in the summer term. Evening preparation is from 6.30 till 8 in the winter, and 7 to 8.15 in the summer. The forms up to the fourth are supervised by a house-master, while the fifth and sixth forms are by themselves, in their room or studies. Prayers are taken by the headmaster in the school-house after preparation. Then comes supper, and boys below the upper third go to bed. They have a dormitory to themselves, and are not afterwards disturbed. The rest of the boys are free to utilise the time after supper until 9.45 as they please. It perhaps gives an *appearance* of greater efficiency if fixed rules are made for the employment of boys at this time, but if a boy is not allowed to take the initiative in spending his time at some part of the day, the boy with originality is handicapped seriously; and, again, it must be remembered that the great object of the training at school is to teach self-reliance and a sense of duty to train him for that time afterwards when he will depend on himself. At 9.45 all go to bed. The monitors are mainly responsible for the discipline, but the masters go in and out. The headmaster takes one dormitory,

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and one of the masters in the schoolhouse another. At 10.15 the monitors stop all talking. There are few parts of the school to which greater attention is paid by masters and monitors, and this will be appreciated by all who understand school life.

Much more might be written on the life of the school. All is, however, subsidiary to the real issue, to which all the many and various departments of the life are aids—the work, the play, the societies, the recreations—the influence on them for good or ill. This influence will be exerted by the general spirit of the school, and, secondly, by personal contact and help. It is this latter which the headmaster most strongly believes. Unless a headmaster, or indeed any master, can sympathise with a boy, realising all his difficulties and trials, and is one whom the boys feel that they can approach for advice and help, he fails in the most important of his duties. If boys are entrusted to him by the parents, he must take the place of the parents, and they would be poor parents of whom their boys simply stood in awe, and in whom they did not feel they had a friend. A wise parent will be firm, strong to rebuke evil, yet sympathetic, and yielding everything to his boy's ultimate good; and a schoolmaster must try to take his place. This is the ideal aimed at by Bishop's Stortford. It is like all other ideals, one which no human can perfectly realise, for even the ideal parent does not exist. Yet, on making all the arrangements—buildings, teaching, rules, absolutely everything in fact—helpful in striving to realise this ideal, the future of Bishop's Stortford College will depend.

GETTING UP STEAM FOR MISCHIEF.

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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

A WINTRY DAWNING.

ABOVE blazed myriad stars set close in a heaven of infinite darkness; below shone the dimly luminous face of earth, piled high with fresh-fallen snow. Betwixt the two a bitter blast whined fitfully, the snow leaping up in misty swirls to greet it, only to sink again in fantastic ripples and curiously-wrought crests in fence-corners and hollows.

Erastus Winch emerged from his house into this mystery of cold and night, and stood for an instant, staring about him with the blank, unseeing eyes of one newly aroused from sleep. The wind hurled itself upon his heavy, stoop-shouldered figure, tearing savagely at his garments, which became on the instant all white and sparkling with the trans-figuring snow-crystals. He raised his smoky lantern that he might consult the thermometer, which rattled uneasily on its rusty nail beside the door. "Five below!" he ejaculated, scowling at the unoffending register of temperature. "Humph!"

The immediate result of his subsequent cogitations appeared in a brisk reopening of the closed door. "'Liz'beth! I say, 'Liz'beth! Be ye goin' to lay abed all day? It's more'n four o'clock a'ready; ye'd ought to have yer fire a-roarin' by this time. Consarn it! didn't I tell ye yiste'day I was goin' to kill to-day?"

The sound of stove-lids and poker in active co-operation appearing sufficient answer to this harangue, the door clapped to a second time, and, without further pause the man plunged into the drifted path leading to the barn, which loomed huge and black amid the spectral whiteness of the surroundings. As he opened the door with difficulty, because of the clogging snow, a mingled odour of hay and feed, of steaming bodies of cattle and horses, of harnesses and waggons, grease-besmeared; of huddled fowls, of nests and haunts of swallows, rats and mice—an odour indescribable and not to be mistaken—in a word, the smell of a barn, as tightly closed as possible against wind and cold, rushed out like an invisible presence to greet him.

Erastus Winch loved this smell, though he was doubtless unaware of the fact; it was the pleasantly suggestive odour of "prop'ty"—as he was wont to term his material possessions. With the odour came sounds, also indicative of the presence of "prop'ty." There was a subdued but expectant stirring in the darkness, a noise of shuffling hoofs, of deep-chested breathing, of heavy bodies rubbing uneasily against frosty stalls, of grunting and squealing from the pen of the condemned swine, the quick flutter of wings, and the shrill note of the cock challenging the familiar twinkle of the smoky lantern. Pleasant sounds every one, and as welcome to the ear of the farmer as the "All's well!" to the sailor on board his flying vessel, or the long-drawn call of the muezzin to the inhabitants of an Eastern city.

The master of the barn responded to these tokens of fealty from his dumb slaves after the manner of his kind. "Whoa, thar!" he bawled, loudly, as he set down his lantern on a convenient barrel. "Ha'n't ye got no more sense 'an to tear yer insides out, ye tarsal critters?"

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There being manifestly no possible answer to this inquiry, the man proceeded to his task of forking down hay into the mangers, of measuring grain and chopping turnips for the hungry cattle. In the midst of these operations another sound smote upon his ears, a sound which caused his heaped measure to drop from his shaking fingers. It was unmistakably the cry of a young infant. It seemed to arise from the black depths of the hay-mow.

Now, if there be anything on earth more helpless or more harmless than the young of the human species, it is yet to be found. Perhaps because of this, a baby's cry shakes the soul of a man and wrings the heart of a woman. Erastus Winch had heard this sound once before on a winter's morning—a single cry, then silence. Whether he would or not, in the stillness that followed this singular interruption of his labours, he lived over again the hour which saw his own only child breathe and wail—once.

He frowned as he refilled the measure. "I hope I ain't fallin' into the ways of them fool spiritoolists," he muttered. Enlivened by the humour of this conceit, he called loudly upon the poultry to approach and be fed. Sounds of satisfaction, of greed, of anxiety, of anger, arose here and there from feathered throats. Into the midst of the clamour struck again that other sound, faint, yet insistent, the cry of the helpless human atom newly arrived out of eternity. The man seized his lantern and strode determinedly towards the hay-mow. "I ain't no fool," he strenuously assured himself. "If thar's anythin' in that thar hay 'sides fodder, I'll find it, or my name ain't Winch."

There was something. Having found it, he stood stark still for a full minute, at a loss for words of sufficient significance to express his wonder. What he saw by the light of the lantern was solemn enough and mysterious enough and sad enough to have melted a heart of stone. Lying on the hay at his feet was the form of a woman. This much he saw at a glance; then his amazed eyes told him more. This motionless figure was not huddled frowsily together, after the manner of homeless vagabonds who take refuge from the storm and cold in the first rude shelter that offers; it lay upon its rude couch in the majestic attitude of a queen, who, having relinquished an earthly crown, passes on into kingdoms eternal.

The woman was dead—this much was evident even to the dull perceptions of Erastus Winch. He stared at the still loveliness of the white face unwinkingly. "What—what——" he muttered, stammering thickly in his bewilderment. Then he stooped to draw aside the folds of a heavy cloak which concealed something that had hitherto escaped his notice. The something stirred feebly, and for the third time sent forth its piteous appeal for human aid.

"'Liz'beth! 'Lizbeth!"

The woman turned quickly from the hot stove where she was superintending the frying of the matutinal pork. She recognised in the tones the familiar appeal of masculine inability to feminine efficiency. "Wall, 'Rastus," she said, resignedly, "what's happened now?"

"What's happened!" repeated the man, stamping the snow off his cowhide boots with vicious emphasis. "You kin well ask! Say! how many tarnation times hev I got to tell ye to lock the door to the barn? You must ha' left it open agin las' night when you fed the calves, and a tramp's got in thar an' died."

"You don't say!" The woman's hands were uplifted, sympathy and horror dawned in her dim eyes. "In the barn! An' we asleep an' warm in our bed! Why didn't the poor fellow come to the house? He could ha' slep' by the kitchen stove 's well as not."

"Not much he couldn't," growled her husband, unwinding the woollen comforter from about his neck. "'Tain't a man, anyhow; it's a woman, an' thar's a baby. Come now, ye don't need to fly off the handle like that; if 'tain't dead a'ready, 'twill be time you see it. I want my breakfast first thing, d'ye hear?"

The woman had snatched up the lantern, and, casting the skirt of her calico gown over her head in feeble defiance of the storm, was already out of hearing.

"Women are such consarned fools!" soliloquised Erastus Winch, regarding the frying-pan sourly. "Pork a-burnin' an' everythin' goin' to thunder, an' they don't keer, ef thar's a baby in a hunderd miles of 'em!"

He clumsily removed the smoking utensil from its position over the blazing sticks, spattering his hands with the

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boiling fat as he did so—a circumstance which by no means soothed his already ruffled temper. After which he followed his wife in her hasty flight to the scene of the tragedy, communing with himself as he went concerning the unforeseen circumstance which had threatened to upset his plans anent the inmates of the pig-sty.

Elizabeth Winch had found her way to the side of the dead woman, where, first wrapping the baby in warm arms of compassion, she stood gazing into the white purity of the sleeping face.

"Lord save us!" she was murmuring to herself. "Now, did you ever! Poor thing—an' we asleep an' warm in our bed."

"Twa'n't our fault," said her husband, sulkily eyeing the dead woman, whom he conceived on the instant to be the cause of his smarting fingers as well as of his disordered plans. "S'pose I'll hev to hitch up fust thing an' git the cor'ner up here," he continued, with rising irritation. "What bizniss had the likes of her to come sneakin' 'bout other folks' prop'ty—and the poorhouse not a mile further on! The Lord knows I pay taxes 'nough to git quit of paupers, dead or 'live!"

"Now, 'Rastus," protested his wife, "prob'bly the poor critter couldn't walk another step. But, land! I musn't stan' here; she's stun dead—that's plain; but this 'ere baby's as live as a cricket—poor lamb!"

"That young 'un's a-goin' to the poorhouse, soon's I c'n git my breakfas' an' hitch," quoth the man loudly. But Elizabeth, being a thin, agile woman, was again out of hearing.

He repeated his words with added emphasis half-an-hour later. The two had partaken of their meal in haste and silence, the woman casting an occasional glance toward the wooden rocking-chair, where, warmly covered, the waif slept quietly.

Erastus Winch had followed these glances with frowning eyes. Now he pushed back his chair with a loud, scraping sound, and deliberately wiped his mouth upon the back of his hand. This was the familiar signal for a prompt renewal of the grinding labour which made up their daily lives. Elizabeth was wont to respond by springing at once from her chair and instituting a vigorous attack upon the breakfast dishes. This morning she sat still in her place; her eyes, as she lifted them to her husband's face, shone with an unaccustomed light.

"'Rastus," she began timidly, "I wish—that is, I've been a-thinkin' that——"

"Yes!" broke in the man, noisily ruminating the departing flavours of his recent meal; "I know what you've been a-thinkin' well 'nough. You want I should 'low ye to keep that thar young 'un; but I ain't a-goin' to do it. It'll start fur the poorhouse in jes' ten minits f'om now. I'll stop to Dundor's on the way back, an' he'll see to gittin' the corpse away."

He paused with his hand upon the latch, and fixed his greenish eyes full upon the woman. "An' I'll tell ye 'nother thing—I ain't a-going to hev all the women-folk in this 'ere neighbourhood a trapsin' through this house an' runnin' all over my barn, peekin' an' pryin' an' clackin'. Don't ye tell nobody what's up. Time 'nough fur gabbin' when the hull thing's out the way. That's my way of tendin' to bizness, an' it's been my way fur more'n forty years back. I'm goin' out to hitch up the critters now; whilst I'm gone you c'n git the water a-bilin'. I'm goin' to kill them hogs jes' 's I said, if we be late. Consarn the tramp anyhow!"

Elizabeth had not stirred from her chair during this harangue. Her husband suddenly became aware of this. "What you settin' thar for?" he demanded. "Looks like you was waitin' fur kingdom come. I hain't no time to fool away, I tell ye!"

"'Rastus Winch," said the woman slowly, "I'm a-goin' to keep that baby."

"You're a-goin' to keep that baby—eh?"

"Yes, I be. The Lord ain't never givin' me none of my own, 'xcept——" Her voice broke, and she raised her apron to her eyes.

Erastus Winch set his back against the door; his grim face hardened. "You ain't no call to bring that up," he said harshly. "The Lord's done by ye 'cordin' to His will Ye ain't got no children 'cause He don't want you to have none."

"He's give me this one. I'm a-goin' to keep it!"

"Wall, now, I say ye ain't, an' I'm the one to say, I guess! Why, consarn it, hain't ye got 'nough to occ'py yer time? Thar's the cows a-comin' in afore long—thar'll be a dozen or more calves to look arter. An' hens, an' turkeys, an' geese to

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set, an' chicks an' goslin's to feed ; an' all the while the milk to take keer of an' butter to make. Ye ain't a-goin' to tie yer han's with no beggar brat, if I know it. 'Sides, we can't 'ford it. He'd eat his blamed head off in no time!"

Elizabeth Winch arose from her chair. She was a tall, angular woman, whose dress, complexion and hair had long since acquired the hopeless tints of her surroundings. But the eyes in the faded face shone suddenly bright and clear, and the voice rang out in the forgotten tones of youth. "'Rastus!" she cried, "you say the Lord ain't give me no children 'cause He don't want me to have none. Then, why did He give me sech a hankerin' after 'em? He does want me to have 'em, en' He meant I should have 'em."

"Why ain't you got 'em, then?" sneered the man, repenting the words as they escaped his lips in the light of the answering flash from the eyes of the woman.

"You don't need to ask that question," she answered bitterly. "If I'd ha' had half the care you give the milk critturs mebbe—but thar ain't no use talkin' 'bout it. That's my baby in the cheer yonder, an' he ain't a-goin' to the poor farm this day ner any other day."

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, then he burst out in loud, blustering tones, "Whose house is this, anyhow? Ain't it mine? Say, ain't I a right to tell what I'll hev and what I won't hev in my own house? Consarn it! What d'ye mean by talkin' that way to me? I tell ye, ye hain't got no time to fool with that young 'un. It's a-goin' whar it b'longs jest as quick as I kin git it thar."

Elizabeth walked swiftly to the side of the rocking-chair. She laid her work-distorted fingers lightly, caressingly on the soft-heaving wrappings which betrayed, chrysalis-like, the life pulsing within.

"Rastus," she said, tremulously, "this is your house, but ain't it mine, too? Hain't I slaved and worked for what we've got ever sence we was married jest as hard as you have—an' harder mebbe? Ain't I got some rights here? I've took keer of calves an' chickens faithful all my life. Now, can't I give a little time to him? It won't be much, husband. I can do more for you ef I have him."

"Now, 'Liz'beth, you're a-talkin' what ain't good horse sense," said the man, tugging argumentatively at the short tuft of grey whiskers which depended from his chin. "An' what's more, you know you be. You don't want that boy any more'n a cat wants two tails ; an' I'm blamed sure I don't ; so that's settled!" He turned peremptorily as he spoke and laid his hand once more upon the latch. "I'm a-goin' to hitch now. I'll stop at the door fur the young 'un, an' mind you don't hender me with no more of your 'tarnal nonsense." He slammed the door heavily behind him.

Elizabeth dropped on her knees beside the rocking-chair, her thin shoulders shaking with suppressed sobs. "My baby!" she whispered, "my baby—mine, mine!"

When, ten minutes later, the frosty jingle of bells and harness apprised her of the fact that the "hitchin' up" had been accomplished, she opened the door, closed it carefully behind her, and stood waiting ankle-deep in the unswept snow.

Her husband eyed her sourly as he pulled up his horses. "Hand it out," he commanded briefly.

"I've got somethin' to say to you, 'Rastus."

"Wall!"

"If you take that baby away from me, 'Ratus Winch, I'll never feed another chicken ; I'll never look at another calf ; I'll never cook you another meal of victuals, nor lift a finger in your house agin as long as I live. So help me God!" The woman's face was pinched and colourless, but solemn determination was written in every line of it.

The man's jaw fell ; he thrust one leg tentatively out of the sleigh, then slowly pulled it in again, and mechanically drew the blankets closer about his knees. "You're a durned sight bigger fool 'an I took ye fur, 'Liz'beth," he said, with a rasping cough. "You'll be mighty sorry for this afore you're through!" With that he curled his lash with vicious emphasis about the flanks of his shivering horses, and disappeared in a cloud of glittering snow dust, which smote the woman's white face like needles.

"I'll never be sorry for it!" she cried exultantly. She laughed aloud in the face of the rising sun. Long shafts of pink and yellow splendour streamed across the dazzling blue-white of the elds, transfiguring the haggard figure with the celestial tints of morning. From the

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gnarled orchard closes sounded the gay carol of a chickadee; sparrows called shrilly from their rugged nests under the eaves. The woman stared about her with wide eyes, her starved soul swelling in her shrivelled breast.

Then the thought of the dead woman seized her like a threatening hand. "I must look," she muttered. "There'll be a letter, mebbe—or a name. Somebody'll take him away from me!"

There was no letter, no name, no sign—even on the worn clothing in which the unknown was clad. Elizabeth satisfied herself of this. A sweet-smiling mystery, flower-pure, snow-clad, the dead mother vouchsafed no answer to the burning questions in the eyes of the living mother who bent over her. She reverently touched one of the waxen hands. "I ain't like you," she whispered, "but I'll love him an' take keer of him faithful as long's I live!"

Then she uttered a short, sharp cry. There was something after all, lying on the hay and half-covered by one exquisite palm. Elizabeth drew this object toward her with shaking fingers, and, wrapping it in her apron, fled toward the house.

In the rosy light of the new day, which streamed in at the kitchen window, she examined what she had found. It was a book—a Bible, bound in shabby, russet-coloured leather. On the fly-leaf something was written in a delicate hand. To Elizabeth's unaccustomed eyes it seemed almost illegible. She spelled it out word by word: "The stretching out of His wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel!" Below this were two words written in bolder characters. She stared at them intently, but the strangely twisted letters conveyed no meaning to her brain.

"It's a name, mebbe," she muttered. "I—I'll keep it keerful for him."

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

During the three days in which the dead woman lay in the back room of the undertaker's shop in Tacitus Four Corners, all the countryside emptied itself before the door. Solemn-faced farmers with their wives; children on their way to school; grimy young women and grimier young men, operatives in the cotton factory across the river; old people scarce able to drag their bodies from the warm nooks and corners where they dozed away their vacant days, one and all found their way into the bare little room dignified for the nonce by the terrible name—morgue.

There had been set on foot, as a matter of course, certain official inquiries, which had led up, after the frequent manner of official inquiries, to the dead wall of the unknowable. A vast number of excited rumours and gossiping surmises ended at the same impassable point. If the white mystery in Erastus Winch's barn had been dropped there out of the icy arms of the storm, its story could not have been more deeply shrouded from prying eyes.

Eliphalet Dundor—familiarly known on ordinary occasions as Liph—was disposed to regard the present "sad occasion" as an auspicious event in his business career. As coroner and undertaker his professional pride had been deeply gratified by the prominent position in the eyes of his fellow citizens which he now occupied. He wore uninterruptedly his most impressive air of perfunctory solemnity—becomingly tempered with alert politeness, together with his official suit of black clothes.

In the front of the shop certain elaborately trimmed coffins were displayed, at which the visitors cast curious glaces as they passed in and out of that other room, where lay the cold presence of the dead.

"Walk right up, ladies an' gentlemen, an' view these elegant goods at your leisure," said Mr. Dundor, with a professional wave of his hand. "Now that you've taken a look at her, you really can't afford to go away without seeing how comf'table we c'n make the dear departed here in Tacitus Four Corners. There's only jest one thing we're certain of, ladies, in this 'ere vale of sorrers—we must all die some day or another, each and every one of us. An' whilst we're su'vivors it's the greatest of all earthly comforts to feel that the dear departed is laid away by one that knows how to conduct the arrangements so 't you may say it's a pleasure to be the corpse."

Many of the women shed tears excitedly as they left Mr. Dundor's emporium. It was unanimously conceded to be "more interestin' than a reg'lar fun'ral."

The short December day was drawing to its close with a gorgeous pageant of crimsons and purples which streamed far across the wintry land, kindling the

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"IT'S A NAME, MEBBE," SHE MUTTERED.

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village vanes and windows into gem-like splendour. This celestial radiance penetrated the dusty window-panes of Mr. Dundor's shop and mingled with the uncertain light of a smoky kerosene lamp, which, for convenience sake, was placed on the upturned end of a pine coffin. After the active duties of the day, the worthy undertaker had permitted himself the relaxation of a short clay pipe stuffed with malodorous tobacco, the while he "set up" a receptacle for the meek figure which lay in the shadows beyond.

The article upon which Mr. Dundor was industriously engaged differed widely from the fantastic affairs which he had displayed to the admiring public earlier in the day; a combination of wood shavings, euphemistically termed "excelsior," with certain scant breadths of sleezy cambric of an unpleasant bluish white, were the simple materials with which he was lining the narrow pine box of ominous shape. It was, in short, a pauper's coffin, on which profits were reduced to a point which brought a commensurate scowl to the workman's forehead. At sound of a shrill tinkle, twice repeated, which marked the opening and closing of the outer shop door, Mr. Dundor laid down his hammer, and tiptoeing across the room, applied one eye to a knot-hole in the partition. After a brief reconnaissance, he hastily divested himself of his overalls and extinguished his pipe.

The new-comer stood in the midst of the shop, glancing at him somewhat uncertainly over the collar of his great-coat. He was a short man, much muffled up, and wearing a slouched hat pulled well down over his eyes; Mr. Dundor's alert eyes took in these details as he advanced on creaking tiptoe from the inner room. He bowed his sleek head with a tentative air of concern and sympathy. "Ah, my dear sir, good evening," he began, sucking in the corners of his lips with a windy sigh. "Was there anything—ah—I could do for you in the mortuary line, sir? A sudden bereavement perhaps—yes, yes!"

"There was a woman," said the stranger, in a harsh metallic voice, at sound of which the undertaker again bowed low, caressing the glossy knees of his trousers with uncertain fingers. "A woman, found dead—in a barn, was it? Can't say; just chanced to see it in newspaper. Detained at your wretched junction for an hour or more. Concluded to pass away the time by looking the matter up."

"There was a woman; yes, sir; certainly—quite right. Found dead, as you say, sir, in a barn. Sad case—very. Funeral to-morrow."

"Let me see her."

"Certainly—to be sure. The public has been admitted as a matter of precaution—that is, with the view of securing some further evidence. I have the honour of being coroner of this deestrict, sir."

The stranger made no comment; but a certain alertness in his manner called forth a further remark from Mr. Dundor. "We have not as yet succeeded in identifying the remains," he said, frowning and thrusting out his mouth with an air of judicial wisdom. "Sad case—very. Now you don't happen to be a possible acquaintance of the deceased, do you, sir?"

They were standing at the side of the dead woman, and the observant undertaker fancied that the aquiline features above the high coat collar quivered for an instant. "You don't happen to—ah—know this unfortunate young woman, do you, sir?" he repeated, with an insinuating smile.

The stranger turned sharply around. "What do you mean—confound you—by asking such a question?" he demanded, in a low, fierce voice. "No; I don't know the woman. Why should I? Didn't I tell you what I came for? I came to please myself—to amuse myself. I said so, didn't I?"

"Oh—ah, yes, certainly, my dear sir; no offence intended; no offence whatever. But as coroner of this deestrict, you know, an' with no evidence whatever—sad case, very, an' a nameless child, too—a very sad an' melancholy occasion, to be sure!"

"A child!" interrupted the other sharply. "But, nonsense, I don't see it."

"There was a child—yes, certainly. The child was living—is living, I may say."

"Humph!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't quite catch the remark."

The stranger turned his back upon the dead woman. "The funeral is to-morrow, I believe you said?"

"Yes, sir; to-morrow, at ten o'clock sharp, at the expense of the town—an' mighty little expense it is. I've buried the paupers in this 'ere community nigh onto twenty years, an' there ain't a dollar of profit in it—not a dollar."

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The stranger glanced at the pine box, with its cambric linings. "This is for her, I suppose?" he said, coldly.

"Yes, sir; an' a mighty roomy an' stylish coffin it is for a pauper. She'll lie quiet enough, once she's put away. I ain't sure it makes much difference to 'em anyhow; it's the su'vivors 'at's pertic'lar. I c'n show you some elegant goods in all the latest styles, if you was interested in seein' 'em, sir."

"I have a fancy—mind you, it's a mere whim of mine—to see this—this pauper buried decently," said the stranger, fixing his frowning gaze on the undertaker. "I shouldn't care to think of a dog in that!" He indicated the box with a slight gesture.

"If you—ah—happened to know anyone who is an acquaintance, or perhaps a relative, of the deceased, you——" Mr. Dundor's eyes were roving inquisitively over the person of his visitor, but his words died away into an articulate mumble before the fierce look in the eyes above the high coat-collar. He rubbed his hands together apologetically. "You understand my position, sir, as coroner of this dees——."

"You heard what I said," broke in the stranger, with a scornful shrug. "If you do care to listen to what I say, then do so without remark; my time is limited."

"Certainly, my dear sir; I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'm always ready an' anxious to ah—serve the b'reaved in any an' all——"

"Have the goodness to attend to me. Place the body of the woman in your best casket. Seal it up and bury it without delay. What has passed between us need not be mentioned. This whim of mine—a mere fancy which came into my mind as I saw the woman—need not become common talk. Do you understand?"

Mr. Eliphalet Dundor's lean hand closed upon the roll of bills which the other man offered. "Very generous of you, sir, I'm sure. Nothing to be ashamed of, certainly. I—ah—quite understand, I assure you. Natural modesty of benevolent gent'man; prevent left hand knowin' right hand's doin's—eh? Everything shall be as you wish, sir; elegant casket, satin linin's, pillers soft and easy to the head, silver trimmin's, an'——"

The sound of the outer shop door as it shut to with a sharp protest from the rusty bell informed Mr. Dundor that he was once more alone.

"Curious circumstance — very," he muttered to himself. "If there had been any marks of violence on the body now, I should have felt justified in making an arrest—yes, to be sure, an arrest! But everything was quite regular; young woman, identity unknown, found dead—froze. Nothing out of the way or suspicious in freezing. Any young woman similarly situated would have froze. Sad case—very. Ah."

Mr. Dundor had climbed to the high stool behind his desk during this soliloquy; the roll of bills lay spread out before him in the light of the smoky lamp. "Ah," he repeated, rubbing his hands as he eyed the crisp green notes, "very generous indeed—very handsome! What a pity not to speak of the matter."

"It would get into the papers," he said, smiling pleasantly to himself. "Something like this, say: 'Mr. Eliphalet Dundor, the well-known coroner and undertaker of Tacitus Four Corners, receives visit from mysterious person, who insists upon paying handsomely for funeral of the unknown woman found dead in that township. Mr. Dundor is a prominent citizen, an' active business man in this thrivin' village. We visited his elegant emporium at the Corners yesterday, an' give the story in his own words.' If there's money in advertisin'—he! he!" he chuckled, "I'd get a plenty of it without paying the printer a red cent."

This brought him back quite naturally to the agreeable presence of the greenbacks on the desk before him. "It'll pay the expenses," he muttered, "an' leave a handsome margin. There's the money from the town besides. I'll have to take that, or they'll ketch on to this 'ere curious circumstance."

He arose, lamp in hand, and walked slowly to the front of the shop; the long shadows of the coffins danced grotesquely on walls and ceiling, mingling with that of Mr. Dundor's own spare shape. "This 'ere's too big for her," he muttered; "they ain't no sense in wastin' room on folks that ain't called on to move. Besides, ol' Mr. Snell's ripenin' for a better world, an' he's a hefty man. If I have to set up one like this we can't have no fun'ral to-morrow at ten; can't fetch it nohow under a day an' a-half. That black cloth case 'ud do, but I as good as promised to set that one 'side fur Mis' Turner, an' I

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don't like to disappoint her; her second husband's buried in one sim'lar to it. The Lord knows I can't afford to play fast and loose with a big fambly like the Turners an' all of 'em onhealthy."

His mind reverted to the meek presence in the back shop. "She ain't goin' to dictate 'bout it, I guess," he said meditatively, as he tiptoed softly to the side of the dead woman. "All any of 'em ask is to be put away comf'table."

The smoky lamp shed a feeble glimmer on the pathetic young face, framed in its masses of red-brown hair. "I'll miss my guess if he hadn't put eyes on to her before," said Mr. Dundor. "But she ain't dressed suitable to be laid on white satin, whoever she is, an' I'm legally bound to stick to my contract with the town."

He turned with decision, and, setting the lamp in its former position, resumed his operations on the narrow pine box of ominous shape.

It was growing bitterly cold in the little back room, but great drops of moisture stood out on the workman's forehead. "Stylish and roomy," he repeated to himself, with a furtive glance at the quiet figure in the shadows, "an' there ain't no su'vivors."

CHAPTER III.

STRETCHING OUT OF HIS WINGS.

On the following day Elizabeth Winch stood in the open door of her house, a smile of timid welcome on her face; the minister's wife was coming up the path.

"Do walk right in, Mis' Holditch," she said, hospitably; "it's awful cold, ain't it? You'd better take your things off, I guess, while you're settin,' or you won't sense them when you go out."

The minister's wife untied her blue veil and unpinned her heavy blanket shawl. "It's cold," she admitted; "but I was well wrapped up." She was a stout, motherly woman, with a countenance composed to a comfortable acquiescence in the inscrutable ways of Providence. "I'd like to see that baby," she added, as she emerged like a substantial beetle from its encumbering chrysalis.

"You—you wouldn't be wantin' him?" asked Elizabeth, hesitatingly.

"Dear, no!" said the other, with a pitying smile. "I know too well what a piece of work it is to bring up a bottle baby! But, of course, we all take an interest in the poor child."

Elizabeth drew her guest into the tiny bedroom off the kitchen. "He's asleep," she whispered, her face glowing with joyful pride. "He sleeps most all the time when he ain't eatin'. He ain't a mite of trouble. He's growin' jest like a little weed—no, I ain't a-goin' to say that neither; weeds is ugly things. He's more like a little pink flower. There now, look at him; ain't he lovely!"

Mrs. Holditch leaned over the sleeping form, a fine motherly smile dawning in her kind eyes. She touched the soft rose of the tiny cheek with a wise forefinger. "I should say he was as healthy a child as I ever saw," she said judicially. "And I guess you know how to do for him as well as if you'd had more experience. You want to dilute his milk with boiled water, and don't feed him every time he cries."

"He ain't hardly cried sence I've had him," breathed the other, with a triumphant smile. "An' jest look at his hair, will you, a curlin' all over his blessed little head? His eyes is as black as velvet, an' he knows me a'ready; you wouldn't believe it, would you now, Mis' Holditch?"

"They're more knowing than most folks give 'em credit for," responded the minister's wife briskly. "What does Mr. Winch say about him?"

Elizabeth's face clouded. "He don't want him," she said sullenly. "But I've made up my mind."

"You might name him after your husband," suggested Mrs. Holditch, elevating her eyebrows with an understanding glance.

"No, he's named a'ready. He's named 'Manuel. I named him first thing."

"Manuel!" repeated Mrs. Holditch, wonderingly. "Why, that sounds kind of a foreign and outlandish name for him, doesn't it?"

"It's in the Bible," said Elizabeth; "an' I seen it on the communion-table over to Turner's Cross-roads once. 'The stretchin' out of His wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O 'Manuel!'"

"I understand now—Immanuel. It means 'God with us.'"

(The remaining Chapters of this Story are full of positions that will appeal irresistibly to human sympathy.—ED.)

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A LOST REVENGE.

"SIR, it will break dad's heart to have to leave Burleigh. We have lived there for generations. Give him time, sir, and things will right themselves."

"Not I!" returned Mr. Weissmann doggedly. "If he hasn't been able to make matters succeed with farming paying so well, he never will."

"But it was that bill he backed for uncle, sir," pleaded the lad.

"He shouldn't have been such a fool, then," was the reply. "He must pay the rent or go!"

The lad's father went, but it killed him. And by the side of his father's grave Harold Gascoigne registered a vow to humble the man who had refused to allow him any consideration.

He went out to Africa, and there in the diamond mines, by hard work and keen speculation, he made an enormous fortune. He was only thirty-seven when he returned to England, and meanwhile many things had happened. Land had gone down in value, and now it was the landlords who were the paupers.

Tenants were scarce, farms were going begging, and amongst those who suffered most severely was his father's old landlord.

The first thing that Harold Gascoigne did was to buy back the dear old place, which, owing to Mr. Weissmann's difficulties, he was only too glad to dispose of.

"You look very mopish, papa," said Alice Weissmann to her father at the breakfast table.

"Enough to make me," he answered, irritably. "There's a bill I gave to Jones in Lombard Street which I hoped to get renewed, and now another party of the name of Gascoigne has bought it up, and presses for the money, just when I haven't got it."

"I don't understand," said Alice. "A bill!" innocently.

"No, girls don't understand business; but you'll understand having to leave your home when we are all sold up."

"Is it as bad as that?" she exclaimed, turning pale.

"Yes, it's ruin! Nothing less. All I want is time, but this man won't give me any. Funny, too, his name's Gascoigne. Same name as the man who bought the old Chase Farm at Burleigh from me."

"Papa, wasn't there a Gascoigne there years ago?"

"Yes, I turned him out. But I don't suppose this man is any relation. He hails from Africa, and is very wealthy. Wish I had a little of it." And he strode from the room.

"Poor dad! I believe it will simply kill him. I wish I knew where this Mr. Gascoigne lived; I'd go and ask him to give us time. He can't want the money if he's so rich."

She stole into the library unobserved, and ferreting among the papers found his address.

Two days after she made an excuse to go to town, and called to see Mr. Harold Gascoigne.

She was shown into a luxuriously furnished office, and Harold Gascoigne surveyed her curiously. He rose, waiting for her to speak.

"I have come about—about papa's debt to you," she said, timidly. "Oh, sir, you will surely let him have time to meet it in."

"What time did he ever give my father when he turned him out?" he answered.

"Did my papa do that?" she said, all hope dying in her.

"He did, and my father perished of a broken heart."

There was silence for a while, and meanwhile Harold Gascoigne's thoughts flew back.

Only twenty years had passed, and here he was able to keep his vow. This very morning the daughter of the man who let him sue in vain was pleading to him. He looked at her as she stood before him with quivering lips and grief-stricken face.

"She must have been a baby," he thought, "when I left the old home."

Twenty years had made a woman of her, and a very fair woman, too. It seemed a thousand pities that such blue eyes should be clouded by grief.

Somewhat awkwardly, he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"There, Miss Weissmann, you needn't

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take on so about it. These things happen daily to a great many people."

"So does death," she retorted; "but that does not make it any easier to bear when it comes in your own home."

He started. He remembered the shock it was to come home when his mother and sisters were all dead. He had found himself without kith or kin, a wealthy man, with none to bless with his wealth.

"Oh, why won't you give papa time?" she sobbed on, entreatingly. "I'm sure—I'm sure it can be no pleasure to you to sell him out of house and home. You don't look that kind of man. They tell me you are rich, so how can it matter to you?" she naively added.

Harold Gascoigne smiled. After all, now that he had his revenge, it didn't seem so sweet to him, and whatever he might feel to the father, the girl was——

"Well," he said, aloud, "go back and tell your father I will come down from town and see him about it. Yes, I will come next week. So dry your eyes and let the sun come out on your face. May I ask your name, child?"

"Alice!" she returned, somewhat haughtily. "But, if you please, I didn't want papa to know I came."

"Oh, I see! It is to be *our* secret, is it? Very well, it shall be kept."

. . . . .

A few days afterwards Mr. Gascoigne made his appearance, and was closeted for some time with Mr. Weissmann. Then the two joined the girls.

"Alice!" exclaimed her father, pompously, "I thought I would just mention that Mr. Gascoigne has expressed a wish to stay here a little until his old home is ready. I have no doubt you can manage it."

Mr. Weissmann did not mention that Harold Gascoigne was staying as a paying guest.

. . . . .

Two months had passed, and still Harold Gascoigne was there.

One morning at breakfast it leaked out that the day was Alice's birthday.

Later on in the day, Harold placed a small packet in the hands of Alice, saying:

"Will you allow me to keep up the good old custom of birthday presents? I have no sisters of my own, you see."

Alice opened it with some constraint.

At length she drew from it a stamped document, and discovered it was nothing less than her father's bill of sale.

She went white to the very lips.

"What am I to understand by this?" she asked.

"Simply that for the future the question of its renewal will rest with you."

"But I have no right! I cannot accept this!"

"Then give me the right to make it yours! Be my wife, Alice!"

She looked at him speechless with indignation. Then she quietly asked, with a look of scorn:

"Do you wish to buy my hand? You do not leave me free to consult my own inclination. If I accept this, how can I say no? And how dare I decline it?"

Harold looked thoroughly nettled at this reception of his gift.

"May I see it a moment?" he said. And having taken it, he tore it into atoms. "There now, you are free. The bill no longer exists, and I have no claim over your father or you," then turning, he left the room.

Alice stooped down and gathered every atom of paper from the floor and placed them all in a private drawer.

That day at lunch, Harold Gascoigne was not in evidence. A note to Mr. Weissmann intimated that he had been suddenly called to town on business, and did not expect to be able to return.

Mr. Weissmann was amazed, but Alice kept her own counsel.

As the months went by, Alice missed Harold Gascoigne more than she would have thought possible. She wished somehow he had not been so impetuous. She might have come to love him in time. He was a splendid specimen of a man, and she had often admired his massive strength. Sometimes she would sit dreamily picturing him, as she had seen him, strong, bright, and active, but of all her recollections, none were so clear as that of a man, white to the very lips, tearing to pieces the paper that had come between them.

. . . . .

September came, and with it the shooting, and incidentally Mr. Weissman heard that Mr. Gascoigne was down at his old home for the season. He thought it very strange that no invitation came to himself, and loudly expressed his indignation at what he termed the purse-pride of the

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HE PLACED A SMALL PACKET IN ALICE'S HANDS.

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man. Hurt at this, Alice at last told him about the gift of the bill, and when he understood the matter he simply swore at her for a fool.

"You might have queened it in the county with his enormous wealth, had you chosen to take what Fortune sent you. At least you might have thought of me and my troubles. He would have lent me any amount of money. There, get out of my sight!"

From that time forth matters did not go very smoothly for Alice.

Such a revelation of selfishness filled the high-souled girl with contempt, and the daily friction of her home life became unbearable. So she determined to leave home and earn her own living.

What a bitter time it was, that constant seeking for employment, the hoping against hope, and the utter failure of it all. Brought up without any really serviceable education, there seemed nothing she could do.

. . . .

One day she journeyed as usual into the village for letters. On her way she stopped to gaze at the little crowd which had gathered around a travelling menagerie.

"Do you know, Miss Wiessmann, that a great big bear escaped early this morning?" said a garrulous old woman.

"Where is it now?" said Alice.

"They think it is in the woods a-belongin' to Mr. Gascoigne.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "And I have to go back alone!"

She was, however, a girl of courage, and finding no letters, she made up her mind to risk the short cut home through the woods.

She had gone some distance and was sorrowfully pondering how different life might have been to her if *he* had not been so hasty. Suddenly her musings were disturbed by the sound of a low growl near her, and to her dismay she saw the missing bear watching her. Alice screamed with fear, then turning, rushed through the brushwood at the top of her speed. She sprang on to reach an old disused cottage close at hand. The bear followed, gaining quickly upon her, but fear lent her wings, and she just reached the cottage in time to bang the old door to and shoot the rusty bolt. Then she sent up a succession of shrill screams. How long that bolt would have held she did not know; but at that moment she heard a couple of shots, and saw through the paneless window the bear turn towards a man who was making rapidly in its direction. With great joy she recognised him to be Harold Gascoigne. On he came fearlessly, but the bear had lost its native valour in long confinement, and with a howl made for the woods again. Harold emptied two more charges into it, and then came to the cottage.

By the time he reached it Alice was in a dead faint. A sturdy kick or two burst open the old door, and when she came to, she was resting against his knee. The gaze with which he regarded her was one no daughter of Eve could misunderstand; and with delight she saw he loved her still.

Struggling to her feet with the colour dyeing her cheeks, she fell back with a sharp cry of pain. In her flight she had sprained her ankle, though she had passed it unnoticed in her panic.

"I dare not leave you to get assistance," he said, "with that brute about. You must let me carry you to your home."

"It is too far!" she gasped.

"Then let me carry you to mine. That is nearer."

She nodded consent, and in a moment she was in his arms, being borne with steady strides towards safety.

"How strong he is!" she thought. Her weight seemed nothing to him. Then her glance rested on his hair, grown grey in many a battle with the world. His cap had been twisted awry in his haste.

She never knew why she did it, but involuntarily she adjusted his cap. He started at the touch and looked up questioningly.

She tried to meet his gaze firmly, but her eyelids drooped in confusion. Then he kissed her.

"Will you answer me now, Alice? You are quite free to choose. But I have been longing for you all the time."

"So have I for you," she murmured.

. . . .

The bear was caught in the woods, disabled by the effect of the shot poured into it; and it now stands in the hall of the Gascoignes' home, a relic of the adventure which brought them both together, in spite of the bill of sale.

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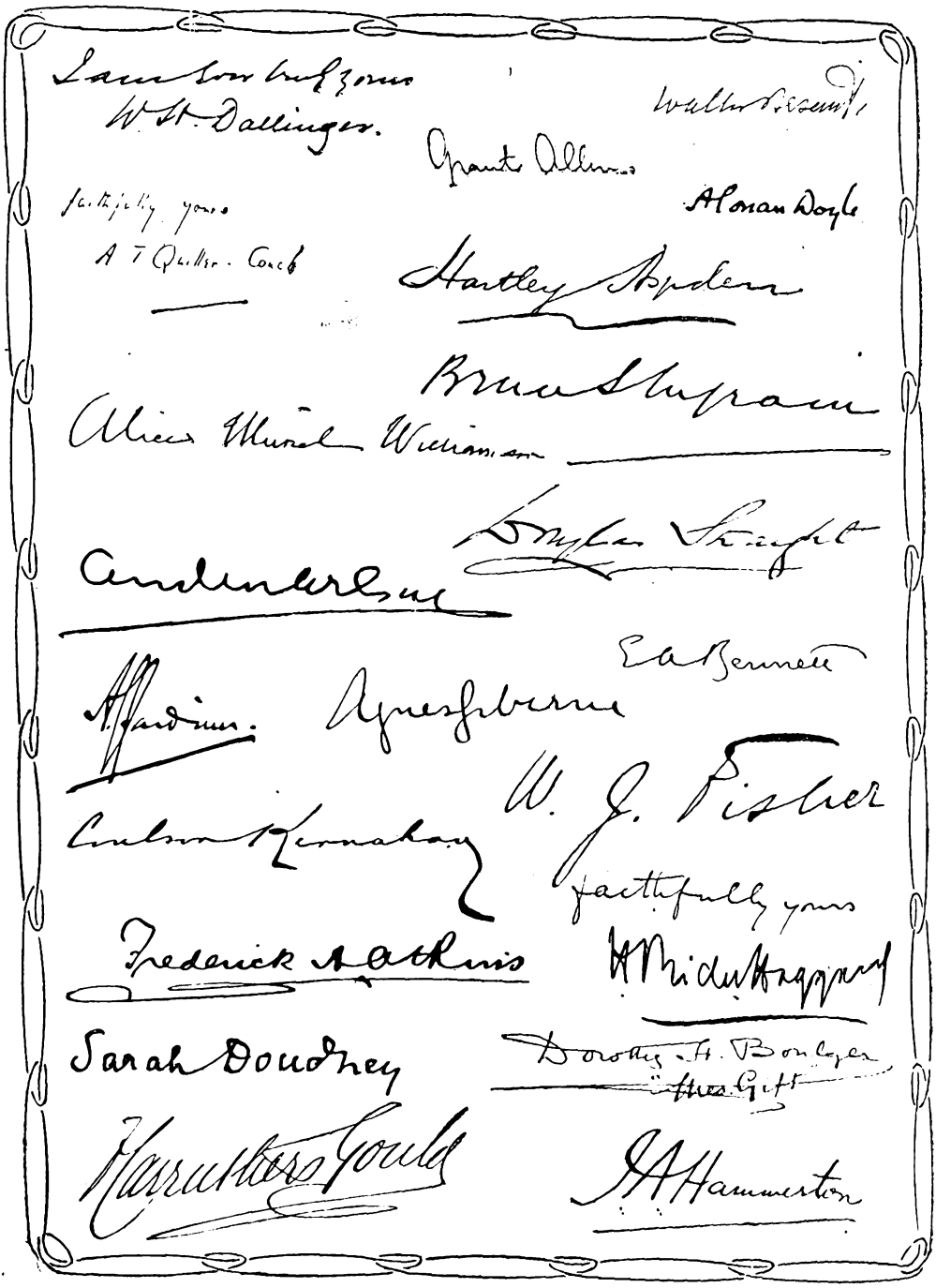

A PAGE OF LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS.

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A Page of . . . Literary Autographs.

MOST of the names on the accompanying page are too well known and too representative of forceful personalties to need much explanation. But there may be a great outside public to whom the fame of literary men is like the fame of Wordsworth to the tourists who were overheard discussing in the Lake District.

"And who's this Wordsworth they talk so much about?"

"Oh, one of those poets like Virgil. In fact I believe he's called Virgil-Wordsworth; and he lives somewhere hereabout."

For the sake of information, then, it had better be pointed out that W. H. Dallinger is the signature of the famous Wesleyan minister, scientist, and literary contributor on scientific subjects. A. T. Quiller-Couch is better known as "Q" to the public as the author of some charming Cornish tales, and to Fleet Street as a prominent journalist as well—though we pity the compositor's strained eyes who has to set a manuscript in that exquisitely small handwriting. As for the late Grant Allen and Walter Besant, or A. Conan Doyle (otherwise Sherlock Holmes) and Rider Haggard, "what they have written they have written."

"Hartley Aspden" is the signature of one of those men of energy and resource who have laid the foundation of the fortunes of "Harmsworths." Entering their employ as editor of *The Sunday Companion*, he speedily raised that paper to a large circulation, initiated other periodicals, watched the public taste to suit it, and a year or two since had the honour of being nominated a director by Mr. A. G. Harmsworth. No man in the Fleet Street district is kinder to young writers, or more courteous in his dealings with them. Bruce S. Ingram is known for his splendid work in connection with the *Illustrated London News*, and Andrew Wilson for his "Science Jottings" in that and other papers. Alice Muriel Williamson made herself known originally (very originally) as the writer of *feuilletons*, electric in their thrill, baffling in their mystery. Douglas Straight, barrister and journalist, is the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A. Gardiner is the man to whom the varying fortunes of the *Daily News* have been entrusted by Mr. Cadbury, and its marvellous improvement in tone and purpose is the immediate result. W. J. Fisher holds the same position on the *Daily Chronicle*. E. A. Bennett, "a mere man," is editor of *Woman*, one of the best of women's papers. Agnes Giberne and Sarah Doudney are names loved by readers of healthy and religious fiction. Coulson Kernahan is literary adviser to Ward, Lock and Co., and has made himself well known as a keen literary critic and author of several *brochures*, such as "God and the Ant." Mr. Frederick Atkins, as the creator of *The Young Man* and Mr. J. A. Hammerton as a prolific writer in many magazines, the author of "Barrie and his Books," and as the editor of the many issues of Partridge and Co. are both continually in evidence. Mr. Carruthers Gould is connected with the *Westminster Gazette*, and Theo Gift is the deservedly well known writer of winsome children's stories.

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When Night Had Come.

TIRED, ah, so tired!—and the minister leaned his aching head upon his hands. It was Sunday to-morrow, and already it was eleven o'clock; yet the longer he pored over his sermon the less he felt satisfied with it. Oh, the intolerable sameness of the work! If only he might have fresh surroundings to stimulate him. But that would never come now! Forty years is a long period to stay in a place, unless it were London, where the congregations ever change, even though the minister stops. Forty years amongst the same people! No wonder he felt the stress of it. He laid down his manuscript and began to ponder over his life. Rapidly his mind ran over the years. He remembered coming there straight from college, an energetic young man of twenty-eight. How full of hope he had been! How real was the humility which made him seek this small country pastorate! "I can make my mistakes on a small scale there," he had told himself, "and grow richer in experience. While if I do my duty I shall be sure to get a call to a better church, by-and-by."

He had done his duty, but he was still there. He remembered how often at first he had preached at churches "with a view." And, as if it were to-day, he saw himself watching for the postman, lest he should bring the long-expected letter. But somehow that letter never came.

The years rolled on. What a start it gave him when he had reached the first ten, what a shock when it became twenty! How resigned he had grown in the thirties, and now last week completed the fortieth, and he was sixty-eight! All his old friends were dead, and this was an age of recommendation!

Still, he had had his joys here. He had brought his young wife home, and what a fuss the people made of her *then!* She was old like himself, now. Old at sixty-four! Small wonder, when she had spent nearly forty years in bringing together two ends which would never quite meet. Then how soon the children had multiplied! He remembered his joking suggestion to his wife when the third boy came. "Call him Gad, dear," he had said, "for a troop cometh." But it was no joke when the troop came.

Ah, some of them soon went again! The minister's eyes grew moist as he called to mind the names on the stone in the chapel-yard. He thought all the more of Heaven every Sunday he saw that stone as he passed into the chapel. And those who were left, what an anxiety they had been! He had done the best he could for them. He should have liked to send his eldest boy to college. It was a bitter pill when he went into a *draper's shop.*

Once he had been ambitious, now his ambitions were as dead as the many men and women he had buried. That reminded him how very many they had been—old supporters who had helped at first. They had gone and their help with them. And no one had come to take their places.

Then that Wesleyan Chapel had been built, and some of the people had been attracted there. They said he was not *simple* enough. People were always taking exception to his sermons now. He didn't wonder—the modern preachers had such a passion for smartness. He rather admired it himself, but for the life of him he couldn't do it. Somehow thought didn't flow so briskly as it used,

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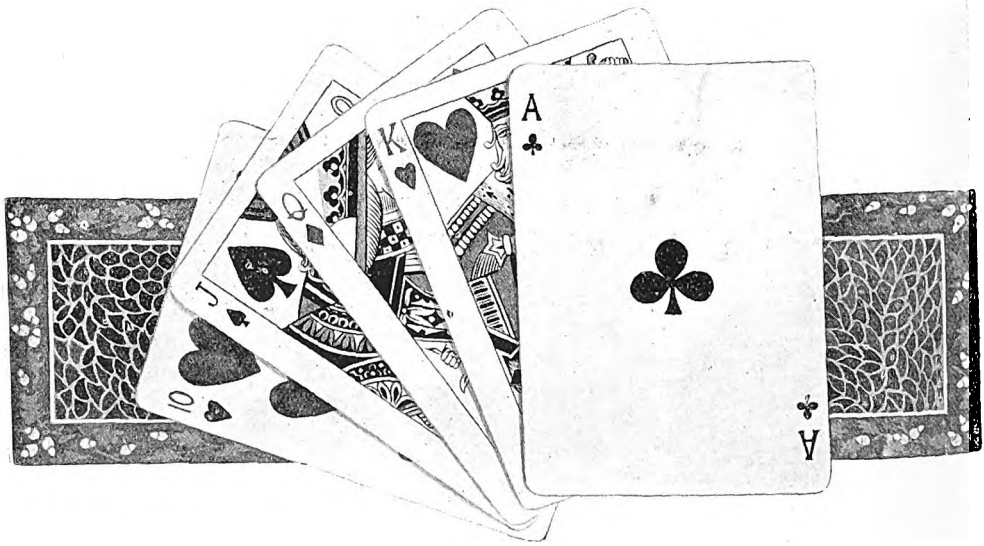
and words needed spurring. He studied hard, his books were the best he could buy. But in these days there were always some fresh books coming out—he could not get them all. The students who came down to preach asked him (if he happened to see them) what he thought of Clarke's or Fairbairn's latest work? *He* had not read them. How full of freshness these young fellows were! Two Sundays ago, when he was away, his people had a young man from Mansfield. They were full of him when he came back. And every word of praise was like a knife to him. Perhaps it was wrong, but he should like to be young again himself, he felt conscious that he was guilty of the terrible sin of being prosy and old-fashioned. There, it could not be long before he would be like the angel in the Master's tomb—"a young man." What kind of a funeral would his people give him? Forty years *was* a long stay. At least they ought to put up a mural tablet to his memory. He knew he had their respect, though they never told him so now. Ah, it was hard to be unappreciated! The Master knew what that meant, though *He* was never old.

Never mind, he had been faithful, and though he had never had a call to a better church, he had fulfilled the call to make his own better. The rich young blood of his church-life had drifted to the towns—all over the world his thought was bearing fruit. "Oh, if he could see all!"

Did he see it? Was that prayer answered? They found him there, with his manuscript before him, one finger resting on the words: "And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The fire in the grate was out, and his life had gone out with it. He had received his call at last, after forty years.



WASTED! WASTED!! WASTED!!!

THE SEASON-TICKET HOLDERS WHO SPEND TWO HOURS PER DAY CARD PLAYING FOR FIVE DAYS A WEEK, WASTE OVER FOUR YEARS OF EIGHT-HOUR DAYS IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, OR ONE YEAR IN SIX.

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"WRIT SARKASTIC."

(I.)—*HOW WE HEARD THE CANDIDATES.*

WE HEARD THEM *DESPONDINGLY.*

THE memory of the pastor, who had spent so many years going in and out our homes, and preaching to us Sabbath after Sabbath, was still held in reverence. True, we had sometimes been glad of a change when he was alive, but when we knew we should see his face no more, we —we *missed* him. Jenny Hardy found her girl sobbing in the midst of a service. The preacher noticed it too, and thinking he had been the means of touching her was constrained to greater fervour, when after all she was only remembering the good old man who had gone away.

Old Mercy Marsden refused to be comforted. "I want to know who'll bring me wood now?" she said, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye. "It warmed my heart up more than the fire to see the old gentleman *every* Friday bring in them sticks he'd chopped with his own hands from the pile Farmer Rogers always sent im for the Manse, a-representin' aforehand as how he must cut it up hissen.. 'Ex'cise was what 'e wanted,' Mister Bentley said, poor dear!"

These were only examples of many who had grown up under the old minister. No one as yet could take his place. He had been an authority on Medicine, Law, Politics, and the Gospel too long. So it came to pass that the over-anxious candidates who wrote for a Sunday "with a view" by the next post after reading of the vacancy, *came* and *saw*, but didn't *conquer*. In their case the first were last.

. . . . .

WE HEARD THEM *EAGERLY.*

At last! For when about three months had gone by the deacons reminded us solemnly, that as the pastorate must eventually be filled, we ought to begin to take notice of the men who came. Tom Jones, who has a reputation for wit, went home and asked his wife, "Why is a vacant church like an infant? Because at first it only *cries*, presently it begins to take *notice*, and at last it says, '*I will.*'" We had only reached the "taking notice" stage. Realising the position, we began to listen eagerly, and the next few months were an era in the lives of some of us. We had become hardened under the sound of a familiar voice, stereotyped in our methods of thinking, and the old, old story had become worse than *old*, it was *stale*. Now under the influence of fresh speakers our hearts began to open, and our minds to widen. A flood of new ideas poured into us. Some began to feel restless who had been satisfied. There were stirrings and searchings of heart. The seed sown in so many years had ripened unto harvest, and the new men put in the sickle. Even the most sleepy kept awake, and Mr. Mason, the draper, who, report said, was never between the sheets till one o'clock on Sunday morning, never even yawned as in the days of yore. These yawns had been a great source of amusement to the children, and they watched for them in vain. Who could get sleepy amidst perpetual change, when in the pulpit you had sometimes a great and strong wind, sometimes an earthquake, sometimes a fire, and sometimes a still small voice? However, as the months went by the spirit of listening for instruction was diluted with a measure of judgment. For

WE HEARD THEM *CRITICALLY.*

Literally we fulfilled the command, "Take heed how ye hear!" The form our criticism took was to watch for whatever *wouldn't* do. A spirit of depreciation settled upon us. Rev. —— was a well-

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known man, in high esteem with the county where he lived, because that by him the Lord had wrought deliverance from debt unto his church, he was also a mighty man in speech; *but*—and there was always a "but." Presumably we were there to listen to the preacher's word, but some of us listened to his hair, the cut of his clothes, the grace or race of his gestures, the way he sat down and the way he stood up. There was no man so very peculiar as to lack all peculiarity, and however little he had we *heard* it. Gradually we came to the conviction that we had an especial talent for trying a man. Certainly they all looked very much tried. Some of them seemed so nervous that they must have been afraid of us. One man, however, disarmed our criticism by remarking at the beginning of the service, "My brethren, I am afraid that a church passing through such a period as your own, tends to develop a cold spirit of criticism. Forgive me if I say, that as nothing is further from my own thoughts than *candidature*, so I trust that all thought of *election* will be absent from yours. In this service, at least, let us worship God!" That day the services did us good. This man was not eligible. He had another invitation in his pocket when he spoke, and some of us were actually so ready to judge that we wondered if that accounted for it. But, no! it could not have been!

. . . . .

Twelve months went by in this process of taking notice, but as yet we had not said, "I will." All manner of hindrances were at work to prevent it. For instance (let us whisper it)

WE HEARD THEM *CLIQUE*-ICALLY.

The church was divided into little *cliques*. Mrs. Robertson, the wife of a banker, headed one, and Mrs. Mann, the wife of a doctor, headed another. The bankeress determined never to vote for anyone who had stayed with Mrs. Mann. "If he comes here," she said, "he'll get in with Mrs. Mann and *that set*." Mrs. Mann was equally sharp concerning the future of guests at Mrs. Robertson's, so the fate of some of the supplies was settled by their destination. Other *cliques* were formed on the basis of *opinion*. The thoughtful element in the church wanted a modern man, the evangelical desired one to whom Mr. Spurgeon would have given a certificate of orthodoxy, the teetotalers were anxious to get an uncompromising abstainer who would do away with the curse of fermented liquor at the communion. If a man seemed a kind of Paul and Apollos rolled into one, it mattered not if any of these particulars he failed to please. So we still heard men "with a view"—our point of view.

. . . . .

There came, however, a Sunday when

WE HEARD *EXPECTANTLY*.

The deacons had been advised by Rev. Dr. ——, a shining light in the denomination, that Rev. Wesley Williams was the very man for them. They had seen copies of his sermons *in print* and highly esteemed them. He was well known in literature, and clearly was a man, as Tom Jones put it, "able to *fill* their pulpit; a very different thing to *occupying* it." He came to preach; *expectantly* we came to hear. Perhaps we expected too much. Certainly his sermons were not up to the printed samples, and as if to settle the matter, it leaked out that he didn't believe in cup-of-tea visitation. He was *not* invited.

. . . . .

Then

WE BEGAN TO HEAR *SPASMODICALLY*;

regular attendants before began *occasionally* to go elsewhere. It was a strange thing, but as surely as a man had been heard whom many had liked, there were at least a respectable minority who, unfortunately, like Thomas, were "not there." But the end was approaching.

. . . . .

WE BEGAN TO HEAR *IRRITABLY*.

At the church meetings it became very clear that the people were impatient with the deacons. They were growing sick of putting up supplies, and putting up with them. As Mrs. Roscoe well said, "When you have a spare room nothing is easier, but when to take a supply in you have to put the children three in a bed, make up a bed for your husband, and turn in anywhere yourself, so as to give up your own bedroom, its rather hard. Besides which, if you refer to the minister's room as the 'spare room,' one of the children will be sure to say 'Do you mean *your* room, mamma?'"

Unfortunately those who had spare rooms had also many friends to use them, and could not spare them much; and on Mondays the senior deacon might have

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been seen trotting round like a rate-collector from door to door, and *just as unwelcome*, with one question puzzling his mind: "Where, oh, where shall I place him?" Even when the arrangement was made, *at the very last moment* "Polly had the scarlatina," a friend had "most unexpectedly arrived," and again the old deacon would depart in search of a prophet's chamber. It was clearly time to put an end to it.

. . . .

The Sunday after a very unpleasant church-meeting a young man preached—*a very average young man.* "Yes, he was a teetotaler." "Yes, he had only stayed at Mrs. May's, the inoffensive wife of a chandler in the town, who took no side and *put none on.*" So Mesdames Mann and Robertson were propitiated. He had used the word "Evolution" in both his sermons, so the modern element was pleased. He talked of the New Birth and urged his hearers to flee from the wrath to come, and the orthodox made a note of it. There was not much in his sermons, but then they were *short.* Never having had a church yet on which to try it, he believed in visitation, and he *was not married.*

Two weeks afterwards he received a letter:—

"My dear Sir,—You now receive the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church here to become its pastor. We trust in making this decision we have been wisely directed by the Great Head of the Church, and also that your acceptance or rejection of our call may be divinely guided."

The call was accepted. We had heard many men—degree men, proved men, men of energy, interesting looking men, powerful preachers, subtle thinkers—and we had struck the average.

THAT MIGHTY PENNY.

"News Room, Admission 1d."

Curiously a TEMPLE man made his way in, and having paid his penny, looked round to see what he could get for it. He had expected to see a few tables with the principal papers of the day available for reading. He found instead that the room was an *actual* press directory, supplying the many papers which the directory only *mentions.* They were *all* there, from the *Times* downward, most of the provincial papers, and even the suburban journals. Many of the readers appeared devoutly attentive to the mass of literature provided for them; and the man began making notes on *the spread of the reading habit*, when looking closer he saw they were chiefly interested in the advertisement columns, and a glance at their appearance—shabby-genteel, or shabby and *not* genteel, revealed the cause—they were out of work.

In another room above swarmed the weekly and monthly magazines. Every trade, every profession, and even every sect has it own journal, and the enterprising and Catholic-minded proprietor finds a place for them all. It was a room full of illumination for literary beginners. Without much trouble they could see the style of thing each journal wants *and doesn't.* A visit here by their outside contributors would save the patience of many an editor and spare their own postage.

Up the stairs, beyond, another room was reached, where a race of scribes were busily employed.

Our representative looked suspiciously at one who seemed to be taking stock of the place. "Ideas float!" he thought. "Could it be that this man was meditating a similar descriptive article? The deities forbid!"

Hastily he sat down and turned his impressions of the place into "copy."

"Yours is a wonderful penn'orth," he said to the proprietor, on leaving. "Does it pay?"

"Yes, indeed. It has been established nearly twenty years, and the place has been generally crowded. Some come for the advertisements, some for reference, many journalists flock in to see if their articles are out yet, and some stay to read, or play chess and draughts. Those who stay to read want to feed, so we supply that too. In fact, it is a club without a subscription, except the 1d. entrance fee."

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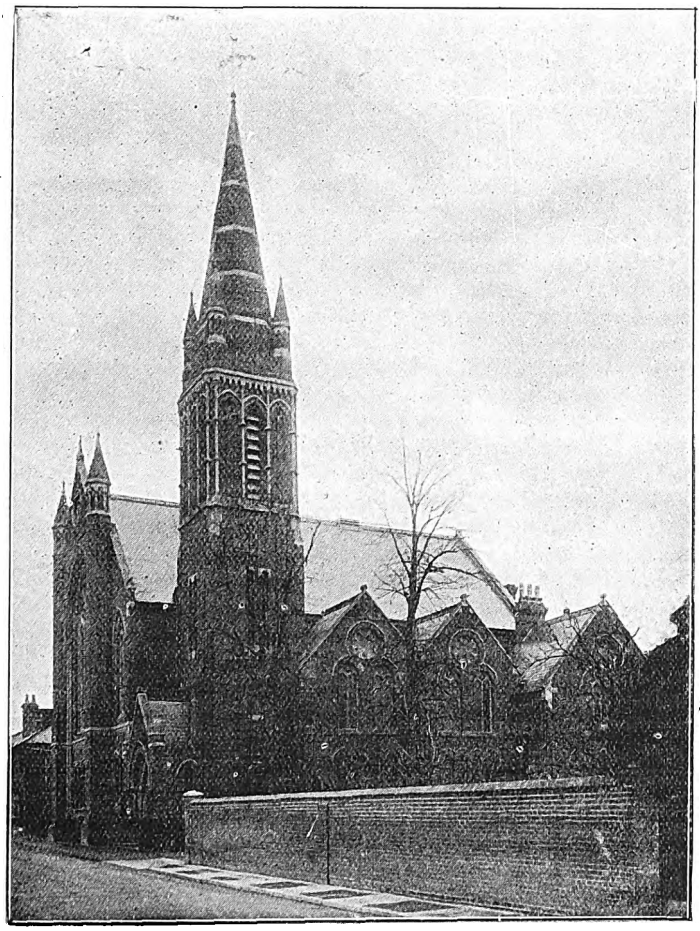
PROVINCIAL = = = BUT PROSPEROUS.

"HAVERHILL!"—Where is Haverhill?

Quaint little town on the borders of two counties—Essex and Suffolk—"far from the madding crowd,"—out of the beaten track of traffic, Haverhill is the last place one would expect to find the home of a surprisingly busy and prosperous church. Two years ago the Essex Congregational Union held its meetings there, and the prevailing note of conversation was one of intense surprise, at the splendid cathedral-like church, and well-appointed buildings. After a long and tedious journey from the outlying districts of the wide-spreading county of Essex, it came with something like a shock to discover that the little town to which they wended their way possessed a church that matched the best in the county, and a magnificent organ that was the envy of all. The reason for its prosperity is not far to seek. Given a really fine church and buildings in such an unexpected quarter as Haverhill, and the natural question is "Find the man!" In the case of Haverhill, an enormous debt has been owed to the vivid interest taken in the place by the Gurteens, whose large factories give employment to hundreds of people, and whose generosity has supported the Congregational Chapel and



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, AVERHILL.

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largely assisted in every scheme for the promotion of its improvement and usefulness. Under the last two pastors—the Rev. Richard Fotheringham. M.A., and the Rev. J. F. Shepherd, M.A.—the large place has steadily been filled, and all manner of religious institutions kept in a thriving condition.

but, being a "Noncon." first and a musician afterwards, these offers were reiected.

We published his portrait in the last issue of the TEMPLE MAGAZINE, as Chairman of the Union of his county and his fine utterance in the chair on "The Christ of History" justified the election of the

THE INTERIOR WITH GREAT ORGAN.

No better sphere ot usefulness could be offered to any young minister than to have the opportunity of touching the large numbers of young people who throng the church. The musical gifts of Mr. Shepherd are unique—his skill as an organist having secured him offers of valuable musical preferment if he would be content to sink his Nonconformity,

county. The flourishing condition of the many agencies in the Church is as great a surprise as the buildings. There is a large Sunday-school, a Christian Band of sixty members, a Guild with a roll of 220, a Girls' Free Church Guild, a Boys' Life Brigade and drum and fife band, a large institute and gymnasium, in addition to all the usual societies.

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

WE present our readers with a portrait of the new President of the Devon Baptist Association, whose meetings this year are now being held at Barnstaple. The Rev. William Thomas Adey has been pastor of the historic Baptist church at Kingsbridge, Devon, since the year 1893, having previously exercised his ministry in Darlington, Leeds, Scarborough, and London, where he succeeded the Rev. Charles Clark at Ealing. He was trained at Regent's Park College, under the venerable Dr. Joseph Angus and the great Hebraist, Dr. Benjamin Evans.

Mr. Adey is known as a ready platform speaker, a leader in his own county and elsewhere in the Y.P.S.C.E., and has kept a busy pen; the TEMPLE MAGAZINE has acknowledged his help, and one very popular hymn, No. 393, in the "Endeavour Hymnal" has been in constant demand ever since the World's Convention, when it was brought into general use, and is now quite well known and recognised by its opening stanza:—

There is room for little children
In the Kingdom of the Lord;
Jesus gathers them around Him
By the music of His Word.
While He hushes into silence
All that fain would hinderers be
With these words of gracious blessing
"Let the children come to Me."

As the son of the late Rev. E. Adey and the nephew of the late Rev. John Adey (one of the six young men of Gloucester who revived Sunday-schools and set the whole movement on the voluntary basis), it is not wonderful that Mr. Adey's literary ability should have been largely devoted to the Sunday-school. As he has been before the public eye now for nearly twenty years in the north and for more than half that time in the south of Eng-

REV. W. T. ADEY,
President of Devon Baptist Association.

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land he has become one of the best known of our provincial ministers. As a naturalist, a bee-master, and a lover of the country he does not find rural life tedious or uninteresting, and is able to establish hearty relationship as a country pastor with the people whom he loves in the picturesque district of South Devon.

As a mission preacher in connection with the Simultaneous Mission, and the later movement conducted by the Sunday School Union, Mr. Adey enjoyed great success. It was no doubt as a recognition of his active services in Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, and his devotion to the welfare of young people that he was selected last year to the vice-presidency and now to the chair of the Devon Baptist Association.

In north and south alike he has always been known as a zealous temperance reformer, and in politics an earnest and progressive Liberal—reserving, however, his political convictions for the platform. As a preacher he is distinctly expository and evangelical, and, we should judge, has been acted upon and influenced to a large and perhaps equal degree by Spurgeon and Dr. Maclaren, the great leaders of the denomination to which he belongs.

MR. J. LEWIS PATON is one of the men who are helping to increase the debt of London to the Provinces. A Nottingham boy, and the son of Dr. J. B. Paton, who himself has ever been "A man in the Public Eye," it is no wonder that having been placed in a most influential position he should at once emulate his father and seek to use its chances to their utmost extent. Night after night he is lecturing or speaking, and it is apparent to those who know him best that he is likely to make himself as distinctive and as impressive a force in London as Professor Drummond did in the North. When he was one of the Masters at Rugby, he was in great demand as a preacher and speaker at "Men's Owns" and P.S.A.'s, and London and its environs naturally refuses to put him on the "retired list." He is untiring in working in connection with the National Home Reading Union, the Ruskin Society, and the Cancer Society, and other associations to which he has given time he could ill spare amidst his many other duties as Head of one of the greatest public schools in London. There, at Gower Street, he has won the enthusiastic devotion of the boys, to whom he is a warm friend, but one who, in justice to the boys' higher interests, can be sternness itself in the presence of

The Head-master of the University College School, Gower Street.

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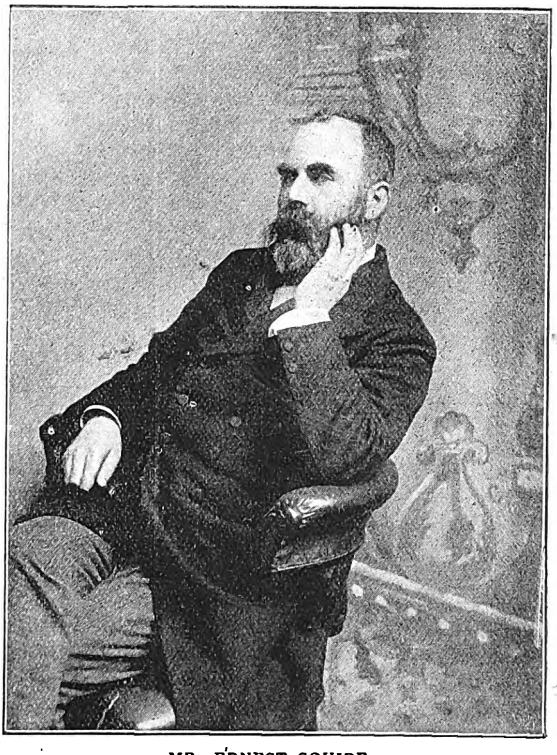
MR. PERCY WEBB,
Hon. Director of the British Chautauqua.

any laxity or shiftlessness. That "character is after all the chief asset" is his ideal in training, and towards this end he shapes all his relations with the boys, with the happiest results.

MR. PERCY WEBB, well known as "Percy Webb" to the frequenters of the summer schools that have been held for eight years in connection with the British Chautauqua, is a very fine specimen of the English business man who devotes his leisure to doing good. Some years ago he started the Association for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel, and hearing of the huge success of the "Chautauqua" movement in the United States, it occurred to him that the same movement might catch on in England. So he initiated the first of the summer schools. Unlike the American original, the British "Chautauqua" has no settlement of its own, but has to take wing year by year to different places; yet, in spite of this difficulty, there is no denying the success of the movement. Mr. Webb is an old Mill-Hillian, the son of Mr. Conrad Webb, so well known for his generosity. It becomes increasingly clear, regarding Mr. Percy Webb's responsibilities entailed by his business in Carrara and at the docks, that if *he* can find time for working amongst others, so can any man.

IN the conduct of public business, the men "who do the work" are often out of sight and unknown; yet, as a matter of fact, their energy and initiative practically make the success of their societies. There is a great deal of "office" work, on which a society depends, that can be done by any mechanic; there is a great deal also that can only be carried out by an active brain, an instinct for organisation, a determined purpose, and the dedication of the whole of time and energy. To the last class of workers belongs Mr. Ernest Squire, who, for about a quarter of a century, has been the Secretary of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, providing annuities for those who *really* "have seen better days." He is full of kindly sympathy to applicants, and has devoted his whole life to serving the interests of the Society.



MR. ERNEST SQUIRE,
Secretary of United Kingdom Beneficent Association.

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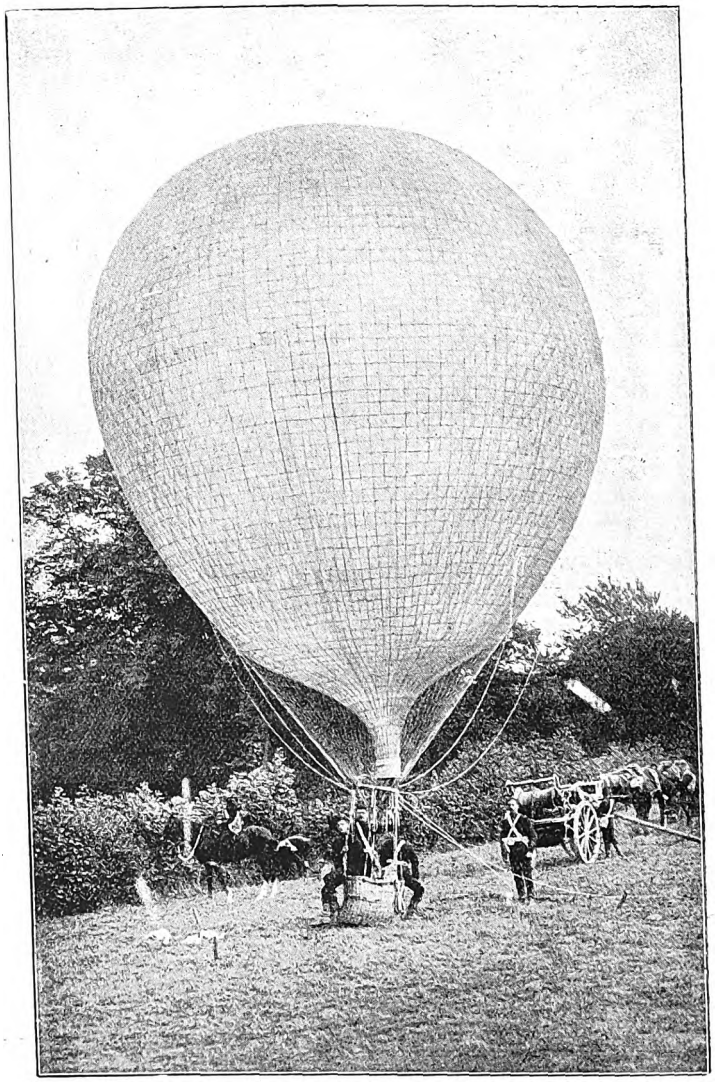

A MILITARY BALLOON.

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The Conquest of the Air.

WHAT is the particular charm of the idea of being able to cleave one's way through the air? It certainly appears to have possessed a most weird fascination for many years on many minds, and is still the dream of inventors. One of the most up-to-date issues of the present month is a book by John Alexander, published by Partridge and Co., on the Conquest of the Air, dealing at length in 160 pages with the history of these dreams. It traces, from the earliest crude attempts at balloons to the culmination in the recent Zeppelin airship, Santos-Dumont's and Hiram Maxim's flying machines, a slow but steady development, and we are nearer to its fuller realisation by the facts mentioned in the book. One hundred and fifty years seems a long way to have come for such a small result, but we have done enough to show that flying is practicable, and that the steering of balloons is a possibility. The history of the attempts that have proved this much to us is one as replete with thrilling adventures as any pages of military and naval triumphs. The heroes of land and sea are outmatched by the heroes of the air. The former in a white heat of passion have risked life and limb in enterprises that have scarcely lasted long enough to test the staying power of courage to the utmost, but the latter with dauntless intrepidity have gone into a foreign element, in vessels which could not even be *tested* without personal risk and danger, and which, therefore, had not been proved. Almost has it been suicide in the name of science, sooner or later the fatal result has seemed certain, and more often than not has come, and the long list of the men who have *dared* the risk is a list of men who have *shared* the risk and paid the awful forfeit. From fire balloons to the improved gas balloons, through famous aerial voyages—across the Alps, and the ocean, racing through clouds, round the Eiffel Tower with Santos-Dumont, adventuring, signalling, prospecting, and scientifically observing, Mr. Alexander takes us in his smartly written book, and leaves us at the close discussing with the two latest inventors the possibilities before aerial navigation and its limits. From this discussion we gather that the future of the solution of the problem lies rather in the direction of the use of bodies heavier than the air they displace, and carried along on the principle of the downward beat of the bird's wings, and not in the use of the balloon or its adaptation. This is according to Nature, which knows nothing of balloon-shaped bodies, but abounds with birds heavier than the air in which they fly.

"The Conquest of the Air" (S. W. Partridge & Co.), 1s. 6d.

A Remarkable Article will appear in the next number—"How the Dead have been Raised after Three Hours," being particulars of a Remarkable Discovery by a French Doctor.

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MARTINIQUE,

THE ISLAND OF DESTRUCTION.

MARTINIQUE is, with two exceptions, Trinidad and Guadaloupe, the largest of that innumerable chain of islands called the Lesser Antilles, which, starting from Porto Rico, the most easterly of the Greater Antilles, and ending off the north-eastern coast of Venezuela, forms the geographical boundary between the Atlantic and the Carribean Sea. These islands likewise form the eastern end of the great American area of volcanic activity and earthquake disturbances, of which the Greater Antilles may be considered the northern boundary, and Mexico, Central America, and the northern part of the Andes the western. The Lesser Antilles are said to contain seven active volcanoes and a large number of extinct ones; but it is difficult to define with exactness when a volcano may be said to be extinct. Mount Pelée, which has caused so much mischief, was certainly regarded as extinct in the middle of last century, and was probably so regarded a month ago. Yet in August, 1851, it burst out in activity, after, according to one authority, having been quiescent for one hundred years; while once more, after nearly fifty-one years' rest, it has again burst forth. In the eruption of 1851, no lava was thrown out, but great quantities of ashes and mud, strongly impregnated with sulphur, were ejected.

Martinique is an oval-shaped island, about fifty miles long, and seventeen wide at its broadest part, its total area being a trifle under 400 square miles. Before this catastrophe it had a population of 190,000, mostly negroes. Like all the larger islands of this chain it has a mountain range running north and south throughout the greater part of its length, the highest and most northerly peak being Pelée, which is 4,450 feet high. There are also six extinct volcanoes on the island. The plains near the coast are well cultivated and highly fertile, being watered by numerous streams which flow through lovely valleys. The portions of the island not under cultivation are densely wooded, even up to the summits of the highest mountains, which gives it a very beautiful appearance from the sea, as well as from the lowlands. It has been described as one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth.

The island has many natural advantages, not the least being its good harbours on the west, where it is most sheltered from hurricanes, and the great fertility of the soil. The French have paid great attention to its development, and in consequence it is perhaps the most thriving of all the islands in the West Indies; but it is feared that this calamity will be its ruin. The capital is Fort de France—formerly Fort Royal—but St. Pierre was, until destroyed, by far the larger town and the chief commercial port of the island. Being built on sloping ground, the view from the bay was extremely pleasing, the town seeming to rise in terraces embowered in gardens and groves. The harbour, which was defended by a fort and protected by a lighthouse, was very commodious for such a small island, and was usually crowded with vessels of small tonnage. The face of the country round the town was beautiful, smoothly rising in upland sugar-cane fields interspersed by winding roads and dotted with white houses, while at the back of these to the north abruptly rose Mount Pelée, which—being partly cultivated, and the remainder clad with trees—formed a pleasing background.

Such is, or was, the pleasing side of the picture, but on this earth the most

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beautiful prospect has its dark side. Martinique has been described as the centre in which the fury of nature in the West Indies concentrates itself. Earthquakes, hurricanes, and floods are too frequent to be phenomenal, while other disasters and plagues occasionally visit it. The town of St. Pierre has been four times destroyed by fire previous to its recent destruction. The island was first colonised by one hundred Frenchmen in 1635, in the days when even the extraordinary phenomena of nature were not recorded by the colonists, but in 1657 an earthquake occurred of sufficient violence to find its place in permanent records. In 1753 no less than thirty-three shocks were felt within a period of three months, while on August 13th, 1766, 440 persons lost their lives and 580 were injured by another. On January 11th, 1839, the town of Fort Royal was almost entirely destroyed and 400 lives lost. In 1891 great destruction of life and property was caused by an earthquake accompanied by a cyclone, when the loss of life was estimated at from 600 to 900. These are but a few of the violent earthquakes, while slight shocks are constantly occurring.

It is a curious fact, which may be only a coincidence, that at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon on October 31st, 1755, an earthquake occurred at Martinique about four hours later, while the town of Quito, in South America, was overwhelmed. This recent eruption of Pelée took place about the same time as earthquake shocks were felt in Spain and Portugal, and also in Central America.

Hurricanes, that scourge of the West Indies, are specially violent in Martinique, and again and again have caused widespread havoc in a few hours. However, on two occasions they proved a blessing by destroying another plague in a manner which is probably unique in the history of the world. In 1763, a plague of ants spread over the island which lasted for three years. These little insects were of a peculiar kind, previously unknown, and were supposed to be brought by the slaveships coming from Africa. When once introduced, they multiplied so rapidly that they completely overran the whole country, doing considerable damage wherever they appeared. All the culinary vegetables were devoured, and quadrupeds were scarcely able to subsist, and the largest trees were infested in such a manner with these insects that the most voracious birds would not alight on them, while the sugar canes and other staple crops were almost entirely destroyed. At length, when they had baffled the art of man to get rid of them, there came a hurricane which swept them all away. In 1780 the sugar ants, as they were called, appeared again and rapidly multiplied as before, but when they had assumed a most threatening appearance there came another hurricane by which they were entirely destroyed.

The inhabitants of Martinique are Roman Catholics of a most superstitious and bigoted type, with the necessary consequence that they are ignorant and unenlightened, both on secular and spiritual matters.

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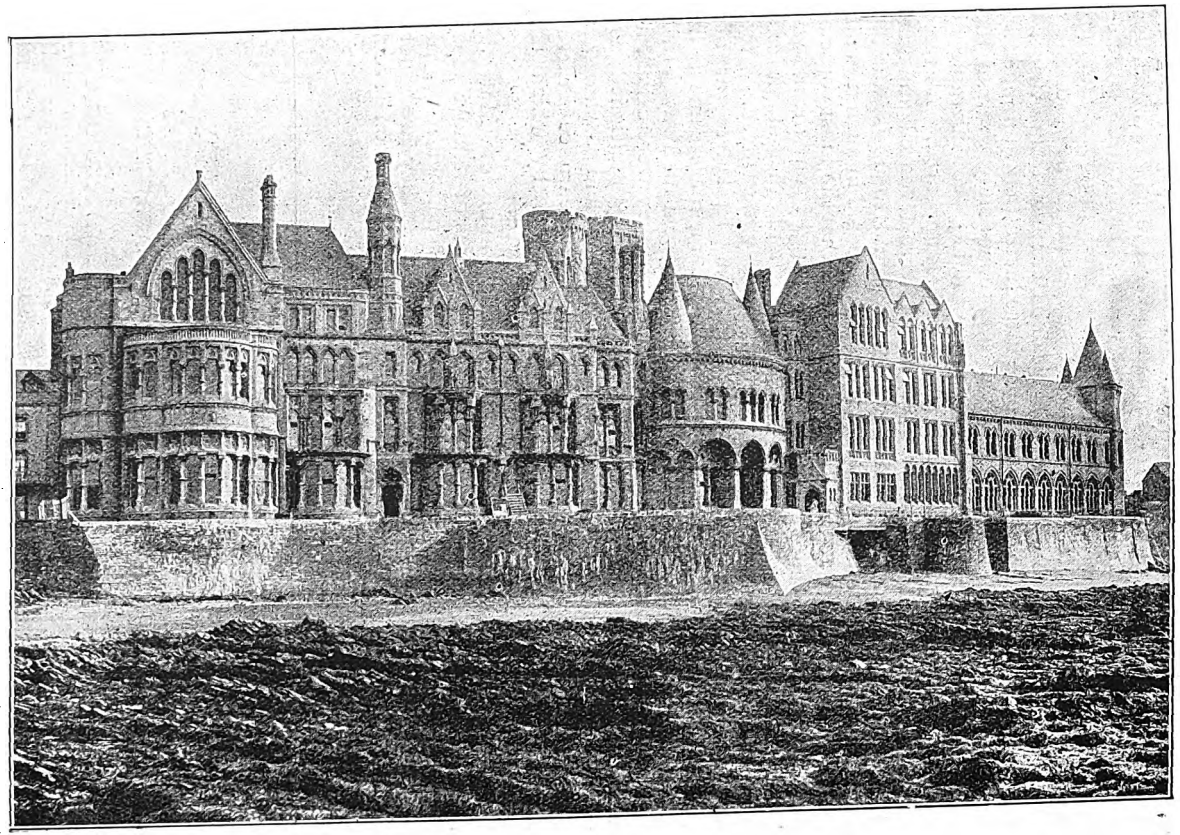

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, ABERYSTWYTH.

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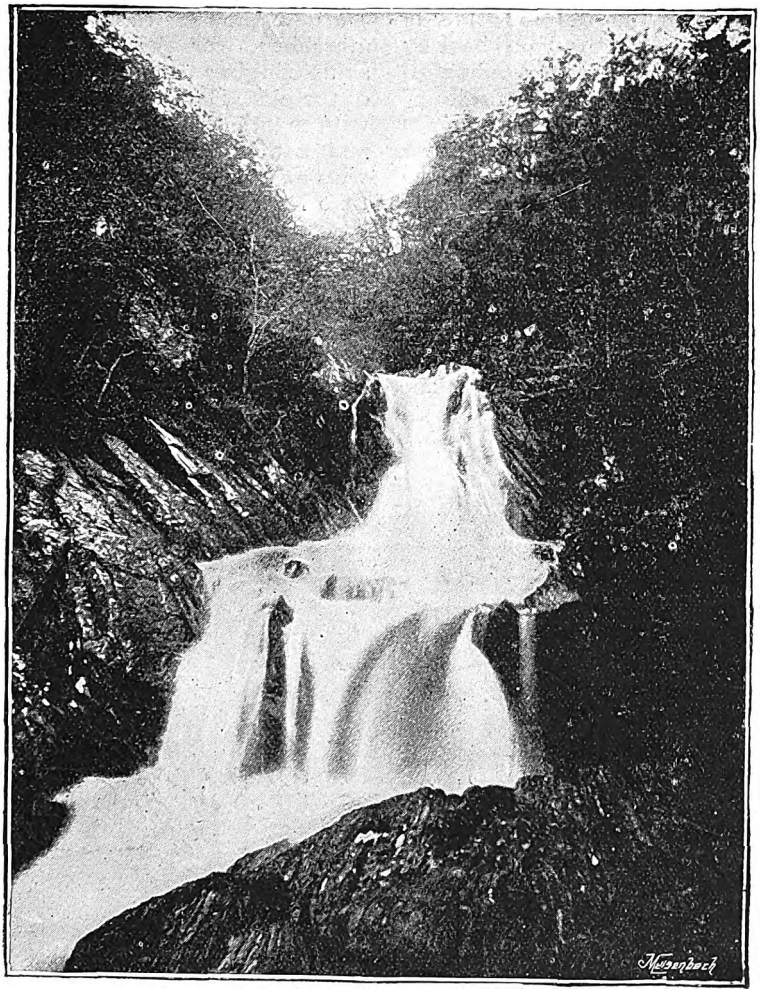
The British Chautauqua.

OUR readers may be interested by a short reference to the rather "stick-jaw" title term of the society and its implications. "Chautauqua" is a word which hails from America. It stands first out towards each end, somewhat after the fashion of the figure eight. It is a spot of ideal beauty, in no way spoiled by the picturesque settlement formed on its banks. During the summer months



FALLS NEAR ABERYSTWYTH.

tor a place, secondly for an idea. As to place, it is the name of a lake in New York State, and is of Indian origin, meaning "a bag tied in the middle." The lake is so characterised through its shape narrowing in the centre while broadening thousands of thoughtful people meet here to unite holiday with the opportunity of mutual helpfulness and goodwill. This embodies the idea. Specially to the front is the discussion of subjects bearing directly and indirectly on the religious and

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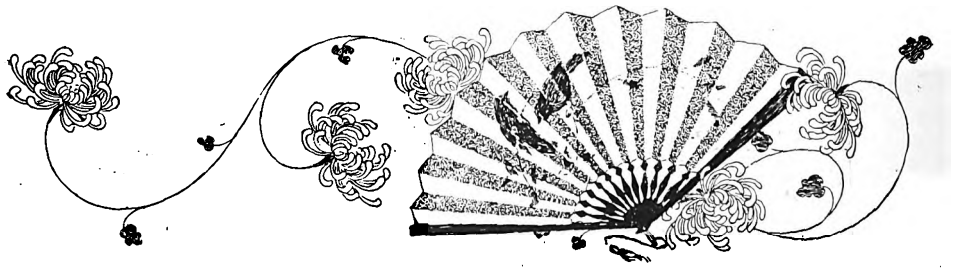
ethical training of the young, also the best means and methods of practically preparing for this work. In addition, place is found for suggestions on self-culture, so as to be the better equipped from every point of view for active service in church and civic life.

Association with the working of the idea, as presented at Aberystwyth, certainly leads to the conclusion that it is no "goody goody" affair got up in order that its members may meet together to sing hymns and drink milk. On the contrary, the tone of the religious life is raised by the inculcation of a healthy relaxation, not to say hilarious mirthfulness, no less than by the exchange of thought on the more momentous questions of human life and duty. Those whose privilege it is year by year to attend the lectures and excursions find this a perfectly workable combination, and even beyond; the one element serving in no small degree to heighten the positive enjoyment of the other.

The whole scheme is acknowledged to be a big success over the water. There is every reason to believe that "The British Chautauqua" will fully justify the effort that has been made to introduce, under this title, an organisation similar in aims and objects to the older and stronger society in America.

The British Chautauqua, like Wales, is anything but flat. Hill and valley, woodland and pasture, do not present a richer variety to the eyes than the opinions and idiosyncracies of one's fellow-Chautauquans offer to the mind. Here are Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians—pioneers of the new thought that comes victoriously marching over the hilltops, and timid souls clinging to the vanishing garments of the old. Here are sweet girl graduates with theories settling everything in heaven and earth, and white-haired ministers with experience enough to shatter all the theories ever invented. One smiles as one recalls all the discussions—religious, social, economic, æsthetic and literary—that reach the ears over the dinner-table.

There is a unity of feeling unmistakably about the Chautauquans, and a breezy atmosphere that refreshes the mind as much as Aberystwyth does the body.



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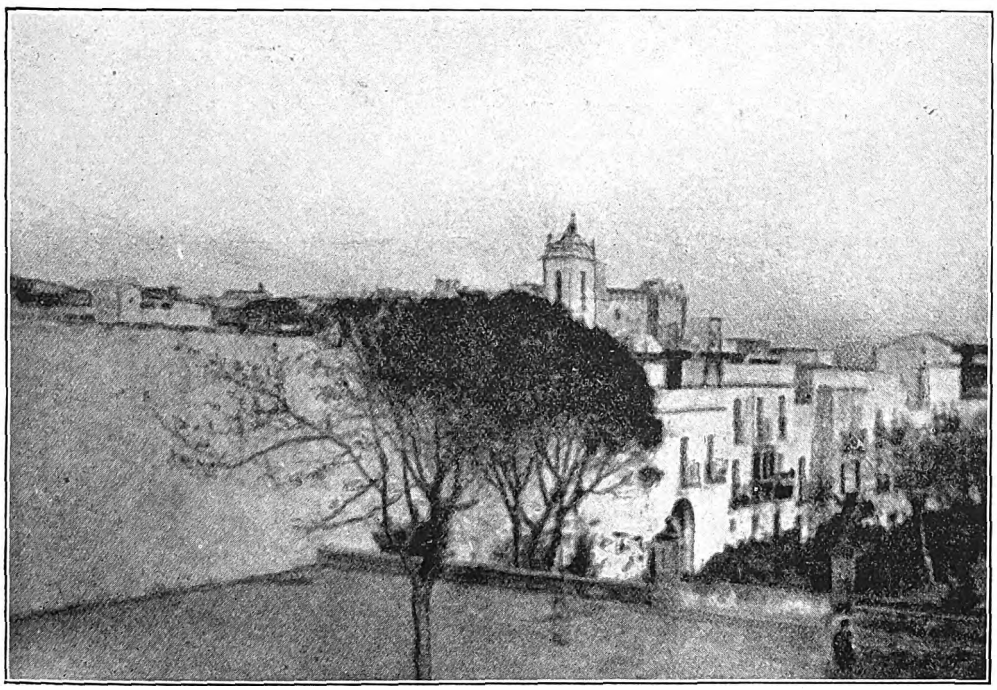
A TRIP TO TARIFA.

By ELIZABETH P. L. HIGGIN.

AS the little steamer which plies between Gibraltar and Tangier coasts along the Andalusian shore it passes close to a quaint, old-fashioned town, betowered and battlemented with walls that seem almost to rise out of the water. This is Tarifa, the southern point of Europe—the spot where, in 705, the first Arabs landed to spy out the Promised Land of Spain under their leader Tarifa, who gave his name to the place. So fascinated were we by the appearance of the town during the short glimpse we caught of it from the sea that we determined to visit it if possible, and a few days later, when we were at Algeciras, the railway terminus for Gibraltar, we arranged to make the attempt. Our inquiries elicited the fact that communication with Tarifa is kept up by a diligence three times a week. It starts at the early hour of six, and neither the vehicle nor the thought of our probable fellow-passengers is at all alluring. So we determine to cover the fourteen miles on foot; and behold us, accordingly, one lovely April morning, marching gaily out of Algeciras, each burdened with a string bag containing our lunch for the day and our outfit for the night.



A VIEW OF TARIFA.

The road at once strikes inland, and leads us gradually upwards through grassy meadows, on which a herd of cows

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(a rather uncommon sight in Southern Spain) are grazing to the music of their low-tuned bells. Beneath us, as we turn to look backwards, lies Algeciras, and beyond, on the opposite side of the Bay, the huge limestone pile of Gibraltar rock rises out of the sea lonely and defiant, connected with the mainland by the low-lying fields of the Neutral Ground. Over the whole scene the Southern sun pours a flood of light. A little further and the African coast, hidden up till now by the green hillocks between us and the sea, rises into view still veiled in mist. Another hour's climb brings us to a one-storied

A WOMAN OF TARIFA.

shanty by the roadside, which to our delight provides refreshments, so we unpack our provisions and make a halt. Our landlady, a hard-featured, sun-bronzed woman, who looks fifty, though thirty is probably nearer her age, is astonished at our energy in walking to Tarifa. Tourists, she tells us, seldom pass that way, though on Sunday she sometimes has a party of cyclists from Gibraltar. Certainly the surface of the road is perfect, but there are many stiff hills to be faced by those awheel. We learn from our hostess that it will take us three hours more to reach our destination, so we seize our slightly lightened bags and start off again. Our way now leads through woods of cork trees with their dark green foliage and naked trunks, from which the bark, the chief wealth of this district, has been stripped and sent down to Gibraltar for exportation. A sudden bend of the road takes us toward the sea, and we stand seemingly just above the Straits. We feel as though we could pitch a stone on to the rugged grey African hills rising sheer out of the water. Opposite to us is Ceuta, a miniature Gibraltar—rocks, low-lying isthmus, and all—the stronghold in days of old of that Count Julian, who, to revenge himself on Roderick, king of the Visigoths, persuaded the Moors to invade Spain. Further along the coast the African Pillar of Hercules, the pendant to Gibraltar Rock, rears itself against the sky. The beauty of the whole scene, the grey peaks, the blue dancing water, cannot be described. We turn away reluctantly and wander on. Our road now winds downhill past a curious crag, which we have noticed from afar. It is cloven in three pieces, though united at the base, and stands a solitary sentinel on the top of a green knoll overlooking the sea. A little further and the landscape suddenly alters. The trees vanish and we only see a waste of dwarf palm dotted here and there with huge boulders. Uphill once more, then round a corner,

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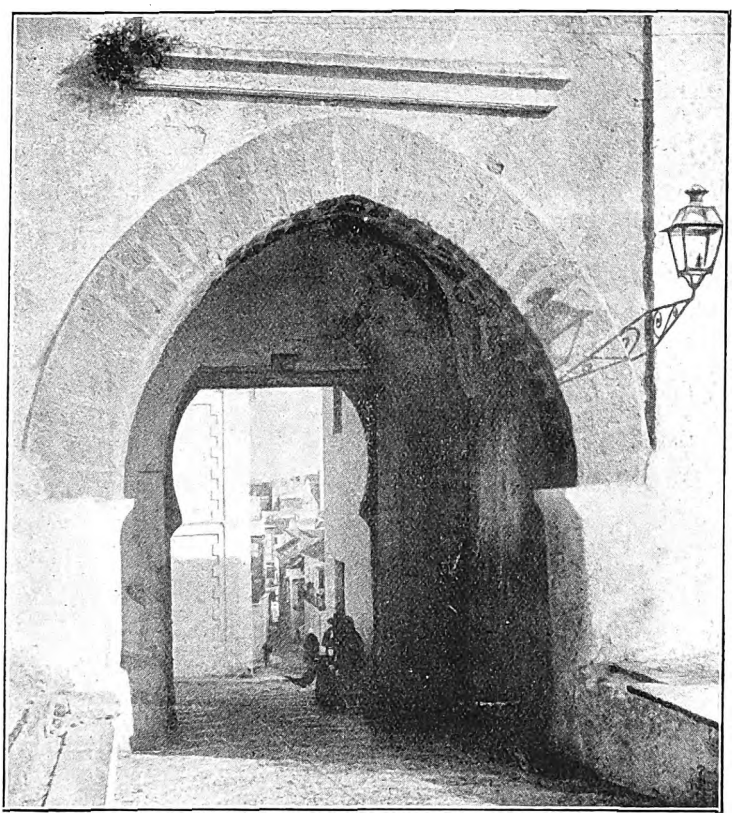
and Tarifa lies beneath us. Another hour's walk downhill and we reach our goal. We pass through a gate in the walls into a narrow street, and are at once attacked by a rabble of small boys, the usual escort of strangers in Spain. One of the urchins calls "fonda," the Spanish for inn. We have been told that there is only one hostelry in the town, so I say "Si fonda," and our guide leads us to a small house with a sign over the door, where, after some conversation, accommodation for the night is assigned to us.

A few minutes' rest sufficed to recruit our strength, and as we wished to make the most of the time at our disposal, we started off to explore the lighthouse, interesting as being the most Southern point of Europe. The piece of land it stands on must originally have been an island, but since the barracks for the garrison have been built on it, it has been connected with the mainland by a broad wall on which runs a path. Scarcely had we left the shelter of our abode when the usual rabble of street arabs began to collect and increased in number while we advanced till our following must have been quite thirty strong. Not content with jeering remarks, they began to pelt us with stones, a by no means uncommon attention in Spain, but at the gateway leading into the island safety awaited us, for our persecutors could not pass the sentinel. A Spanish officer, to whom I applied for permission to visit the lighthouse, very cordially assented, and ordered a soldier to escort us thither. The inmates of the lighthouse, consisting of father, mother, two daughters, and a ragged assistant, turned out to receive us, delighted at the excitement of welcoming strangers. We clambered to the top of the pile and looked out into the fast fading twilight. The African coast opposite loomed grey through the gathering gloom, the waves lapped against the rocks at our feet, to our right stretched the broad Atlantic, to our left the Mediterranean. Our kind host insisted that we should wait for the great ceremony of the day, the lighting of the red lamp, which, according to its attendant, cast its glare out for twenty miles over the sea, though later on, when I sailed down the Straits on my way home, I could only detect a feeble glimmer. The light was waning fast, and dinner, followed by bed, formed an attractive prospect, as we bade our friends at the lighthouse farewell and plodded back to our quarters.



MAIN GATE OF ENTRANCE TO TARIFA.

Spain is said to be the most democratic country in Europe, and certainly our experiences at the fonda went far to prove it. While we were unpacking our

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meagre outfit, the damsel who attended on us, and who appeared to fulfil the duties of housemaid, rushed into the room without the ceremony of knocking, tapped me familiarly on the shoulder, in proof of friendly intention, and then sat down and watched my modest preparations for the evening. She was followed by a younger girl, who also seated herself comfortably, and then the nurse and baby of the establishment appeared and took the only remaining chair. Things, however, reached a climax when a young guests—all men—among them two officers from the garrison, kept up an animated conversation with the waitress, chiefly about ourselves, for strangers are rare in Tarifa. They were anxious to know of what nationality we were, and how we had arrived, could not credit that we had walked all the way from Algeciras, but supposed that we must have started in a carriage and dismissed it *en route*. A great clatter accompanied the serving as the damsel dashed down knives, forks, and glasses, and once, when one of

ON OUR WAY TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

man strolled in; but he, to do him justice, only surveyed the scene for a few minutes, and then retired. At dinner, which, according to the time-honored Spanish custom, appeared just an hour after the appointed time, we were waited on by a maiden of most slatterny appearance, with an untidy top-knot of coarse black hair surmounted by a rose, and inches of powder on her face. Soap and water are unnecessary to a Spanish woman's toilette, but *poudre de riz* is seldom lacking, however poor she may be. The other the officers demanded a napkin, she tossed it deftly to him from the opposite side of the table. The food on this occasion was not so drenched in oil as is common in Spain, and we found the beds, which we sampled with pleasure after our long trudge, clean and comfortable. Our retinue, two young women, nurse, baby, and all, attended the next morning while we were dressing (alas! the doors did not lock!), and were overwhelmed with amazement when they saw us brush our teeth, an operation of which they had neither seen, heard, nor thought. When the most untidy

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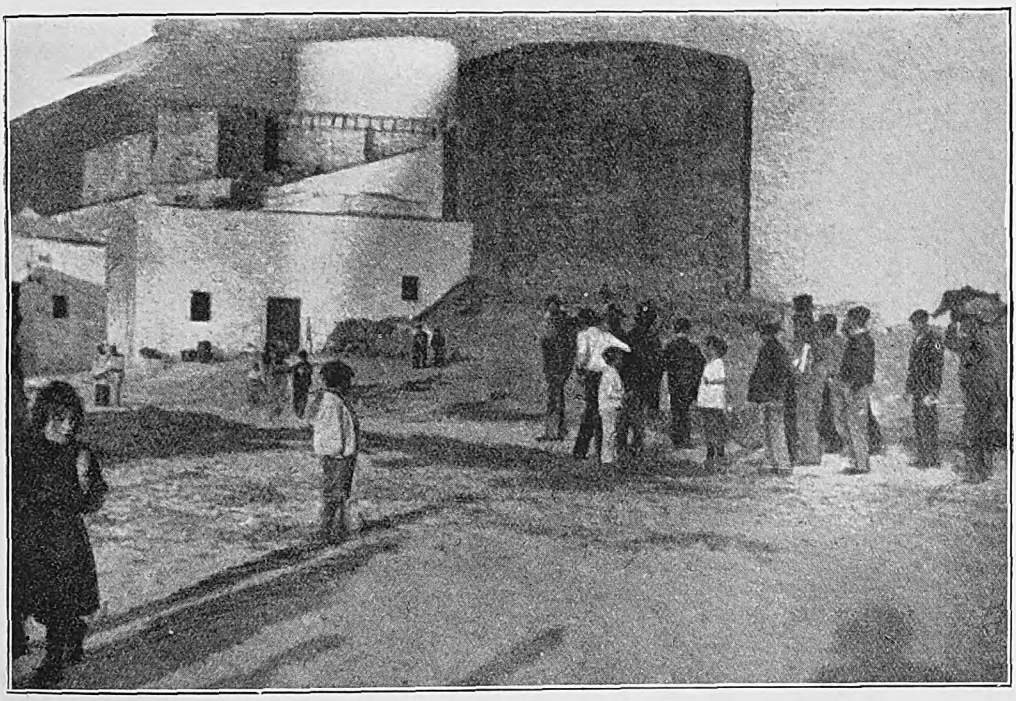
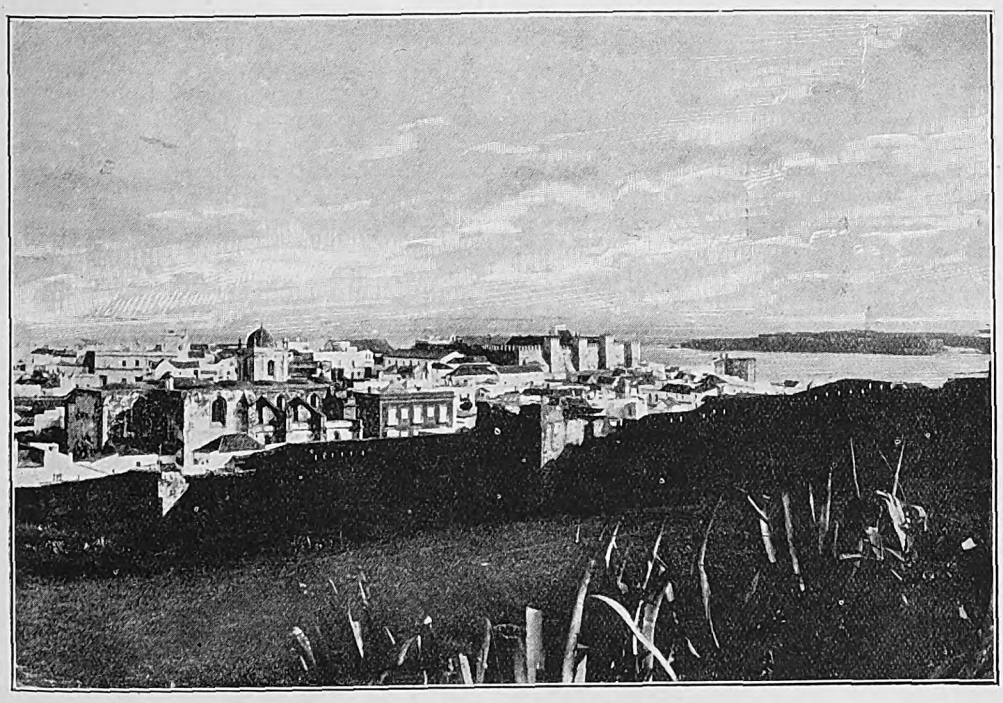


THE RABBLE WHICH PURSUED US.



VIEW OF TARIFA AND LIGHTHOUSE.

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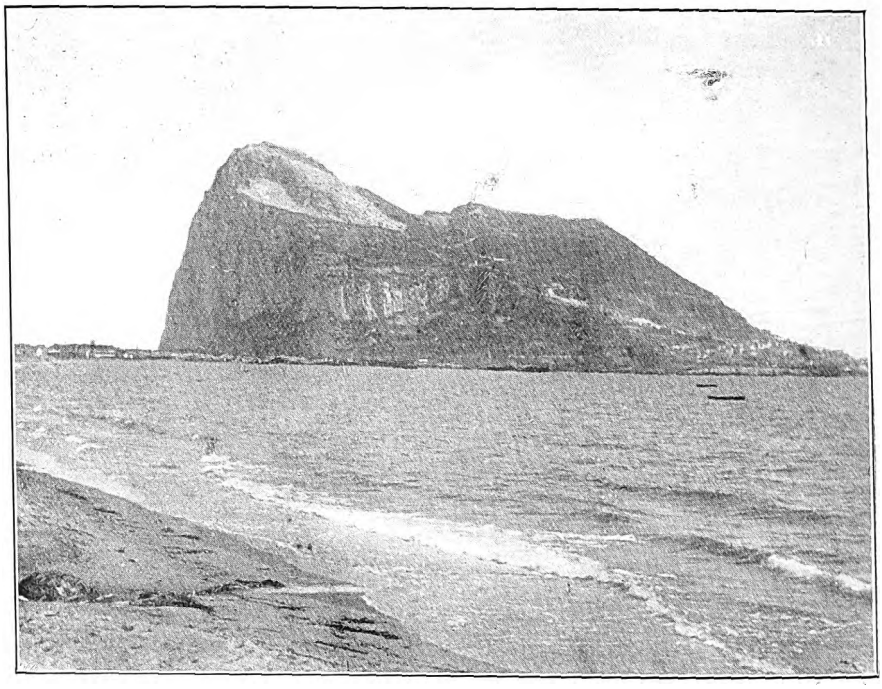

GIBRALTAR PORT.

maiden, however, seized my comb and passed it through her hair, it was my turn to express consternation, for the mop in question did not look as though it had been touched for weeks.

The visitor to Tarifa seems to have passed at one step from the twentieth century back to the Middle Ages. In olden times it was a celebrated stronghold, and withstood several sieges. Even as late as 1811, it was defended by the English against the attacks of the French. It was in the grim, thick-walled tower flanking the principal gate that Alonzo de Guzman held his own against the Moors in 1232. When the infidels threatened to kill his only son, who had fallen into their hands, unless the town surrendered, the father defiantly threw his dagger out of the window among the besiegers, crying, "I would rather that they slew the boy, and five others if I had them, than betray the place my king has given me to guard." True to their threat, the Moors cut off the youth's head and hurled it against the walls. The father looked out, startled by the cry of horror which burst from the garrison, and merely exclaimed, "I feared they had taken the city." It was easy to conjure up these barbarous scenes of bygone days, for the tide of progress, ever rolling onwards, seems to have passed by this little sea-girt town and left it stranded on the shore of time. The spirit of the long-vanished Moor yet lurks in his ancient haunts. Many of the women still shroud their faces in thick black veils; the old grey mosque stands there unaltered, though it is now used as a Christian church. The sight of a new house in process of construction struck us as an extraordinary anachronism, but it brought us back with a shock to thoughts of lunch and of our return to modern civilisation.

After lunch—a repetition of dinner, with the guests, the bepowdered handmaiden, and the clatter—we once more packed our bags and set forth on our tramp homewards. Upwards, along the wind-swept barren hillsides under the sway of the stormy Atlantic, till we once more reach the cork woods and green meadows over which the Mediterranean breezes wander. Another halt at the halfway house, and then, weary and footsore, back to Algeciras.

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A Little Royal Lady of Long Ago.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY DOROTHY D.

"FLOWERS! Who ever heard of such stupid things as flowers? They are everywhere, as common as the gravel on the paths. If I only go down the steps, there they are, nodding and bobbing, as if there were no such things as governesses, or hateful, ugly dresses to wear, when one might just as well be dressed anyhow this weather. I think it is horrid!"

So spoke Princess Imogen, of the Middle Ages, in the days of the fairies, elves and pixies. She was sitting at the foot of the marble staircase which led up to her father's palace. All around was as lovely and fair a place as one might wish to see. The beautiful flowers, which had received such undeserved blame from their wilful little mistress, bloomed from the tall vases on the stairhead and ornamented the soft turf. Roses of every hue in which roses are seen twined around the marble balustrade and lay in long wreaths on the steps themselves; roses swayed and shook their petals down from the long bowery archway of rose trees, extending from the staircase to the smooth river, where the stretch of green-sward ended.

The little Princess was generally very pretty, her luxuriant golden hair and blue eyes being her chief charms; but at present her brows were contracted in a very discontented and ugly frown, which spoilt all her prettiness, and drew attention to her great fault—a hasty temper. Her lap was full of roses, white, pink, and red, which she had idly pulled from their stalks as she passed the rose bushes, and was now pulling to pieces for sheer mischief. In this mood she heard her mother's voice calling her, so she ran quickly up the steps, at the top of which stood the Queen—a stately but gentle-looking lady. Now, Imogen had thought lately that her mother had been rather more strict with her than usual, and did not allow her to have her own way quite so much as she used to do; and when she grumbled, which was about a hundred times a day, she caught her mother's eyes fixed upon her very severely instead of taking no notice of her, as before had been the case. Just at this moment the Queen looked very solemn, and when her daughter came running up to her she did not smile, but said: "Imogen, you know I told you that if you continued to be so naughty I should have to punish you in some way. You have not tried to be good at all, and this morning you have been exceptionally disobedient; therefore I have sent for the Fairy of the Mirror—she only comes to children who are very naughty, and teaches them lessons they never learnt before and which they never forget. She has just come, and is waiting to see you. You will go with her until you have learnt to be a better girl than you are now."

Imogen was very much frightened at this, but—partly from curiosity, and partly from the thought that her mother could not mean to send her away—she followed the Queen into the Throne Room, where her father was in conversation with someone—the Fairy of the Mirror.

The Princess really was frightened now, and clung to her mother, begging her not to send her away. But her mother only said, "Listen to what the Fairy has to say." Imogen had not seen her face yet, as she was turned towards the King, but on hearing the Queen's voice she looked at Imogen, and immediately the terrified girl was no longer frightened, for she thought she had never seen such a kind, lovely face before, except her mother's. The Fairy's hair was jet black, and it hung down right to her feet, only caught back by a band of stars on the forehead, which twinkled and glittered every time she moved. But the most wonderful things about her were her eyes. They were large brown ones, and they looked so tenderly upon the Princess that

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HER MOTHER SAID, "LISTEN TO THE FAIRY."

she felt fascinated by their gaze. Her dress was white, and fell softly in long trailing folds on the ground, while all over it glittered those bright stars, peeping out from every fold, till Imogen could not bear to look at it. She expected to hear the Fairy address her in a manner stern and angry, but was much surprised when she only said, "You must come with me, Princess." All fear of the Fairy was now gone, and when she held out a white hand to Imogen, that generally rebellious young lady took it very submissively. At that moment the Throne Room, the Queen and King, all disappeared, and Imogen found herself in a lovely crystal car, with six white doves attached, being borne rapidly through the air. The Fairy of the Mirror sat at her side. Strange to say, Imogen did not begin to cry, as she would have done in any other case, but she did feel rather frightened, and wondered where her father and mother were, and if she should ever see them again. As this thought occurred to her she began to wish she were back again, and she looked at the Fairy, and said, "Oh, please, dear Fairy, do let me go back, or else tell me if I shall ever see my mother again." But the Fairy said not a word, only laid her hand on Imogen, when a little mirror appeared in the wall of the car, in which the Princess saw her father and mother, standing on the palace steps, and looking up, as she rightly thought, at the car, very far away. Then the Fairy spoke. "When you have learnt your lesson, you shall go back," said she. And the Princess, instead of asking any more questions, felt a soft calm stealing over her, and she unconsciously learnt her first lesson—to be patient. On they went, so swiftly through the air, until it grew dark, and the stars, bright as the diamonds on the Fairy's brow, came out to look at the car. Presently it began to get colder, until the Princess shivered, and she looked out and saw below nothing but glistening icebergs, illuminated by the great Northern lights. Imogen then thought, "I expect it is the North Pole; anyhow, I wish it was warmer." She turned to the Fairy and said, "Please, I am dreadfully cold." The Fairy said nothing, but again laid her hand on Imogen's, meanwhile looking at her from out the depths of those clear brown eyes; Imogen felt a warm glow all over her now, and quite forgot the cold.

Just at this moment the car began to descend, slowly and steadily; the icebergs drew nearer and nearer, while a light so very bright that the Princess was dazzled, seemed to hang over all. The car stopped at the foot of a long flight of steps, which sparkled all over with snow. At the top Imogen saw a vast mirror, which reflected all the icebergs round it, and over which hung icicles, like crystals. Imogen thought she never had seen anything so beautiful before. She wondered what was coming next, when the Fairy took her hand and led her to a seat at the foot of the steps, hollowed out in an iceberg. The Fairy herself went on towards the mirror, and, as she went, Imogen noticed that her dress was a perfect shower of bright stars. She seemed to walk in a clear cold light, which shed its brilliance on the ice around, making it more sparkling than before. When she reached the top of the steps she turned, and, looking at Imogen, said, "You have now reached the first part of your lesson, Princess. Here you shall see how the flowers you despise so much have the power to bring to less fortunate ones happiness and peace. You must watch the mirror, and when the cloud which now hangs over it rises you shall

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"SHE WAS SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE MARBLE STAIRCASE."

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see what you shall see." And then the white mist in the front of the mirror lifted slowly, and this is what Imogen saw.

A room, so poorly furnished that it could hardly be called a room, but for the fact that it was beautifully neat and clean. By a large window, through which the sun shone brightly, though it was winter, sat a little child, who looked about eight years old to Imogen. But what a child! Pale and thin, with a look of weariness seldom seen on so young a face, she seemed to Imogen as if a breath of wind would carry her away. I said she sat at the window, but that was hardly right. She lay back in her chair, as if sitting upright were an effort, one hand on a crutch at her side. Presently she spoke, as if to herself: "I do wish I had something to take care of and attend to every day; how lovely flowers would be. I should like snowdrops best, they remind me of the snow. But I never see one." She sighed, then shut her eyes and appeared to fall asleep. Stepping forward the Fairy took from her hair one of her shining stars, and laid it in the child's hand, when it immediately became a bunch of pure snowdrops. Imogen watched breathlessly. She saw the little girl open her eyes, and heard her exclamation of surprise and delight as she gazed on those sweet messengers of a brighter world than ours. The clouds slowly dropped again over the mirror, and the Fairly's lovely eyes again sought Imogen's reproachfully, yet kindly. The Princess felt a strange feeling of sorrow come over her, and when the Fairy said: "Come, Princess, we must not stay here," she took her hand with a sense of relief. They entered the car once more, and ascended higher and higher.

Many more scenes such as this did Imogen witness in her journeyings with the Fairy. They went to the west, where she saw broad fields of corn, others with poppies blazing scarlet in the sun. Cottage homes, too, with happy children playing in the little gardens, which were bright patches of flowers of every hue and kind. Every home was beautified by their presence, while they seemed to say to one and all "Be happy."

They visited the east, and here they saw a great prison, with the prisoners pacing, pacing, up and down one narrow courtyard, which sun and air seemed to shun. One man Imogen noticed in particular. He was old and grey, but more with trouble than real age. His face looked despairing and hard, and as he walked up and down he seemed like a caged lion. Then a gaoler opened the great iron-studded door that led out of the courtyard, and a little girl ran in, her hands full of red roses. She ran straight up to the man and held out her flowers, crying: "Look, father! See what I've brought you to-day." And the prisoner's face grew kinder as he took the flowers from her, for they brought back thoughts of the time, years ago, when he was a free man. With each scene like this, Imogen felt more ashamed of herself than ever when she thought of the flowers in her own home, which she had sometimes even trampled on in her fits of temper. And every time the Fairy looked at her, as she often did, she wished she might do something to atone for her past selfishness. At length the car turned southwards, after three months spent in the north, east, and west. Here Imogen felt herself become more cheerful as they sped swiftly over pretty lakes and thick forests, with mountains in the distance, looking like great masses of flowers. When they passed villages or large towns, the Fairy pointed out to her thousands of men, women, and children busily engaged in weaving and embroidering those dainty, delicate muslins and silks that Imogen had called "hateful and ugly," and which, for all she knew before, might have grown out of the earth specially for her benefit. Now, when she saw the people toiling, with never a moment wasted, until their eyes ached with the bright colours—when even the girls, as they sat at the house doors, had some fine material in their hands, which they were weaving into various fanciful patterns—now, Imogen thought, she had indeed learnt something.

During all this time the car had not stopped at all, but had passed slowly over those places the Fairy wished particularly to point out. As last they descended one evening, and the car stopped on the waters of a large lake, before a grove of waving, feathery mimosa. The Princess thought that she liked this better than the beautiful northern mirror. The yellow blossoms of the mimosa shook with every breath of wind, and were clustered together so closely that they looked like a cloth of gold. There was mimosa as far as the

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eye could reach, except under foot, where there was soft velvety grass, like a thick carpet. A great bird with beautiful golden plumage sat on the topmost bough, singing loudly enough for twenty birds. When the car stopped, the Fairy said, "This is my home, Imogen, and I brought you here before we say good-bye, that you may see my fairies. When you have seen them, there is only one more thing to do, and then you shall go home." When the Fairy ceased speaking, the golden bird spread his wings slowly, and Imogen watched with great interest for what should happen next. From among the mimosa came twelve lovely little fairies, in dresses of yellow and white made from the petals of the lily and buttercup. They carried in their hands tambourines of cedar wood, and leaves of the great arum lily, while yellow and white flower ribbons hung from them. They first advanced to the edge of the lake, and made a very low curtsey to the Fairy in her car; then stepping backward, they formed themselves into four rows, three fairies in each row, and, while the bird sang on his bough, they danced before their Queen and Imogen, in the mimosa grove. The Princess felt as if she were in an enchanted dream. The dainty way in which the fairies threw the tambourines over their heads, and looked at their Queen with delight shining in their eyes, made her wish that she might dance too. At length it was ended. As the bird stopped singing, the fairies stopped dancing, and again bent to the ground in front of the car, while the prettiest fairy stepped forward, and, holding out her arms, said, "Queen, we welcome you back again." The Queen of the Fairies, for so we must now call her, descended from her car, leading Imogen by the hand, while the little ones clustered round her, greeting her so lovingly that Imogen cried, "Let me be a fairy, too." But the Queen said, "You must go back to your mother and father, dear child, and be good to them. I think you have seen enough to teach you to be unselfish and kind to those who are poorer than yourself, and who are always in need of help from someone. But one more thing you must do before you go. You must show me that you mean to give up selfishness and pride by cutting off your hair. I know you are very proud

HER FATHER WAS TALKING TO THE FAIRY OF THE MIRROR.

of it, and that is why I ask for it. Will you obey me in this?" And Imogen, all her pride gone, was only too glad to do something for the Fairy she had learnt to love. Shaking out her long golden curls, she took a pair of tiny scissors from her pocket, and severed them from her head. There were exactly twelve curls, and each fairy took one, and laid it at her Queen's feet while Imogen, looking like a shorn sheep, looked on wonderingly. The Queen picked them up and began to weave them together very quickly, until she had made a broad coverlet, silky and shining. Then the fairies came round, and each took the coverlet in some part of it, and held it aloft. The Queen advanced, and taking Imogen in her arms, kissed her once on the forehead, and laid her on the grass. "Shut your eyes," she said. Imogen obeyed, the last thing she saw being the brown eyes fixed on her face, the mimosa waving all around while the fairies held the golden cloth above her head, and sang, like a lullaby:—

The wind sighs softly among the leaves
Mimosa! Mimosa!
And the birds whisper low to the flowers and the trees
Mimosa! Mimosa!

Over the earth the pale moon doth rise,
While Princess Imogen closes her eyes;

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Dreams wafting her far to her own colder skies.
Mimosa! Mimosa!

Lower and lower falls the great sun,
Mimosa! Mimosa!

Shedding last rays o'er a day that is done.
Mimosa! Mimosa!

Shadows creep slowly o'er earth, sea, and sky,
Far in the dark woods the nightingales cry,
While we sing so softly our sweet lullaby,
Mimosa! Mimosa!

Then the Princess knew no more, until she woke to find her mother and father bending over, smiling once more, as she lay on her own little white bed. "So you have come back again, Imogen," said her mother. "I am so glad. And do you think that you have learnt your lesson?" And I leave it to be guessed what Imogen said. But the most surprising thing of all was her beautiful hair was restored to her again.

DOROTHY D.

AMUSED AND AMUSING.

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—**"Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us."**

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food,** rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System,** Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood,* and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the **"Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus."**

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the **"Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus"** has been found to be wonderfully successful.

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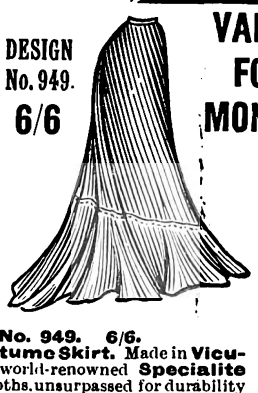

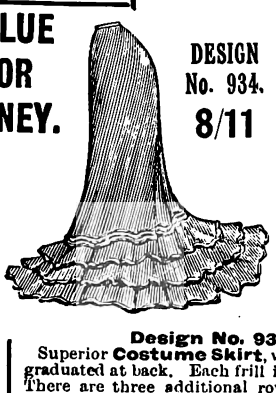

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REVIVING THE DEAD.—See Article, page 835.

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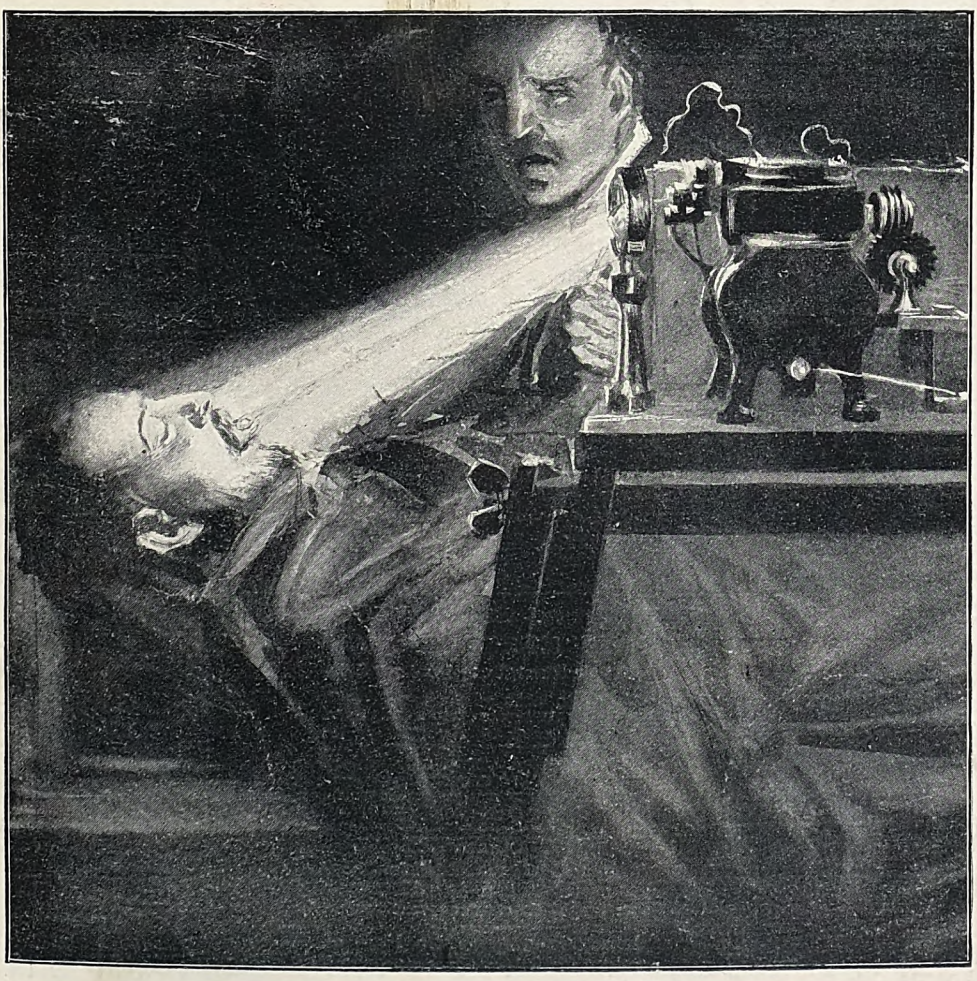

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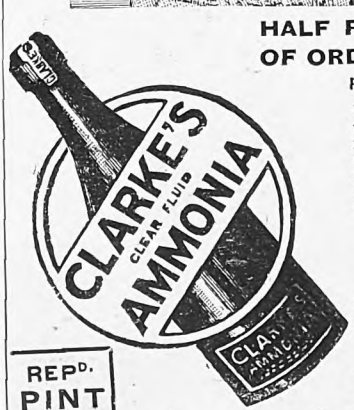

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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REVIVING THE DEAD.

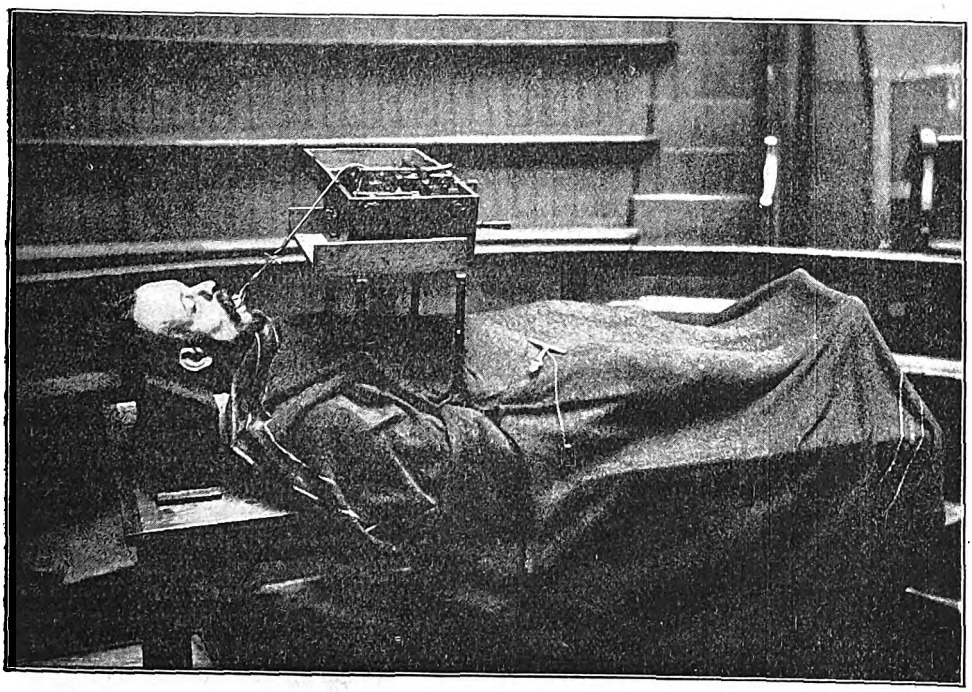
An account of a visit paid to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris to witness the wonderful results of the Rhythmical Tongue Traction Treatment in the resuscitation of persons even after three hours' apparent death.

SOME few weeks since I chanced upon a little paragraph in my morning paper in which a brief account was given of a paper that had just been read before the Academy of Medicine in Paris, by Dr. J. V. Laborde, in which he gave some startling facts regarding the Tongue Traction Treatment which he had invented for restoring to life persons who were apparently dead.

I had heard some rumors of this wonderful new medical discovery before, and I had corresponded with Dr. Laborde on the subject, as it occured to me that English physicians and the English public could not fail to be interested in a discovery, promising to be of such world-wide value and importance.

Dr. Laborde had very courteously sent me a copy of his book entitled, "Les Tractions Rythmies de la Langue; moyez rationnel et la plus puissant de laneiner la fonchoi respieratoire et la Vie" (Paris: Félix Alçan), others I had perused with the liveliest interest.

The treatment inaugurated by Dr.



THE LINGUAL TRACTOR AT WORK.

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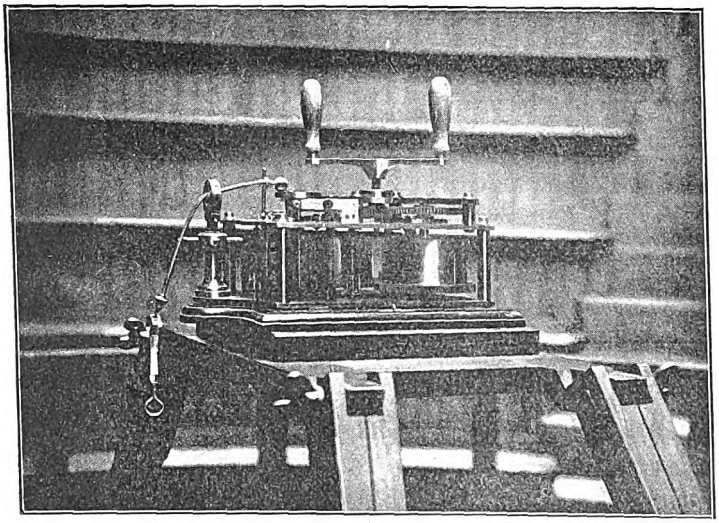

INSTRUMENT FOR INCREASING TRACTION.

Laborde is to be seen at work only in France and I therefore decided to run over to Paris from London in order that I might see it in actual operation and thus might the better be enabled to give some account of the apparatus and of the results already obtained for the benefit of the readers of this Magazine.

Dr. Laborde holds the post of "Chef des Travaux Physiologiques" to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. He is also a member of the Academy of Medicine and has been awarded the grand diploma of honour of the "Société des Sauveteurs de la Seine." Unfortunately Dr. Laborde was very ill and unable to see me. He was suffering from nervous exhaustion and breakdown, the result of overwork. He, however, handed me over to his assistant at the Faculty of Medicine, Dr. Camus, who very courteously gave me all possible help in the preparation of this article and in the taking of the photographs that are here reproduced. I desire here to acknowledge the very obliging manner in which Dr. Camus gave up his time to render me assistance.

Before describing the apparatus as I saw it at work I must say a few words regarding the origin of the invention that promises to be of so great utility in many cases of apparent death. The principle upon which Dr. Laborde bases his researches is this: "Every being whose heart no longer beats and who has apparently ceased to exist may, in many cases, provided he has no lesion of his principal organs and is not exhausted by disease or extreme destitution, be brought to life again."

The physician distinguishes between apparent death and real death, between suspended animation or the objective external death of the organism, and complete definitive death. Dr. Laborde has pointed out that few have any idea of the persistence of "latent" life, in those who, seemingly, have ceased to live. Although all signs of circulation and respiration have disappeared and the organism has ceased to live externally, it may yet live internally.

Life continues in a latent state through the persistence of the functional properties of the organic elements and tissues and it is only after the lapse of a certain length of time that the organism can be pronounced to be really extinct.

There are, of course, many methods employed in the resuscitation of apparently dead persons and many of these depend on artificial respiration, for the function most indispensable to awaken—the primordial function in fact—is respiration.

So far as we know, no one had attempted to use the "Lingual Tractor" before Dr. Laborde took it up. This method has many advantages over some of the other ones resorted to, to restore respiration, and has been found effective when other methods have failed.

Dr. Laborde has found that in the case of persons who have lost consciousness through narcotic poisoning, through collapse after anæsthetics, through electric-shock, through drowning, through being struck by lightning, through asphyxiation, through suffocation in mines, sewers, etc., through syncope, or through committing suicide by hanging themselves, it is sometimes possible to revive them, even when they appeared to be dead and after all other methods of restoration had failed to have any effect, if the tongue be drawn rhythmically backwards and forwards for a certain length of time either by the hand or by an electric motor.

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Dr. Laborde's "Tracteur Lingual," or Tongue Tractor, has indeed astonished the medical world, who, had they not witnessed the Doctor's experiments in the resuscitation of persons who were apparently dead, would have declared the results to have been impossible of attainment by any means known to science.

One of the most remarkable cases of restoration to life after apparent death was mentioned in a report by M. Vauter, director of the customs region of Marseilles to the Director-General of the Custom House, on June 7th, 1898. Bowman Aguel, of the *Huveause*, was on duty on the point of the Mediterranean coast known as "Aux du Prophète," when he heard cries of distress proceeding from a sixteen-year-old cabin-boy named Igardens. The boy was bathing at a distance of about thirty yards from the shore when he disappeared beneath the water owing to the fact that he had imprudently jumped into the sea immediately after partaking of a heavy meal. The cabin-boy's master, Ricard Shawe, happening to be near by, jumped in to save him. Unfortunately, he himself began to sink, and was just on the point of disappearing beneath the waves when Bowman Aguel arrived on the scene. Immediately the last-named threw himself into the water without stopping to remove his blouse. Reaching Ricard, he held him until he could hand him over to a second rescuer, who carried him to the shore.

Aguel then made another dive in order to find the cabin-boy, and very fortunately succeeded in bringing him to land. But Igardens, who had remained under water at least ten minutes, was seemingly dead, and the by-standers declared that there was no hope of resuscitating him. Aguel, however, recalling the directions given in Circular No. 2,463, of November 2nd, 1894, applied to the boy the process of "rhythmic traction of the tongue" recommended by Dr. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine. For a long time the unfortunate lad gave no signs of life, but Aguel refused to be discouraged, and continued his operations for three hours. At length his patience and determined efforts were rewarded, and the boy's respiration was re-established, he sat up, and was soon out of danger. Commenting on this wonderful recovery, M. Vauter remarks :—

"A single officer of the administration has been able, after three hours of rhythmic traction of the tongue, to restore to life a boy who had remained ten minutes under water. After three hours! Up to 1898 no physiologist or physician would have dared to claim that latent life could subsist for hours. And yet three hours is doubtless not the extreme limit, and it might perhaps be possible to meet with success much beyond this length of time."

Everyone knows that the population of France is steadily declining. This is regretable, and many suggestions have been made with a view to prevent the depopulation. One of these is to attempt to reduce the infant mortality statistics. Dr. Laborde has turned his attention to this question and has related some "cases" at the Academy of Medicine. In one case the child when born was livid and apparently dead. Dr. Matiquoi, of Bordeaux, applied rhythmical tongue traction, and after an hour the child gave signs of life. In another case the newly-born infant was livid and to all appearances lifeless. Before attempting Dr. Laborde's method, alcoholic friction flagellation, mustard baths, and the artificial injection of air into the lungs were all tried, but with no success. Finally, Dr. Nicolas resorted to the rhythmical traction of the tongue, and after a prolonged effort succeeded in restoring the child to life.

What length of time ensues between apparent death and real death? The answer to this question is difficult because it necessarily varies with various individuals, but in the case of a subject whose organs are healthy and are not affected by disease, the time is at least three hours.

Dr. Laborde soon saw that if the tongue had to be submitted to his treatment for two or three hours, or even more, some mechanical apparatus would have to be used in place of the manual power. M. Mouchel accordingly constructed for Dr. Laborde a small clockwork driven piece of apparatus that gave 120 tractions per minute, with all the rhythmic intermittence desirable. This was the first machine of the kind ever constructed. It had its drawbacks, however. The spring of the clockwork did not permit the apparatus to operate for more than five minutes, and it was often necessary to wind up the movement a great many times during each experiment. Ultimately a small electric

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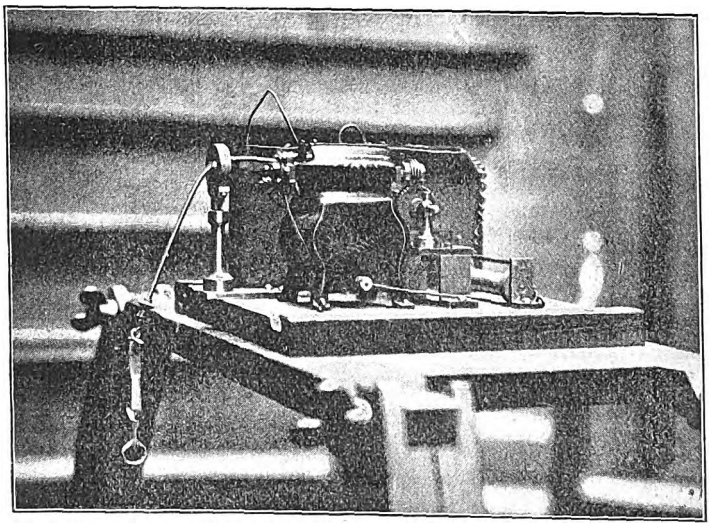

ANOTHER TRACTION MACHINE.

motor, fed by accumulators, was substituted for the clockwork apparatus, and this will keep the tongue tractor going for three hours or more.

Dr. Laborde has pointed out that his method constitutes a ready means of determining whether a person is really dead or not. If the respiratory movements fail to answer more than five or six hours after apparent death, the life may be surely pronounced extinct. He also suggests that tongue tractors should be placed in hospitals, fire-stations, humane societies' stations, mines, etc.

Dr. Camus presented me with a copy of the "Instructions for the Application of the Method of Rhythmical Tractions of the tongue," which are issued under Dr. Laborde's direction, for the guidance of physicians and others who may desire to imitate the inventor's methods.

So far, I believe, the tongue tractor has not been tried in this country, but it is to be hoped that it will be introduced before long, and will be used at all the Royal Humane Society's stations, in hospitals, in mines, and in other places where it is likely to be of use.

By the kindness of Dr. Camus I saw the rhythmical tongue traction treatment applied in three different ways. The first was by the hand alone, the mouth of the patient having been opened, the tongue was seized by the fingers and was drawn rhythmically backwards and forwards with a speed of 20 to 25 movements in the case of adults, and 25 to 30 in the case of infants.

More generally, in place of the fingers an instrument invented by Dr. Laborde and termed a "pince à traction" is used. This is rather like a small pair of shears, and it is furnished with a pair of supports at the end for the doctor to take hold of and practise the rhythmical tractions.

In cases where it is necessary to continue the treatment for some hours recourse is had to a motor worked either by clockwork or by electric current. To restore persons to life a three hours' application of the method is sometimes necessary, and to make quite sure that death has really taken place and in order to avoid the terrible possibility of premature burial an application of six hours is recommended.

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TWO FADED HEARTS.

PART I.

THEY had lived all alone, those two old ladies, in their neat well-ordered little house for a great number of years, no one quite knew how many, nor why they should thus have elected to pass their lives together. During the passing years no kith nor kin of either had come to disturb them, and it was generally believed in the village that they had no living relatives.

Miss Margaret Fulford, the elder of the two, must have been very beautiful in her earlier days; even I, across so wide a gulf of time, could mark its traces in her face. Ann Price the younger—younger only by a mere couple of years—must also have been comely in that long-forgotten youth of hers. Yet had they chosen, when still quite young women—fate and death leaving them utterly alone in the world—to join their paths together.

Both had been left well provided for, and neither lacked any of the comforts of this world. The house in which they lived had come to Miss Price through the death of some distant relative, and in it they had lived year in, year out, in that remote English village for close on half a century. I first made the aquaintance of my two old friends when as quite a little child I had been brought on a visit to a neighbour of theirs. As I grew older I had returned at intervals to the village, never forgetting to call on the old ladies as my first care on arriving. Thus a close friendship had sprung up between us. By degrees, when I came to the little place, I was not merely their neighbour, but was also their guest, for I spent long visits with them whenever I was able to do so. I had begun to look upon them as almost entirely belonging to me, and had a vague feeling of responsibility regarding them—they were growing so very very old—they had no one to care for them, though, indeed, they were happy enough together, and appeared perfectly devoted to one another. To me there was something almost tragic in the lives of those two poor old women; their quiet uneventful days were so empty, so utterly void of all that so many count as making life blessed. I could hear of no change, no difference of things; so far as I was able to trace backwards in the flight of time, life had gone on for them in the steady monotone in which I had found them, ever since they had first come to bury themselves.

Round them hung a cloud of mystery; enquiries as to their former history, their young days, brought me but little light. The oldest inhabitant in the village dimly remembered them as young women, living much the same retired life as they did when I knew them—contented with their lot, indifferent to the outer world, wrapped up in each other; this was all I could ever glean. Finally, I was forced to remain unsatisfied as to the story of their ealier days.

They grew older and frailer, my visits therefore increased; to me they had ever been so kind, so utterly loving. I could not bear to think of them alone. Looking back, I know I am not wrong in saying that some of my happiest days were spent in their quaint home; and at times, I believe, my sun was at its height when it shone for me as I wandered in their old-world garden, so full of the tenderly-cared-for, sweet-smelling flowers they both loved. Dear, dainty, old ladies! they are to me in these later years as sprigs of their own fragrant lavender laid between the pages of my memory's book.

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At last, for me, the cloud of obscurity was dispelled. The secret—if secret it could be called—was made clear. Strangely enough, both those poor old hearts were, all unknown to one another, laid bare to me on the self-same day. Lips that had remained sealed for over fifty years opened within a few short hours to ease hearts grown old and tired, terribly tired, of one pathetic little memory.

Later, I no longer wondered at their lives. I thought I fully realised the wherefore of the quiet unshared days, the total obliteration from the paths of men. I understood at last why over me as I grew older, stole ever that strange, buried and long-forgotten sensation when with my friends. The touching pathos of the little story moved my heart deeply; in secret I suffered with each, whilst admiring and pitying. Time in its flight was to prove to me more fully than I then dreamed of how deep was the wreck of life and sad the waste of human vitality, how pitiful the whole little story, how great, how irretrievably great, the utter squandering of a life-time on the part of each. The underlying tragedy and pity of it still makes my eyes fill with tears, my heart ache.

I had arrived on one of my usual visits to them, a few days previously, and had noticed since my arrival a curious unaccountable change in both my old friends; they appeared more awakened, more excited than I had ever beheld them before. It was the month of June, warm and sultry. Their garden, where we spent most of our days, was a blaze of beautiful sweet-scented colour. It was to me then, is to me now, and must ever be, the loveliest and the dearest garden I had ever known then, that I know now, or can ever hope to know. They both took a deep pleasure in it; it was to each, I believe, the embodiment of all they had lost—or missed—on earth.

One afternoon I sat alone with Miss Fulford in their little cool, old-fashioned drawing-room, so full of the treasures I had known and loved since childhood; through the open window came to me the hum of the bees, and the scent of the roses and pinks out in the sweet shining garden. I sat endeavoring to sew, doing, alas, but little: drowsily I fell to contemplating how much I loved, for a short space, so placid, so uneventful a life; but how long, I wondered, would it have been before its monotony, without one change or break, had driven me crazy, had I come to it for ever, as my old friends had done, long years ago when still young and full of life; for always the quiet, the still nothingness around me—truly "the common round, the trivial task." Each summer for fifty years the scent of the flowers, the hum of the bees, for always and ever the same! For a short space how much I loved it—how gladly I came. For altogether—how impossible! My young blood would surge in my veins, my pulses leap and dance with the longing to fly away and leave the quiet old house behind! How was it that neither of these two, who had lived there so many years, had never pined to run away?—or had they, I wondered?—out into the world again, to be loved and admired, as they must once have been: to enjoy, to live. Ah! yes, that was it! live, not vegetate. What was at the root of their years of calm indifference, their self-imposed burial alive? Thus I pondered, and thus thinking, lulled by the hum of the bees, soothed by the hot scented air, my eyes were slowly closing, when Miss Fulford's voice recalled me to consciousness.

"Mary," she said, laying her endless "Penelope's Web" of knitting on the table by her side, "has it ever come to you to wonder why it was that Ann and I should have been so content to live out our lives here, and had no longing for other things?"

I noticed a faint pink flush slowly rising to the withered cheek. What was coming?

"Dear Aunt Margaret"—for thus I ever called her—I stammered, not knowing what to reply, so thoroughly had she read my thoughts, "I have at times wondered, but I suppose you and Aunt Ann both preferred peace and quiet, and hated the noisy world outside." And I pointed vaguely out of the windows, and beyond the garden, to where the long, white, dusty road, might—or might not—lead to "The World" to which I referred.

"I am going to tell you why, dear," she replied. "You are a woman now—the years slip by us so quickly—and perhaps you understand such things as I am going to tell you better than I myself. After all there is nothing like a young heart; and mine is old, so old, and Ann

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is old too, how could *she* know or understand? All these years I have kept my secret jealously to myself. I have had no one to speak to—not that I wished it; but now I feel I must talk of it to someone. Who, better than you? Not even Ann knows what I am going to tell you. But you—you are like my own child." "My own child," she repeated softly, resting her hand tremulously on mine for an instant.

"Therefore I wish to tell you my little 'romance,' more of it than any other knows — save one. And where that one is now I have no idea, no thought.

"When I was quite young, I lived, as you may know, in quite a different part of the country," she began. I did not know. I knew nothing of my old friend's former life ere she came to the little village, as I have already stated. But, unwilling to interrupt her, I remained silent.

"Ann lived near here in her youth; she has lived in this part of England all her life," she continued, "but with me it is different. I have seen more of the world, have wider experience than she has," and Miss Fulford nodded and smiled mysteriously. Poor old lady! I thought of the fifty years of life in that dreary village, and wondered, as my heart ached for her, where her vast experience of this world had come from!

"We, Ann and I," she went on, "had been friends always, our parents were

THEY THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE GARDEN.

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friends before us. I cannot remember any time of my life when I did not know her. When death left us alone in the world we decided to live together. For me the world was done, finished!"—this with tragic emphasis—"and when Ann proposed that we should come and pass our days 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' in this little house of hers I readily agreed.

"At that time I was very unhappy, I had had a terrible experience, a deep love affair." She paused as if to lay stress on the importance of her last words, and drew herself up almost proudly. It would seem that she was raised in her own respect by that memory, which in those dead, long gone years must have proved, indeed, a platform of pain and sorrow.

"I had met," she continued, "and grown much attached to someone who in return loved me with a deep devotion, and for whose sake I have gladly spent my days alone. There had been others," with a touch of revivified vanity, "but this one was different. My dear, you should have seen him. They were *men* in those days! From what you tell me, I have myself no personal knowledge, the the race must have sorely changed for the worse."

I flushed hotly at this calm misrepresentation, and remembering of some careless words of mine; but finding no defence ready, let it pass in silence, anxious to hear more of the old lady's story.

"How noble he was! How true and just! incapable of a mean action, placing Duty ever before his own wishes and desires, the very soul of all that was best in man. Well, my dear, knowing all that of him, remembering him in those days, I have never once regretted that all my life has spent itself in memory of him. It seems strange, perhaps, to you, does it not?—to hear an old woman like me talking of men and love. But I was young then, and I have lost the world for love.

"The most vivid recollection of my life is the day on which he asked me to be his wife. How well, how clearly I remember." She paused, as if living through that halcyon time once more. Then continued, a faint smile curving her lips.

"I wore white muslin—he said I was beautiful," she mused half to herself with a touch of pride, then sighed and broke off abruptly. I followed the direction of her eyes; they had fixed themselves upon her wrinkled withered hands, the truest sign, alas, of age in woman.

"I was very happy," she went on again briskly, as if putting all saddening regrets from her mind. "I was, alas, so unworthy of one so good; yet I gave all my love, and love counts for something in this world, let us hope. There was only one blot, one shadow upon the sun, our engagement was by his express desire to remain for a time a secret between us, 'a precious secret' Charles called it, 'between we two,'—'we two,' she repeated softly and smiled.

For one fleeting instant, I who listened in the shadows of approaching night to this tale of youth and morning, had a brief vision in that smile of what she, who sat beside me old and faded and at "the end," must have looked like, when in those buried days she wore "white muslin," and listened to the tale that for the heart of woman grows never never old, as it fell from the lips of this long dead "Charles," whoever he had been. For dead I felt he must be; otherwise Miss Margaret Fulford had not been Miss Margaret Fulford all her days.

"Dear Aunt Margaret," I asked gently, when—how—did he die?"

"He did not die, dear," she answered, "we parted." Again the look of pride in herself at having lived through in her youth a "love-tale," with which to cheer her mind when age had crept upon it; and in that look of vanity I lost the fleeting glimpse of what she must have been in the days when such things mattered.

"When we had been engaged to one another for some little time, the brightest, happiest part of my life, the blow fell. After staying for a protracted visit in our neighbourhood, he left, returning to his own home. He said 'Good bye' to me with many bright promises and tender words. His first letter repeated all that he had said, and spoke again of our happy future together. Then came the letter which was to end all. He told me he was poor, very poor; it had been madness for him to dream of marrying, for though I am a rich woman to-day, Mary, in those days I had no prospect of possessing even a half of what is now mine. But that is no matter. His father, he told me, looked to him to raise the fallen fortunes of their house by marrying wealth which I did not possess. The bare sug-

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gestion of there being another to whom, though unblessed with the goods of this world, he had given his love, had caused a terrible scene between them.

"His father urged his marriage with a woman of greath wealth whom he had chosen—he was heart-broken—he loved me alone in all the world; yet what must he do? In despair he asked me what course he must take. On one side lay his duty to his father, his old home so sadly needing the help of wealth to retrieve it from decay; on the other stood I myself, whom he loved so dearly. But, alas, I stood alone.

"His letter was despairing, hopeless, yet through it all I read that we must part, that he asked me to release him, and I, knowing that it was for his good, for his future welfare, wrote and bade him good-bye for ever. His last letter of farewell nearly broke my heart. Did I say 'nearly'? It were better had I said did entirely break it.

"I never saw him again; I remained firm to my decision. I loved him too well to spoil his career, and to prove it I gave him up. Had he been less worthy of love, it had killed me, had he tired of me and left me of his own will; but I know his heart was mine always, and I have been content to live here all my life knowing, though I have never seen him again, that the man I loved loved me in return deeply and truly. My life has not been wasted, not for one instant have I thought that.

"My parents died shortly after I received his last letter. I make no doubt he had married the woman his father had chosen almost at once, for though I found myself a rich woman within a few years I heard no more of him; the last card had indeed been played!

"I came here with Ann, and here we have lived together ever since; she only knows that I had suffered, that love had brought me shadow and no sun; I could never tell her any more. She did not know of my happiness when it *was* happiness; why should I tell her when it was all at an end? I believe she, too, had some unfortunate little affair about that time, but Ann has always been different from me. She was never 'romantic,' and is colder, therefore she can never have felt as I felt or suffered as I suffered."

I raised my head and watched her, her eyes were bright, her voice unfaltering, and in my heart I wondered.

"We agreed to ask no questions, to understand each other and silently give sympathy, but no more. I have told you, dear, because I want you to give me a faithful promise. When Ann and I are dead you will find that all you see and everything we have is yours. Yes—" as I tried, overcome with mingled feelings of grief and gratitude, to speak—"you have been much to both of us, we wish you to possess the house you have—young though you are—so often loved to come to and cheered so often with your presence.

"If I die first, all, for Ann's lifetime, will be left as it is at present; all that I possess will go to her first; but when she dies then all as we leave it comes to you, dear child. There is one thing which I would ask you to do for me—the day you come here to take what will belong to you. It is this: On my writing-table have you ever noticed a small black box? It has stood there for many years, and is very dear to me. The key is here," and she raised the long ribbon of black silk which hung round her throat, to which I now observed for the first time, as well as her watch, was attached a small key.

"I wish you to open that box and destroy its contents for me, dear. Before doing so you may look at them—they will illustrate to you the story I have just told you—they are relics of a byegone time. I cannot even now find courage to destroy them. I have kept them too long, and therefore I leave it to you, Mary, to do for me."

Miss Fulford ceased speaking, seemed indeed to have forgotten my presence. The sun still shone out in the garden, and sparkled on the flowers; but as I looked, the roses and long lines of sweet pinks danced in blurred rows mistily before my eyes. A great pity for this poor old woman filled my heart. All those years to have remained faithful to a man separated from her by more than half-a-century, and who, in all likelihood, had in no way been worthy of so deep a love. I judged him with the clearer eyes of youth, unblinded as hers, had been by love, and doubted.

I looked at her as she gazed out of the open window, a smile on her lips, an air of almost conscious vanity seeming to possess her, as if she had proved that, after all, she had lived her little part in the world. I rose and gently kissed the

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old face, promising to do all she wished me when the time should come. It was very touching, very beautifully pathetic; but I wondered if I, or any girl of these latter days was capable of so long a devotion, so blind a sacrifice for "one who loved and rode away."

He must surely have been worthy of it, and I made excuses for him even to myself for having judged him perhaps harshly without thought. Women must have been different in those days I concluded; or, perhaps after all Aunt Margaret was right, and it was the men who were otherwise from what they appeared now-a-days; but to me there was a touch of sadness infecting the whole little story that went to my heart and made it ache for the long lonely life, hugging its secret to itself, and sharing it with no one, not even the old and trusted friend, who had shared so much of the life but so little of the memory.

Here the entrance of Miss Price, herself, bidding us come to tea, broke the strange spell that had fallen on the little room, and interrupted my meditations.

We ate our meal gaily; the old ladies talked brightly as usual of the many small trifling happenings that interested them—the flowers, the bees, the old house—but rarely, very rarely, the doings of the great world that lay so widely distant from this quiet old-fashioned spot. I noticed that the opening of that old grave had cast no shadow on Miss Fulford; rather was she brighter, cheerier than I had seen her for many years; neither, I noticed, had it impaired her appetite. Later, whilst I wandered alone in the garden, I pondered deeply over her story, and arrived at the conclusion, that though the memory of the love remained, the love itself was dead; not killed, as too many are, alas, cruelly and suddenly by the very hand that caused the love to grow, but just fallen into a deep sleep through old age—a calm slumber—a fading away. Thus passes in the end even the bitterest sorrow from off the face of the earth. The woman who had loved still lived, the empty husk remained, but that which had caused all those years of waste and calm indifference was gone for ever.

. . . .

A sound of footsteps on the path behind me! I turned to find Miss Price following me—the woman of whom Miss Fulford had said "she does not quite understand these things." I waited for her, and noticed something almost unusual in her manner.

"Dear," she said softly, looking up into my face, reminding me as she ever did of some bright little bird—perhaps a wren, "Margaret is resting, the day has been so warm; at her age she feels these extremes more than I do" (she was but two years younger) "so I came out to you. I want very much to talk to you of something—something I have never talked of to anyone before. It relates to a time in my life, passed away for many many years; but I feel the seal of silence lifting from my lips; I wish to speak of it, and so it shall be to you—you, so young, so fresh, so full of life, you will understand such things. Poor Margaret is different, she could not know of these matters, or sympathise."

Where had I heard similar words before? Why, that very afternoon in their little drawing-room, and from Miss Fulford talking of Ann! Poor old women, they were so infinitely pathetic! I wanted dreadfully to cry.

Suspecting another love tragedy I laid my arm around Miss Price's frail old shoulder, and kissed her wrinkled cheek, while I told her to tell what she willed.

"It is only right that you should know, dear Mary," she commenced, "that Margaret and I have agreed that all we have shall be yours when we are both gone. This house is mine, I wish you to possess it. It is a dear little spot, is it not? Yes, child, do you know, or would you believe me when I say that when I first came to live here, I hated it—yes, hated it!" she repeated with a vehemence I had not credited her with.

"But it is wonderful how one gets used to things in this world; it does not do to grumble. I fear I have been a sad grumbler in my day—right down inside my heart, I mean, of course," she added hastily. "Such things are best kept to one's self, I think, don't you? But there! I did not come out here to tell you that," and she laughed brightly. "What I did want to tell you was that you were to inherit our little home and all we are possessed of. In return I ask of you one small service when I am dead and gone. Don't look so sad, Mary," she went on briskly, "such things must be, you know."

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I LAID MY ARM AROUND HER FRAIL OLD SHOULDER.

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Ann Price was ever the brightest and most philosophical of the two; now it began to dawn on me that I should find her the most human also.

"You will find in my room," she continued, "a little box, the key of which is here." She pointed to the bunch of keys and seals at her watch chain. "Even Margaret knows nothing about what that box contains—she would laugh terribly if she did, and with every reason. My dear, I am a sentimental old woman, and it is ridiculous at my age, but I have not the courage to destroy the contents of that box, and I wish you to do it for me. Does not that sound strange? And yet, Mary, some things there are that never grow old. I have faded, turned grey, but the one love of my life remains as young as when I was your age. In short, dear, in that box are some letters and one or two trifles that have survived the wreck of the years. The letters are from the man I was to marry—very good, and true and noble he was. I gave him all my love, no one could have ever taken his place; I never dreamt of such a thing, only of him all my life. It's absurd to think of an old woman of my age talking like this, but, do you know, I really believe I could not bear to meet him even now. It seems odd that such things can be, doesn't it, after more than fifty years?" And she looked up into my face with a wistful, questioning shadow in her eyes.

I stroked the old hand in mine gently, my eyes brimming with tears.

"Dear Aunt Ann," I answered, "I quite see how such things are possible." She sighed.

"I am glad, I was afraid you would think me merely an old fool; but as you don't, I will go on.

"He, this man was very poor; so, alas, at that time was I. We were engaged secretly for a short space, the best bit of life for me, and for which I still thank God, though I am an old woman on the brink of the grave.

"In the end we parted, no matter how, it's all over, such endless years ago. He married, I believe, to please his people, but his love was mine, his heart broke the day he wrote me his last letter of farewell."

She held up her head proudly, and that was the only time in all my acquaintance and knowledge of her, that I ever beheld a touch of pride in Ann Price.

"You may read his letters, dear, they will help to show you what a good, true man he was, how much he loved me, how deeply he grieved. Where he is now I have no idea, I fear he must have long since passed away. He went out of my life completely when we parted, I never heard of him again. I gave him up for his own sake, and there it ended.

"Margaret and I came here shortly after, and we have lived here ever since. She knows very little—nothing indeed—but that I had loved, and, like too many other women, lost. She, I believe, had also suffered, but we never exchanged confidences. She knows nothing of what that little box of mine contains, you and I are the only two, and I trust you, dear. I am just a silly old woman, but I have not lived quite in vain, have I?" the old voice quavered anxiously. "Why, Mary, you are crying," as my tears, no longer to be restrained, fell fast. "My child, you must not, this will never do, how selfish of me to trouble you. Think, dear, there is nothing to cry for, the best man I ever knew loved me dearly with all his heart, with the memory of that I have tried to be contented, and in time peace *did* come. I have been very happy in this home of ours, out of the 'storm, and you know, dear, it's a poor heart that never rejoices. I am grateful for his love, grateful to think I won it. So come, Mary, dry up those tears, my little story is not worth them. Some day you will have love given you as I had, only please God," she added earnestly, "with a happier ending. Then it will teach you why I, old and done with life, can say to-day—I am content."

"Had he been merely false to me, grown tired, that would have been very different, would have broken my heart." She paused abruptly. I saw her mind had travelled back through all those years; once again she lived and loved, in that "spring-time" of hers, when she made choice and shaped her life.

Suddenly she exclaimed anxiously, "child, you are shivering; it is growing chilly. Come we will go in."

She was once more her bright cheery self, her story put away, hidden by her thought for others.

"See," she pointed, "there is Margaret waving for us." I saw Miss Fulford standing at the open window, and we

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quickly retraced our steps. Whilst I went, I mused how strange it was, that for over half a century these two old friends had lived among the roses and carnations, surrounded by the bees, the pinks, the shaven lawns; year in, year out had lived their lives apart; each unknown to the other treasuring within her heart the memory of the man who had left her so long ago. How strange a coincidence. How little either dreamed of the love, dwelt on so proudly by one, remembered so sadly, so tenderly by the other.

How strange, too, that in the "twilight," after so many years of unaccepted, unsought sympathy, both should have chosen to lay bare the little sorrowful story, to a girl unversed, as I know myself to be, in such matters. The village, the neighbours, all who knew them, how little did they guess that the two old ladies, so quiet, so eccentric, so unassuming as they appeared to be, had each in her secret soul made of their little rose-covered house a temple to love, from whence had risen up through all those years the smoking incense that burned on two silent altars to the memory of the wine of life!

PART II.

The following winter it so happened that owing to circumstances relating to my own family I was obliged to go abroad. It was with uneasy forebodings I visited the "little house" to bid my old friends a most unwilling farewell, and bitterly did I regret the necessity that forced me to go so far from them.

Alas, I never saw either again. In the first days of winter's cold Miss Fulford fell ill and quickly sank, being followed to the grave within two short weeks with pathetic rapidity by her old friend, who never recovered the shock of her death.

Owing to no settled address, and several efforts on the part of letters to find me proving fruitless, I did not hear of my double loss until all was over; till the old churchyard of the little village had received two new graves, and the old house had lost its two tenants of over fifty years' standing.

On my return to England, I found all had come to me, as had already been told me, by the express desire of the old ladies themselves. On account of my enforced stay in foreign parts it was not, therefore, till the first crocuses were beginning to fade and wither in the garden, yielding place to the later spring flowers to show in all their glory, that I was able—sadly enough alas!—to find my way to my new inheritance.

As soon as I was able to do so, I went to spend a few days in the "little house" among my new possessions. So bleak, so empty, so unaccustomed did it appear without those two strange old personalities, and many times did I feel my eyes fill at memory of them. Ever mindful of my double promise to each of my old friends on that June day, so few months distant, I made it my first care to carry out their wishes.

Having found their little secret "treasure hoards," I took them to where a bright fire blazed in the drawing-room, in which I meant to destroy their contents after reading them, according to promise. The keys of both being forthcoming, I opened Miss Fulford's first, very sadly, very reverently, mindful of the pathetic story it was to illustrate for me. The contents were but slight, a few letters—very few—tied neatly together by the inevitable faded ribbon; a withered flower in a yellowing envelope, inscribed on the outer side, in the fine handwriting our grandmothers wrote before us: "Given me by Charles, from the Rose Garden, Stancy"; a knot of ribbon, with no clue to its story, but which I could guess at; and as I sadly gazed at it I wondered if it had adorned the white muslin frock Aunt Margaret had worn that day, when the "Charles," who was to me merely a name, had told her she was beautiful; a miniature—and this I examined more closely, instinct telling me I was, in it, to make acquaintance of the man who had so desolately shaped my old friend, Margaret Fulford's life. A young man of about eight and twenty, dressed in the blue cloth coat of his period adorned with gold buttons, and wearing the high stock, long since a thing of the past. It was a handsome face, but one that did not attract a younger generation—the eyes of a light brown appeared too close together, unless that were a fault of the artist—light curling hair, and straight refined features; the whole spoilt by a mouth which, to me, was a strange mixture of weakness and cruelty.

I sat in silence with the miniature in my hand; through the window came a

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few gleams of cold spring sunshine; it shone in mockery on the withered rose, that no sun of this earth, however warm, could restore to sweet-scented life again; on the faded knot of ribbon; and reflected a half-mocking smile on the face of the miniature I held. "You doubt," the painted lips seem to say to me, "yet do not these same relics stand as evidence of the love I could inspire, long before you were born."

I raised it, looked at it attentively; no, truly not a face worthy of a life-long devotion. How had that handsome face, those shallow eyes, so deceived a woman of so much character as my aunt? That "I may be judging harshly," I thought, "so long ago . . . I have no right . . . and yet . . ." I sighed, and remembered Aunt Margaret's words, snatches of them came to me while I untied the fading ribbon. "So true . . . so good . . . so noble." "I was not worthy of him." . . . "I have never regretted that my whole life has been spent in memory of him. . ."

I looked at the weak, painted face, and hated it! in a guilty way feeling as if in so doing I was committing a crime against the woman who had loved it so utterly; then directed my attention to the letters.

I SAT IN SILENCE WITH THE MINIATURE IN MY HAND.

must remain for me an unanswered puzzle I thought sadly, as I laid the portrait down impatiently and took up the bundle of letters. "They will help to show you what a good, true man he was," a voice from the dead came back to me, softly whispering in my memory. But I shook my head. "You were not worth it. I can't believe, with those eyes, that mouth, you were in the least what Aunt Margaret thought you," I said to the miniature, half aloud. And the mocking eyes looked up at me from the picture with a straighter gaze than I believed they had ever looked at anyone in life.

The first I opened was long, rambling, exaggerated, full of mock sentiment, mock eloquence, which struck a wrong chord in my heart, and filled me with fierce unavailing anger. How had such things so deceived? How was it possible that so long a life as Margaret Fulford's had been laid waste by one so little worthy? Fruitless, helpless scorn of this long-dead or vanished "Charles" filled my thoughts, and raised in my heart a spirit of revolt against the Powers that can let such things be.

Two or three other letters did I read, including the one in which he told the

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broken-hearted girl of the interview with his father. Vainly through them all did I search for traces of true nobility, that nobility that Margaret Fulford had so loved and missed the world for; each rang untrue, and a false note—that poor love so often too blind had closed her eyes to—ran through all. There still remained the last, and shortest letter of the pitiful little packet, and I took it up more tenderly, knowing which one it must be, and read as follows:—

MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE,—You, so strong, so good! you have decided, decided for Duty, and my fate—*our* fates, are sealed. My heart is broken, but I bow before your decision. Yes! we must part—must, as you say, meet no more—must forget we exist to each other. Heart of my heart, how long will be the road! How desolate the life I must lead without you! My pen has never so reluctantly made one stroke since first I wrote as now, now when our "dream" is over, and there is nothing left me to do but say "Good-bye." . . . Good-bye . . . farewell . . . for ever my one, my only love. Never shall I forget you. Your image is graven on this poor broken heart. Out across the miles that part us do I stretch my arms to you, to hold you once again. Do not utterly forget the miserable man for whom the light of love, of joy, of hope goes down for ever this sad day. Think of me in your happy future. Let a tear fall on the grave of our love sometimes, my darling, and pray—I beseech you pray one little prayer while memory lasts, for the man who loves you to-day and for ever, though Fate and Duty—stern Duty—divide our pathways. For the last time, love of my life, I sign myself, your broken-hearted CHARLES.

For long I sat silent when I had finished—the letter in my hand. Then thought came. And this, *this* is the man who was "so good, so noble," I cried to myself. "I don't believe it, not one word! and I don't believe in *you*." I turned angrily to the miniature on the table by my side. "You were a fraud; this broken-hearted letter of yours is not worth the paper it's written on! You imposed on one of the dearest, sweetest women that ever lived, and I hate you, 'Charles,' I hate you!" I repeated. I picked up the portrait, and in my unavailing wrath shook it, as it lay in my hand. The shallow eyes smiled back into my angry ones unconcernedly. As little must he have felt love and tenderness when he wrote the words, "Do not utterly forget the miserable man for whom the light of love, of joy, of hope, goes down for ever this sad day."

I rose angrily; either I have no love, no "romance,"—as poor Aunt Margaret spoke of—in me, or my eyes see too clearly, I thought. Why cannot I merely see the love, the broken heart? No more? Why should I doubt, and judge, and dislike unjustly, and without cause no doubt? After all, "Charles" did not *make* his eyes light brown, or his mouth cruel! "I am over hasty, and hard . . . hard . . . because I do not understand such things," I mused quietly; then laid Miss Fulford's treasures aside, and began to open Aunt Ann's little box, hoping that they would prove more convincing that love is worth a life-time of waste—is worth any sacrifice, and I resolved to judge her long-dead "romance" more tenderly.

"Are the love relics of all women the same?" I pondered, as I gently viewed Miss Price's. A faded flower . . . a glove . . . a bundle of letters! These I seized eagerly, heedless of what else the box contained. Quickly I opened them, and read. As I read, the first few doubts chased through my mind. I raised my eyes from the faded writing and looked perplexedly to where Miss Fulford's letters lay. No, I had not moved them. They were where I had placed them. These, undoubtedly, were Ann Price's. Yet something in the wording, in the fine sharp-pointed writing, struck me as oddly familiar. Where had I read and seen all these expressions, those long, over-exaggerated sentences before. I read the letters carefully; at last took up the only one remaining of the bundle.

"MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE,—You, so strong, so good—you have decided . . . decided for Duty, and my fate—*our* fates, are sealed. My heart is broken, but I bow before your decision . . ."

I broke off abruptly, read the letter quickly through, repeating almost before my eyes saw the words what I knew I should see:—

"Heart of my heart, how long will be the road. . . . Do not utterly forget the miserable man for whom the light of love, of joy, of hope goes down for ever this sad day. . . . Pray I beseech you, pray one little prayer while memory lasts. . . ."

I knew without looking what the ending must be, and behold I was right!

"Love of my life, I sign myself,
"Your broken-hearted
"CHARLES."

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I rose, and compared Aunt Margaret's letter with this one. Could it be merely an extraordinary coincidence? Or could it be two "Charleses," friends, all unknown to the women who had loved them—friends to the extent of copying each other's love-letters? Or could it be . . . ? Oh! not *that*, surely!

Noticing something remaining in Miss Price's little box, I hastily picked it up, hoping to find some clue. It was wrapped—with what tender care—in a little filmy lace handkerchief. As I opened the packet it proved to be another miniature; and as I laid it on the table all doubts were set at rest for all time. It was the same face—*the same man!* the same handsome light brown eyes, the same weak mouth, straight features, and soft curling hair. My suspicions were confirmed! No room for doubt remained. The loves of Margaret Fulford, and of Ann Price had been one gigantic waste, failure, fraud. I might call it what I willed—the farce, the pity of it remained.

Overcome by anger, sorrow, and helpless unavailing rage against the man who had broken two hearts to cheer his idle moments, I laid my head down on the table among the letters, the withered flowers, and poor pathetic trifles, and sobbed as bitterly as ever in my life I had sobbed before.

How it was he had known both the women, made love to them, without even mentioning the name of either, or in any way betraying himself, I shall never know. I was filled with rage to think that such things can be, that lives can be so wasted. I fell to wondering, had discovery come to both when they were still young—one hour's softening, one hour's confidence on the part of either—how different might their lives have been. Just time to recover from the wounds such base cruelty had inflicted, and then a facing of the world again. Surely hearts that could so love could have just as strongly resented, as strongly hated. And what a different story each might have known. How I hated the "Charles" who had played so base a part. But as I grew calmer, it came to me perhaps after all, in spite of waste, of desolation, their lives had not been so unblest. They had died believing, trusting, loving; was it not better they had never known? And now—now they understood and saw it all as I did, only a thousand times more clearly, in a Land where such things mattered not, and where no sting of earth could cause one pang. They had never known, and for them sleeping in their last resting-place so quietly, so soundly, my tears fell softly as I murmured: "Everything after all is for the best. God knows, and always knew, and willed it so."

But for myself, for the woman who had laid bare so cruel, so pitiful, so poor a farce! there remained but one thing to do, for the sake of two poor lonely women's hearts. I had been told—asked pathetically—to destroy the relics of a long dead and buried past. And I *would!* Gathering, with sudden fierceness, all that lay there on the table into my hands, I flung them to the heart of the glowing fire. And as they crackled and burned I felt I had avenged the broken lives of my two old friends. I watched with satisfaction the miniatures slowly burning, cracking, crumbling away. For the last time the weak lips smiled, the light eyes mocked. It was to me as if the man himself burned there at my mercy.

I stood and watched with eager merciless eyes. Then when only grey ashes remained a darker shadow in the bright fire, I fell on the rug beside it, burying my face in my hands which trembled with excitement, and wept long and softly over the cruel pathetic irony of those two sad lives.

[THE END.]

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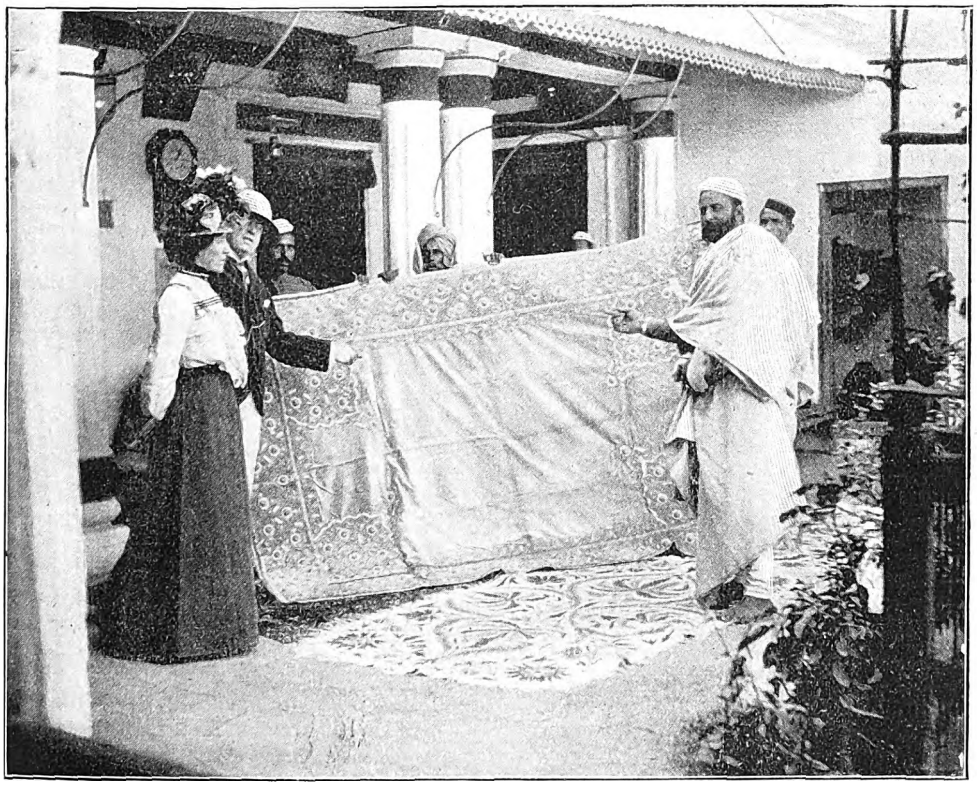
The Making and Makers of Coronation Fabrics and Embroideries.

THE splendours of the Coronation have long formed a leading topic of conversation not only with the many peoples of the British Empire, but with, practically, the whole newspaper reading world. For many weeks, aye months, past details concerning the stately ceremony to take place in Westminster Abbey, and the brilliant pageants which are to accompany and follow it have been flashed by electric wire, or transmitted by post to every corner of the earth inhabited by civilised man. These details have been read everywhere with eagerness, have been discussed everywhere with animation, and it is safe to say that the ceremony of June 26th is now being awaited with a universality of interest never before excited by a coronation. It is equally safe to say that when anticipation has given place to reality, and reality has, in turn, given place to retrospection, the fact that the royal splendours of King Edward's



EXPLAINING THE EXCELLENCIES OF A £100 TABLECLOTH TO GLOBE-TROTTING CUSTOMERS.

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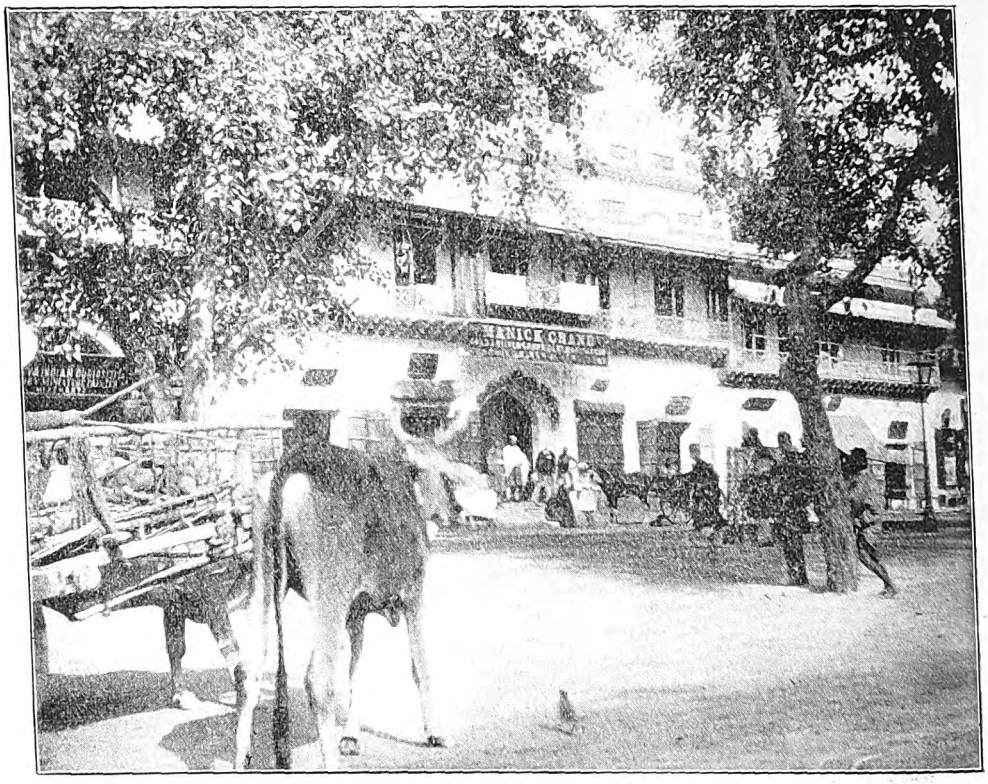

EMBROIDERER'S HOUSE AT DELHI.

crowning were entirely the handiwork of King Edward's subjects, will be held to be one of the chief glories of an all-glorious occasion.

There is no rose without a thorn, and Free Trade, which brought the blessing of cheap food to the whole English people, also brought silks and velvets of foreign manufacture which, by their cheapness and superficial beauty, soon spoiled the market for native productions of this kind, and so ruined the English silk weaving industry. The hand-loom weavers suffered especially, for the fabrics they created, though most economical of all in the long run by reason of their durability and indestructible loveliness, necessarily retained their high prices, and so were tabooed by a public whose appetite for cheapness grew keener the more abundantly it was fed. Now and then something would occur to demonstrate the fact that English hand-woven silk had no equal in the world; as, for instance, in the seventies, when the King of Bavaria sent our weavers a piece of eighth century brocade to copy because none of their Continental brethren could reproduce its exquisite colourings and texture; and, again, when the adoption by the Roman Catholic Church of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility made it desirable that the Pope should be furnished with a vestment of symbolic significance in the form of a cope woven without seam. On that occasion the Catholic countries were scoured in vain for craftsmen capable of making silk of the requisite width and quality, and eventually the order for it was placed (not, we may be sure, without reluctance) among the British-born descendants of the French Protestant weavers whose faith had caused them to be driven hither from their native land by the Edict of Nantes.

In spite of occasional tributes to its supreme excellence, such as these, our hand-made silk trade languished sadly. The first really vitalising stimulus afforded it was when an order for the bridal satin of the present Princess of Wales was placed with Messrs. Warner, of Newgate Street, for execution by their hand-weavers at Spitalfields. What oft-repeated appeals to patriotic sentiment had failed to effect,

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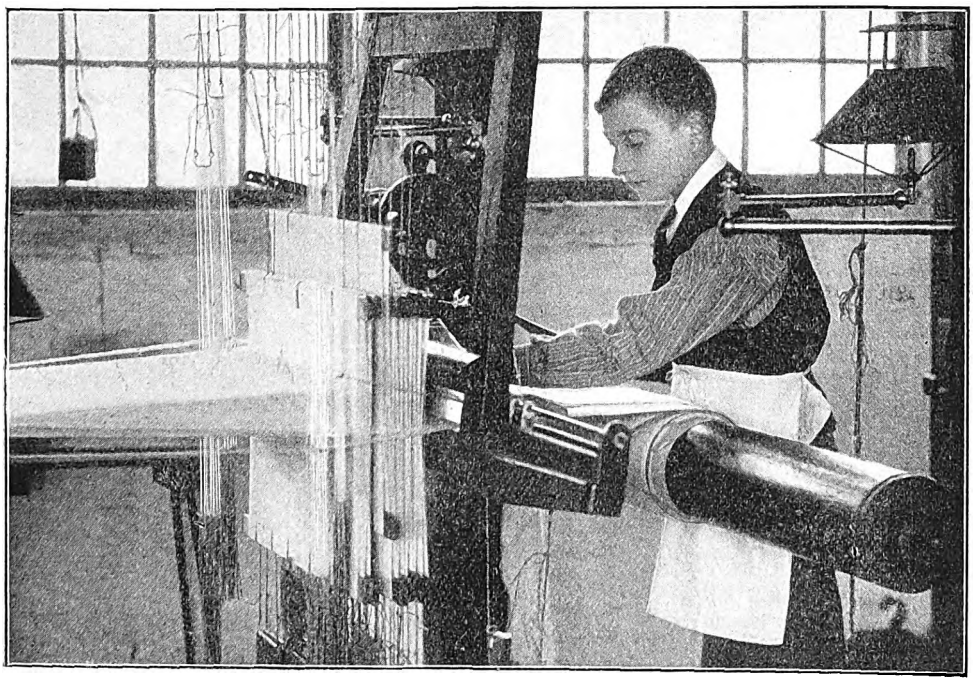
Royal example accomplished forthwith. Ladies who had, hitherto, turned a deaf ear to praises of British silk, became suddenly attentive when they found that the bride-elect of an heir to the throne had chosen the home-made article for such an important garment as her wedding gown, and from that hour our trade in hand-made silk began to improve. The King's recently expressed hope that native arts and industries would be patronised by peers and peeresses ordering raiment for the Coronation, gave it a great impetus, with the result that hand-looms have, for the best part of a year, been going busily day by day at Sudbury, in Suffolk; at Leek, in Staffordshire; at Canterbury, where silk weaving had long been entirely discontinued; and at Braintree in Essex, whither the Messrs. Warner moved their Spitalfields and Bethnal Green workers in 1895.

In the weaving gallery of the Braintree factory many a sumptuous robe length of velvet and dress piece of silk, destined for Coronation wear, has grown to its required dimensions. Some looms have been busy in the production of a superb purple velvet, the exact colour of a fresh English violet, for the Coronation robes of the Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian, and other Royal ladies. Other looms have been glowing with velvet of the rich fuchsia red, which custom has decreed to be the correct colour for members of the peerage to wear at the great ceremony. In the centre of the gallery I saw a lovely white satin, pure yet warm, brocaded with a ribbon design in delicate mother-of-pearl tints of pink, and green, and mauve, and gold, being woven for the Princess of Wales. Perhaps it will be worn at the Coronation ceremony. Most certainly it will display its beauties to the public eye at one or other of the great functions appertaining to that historic event. On another loom a gown length of cloth of silver was being created by fingers that knew their work well and did it lovingly; while, hard by, a lad of fifteen was weaving an exquisite ivory satin for wear at the crowning of the King. I may mention in this connection that silk weaving is to some extent an hereditary craft, and many of the men and women now practising it are lineal descendants of the French and Flemish refugees by whom it was first introduced into this country.

The two most skilled workers of all the skilful band employed at Braintree are Albert Parchment, who wove the satin for the Princess of Wales's bridal gown, and



AT WORK—WEAVING.

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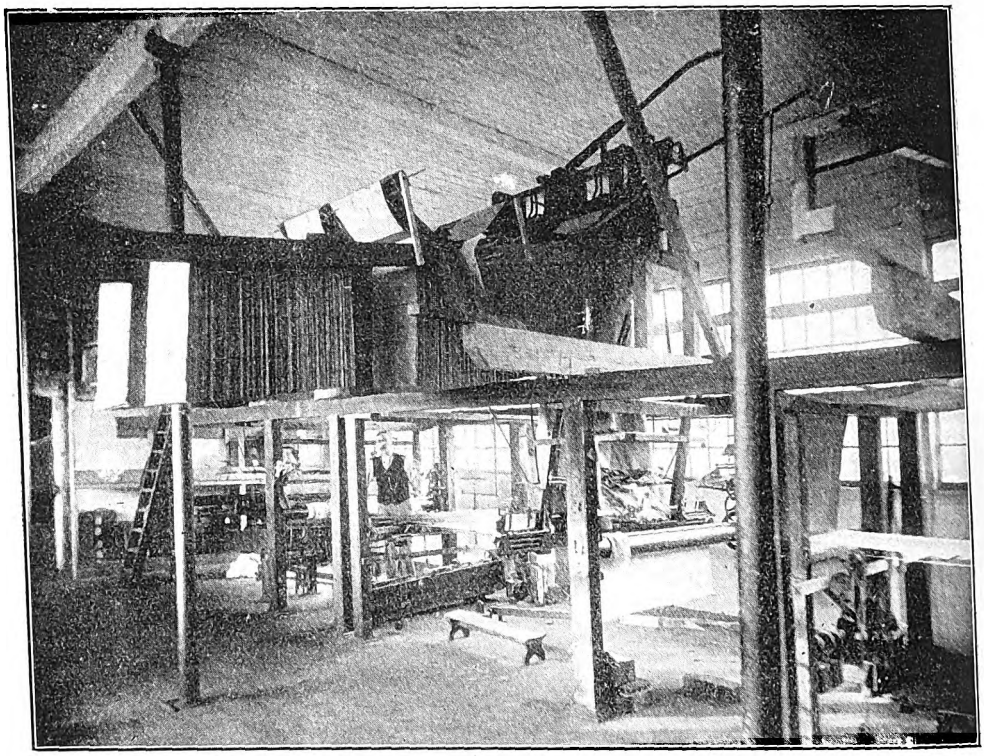

SIDE OF WEAVING GALLERY SHOWING CORONATION COPE ON LOOM.

William Shoulder, and to these experts was entrusted the task of weaving the King's Coronation mantle of gold, which looked like concentrated sunshine on the looms as it grew inch by inch beneath their deft fingers. It took them nine weeks to make the twenty-seven yards of gold tissue necessary for that regal vestment, and every ell, as it was finished, was carefully covered with jewellers' cloth to preserve its glittering loveliness intact. At night the looms containing it were guarded by an armed watchman, and proud as the Messrs. Warner naturally felt at being chosen to supply the splendid fabric for the Coronation cope, one cannot help thinking that they must have experienced a sensation of relief, as well as satisfaction, when it was finished and consigned to the King's robe-makers. The finding of a weaving that would produce a fabric stiff enough to stand alone, yet supple enough to hang in graceful folds and adapt itself to every movement of the wearer, was, in itself, no light matter, but after many experiments the desired end was attained by using warp of silver thread and a woof of gold so pure that it contained infinitely less alloy than the metal of which our sovereigns are minted.

The King's Coronation cope has been embroidered with Sovereign and National emblems at the Kensington School of Art Needlework, but much of the beautiful embroidery that will be seen in the Royal Procession, was worked by his Majesty's Indian subjects, in the far-off city of Delhi. The fame of the Delhi needlework is world-wide. From father to son the craft has been handed down through more centuries than we have record of, and for the last hundred years Manick Chand, embroidery merchant and metal worker, of Chandi Chowk (Silver Square) Delhi, has enjoyed the reputation of supplying the finest specimens of it procurable. This reputation was built up by the grandfather of the present owner of the name, the proprietor of the business. When the King went to India as Prince of Wales he inspected Manick Chand's stock with interest and bought largely of it, and when his Majesty conceived the statesmanlike idea of enabling a typical Indian industry to play a part in his Coronation pageant, he sent the Manick Chand of to-day an

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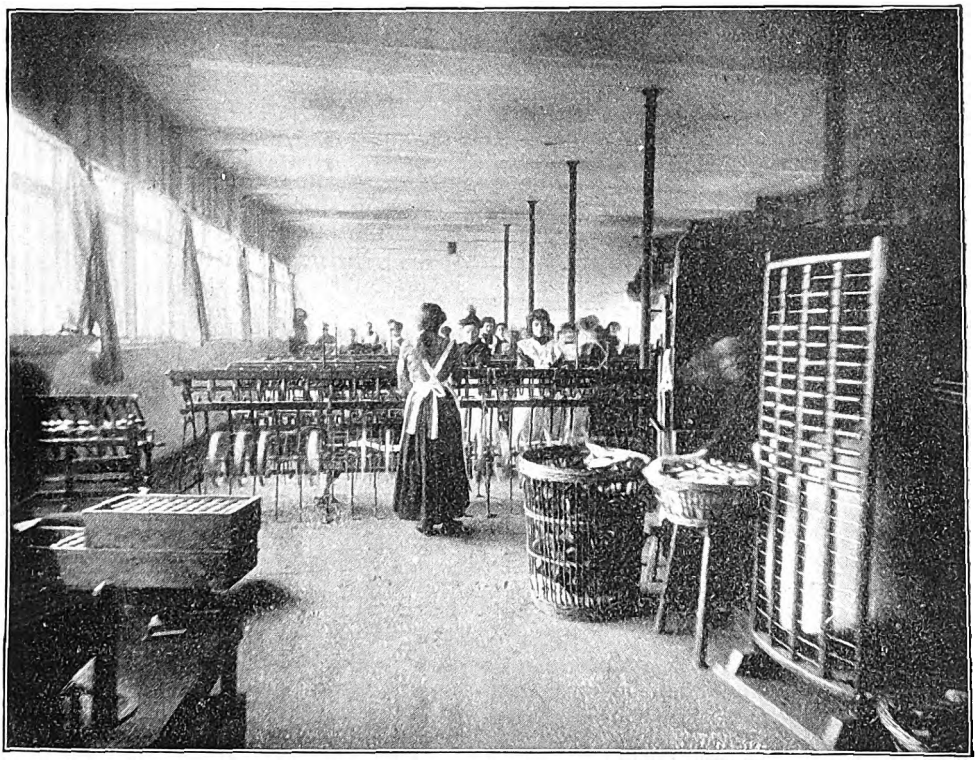
order that kept forty of Delhi's most skilled embroiderers employed for four months. The designing of the work was carried out by a Mohammedan who has been chief designer to the Manick Chand's for thirty years, and enjoys the (for a native worker) colossal salary of four shillings a day. The needleworkers pursue their beauty-creating labour in the humblest fashion possible, squatting on the bare ground of rickety-looking sheds round rudely made bamboo frames. Their pay ranges from sixpence to one and fourpence a day, according to the measure of their skill—little enough in all conscience, considering that most of them have to drop work at forty, because at that age their eyesight has generally lost the keenness, and their fingers the delicacy of touch necessary for the finer kinds of embroidery. Yet they are content, and we may be sure that when the splendours of the Coronation pass from lip to lip in the bazaars of India—where, by some mysterious process, everything is talked about before it is known elsewhere—there will be much proud satisfaction in the knowledge that native India had its share in the creation of those splendours.

ANNIE G. PIKE.



WINDING AND WARPING FLOOR.

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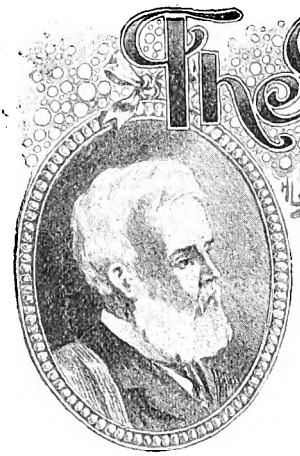

The People's Friend

OR,

The Adventures of Carlton-Hawes.

By CHARLES HERBERT.

IV.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," exclaims the coroner, as the twelve jurymen file in, amidst the expectant hush of the throng in the vestry-room, "have you considered your verdict as to how William Ruthven met his death?"

"We have, sir," respectfully answers the foreman, "and," here the hush in the room grows deeper, "we find a verdict against Percy Kingston of 'Wilful murder.'"

A young girl at the back of the court rises with an exclamation of protest, but she is silenced, and the coroner proceeds to commit the unfortunate man to take his trial before the magistrates on the charge of having on the 10th day of May stabbed William Ruthven, his employer, in an office in Holborn.

Scarcely realising his position, he is at once arrested and moved off by the policemen, the crowd in the room file out, and very soon the empty benches proclaim that the first act in the bringing of a murderer to justice is over.

For some days past "The Holborn Mystery," as it was called, had absorbed the attention of the public; but little by little it grew very clear that there was no mystery about it. Temper on the part of a clerk named Percy Kingston, and injustice on the part of the employer, William Ruthven, having led the first to take up a keen paper-stabber that was on the table and stab his master to death. There had been words between them early in the day, and the clerk returning about nine at night to finish some work that was behindhand, had found his master there and stabbed him in a fit of rage. At least, that was the theory of the prosecution. The office had been closed at half-past six o'clock, and Mr. Ruthven had stayed on, presumably at work, but his night had soon come when no man can work, for three hours later he was discovered by the clerk dead in his chair. Percy Kingston, the clerk, was the only one who had the key to the office in which the tragedy occurred, and suspicion naturally fell upon him, especially as he was the first to find the murdered man that night and to give the alarm.

"What had he returned for?" said the prosecution. Even Percy Kingston himself was willing to admit that for him ever to return to the office was a most exceptional thing. The great chances were that he had never left the office at all, but waited about to have words with his employer, and that then he killed him, leaving the office in fright and only coming back so that the protection of being apparently the one to discover the crime might be his. It was cleverly planned, but it failed to gull either the Police or Public, and that night, when the verdict of the coroner's jury became known, there was scarcely a reader of the papers who did not sympathise with the verdict.

. . . .

Three days later.

Carlton-Hawes is sitting in his office, thoroughly vexed. Like the public at large, he has been interested in The Holborn Mystery, but, unlike the public or the police, he is by no mean so certain as to the guilt of Percy Kingston. As the

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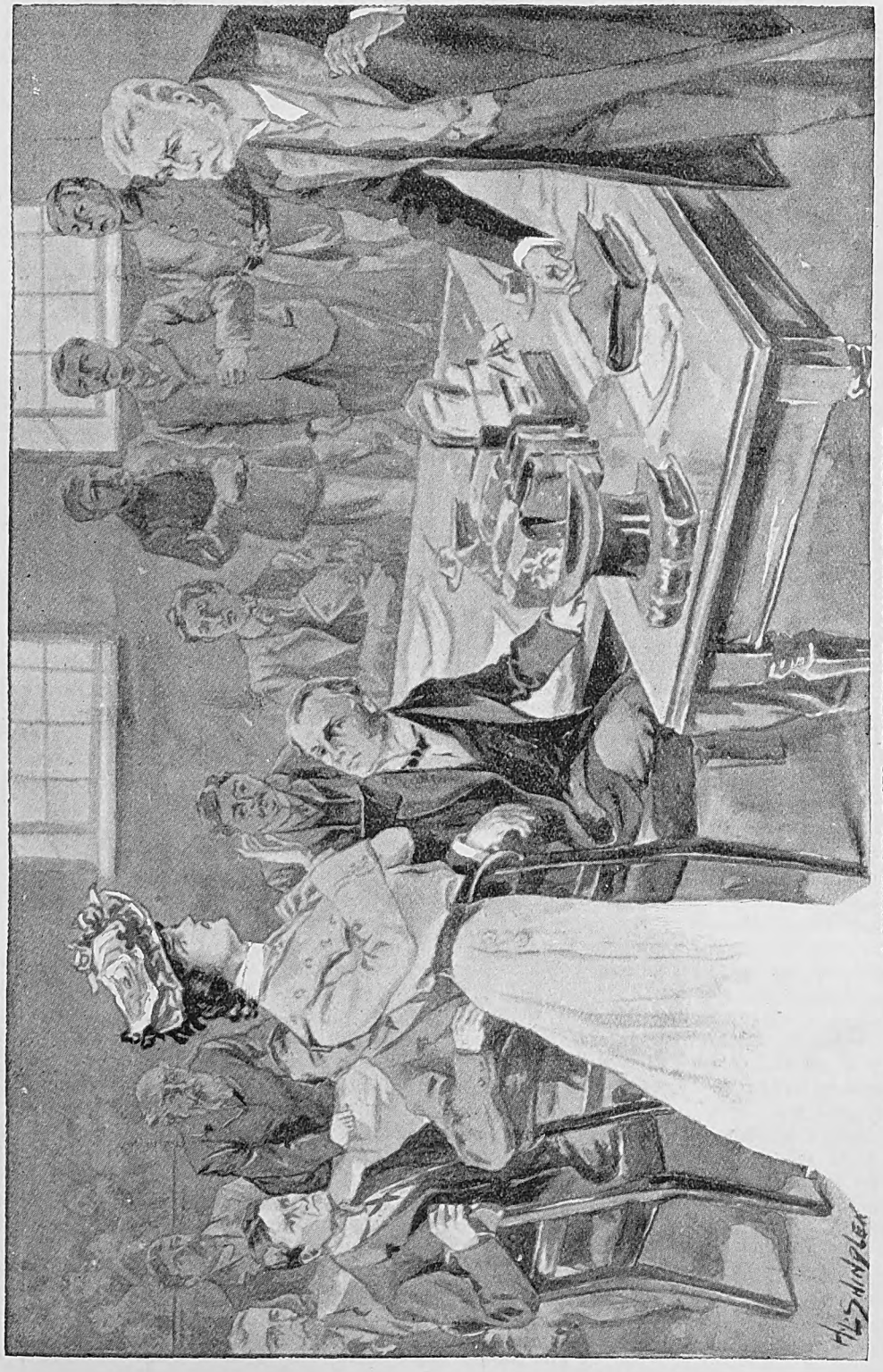

A YOUNG GIRL RISES, PROTESTING AGAINST THE VERDICT.

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result of his reading the reports of the coroner's enquiry, he had sauntered down the day before to the head-quarters of the police and put a leading question or two to the inspector in charge of the case. They were old friends, and Inspector Burbridge chatted away openly enough. "It's no good, Mr. Carlton-Hawes," he said. "You are always ready enough to argue the case as if the prisoner were innocent; but all the facts are against you here. There is, first of all, the coming back of the clerk—looks suspicious, specially as he owns he rarely did it. Depend upon it, he knew his employer was there and meant to quarrel with him, though, of course, I don't believe he meant murder."

Carlton-Hawes nodded, and quietly observed, "Don't forget it is his own admission that he rarely went back. He would more probably have said he often did it, if he had anything to hide. That, to me, is one point in his favour. The one ugly feature of the case, to me, is that only the clerk had the key of the front door and of the office."

"Precisely," said the Inspector. "A fact enough to hang a man."

"Perhaps," said Carlton-Hawes dubiously, "but, by-the-bye, would you mind telling me what you found in the pockets of Mr. Ruthven after the murder?"

"Certainly, you can see them. Two five-pound notes were lying on the table, his purse was decently full, and the letters are all on business; there was his card case, a bunch of keys, and that was all. Here they are." And he laid the miscellany before Carlton-Hawes.

He stood some time fingering the bunch of keys, then put his finger enquiringly on a long slender key. "Key of his lodgings, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the Inspector.

"And that was *all* you found?"—turning over the cards in the cardcase absent-mindedly.

"*All*," was the uncompromising reply. "As a rule there is generally a letter or two that gives us no end of trouble, tracing probable connections, but here it was all plain sailing. Kingston appears to be the only one to have a quarrel against him. Their voices were heard by the people above, and I believe he killed him then, and afterwards came back to pose as having found him dead. Oh, he'll be found guilty, sure enough!"

"It looks like it, certainly;" said Carlton-Hawes, "and, if so, one of these cards will do to go in my museum. May I keep one?" The Inspector nodded, and Mr. Carlton-Hawes departed, apparently satisfied.

But he was not. His shrewd judgment had detected a flaw in the case for the prosecution—a flaw so serious that he marvelled it had escaped the notice of the police—but he put it down to the extraordinary blindness often manifested by those who "get up" a case either "for" or "against" a man, and simply argue matters out from that point of view.

It was on this flaw that he had been fixing his attention the greater part of the night; sleep generally became impossible while his mind was pondering a difficult problem, but he is no nearer a solution when he comes to his office this morning. His letters lie unopened, his newspapers unread, nothing possesses his thoughts but the conviction that a fellow-creature, in all probability, is being wrongfully accused of an awful crime.

The morning wears on, and he still has this look of worry, when suddenly the page asks if he can see a lady, who refuses to send in her name.

"Ask her, then, to put down her business on this slip, and put it in this envelope," he says, and, when he receives it, he starts with amazement, for he discovers written upon it,

THE HOLBORN MYSTERY.

In another moment or two she is shown in, and he glances at her interrogatively as she nervously takes a seat and looks anxiously at him.

"I have only come to you, Mr. Carlton-Hawes, because of all I have heard of you as 'The People's Friend.' I want you to take this case up, for the accused is a poor man, I understand, and I am afraid it will go very hard with him. You may look to me for any expense to which you may be put. Only, I want it kept an absolute secret that I am backing you in this."

Carlton-Hawes bows, then he says, "I suppose you are the young lady mentioned in the newspaper reports as having been engaged to him? Do you know where he was that night during the two hours or so he declares he was away?"

"I do not," she declares, with rising colour, and beginning to stammer, "I—

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I—am not—not the young lady you refer to—in fact I have—never—even—met—Percy—Kingston." This in a rapid rush of words. "I—I only saw him at the coroner's trial, and I"—recovering her self-control, she smiles or rather tries to—"I felt so moved with pity for him that I thought of engaging counsel for him, and then I remembered you."

"It is very good of you," he says "Miss——?" "*Mrs.* Bartlett is my name," she says. "I am a widow. I—I lost my husband a year ago. My address? Well, won't it do if I come and see you every day or two, for I don't want to get known in connection with this matter at all? So I had rather, if you don't mind, keep my address back."

"Certainly," says Mr. Carlton-Hawes. "If you call in two days I will let you know how things proceed."

"Good morning, then," she says. "All you have to do, really, is to prove an *alibi*."

He smiles as she departs, but the minute she has gone he says, "This is nothing else but the very Finger of God;" and writing something rapidly on a slip of paper he places it with some notes he has already made on the case and looks up with serener brow, as the attendant enters.

"Can you see a Mrs. Kingston, sir, and a Miss Waring, who is with her?"

A look of blank astonishment fills Carlton-Hawes' face, as he answers, "Show them in instantly," and mutters to himself, "the mother and the girl!"

The mother waits for no introduction buts breaks out with the true eloquence of directness, "O, sir! I've come to see if you can save my son. He's my only boy, and they've taken him up for murder."

"Stay a minute, dear," interrupts the girl gently. "How is Mr. Carlton-Hawes to know whom you mean?"

"Yes, yes," breaks in that gentleman cheerfully, "I know all about it, and if you leave it to me, perhaps, we can never tell"—this gravely—for Carlton-Hawes can never quite get over the professional caution he learnt as a medical man—"he may yet turn out innocent."

"Innocent; of *course* he is innocent!" exclaim both women.

"Well, well, that is what we have to prove," he says cheerily. "I want to have an interview with your son to-day as soon as possible, and if you will come back here this afternoon late I may have something to say to you."

Half-an-hour later he is interviewing the prisoner, whose looks impress him as the most unlikely to be worn by a *murderer*. He is a man, fair of skin, with a light stubbly moustache just touching the lip, but not sufficiently to hide the weak curves of the mouth.

He colours sensitively as Carlton-Hawes approaches him and announces his errand. "The only thing I ask for from you," concludes his visitor, "is absolute frankness."

The nod he receives in reply is more assuring to Carlton-Hawes than a volume of words, and he proceeds at once to question him, jotting down notes meanwhile.—"If, then, you are sure you unlocked the door and found Mr. Ruthven dead, it must be a mistake or an invention for the caretaker upstairs to declare she heard excited voices in the office?" he queries.

"Oh, I expect, sir, it is one of those statements that originated with a desire to know and say something about it to her neighbours, and now she backs it up with lies."

"Think so?" says Carlton-Hawes. "I'm not so sure." But he makes another note ere he moves to the door, then he stops and hesitates. "Did you ever know anyone of the name of Bartlett?"

"Never, sir, that I can recall, I don't think so? Man or woman, sir?"

"Ah! I see you don't know," observes Carlton-Hawes, and leaves the prison with a rather disappointed look on his face.

When Carlton Hawes leaves the prison, he goes straightway to Holborn and interviews the caretaker, who is willing, only too willing, to pour her tale into his ears.

"'Voices, quarrelling' did you say, sir? I should think I did hear them *just!* That young Kingston was that excited I couldn't help a-hearin'. Why, sir, his voice rose quite high like, like——"

"Like a *woman's*, for instance?" suggested Mr. Carlton-Hawes.

"Exactly, sir; and Mr. Ruthven's voice was quite low like. I couldn't hear what *he* said, but I heard the other say 'You must, you must,' several times over."

"Thank you," says Carlton Hawes, gently, slipping something into the woman's hand. "Oh, by the bye! I suppose Mr. Ruthven had keys of his own, as well as Percy Kingston?"

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"Yes, I know he had, for I've met him coming up the stairs just now and then of an evening, with a lady, as I thought was his wife till I found out at the inquest that he wasn't married."

"I see!" says her questioner meditatively, and goes slowly down the stairs, pondering. Half an hour later he enters the police station and asks for Inspector Burbridge.

"Now, Burbridge, just listen to me for a little. I've been running, nose down, on the trail ever since I left you last night, and I think I have run the quarry almost to earth. Burbridge, Kingston was quite right! He did *not* commit that murder." Solemnly.

The Inspector smiles carelessly. "*That* will have to be proved," he suggests rather sarcastically.

"Quite so," says Carlton-Hawes. "And I have the proof with me. Do you see that card?" and he produces the card he had taken from the murdered man's card-case the previous evening. "Look at it!"

The Inspector regards it narrowly. "Well!" he says, as though he sees nothing on it. "Oh! turn it over, eh?" And he scrutinises it afresh. "Why, there's an address here, a woman's! It wasn't here last night when I gave you the card I know. I had searched every one of them."

"Only in the faintest pencil marks, I admit But I happened to catch sight of them and put the card under a powerful microscope and then inked over it."

"I'll have her looked up at once," says the inspector excitedly. "She may know something."

"No need," returns the other calmly. "I have seen her. She called at my office this morning—thought of me as 'The People's Friend,' you see. Wants me to interest myself over getting Percy Kingston off. Said I would. She refused her address, saying she would call frequently. She little knew I had it all the time. I naturally thought her interest very suspicious, and I am going to take you down with me to her, to try a game of bluff. Bring those keys along with you, with which Percy Kingston states he unlocked that door."

In a few moments the Inspector is ready, and comes along.

"Give *me* those keys," says Carlton-Hawes; "you can have the *others*. Haven't you got them?"

"What *others*?" returns the Inspector, mystified.

"Why, the keys with which the murdered man intended to lock his office up, if he had had the chance to go home that night. Where are *those* keys?"

"Why, I never thought——" exclaims Burbridge. "Of course, they are missing. Kingston must have——"

"No, Kingston didn't!" interrupts Carlton-Hawes. "The door had been locked before he came in, by someone, who had taken those keys from the victim's pocket and fastened the door behind when leaving, never expecting that it would be opened till the morning. The murdered man sometimes came at night to his office; the caretaker has met him there, and says he had keys. One of the voices heard by her at any rate was shrill. Now, Percy Kingston's is deep. It was a *woman* quarrelling with him, a *woman* who seized the knife and stabbed him in great excitement, a *woman* who stupidly, or else fearfully, locked the door, a *woman* who was too tender-hearted to let another man suffer for her fault, and so came, in secret, to set a friend at work for him, and that woman is Mrs. Bartlett, and you will find *she* has the missing keys."

It does not take them very long to get to Mrs. Bartlett's house at Shepherd's Bush (the Inspector mentally anathematising himself for not perceiving the important point of the keys before), and together they go to visit the unsuspecting widow.

"Can I see Mrs. Bartlett?" says Carlton-Hawes. "Tell her a gentleman has called, never mind the name!"

"Mrs. Bartlett is *out*, sir, but she will be back very soon," answers the neat maid. "Will you wait?"

"I will!" says Carlton-Hawes, and in an undertone to Inspector Burbridge, outside, he suggests that he should watch the street, in case by any chance Mrs. Bartlett should get wind of his presence, and *not* come in.

Half-an-hour later there is a double-knock at the door; and Mrs. Bartlett entering is told by the girl that a gentleman wishes to see her.

"Who is he? Did he give his name?" Carlton-Hawes hears her say in a hurried whisper.

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"No, ma'am! But he has been waiting a good bit; and there's another in uniform outside."

A pause ensues, apparently of hesitation, then he hears her slowly mount the stairs, and some little time elapses before she comes down and enters the parlour.

Never a sign of amazement crosses her face as she perceives Carlton-Hawes, but she looks at him like an outraged, indignant woman.

"Why do you come here?" she asks. "Something told me it was you."

"Will you not be seated?" he says coldly. "I have news for you, and I found out your address, by means you will hear of later on. I have also discovered that you yourself were a friend of the murdered man's. You did not tell me this!"

"*He* was no friend of mine!" she says with a choking sound in her voice; "but what if he were?"

"Only that one of the visits you used to pay him, you paid on that eventful night, and when you left him you locked the door behind you."

"How do you know all this? Where are your proofs?" she demands.

"Do you know *these?*" he exclaims, suddenly rising and standing before her, dangling the two keys upon his finger that the inspector had furnished him with.

The woman looks at him now in amazement; then he sees her face becoming ashen in hue. "Why," she exclaims, then stops short, for her breath fails her; but Carlton-Hawes proceeds—

"Precisely! You thought *you* had them, and so you have. But I see enough to confirm all my suspicious, and I have, I think, obeyed your instructions as to freeing Percy Kingston, only too well. I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to go with Inspector Burbridge, who is outside for the purpose of arresting you." And he steps to the window. But she stops him with an imperative gesture.

"Stay," she says, between her white lips, white with intense excitement, as Carlton-Hawes thinks. "You are quite right! Percy Kingston *is* innocent. He did find that *scamp* Ruthven dead. *I* killed him! We had been lovers the last four years before my invalid husband died, and he promised to marry me when he died. But he went back from his word! And somehow that night his sneers maddened me, the whole room went dark, and when the light came as in a flash, I saw what I had done. But he deserved it richly!" Here her hands worked convulsively. "But I didn't know what I was doing; so, as I feared it would be found out suddenly, if I left the door open, I took his keys and fastened it and crept out. When I saw that Kingston was very likely to be hung for it, I knew no rest till I came to you. You can tell it all to the public; I shall be dead in a few seconds more!" and she fell into the window recess in a fit.

Carlton-Hawes rushed to her but it was too late. An instinct warned her when she heard of the uniform, and she had taken a corrosive poison before she entered the room, governing her sufferings with heroic effort, till she had told the pitiful tale of the man, who had jested with a woman's love, and found it "from jest to earnest." So she went, not long after her betrayer, to that Land where justice never errs, and every provocation received will be weighed in exact balances.

* * * *

"You can breathe freely," Carlton-Hawes declares to the anxious mother and strained-faced girl, when they return that afternoon, and they receive his words in a silence that is eloquent of real feeling. "The real murderer, or I should say murderess, has confessed, and Percy Kingston will be free, though he will have to take his trial."

"How was it found out, sir?" asks the girl eagerly; but Carlton-Hawes only responds, "You will hear by and bye, child." He cannot say more, for his finely strung sympathies are just then with the worst sufferers in the case, the man whose life has been ended so suddenly in the midst of a selfish career and the woman who has

"Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

And they do hear of it, for all London soon rings with the story of the man whose keen judgment had seen the probabilities of the case and followed the one little clue till he found in the missing keys the *key* to the whole truth.

(*To be continued.*)

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Some Photographs of Jesus Christ.

IT is sometimes thought a pity that we have no reliable portrait of Jesus Christ, but after all a Being in whom so many varied feelings played could not have looked exactly the same for long together. Even if we possessed a whole series of photographs we should have missed the personality behind them. No photograph could have caught the impression of the Spirit of Jesus or pictured the Diviner expressions of His countenance.

It is far safer to let our imagination draw His face from His deeds and words; for one thing is certain, a *real* Being, like Jesus, would *look* what He said: every word would find its answer in His countenance—eyes would speak, lips would curve in sympathy, and the face would soften and harden alternately under the influence of His emotions.

We will try, then, and draw a few pictures of the face of Jesus Christ as it must have appeared at different times.

The first scene in which we will look at Him is as He sits upon the Mount preaching. As we saw His face we should have perceived it to be a deeply *thoughtful* face, a *solemn* face, every line of it full of earnestness.

Every sentence in that sermon is a complete thought in itself, the utterance of one who has "dwelt deep." Only a man with the deep set eyes of the philosopher could have come to the conclusions of this sermon. *Thirty-one* He was when He spoke them, but he must have been thinking, thinking, thinking since He was *twelve* to have reached such conclusions in nineteen years. It is an *old man* speaking there, one who has made up His mind and can speak definitely where others are almost afraid to reason or to question. Yes, it was a thoughtful face, and *solemn* because the mind that saw the truth, saw also how many had missed it. If that Sermon on the Mount were true all the world was wrong then and is wrong *now*. Its views *wrong*, its religion *wrong*, its conduct *wrong*. Wasn't that enough to give the Christ a visage so solemn that it was more marred than any man's?

And it was an earnest face, because knowing such a state of things would set Jesus quivering with anxiety to put it right, and that anxiety would reflect itself in His face. When He said "Beware!" He said it with face as well as voice; when He cried, "Ye *cannot*, ye cannot serve God and Mammon," it was a dogmatic face. It was a long sermon, but no one went to sleep during its utterance, for above them all as they listened there was one centre of attraction—a face luminous with thought—solemn, almost pinched with anxiety to make them hear, and set in rigid lines of conviction; and the impression remaining with them was this:—He had spoken with *authority*.

The second scene is when some anxious mothers brought their children to Him; the disciples' faces expressed annoyance, but the face of Jesus was lit up by the sun of kindly feeling as "the bairns cuddled doon and He mithered them."

Would those children have gone to the disciples like that? What! go to an angry, *rebuking* face? Try your own three-year-old and see! But they went to the Christ-face: it was loving, it was winsome and "they cuddled doon and He mithered them." Perhaps it was the tenderness of that face that made the mothers think of it; I wonder if they brought

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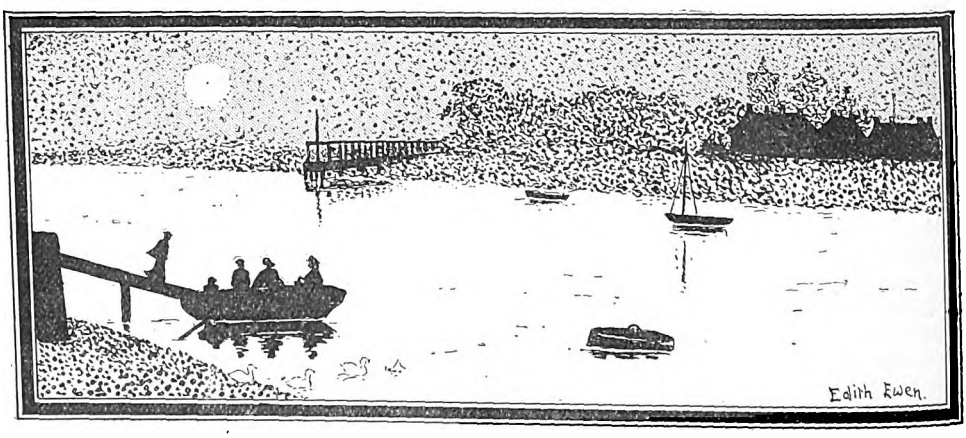
them to the Rabbis? It is the tenderness of that face we need to remember in the day when failure proves "*We* are but little children weak." Will He forgive? will He pity? will He encourage us? Are these your questions? *There* is the answer! Man, I tell you He had a *tender* face; He mothered the children and I expect He will mother you.

In the third scene all the tenderness is gone out of it. He is speaking of men who make rules for others, but do not keep them themselves, who work out righteousness like a machine, who pay rates and taxes to God just as they pay other rates and taxes, because they *must*, but most unwillingly; and as he speaks, those lips which to the children curved in tender lines compress into set sternness. The eyes which became like dew to the children lighten and flash; the tongue which spoke with honeyed sweetness to children now compasses the resources of language to find words which sting and whip and burn. The veins swell in his forehead, and his pale intellectual face crimsons with His indignation. It is the face of a *real* man confronting *unreality*, the face of the Being who in white-lipped wrath drove them panic-stricken from the Temple. Yet it is the portrait of the Christ, and *He* is the portrait of God! What shall we say then? What can we say but this? Alas, for the unreal man—the hypocrite, how can *he* escape the damnation of hell?

So we can multiply our photographs of the face of Jesus Christ.

It contains a mixture of contempt and scorn for the man cruel as "a fox" and cunning as "a fox"; it looks up invitingly to the little man who from his leafy seat looked down; it beamed in love on that splendid specimen of a young man who came questioning about eternal life, although He loved in vain; it brightened with approval at the faith of the centurion and the Syro-Phœnician woman; it looked reproof at Peter and mercy at Mary—it was a *marvellous* face!

"Those eyes mix dew and flame, and both are well," and they are the eyes of God, for the light of the knowledge of the glory of God is given us in *the face of Jesus Christ.*



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahometan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!" The plan when unfolded by the girl turns out to be a suggestion that as lady visitors come to see the Begum they are in the habit of bringing many strange servants with them, who, when they go away are preceeded by one crying, "Gosha! Gosha!" and therefore it will be easy for Hazel, by dressing in servant's garb, provided by the girl, to mix in the servants' waiting-room and leave with them. This they try, but the slave girl herself is hindered and captured, and Hazel, who might have got away, returns for the girl's sake. Afterwards Hazel has impotently to witness the slave girl's terrible punishment, who is blinded by Eastern tortures.

CHAPTER V.—(*continued*).

AND so the night passed; Taj Bee moaning, raving, and delirious outside on the terrace; Hazel within, pacing her room, wringing her hands, crying to herself: "What can I do for her! How can I help her!" Tearing and struggling with the locked doors, and bruising herself against them; or lying sobbing on her bed in acknowledged impotence.

In the morning the doors were opened, and the other slaves carried Taj Bee in from the terrace, in an unconscious stupor. Hazel made them lay her on her own bed, and she bathed her eyes, and tried to feed her. She would let no one nurse her but herself.

For three days Taj Bee lay upon Hazel's bed, moaning and rambling in delirium, or sunk in a heavy stupor, but always unconscious of the tender hands that nursed her, of the tender voice that soothed and blessed her; and on the fourth day, at the breaking of the dawn, she died.

"She gave her life for me," said Hazel, and she kissed the slave girl's dead face solemnly. Then she drew her veil about her, and sat upon the floor, with her head bent upon her knees, and made a vow to Taj Bee and herself that never again should any friend of hers risk life in her service. "If I ever do escape I will escape alone," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

The slaves came noiselessly on their bare feet and carried away the dead body

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of their comrade. They were half afraid of Hazel, sitting there veiled, dumb and motionless, so they made haste to escape out of her presence. And Hazel was left alone in the darkened room, sitting with her head bowed upon her knees, full of grief for the loss and for the sufferings of the one she had looked upon as her only friend in a strange land; and deeply despondent about her own fate, and the certainty that escape for her was further away than ever.

While she sat there she heard her husband's step in the room and his voice calling softly, "Hazel!"

She got up and went to him, and, in her loneliness and sadness, clung to him with more of the old affection than she had shown him since he brought her to her hated prison.

He smoothed her hair softly, and kissed her with great tenderness. "Pearl of my heart, grieve not so," he said, "let my love comfort you. Am I not more to you than many slaves?"

When she would have answered he laid his hand softly over her mouth, whispering in her ear, "Hush, come out on the terrace, we cannot tell who may be listening to us here."

"Not that dreadful place, Ali!" she begged him. "I could not bear to sit out there now. I should hear her screams again; and I am frightened. Cannot we go down into the garden?"

"There are ears everywhere," he answered, "down there in the shadows, amongst the trees, I cannot tell what spies may be listening to carry our words to my father, and you have not a prudent tongue, dear heart."

"But, surely, no one here understands English, except ourselves?" she asked.

"Who can tell?" Mahomed Ali answered gloomily.

Then, trembling and shivering, she let him lead her out upon the terrace where Taj Bee's martyrdom had been accomplished.

The terrace was broad and open, and the moon shone on it; there were no shadows where an eavesdropper could conceal herself, undiscovered. And Mahomed Ali locked the door of the room, so that none might enter to lurk behind the venetians of the windows. He brought out pillows and cushions, and they sat together, with their arms round each other, leaning back against the balustrade in the moonlight, with the warm hush of the evening softly wrapping them.

"What makes you think any of them can understand English, Ali?" she said, leaning her head against his shoulder, feeling for once the rare comfort of comradeship with her husband.

"I have no particular reason for thinking it, dear," he answered, "but it is not impossible, and we cannot be too careful. My father may have had one of the women taught English, all these months, one of my mother's women perhaps. Or one of his own secretaries may be outside the door there, listening to anything we say. Out here no one can hear us. And I want you to understand, darling, that we are really in a very dangerous position just now. My father is very much incensed against you, and your nursing of Taj Bee will have further enraged him. He would not listen to me yesterday when I began to speak for you, and I do not know myself what he is meditating."

"I could not have deserted Taj Bee after all she suffered for me," said Hazel indignantly.

"I am not blaming you, my dearest. But she is dead now, you can do nothing more for her, and we must look to our own safety."

"Do you mean that we should escape together?" cried Hazel, alert in a moment. "Are you going to help me yourself to get away?"

"That would be impossible, quite impossible, at present," he answered uneasily. "Do not ask me to commit an act of useless madness that would only ruin us both. You are constantly watched, and I know that my father does not now altogether trust me. But I will promise you this, my beloved, that when all this fuss and upstirring is past, and my father's suspicions are lulled to sleep again, I myself will help you to go back to your own country, since you cannot be happy in the home I have brought you to; it is for this I want you now to listen to me, it is our only hope, for you to be patient. You must seem to become reconciled to your life here, and to have given up the idea of trying to run away to your own people. The Nabob has meant to give you a lesson in the fate of your slave; he does not know the character of the English; you must pretend to have taken that lesson to heart; to be thoroughly frightened and submissive, and never to think of thwart-

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ing his will again in anything. You can see for yourself, dear, that it is more important to him now than it ever was that you should not go back to your own people to tell of the things you have seen in the zenana. The English people do not like these severe punishments. The Government does not acknowledge our right to do as we please with our own slaves, as my father, and all his ancestors have always done. And it would injure his credit very much with the English Government if they were to know of how Taj Bee was punished for disobeying and defying her lord."

"I should think so indeed," said Hazel. I hope, Ali, you don't mean to say you justify such abominable cruelty, or that you consider it anything but a most brutal murder."

"It is not my place to judge my father's actions," Mahomed Ali answered evasively, "but that is not what we have to consider now. I only want you to understand, the case being so, that my father is not likely to give you any opportunity of leaving this house. He was not altogether careless before, as you know; he will be a hundred times more vigilant now. You must never forget that you are surrounded by spies. Your own attendants will be most anxious to report everything you do and say. They know well enough that the affair of Taj Bee has brought more or less suspicion upon them also; they will be eager to prove that they had no share in her disobedience. You must beware of them, Hazel; should either of them even ever propose to you to help you as Taj Bee did, be certain that it will only be to lay a trap for you, and your answer will be immediately reported to curry favour with their master."

"What shall I do, Ali? What shall I do? It seems such a terrible thing to be surrounded by spies and enemies," said Hazel, despairingly. He did not assure her of his protection, as an Englishman would have done in like case; he knew the zenana too well to flatter himself with any illusion that he could help Hazel at this crisis. He only went on in his level tones:

"There is one advantage you have; it will be extremely easy for you to convince them that you are quite reconciled to your life here. You see they have never been used to any other life themselves; in their eyes the Begum, their mistress, has an eminently enviable position and an existence that any woman might covet; it seems to them unnatural and inexplicable that any woman should wish to change such a very desirable fate. They will be quite ready to believe that you have come to your senses, and that your eyes are now open to appreciate the brilliancy of your destiny, and they will not fail to report the same to the Nabob. Although they are ready to betray you to him, they have really no wish that their mistress should live under the shadow of his displeasure; it would be far pleasanter and more comfortable for them if you basked in the sunshine of his favour, and they would help you to that willingly if you gave them the opportunity." He paused a moment to draw Hazel closer into his embrace. "And if, my wife beloved," he said, "they thought that you had hopes of some day giving me a son all suspicion would fall away from you at once."

"A son! To be born in a zenana! cried Hazel, revolted.

"I was born in a zenana," said Mahomed Ali.

"And I wish, with all my heart, dear, you had been born in any other place on the face of the earth," she answered impulsively, but she put up her hand to stroke his cheek and soothe the feelings she might have ruffled.

"I want you to be patient," he resumed, "and do nothing to increase my father's irritation against you; he is an old man, and he will not live for ever. As soon as he is dead we will go back to England together if you like. Even if we could escape from this house now I have no money to take us over the sea."

"But he may live for years and years, Ali; are we to wait all that time?" said Hazel.

"Well, then, when the time is ripe, I promise I will take you away without waiting for that," said Mahomed Ali.

"If only I can feel you are on my side, Ali, dear," she murmured, "I should not be so dreadfully unhappy and lonely. I would try to bear anything if I could be sure you were really trying to take me away from this dreadful place. If you would only trust me entirely and tell me everything, and be quite frank and open with me; and never, never join with my enemies to cheat and deceive and spy upon me! Let us be true, loyal comrades as well as lovers, my husband."

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But, there, she asked him more than it was within his power to give her. He could and did love her very tenderly, he would do his utmost to protect her according to his own methods, but it was not in his nature to be "frank and open" with anyone. Even at that moment, while her fair head rested in all trustfulness against his heart, while she entreated him not to deceive her, to trust her as she was ready to trust him; at that very moment he was concealing from her a secret that he knew to be of vital importance to her happiness; a secret she must learn one day in bitterness of soul.

He passed by her appeal. "I will come up here as much as I possibly can, dearest," he said, "and you must try not to be too lonely when I am obliged to be absent. Send word to Kair Unissa to come and see you, and make your women bring singers and dancers to amuse you."

"But the singers and dancers do not amuse me in the very least, Ali," she protested.

"What would amuse you, pearl of my heart?" he asked tenderly.

"Many impossible things, I am afraid," she answered. "But I think there is one, perhaps, that you could manage for me. There must be a circulating library somewhere in the place, will you get me books to read. They will help to pass the time better than anything else."

He looked at her a little doubtfully. Could this be some new plot of hers to communicate with the English community in the town? And she, with her wits preternaturally sharpened by the dangers amongst which her life had drifted, marked his hesitation, and understood something of its motive.

"Look here, Ali," she said impulsively, "you have lived long enough among English people to know that we have a certain regard for our promises. I will make you a promise. If you subscribe to this library for me, they will send me a catalogue of their books, and I shall send back a list of the books I choose. There will be volumes passing backwards and forwards continually between me and the library, and the books will be passed on also to other subscribers. In all this you see a possibility of my communicating with the outer world, and making my position known to my fellow-country women outside. Now, Ali, I give you my sacred word of honour that I will never use this means of communication, that I will never write one single word or stroke in any of these books without first of all asking your permission. I want the books solely for my own reading, to distract my mind in the emptiness of the zenana. Indeed, you may trust me, dear."

"I do trust you, my darling heart," he answered. "I will do as you wish." But to himself he promised to give the closest scrutiny to every volume that should leave the house, so as to make it impossible for Hazel to bring more trouble either on herself or him, by any failure to keep her promise. "They are knocking at the outer door," he remarked presently, "we had better open it."

They went within, and Mahomed Ali lay down on the bed, feigning sleep, while Hazel unlocked the door.

Her attendant, Gouse Bee, stood waiting outside. Hazel opened the door very gently, with her finger on her lip. "Hush!" she said, my lord Mahomed sleeps, you must not disturb him. What do you want?"

"The big Begum Sahib has sent to say she would speak with you, Hazoor," whispered Gouse Bee.

Hazel drew her out into the passage, closing the door softly behind her.

"Where is Katheja Bee?" she asked.

"She is in the Begum Sahib's apartment, Hazoor."

"And who gave you both permission to go and gossip with the Begum's women and leave me here by myself, without food or attendance? Don't let such a thing ever happen again, or I will have you both well whipped. Go back and tell the Begum, my mother-in-law, that I will come and speak with her as soon as the lord Mahomed has awaked, who is sleeping now in my apartment; and bring Katheja Bee back with you, and see you come at once."

The woman departed, crestfallen, and Hazel went back to her husband.

"The Begum has sent for me, Ali," she said, "and I have answered that I will come as soon as you have awaked. What does she want me for?"

"I cannot tell, dear. Perhaps she has some message from my father. I must go down now, and see what is going on below, but I will come again later, and sleep here to-night."

When the two women returned from

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the Begum's apartment, he got off the bed and went out, first saluting his wife with great respect and affection, and repeating his promise to return.

The women began volubly to excuse themselves for their seeming neglect, and

HAZEL WAS NOT THE LEAST AFRAID OF THE OPIUM-RULED OLD MUMMY ON THE CHARPOY.

to beg her forgiveness. She might be, as indeed she was, herself under the ban of the Nabob's displeasure, but none the more for that would anyone interfere to protect them if she chose to have them whipped.

"Well, see it does not happen again," she said, cutting them short, "and now go down and prepare food for me, and when it is ready, wait here till I return from the Begum Sahib. I do not require you to attend me there."

The Begum sat on her charpoy, with her women about her. Instead of her habitual dreamy indifference there was an expression of anger and contempt on her handsome dark face. The Nabob had been with her, and had related to her the enormities of which Hazel had been guilty, and the old Begum, strong in her authority as head of the zenana, an authority that had never been challenged, had roused herself to say to her lord: "Leave her to me, I will manage her." To which he answered: "Women understand women. For my part, I understand them not; only bring down her pride and her rebellious spirit. I leave her to you." All this the women had heard, sitting round their mistress; Hazel's two women Katheja Bee, and Gouse Bee had also heard.

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"Come here Hazari Begum," said the old lady waving her hand imperiously to Hazel, as she entered the room.

Now Hazel feared and dreaded the Nabob with a very real dread, but she was not the least afraid of the opium-ruled old mummy on the charpoy, so she advanced unhesitatingly, with her usual rather casual manner.

"What is this I hear?" said the Begum. "The Nabob tells me that you, his daughter-in-law, run about the streets like some shameless woman, dressed like a common slave out of the bazaar. Who are you, dog of a foreign woman, that you should make us all to see blackness on the face of my lord the Nabob?"

Hazel laughed. "Indeed, madam," she said, "it is hard you should blame me, a stranger, as you say, for the blackness of my lord the Nabob's skin. You should rather blame his father and his mother, who were doubtless as black as himself."

The Begum's more or less simulated anger became very real indeed at this insulting misconception of her words.

"Are you mad, girl!" she cried, "do you know that I am your mother-in-law, that I can give you the slipper for your wanton ways and your disrespect? That I can cut off your hair, and feed you on bread and water."

Hazel drew herself up with an air of dauntless pride:

"I know this," she said calmly "that if any of your slaves dared to lay a finger on me, my husband, the lord Mahomed would have them beaten to death. And, as for you, if you touch me I will kill you. Eat your opium, Begum Sahib, and meddle not with things that are above your understanding."

The women standing about trembled and drew off from her. The old Begum stared at her blankly.

"Bring me a chair," said Hazel. Now on all other occasions on which she had sat in her mother-in-law's room, Hazel had sat on the floor, like everyone else.

They brought her the Nabob's own sacred chair, in which no one but himself ever sat. It was nothing but a common kitchen armchair, but that detracted nothing from its sacredness. And this foreign Sheitan had the effrontery to seat herself calmly in it.

The Begum attempted to speak, but she was never very ready with her tongue, and Hazel waved her remarks aside.

"I must request you to give me two more attendants," she said, fixing her eyes sternly on the Begum. "I have now only two, which are quite insufficient for my proper state. I must remind you that my husband, the lord Mahomed Shere Ali Mustapha Kahn, is the eldest son of the Nabob Sahib, and that as his wife I shall be the first lady in the zenana when Allah shall call the Nabob to his Paradise."

The incensed Begum raised her nerveless hand in a quick gesture, as if she would have struck Hazel, but Hazel caught her wrist in her strong, young grasp, and held it: "You had better not do that," she said, standing up suddenly with a gesture so menacing that the Begum cowered away from her.

"Let go my hand," she said shrilly. "Cannot one even raise one's hand in your presence without violence?"

Hazel dropped her hand and sat down: "Give the Begum Sahib some opium," she said. One of the women brought out the opium box and rolled a pill in dead silence, and put it into the Begum's unresisting mouth.

"I shall choose two of your attendants," Hazel went on, looking round upon the women, when this ceremony had been performed. "You have too many, and they are too lazy. I will take Fatima Bee and Asha Bee, they are the youngest and the prettiest," she said, pointing out two young girls, who, without hesitation, came forward at once and salaamed to her, and took up their station behind her chair, as accepting the change of service.

The Begum said nothing.

"Call Katheja Bee and Gouse Bee," Hazel commanded. "They are waiting for me in my own apartment."

Her two new slaves ran with willing feet to do her bidding.

When the four returned she told them to stand in front of her:

"You four are my attendants," she said. "You are the four cleverest and best-looking slaves in the whole zenana; but if you are disobedient or careless of my commands, I will spoil both your beauty and your cleverness."

The vague awfulness of this threat produced fully as much effect on the four girls as Hazel expected.

They salaamed most profoundly, and

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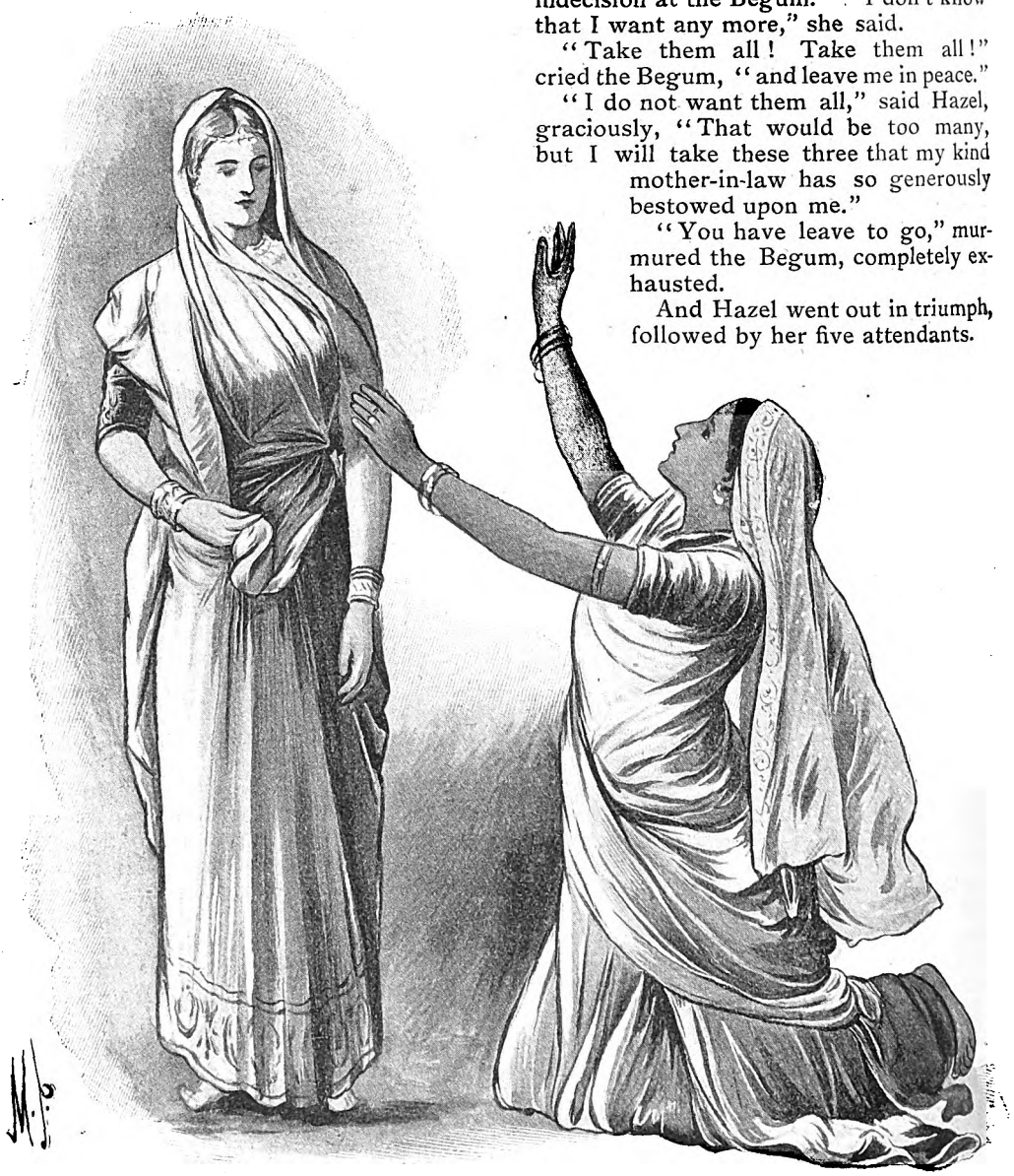

"TAKE ME INTO YOUR SERVICE, TOO!" CRIED ONE OF THE OTHER WOMEN TO THE CONQUERING HAZEL.

stood grinning and nudging each other, evidently prepared to fly to obey her orders on the slightest sign. One of the other women rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of Hazel.

"Take me too, oh Pearl of the Harem," she cried. "I am clever, I can sew the silver and gold embroidery."

Hazel looked with a pretence of indecision at the Begum. "I don't know that I want any more," she said.

"Take them all! Take them all!" cried the Begum, "and leave me in peace."

"I do not want them all," said Hazel, graciously, "That would be too many, but I will take these three that my kind mother-in-law has so generously bestowed upon me."

"You have leave to go," murmured the Begum, completely exhausted.

And Hazel went out in triumph, followed by her five attendants.

Later in the evening the Begum poured into her lord's ear the tale of Hazel's unparalleled audacity and insolence, and showed him three or four tiny purple marks on her own slender brown wrist, the impress of Hazel's fingers. But the Nabob's brow cleared, even while he condoled with his wife, and agreed with her that Hazel was indeed a foreign Sheitan.

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He said nothing of his private thoughts in the zenana, being a man of a reticent nature, but he said to his son afterwards: "Now that she has begun to fight in the zenana, we shall have no more trouble, my son. Not that the Begum is much of a fighter. She allowed the young one to take away three of her slaves and bruise her wrist. But it is never wise to interfere between the women in the zenana, my friend."

But it may safely be said that no act of Hazel's since she came under his roof had displeased her father-in-law less than her revolt against the Begum.

Mahomed Ali laughed much relieved, and repeated his father's remarks to his wife.

"I am sorry for the poor old Begum," said Hazel, "but I shall be obliged to go in there sometimes and hurry her, to keep up that illusion of your father's that my energies are entirely taken up with the petty warfare of the zenana."

Mahomed Ali brought her books from the library, and she, ignorant of the searching censorship to which every volume of them was subjected before it was permitted to leave the house, was profoundly grateful to him for this proof of confidence, and reliance on her promise.

Towards her new handmaidens she developed an unheard-of capriciousness. She made them take out all her rich skirts and little fairy jackets from the wardrobes, where they had lain neglected since her coming to Madras; while she lounged in her rocking chair, one or another of the women stood as lay figure for the trying on of these garments till she was ready to fall upon the floor for weariness. None of the dresses pleased her, they must all be altered, this one was too short and must be lengthened, that one was too long, the trimming of a third was odious and must be taken off and something different sewn on in its place. Zairah Bee, the Begum's woman who had boasted of her skill in embroidery had ample opportunity to make good her boast.

This occupation Hazel diversified by setting her women to sweep and dust and purify her bower, and by directing them to change the disposition of the furniture every two or three days; she began also to devise draperies and embroideries for its adornment, and drove her women to work at these novelties as a West End dressmaker might drive her work girls in the height of a London season when there is stress of orders, till the women told each other she did not give them time to drink water.

"I will give them something to talk about," she said to Mahomed Ali, when he chaffed her once about the perpetual bustle that was always going on in her apartment.

"My mother says you are driving her into her grave with your restless ways," he said.

"Yes, I go there every day," said Hazel, "to ask her to advise me about my dresses, or my embroideries, and I make her look at them and talk about them till she is sick of the sight of me and my women and my clothes."

"She told my father yesterday that she wished he had let the foreign Sheitan go when she wanted to run away, for she had never had a moment's peace of her life since."

"She will wish it more still to-morrow," said Hazel, "for I am going to make her come in here to look at the improvements I have been making. She cares nothing for any of it, but I shall make her come."

When she invited the Begum next day to pay her this visit of inspection, the Begum flatly declined.

"I never go out of my own room," she said decidedly. "I am not strong enough to walk, and what do I care for the English tom-fooleries you have brought into my son's zenana?"

"You say that only because you have not seen them," Hazel persisted, "that makes me all the more anxious to show them to you. When you have seen them you will say 'they are indeed beautiful.'"

"You women," she said, turning to her attendants, "tell the Begum Sahib, is not my apartment a palace of delight?"

"Surely, Hazoor, there is no palace like it in the whole of Madras," answered the women, who had become inordinately proud of Hazel and all her works.

"I cannot walk," murmured the Begum.

"Never mind that, I will carry you," said Hazel, advancing nearer towards the charpoy.

But the Begum was mindful of the undue strength of Hazel's grasp, and she shrank away from her.

"No, no," she said, "let my own women help me."

She made no further objection, but with

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many groans and sighs allowed her women to help her to rise from her charpoy, and, leaning heavily upon them, she shuffled slowly across her own room and down the passage to Hazel's apartment, where she sat down on the side of the bed.

"Do you like the way I have set that mirror across the corner," Hazel asked pleasantly, "with that pretty embroidery draping the frame?"

"No, I don't," said the Begum, who thought she had at last found a way of vexing Hazel, "that is not at all the place for it."

Hazel smiled at her: "I am so glad you came," she said, "I wanted some one to advise me, I was not quite sure about that mirror myself. We must move it. Where do you think it would look best?"

"How should I know?" said the Begum, crossly.

"Never mind," said Hazel, cheerfully, "we will move it about to different places, so that you can judge where it looks best."

Moving the mirror, which was in fact a cheval glass, necessitated moving nearly every other article of furniture in the room, and some of the wardrobes and tables were very heavy. But Hazel was not daunted. All the Begum's women were pressed into the service, and soon had the room in a fine state of confusion; with wardrobes standing out in the middle of the floor, and tables blocking the passage to the door. The Begum leaned on the side of the bed, ready to cry with vexation and weariness, for the bed was too high for her to be able to sit on it comfortably. But the women enjoyed themselves like children; they trampled over the Begum's feet in their excitement, and once they nearly let a wardrobe fall upon her.

At last she could bear it no longer; with a supreme effort, she stood up from the bed, and shuffled back to her own room unaided.

"You can go now," said Hazel to the women, as soon as she became aware of this retreat, and the women went off laughing and chattering amongst themselves. No doubt Hazel was a Sheitan, but she brought some movement into the zenana which had become painfully stagnant since Kair Unissa Begum and her singing and dancing women had been translated to another sphere.

"You must give me some money, Ali," said Hazel one day to her husband, "I want to send to the bazaar for some silks and stuffs, and some big flower-pots. I must have some plants to stand on the terrace and in the room. There are some very nice ones down there in the garden, young palms and small crotons that would look very well upstairs. I shall make the servants dig them up and bring them in."

And Mahomed Ali gave her money with great willingness. He was almost beginning to hope that Hazel was becoming reconciled to her life and that there would be no more talk of escaping from the zenana.

When the Begum heard of the big flower-pots that were to be bought, and the plants that were to be dug up and brought on to the terrace, she sent for the Nabob to come and speak to her; and she sent all her women out of the room so that she might confer with the Nabob in private.

"I have been a good wife to you, these many years, my lord?" she said.

"Certainly, you have made my zenana a palace of delight," said the Nabob, politely.

"I have borne you four fair sons," added the Begum.

"You have, indeed, never failed in your duty," the Nabob agreed, "also, I have never brought a second wife into the zenana, being abundantly satisfied with you."

"Now, after all these years, do you wish that foreign Sheitan of yours to kill me?"

"What do you say?" asked the Nabob.

"She has sent to the bazaar to buy flower-pots; she is going to bring plants in from the garden to put in that fool's cave of hers, which is already like a madhouse; she is going to make her women dig in the garden and carry the flower-pots; and to-morrow or next day she will come and drag me into the garden; she will make me sit there to see her women digging, and to answer her fool questions about her plants. I know her. I shall die down there with the fatigue and the annoyance." And at this dismal prospect the Begum began to cry.

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the Nabob.

"You must give her your order that she is not to ask me to go down into that

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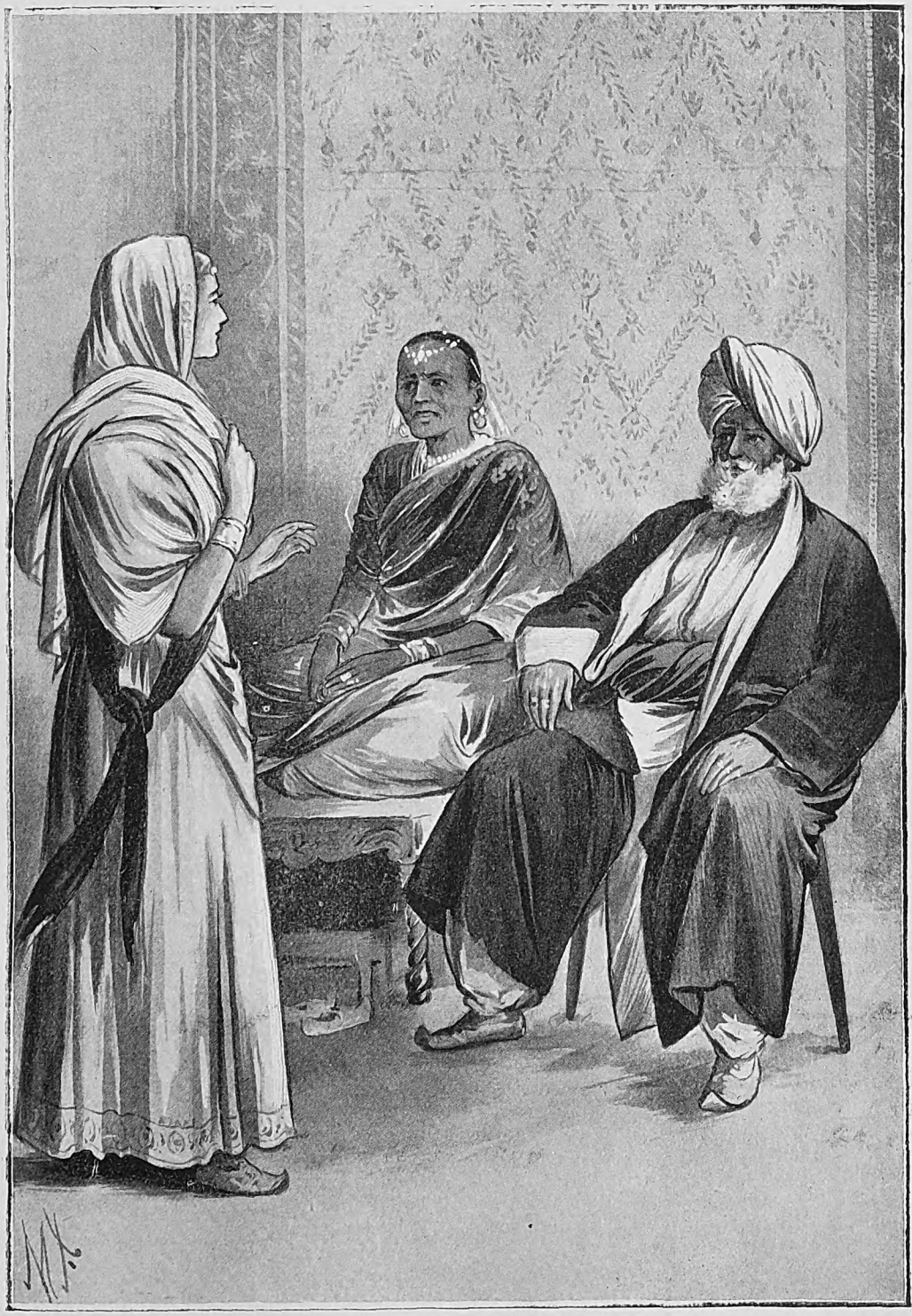

HAZEL STOOD LOOKING AT THE NABOB WITH HOSTILE EYES.

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wilderness. Tell her you have forbidden me to go there, because of a vow you have made. She will not listen to me, and all the women do her bidding."

The Nabob stroked his moustache in some perplexity. "Why can these English folk never be at peace?" he said. He had ceased to trouble his mind much about Hazel since she had turned her attention to warfare within the zenana, and he had hardly listened much to his wife's daily complaint of her tyranny and her exactions.

She is a tyrant and a monster," sobbed the Begum. "Some day, when I am dead, perhaps, she will come to you and drive you, and make you run about and obey her orders."

"A man can always get away. You are talking nonsense," said the Nabob uneasily. The vision of himself, running about, harried and driven by Hazel, was not pleasant.

"Not from her," said the Begum, with conviction. "When she has once cast her evil eye on anyone they can never escape from her. What have I done that she never leaves me in peace for a single day? I dare not even take my opium now till after she has been in here and paid her visit, for she will wake me out of my deepest slumber, causing me great pain and discomfort."

The Nabob had indeed noticed of late that the Begum seemed much less dreamy and confused in her mind than was her wont. The Hakeem had warned him that the Begum was killing herself by her immoderate use of the drug; but neither warnings nor entreaties, nor persuasions had ever induced the Begum to forego so much as one pill. The knowledge that Hazel had actually succeeded in diminishing the Begum's allowance of opium when both he himself and the Hakeem had failed, greatly increased his respect for his daughter-in-law.

"What can I do?" he asked again. "A man should not interfere in the affairs of the zenana, that is for the women themselves to settle."

"I hear her laughing now, outside;" said the Begum, "call her in and speak to her yourself."

The Nabob considered. He had heard that she had asked Mahomed Ali for money. She loved to buy her English fancies for that "fool cave" of hers as the Begum called it; and the thought of a bribe came to him like an inspiration.

"Very well, I will see her," he said.

The Begum blew her whistle and one of the servants came in.

"Ask Hazari Begum to come here," said the Begum, "and do not tell her the Nabob is with me."

For a wonder, Hazel was not aware of the Nabob's presence in the zenana, for she was generally kept very well informed of all that went on in the Begum's apartment. So she came in quite unsuspiciously, at the Begum's summons, unattended by any of her women.

When she saw her formidable father-in-law sitting by his wife's charpoy she advanced no further, but stood at the door, looking at him with hostile eyes, though in her heart there was fear and dread.

She saluted them both with distant respect, "I have made a mistake I think," she said, "I understood the Begum Sahib was alone and wished to speak to me."

"I do wish to speak to you," said the Begum, "bring a chair for Hazari Begum," for she was always conciliatory to Hazel in these days.

The chair was brought, and Hazel seated herself with great dignity. The Nabob, who was an admirer of beauty, watched her with evident gratification.

When they were alone again he spoke. "I have heard with great pleasure of the beautiful improvements you have made in your apartments," he said with a courtly bow.

"I have to thank my mother-in-law for much valuable advice in those improvements," said Hazel, in her fluent Hindustani, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"My son is very fortunate to have for his wife so talented a lady, who has been able to learn our language in so short a time, and speak it so beautifully," said the Nabob.

Hazel's heart fluttered with the fear of what these unexpected flatteries might prelude, but she answered bravely, "I am greatly honoured by your praise, my lord, which is much more than I can deserve."

"I hear from the Begum that you propose still further to enrich your apartment and the terrace with plants from the garden. I will instruct my gardeners to give you every assistance you may require," said the Nabob. This was pure,

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empty compliment, as no man, gardener or otherwise, was ever allowed to set foot in the zenana garden except, of course, the Nabob himself and his sons.

"Your words give me great pleasure," Hazel answered. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to assist me in my choice of those which will be most suitable for removal."

"We know nothing whatever about plants or gardens" said the Nabob hastily, "but as we should be so useless, you had better make us pay a fine instead. A hundred rupees to buy yourself a pretty trinket would be much more desirable than two useless people, sitting about among your plants." And the Nabob smiled upon her.

"You value your services too cheaply, my lord," she said, smiling back at him, "only one hundred rupees! Fifty for you and fifty for the Begum, I think five hundred would be a more suitable price."

"If I give you this enormous sum of five hundred rupees, will you engage never on any pretext to ask the Begum to go down into the garden?" said the Nabob.

"It is a great pity," said Hazel regretfully, "the Begum Sahib has such taste, and her advice was so very useful to me; but for five hundred rupees I agree never to ask her to leave her own apartment."

"I will send you the five hundred rupees this evening," said the Nabob with a courtly bow, "no jewel you can buy can be too beautiful or too costly for so fair and beloved a lady."

"You have leave to go," murmured the Begum.

"It is certainly a great sum," said the Nabob, "but we shall hear no more now of her wanting to run away."

"And I shall not be driven about all over the house for her caprices," said the Begum with a sigh of relief.

And neither of them had one instant's suspicion of Hazel's motive in asking for so large a sum of money.

(*To be continued.*)

HAZEL MEDITATING ESCAPE ALONE.

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INNOCENCE.

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Is Aerial Navigation Possible?

By JOHN ALEXANDER,
Author of "The Conquest of the Air."

IT will be admitted that this is emphatically a "question of the hour." Thanks to the exploits of M. Santos-Dumont, the subject has been forced into such public prominence as it has never received since the far-off days when the first balloon was floated over Paris. That was upwards of a century ago. To be precise, in the year 1783, when Etienne Montgolfier first succeeded in floating a balloon by means of heated air. The novelty of the invention gave birth, as all such novelties do, to a period of great activity in aerial experiments, but beyond the application of hydrogen, and eventually coal gas, as a means of inflating balloons, a thousand years and more have passed without any real development in the art or science of aerial navigation.

The performances of M. Santos-Dumont in the autumn of last year, although creating quite a universal furore, meant absolutely nothing, and still mean as little to those who have been interested in ballooning for any length of time. It was the picturesque circumstances in which the intrepid Brazillian burst upon the public ken, his adventures, his mishaps, his final success in winning the Deutsch prize—these were the reasons for the great awakening of public interest in aerial navigation.

Every thing that M. Santos-Dumont did or has done, or is likely to do, has been done before. That is to say, that there have been aeronauts who, by means of a cigar-shaped balloon, have lifted into the clouds a light framework containing an engine of one kind or another—steam or petroleum—and fitted with propellers and rudders. They have also succeeded by these means in following a given course in the air and returning to the point from which they ascended. During the Siege of Paris, Gambetta made his escape from the beleaguered city in an airship of this kind, and its inventor, Colonel Renard, is still alive and active as the head of the French military ballooning service. This, indeed, was more than Santos-Dumont has yet accomplished, for his confidence in his machine does not seem equal to carrying a passenger with him, although he talks quite eloquently of taking into the clouds and piloting for long distances large numbers of people.

In a brief magazine article such as this, it is impossible to enter at any length into a discussion of the technicalities of aerial navigation, and it is certainly out of the question to attempt even a brief sketch of the development of the science to the present day. But in order that the reader may clearly comprehend the situation, it is essential that the nature of the two classes of airships with which experiments are now being made should be explained. All are more or less familiar from newspaper pictures and descriptions, with the principles of Santos-Dumont's various airships. The machines with which he succeeded in rounding the Eiffel Tower and also in falling upon the house-tops of Paris and into the Bay of Monaco have all been of the same type. They have consisted of a large silken envelope, somewhat resembling a vast sausage and pointed at each end. This is inflated with hydrogen gas, and from this balloon the light framework in which the aeronaut sits and upon which are fixed his motors, propellers, rudder, and other contrivances for steering the balloon is hung by means of piano wires. The balloon is required for lifting the machine with its occupant into the air through which it is driven and directed by means of the machinery.

The possibilities of such a contrivance ever being of the slightest use for aerial navigation are limited. Indeed, I am one

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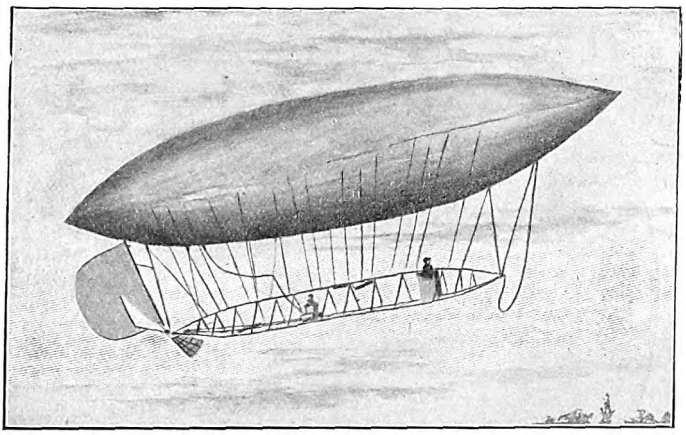
who will not concede that Santos-Dumont is in any sense a scientific experimenter, because he is experimenting on unscientific lines. He himself admits that it will be necessary to find some method of dispensing with the balloon, and raising the airship by means of machinery. Why then continue experimenting along lines which imply that the first essential is a balloon?



SANTOS DUMONT VII.

The reason why it is impossible to perfect an airship which will combine the principles of balloon and motor is explained in a few words. The root idea of a balloon is that it should be lighter than the atmosphere in which it floats. Fill an envelope with hydrogen gas and it immediately floats upward until it reaches a region of the clouds where the atmosphere is almost as light as itself. But the same balloon carrying a car with one or more occupants will cease ascending as soon as it arrives in a region of air that is about the same weight as the *entire weight* of the balloon and its burden. It will be seen from this that when Santos-Dumont has ascended in his machine the atmosphere surrounding his balloon is many times heavier than the weight of the gas enclosed in his envelope. Suppose that he cut his balloon adrift from its carriage and machinery, it would soar a tremendous height into the skies and disappear. Well, then, it naturally follows that when he is sitting in his carriage directing the movements of his machine at a height of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the earth, he is forcing the balloon through an atmosphere sufficient at times to crush it as easily as one can burst a paper bag filled with air.

The moral of this is that with such a contrivance as Santos-Dumont has familiarised us it is only possible to navigate the air when there is little or no wind. If he encountered a hurricane, the only way in which he could avoid destruction would be to stop his motors, let his rudder alone, and drift with the wind like an ordinary balloon. There is absolutely no getting over this fact, and an airship that can only be navigated in calm weather is nothing more or less than a toy.

Another fatal objection to the Santos-Dumont type of airship is the enormous size of balloon necessary to lift a comparatively few people into the air. Some old-fashioned balloons of the non-steerable kind have taken up as many as ninety passengers; but the moment one attempts to lift heavy machinery into the clouds the case is altered. The best illustration of this difficulty is furnished by that great balloon which Count Zeppelin dismantled a few weeks ago, disgusted with his failures and lack of public support. His plan was also that of using a balloon for lifting power and motors for driving it through the air. For a long time he experimented on Lake Constance and his airship was the wonder of Germany. Nor is that surprising, for his cigar-shaped balloon was as large as some of our great battleships, being more than two-thirds the length of the Great Eastern! Imagine this tremendous balloon hovering over Trafalgar Square, and when you are told that it was only able to carry six or eight passengers, you will realise the folly of the thing. Count Zeppellin, after spending many thousands of pounds, has broken up his gigantic airship, and is, I hope, a sadder and a wiser man.

It may be stated with perfect confidence that aerial navigation of any practicable value on the Santos-Dumont lines is impossible. That, given an atmosphere perfectly still, or with only light head winds, M. Santos-Dumont can treat us to many picturesque and surprising evolu-

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SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM.

tions in the air, will be readily granted, and I should not be surprised if, with his remarkable good fortune, he succeeded in winning the prize offered by the *Daily Express* for carrying a message from its London office to Birmingham. It is also true that Santos-Dumont has shown good sense in so arranging his carriage that such a horrible catastrophe as befell his enterprising fellow-countryman, Senor Severo, is not likely to occur in his case. The cause of that dreadful accident, which, by the way, was foreseen by all who knew anything of the conditions, was the placing of the motor too near the balloon. In order to avoid bursting, all balloons are fitted at the lower side with a self-acting valve, which permits the gas inside to escape when the heavier atmosphere presses on the envelope; and in the case of poor Severo his motor was so near this valve that the escaping gas, which, of course, is highly inflammable, became ignited, with the dire results we know.

However, when we dismiss the balloon-ships—if I may coin a new word—we have by no means reached the end of possibilities in aerial navigation. Half a century ago experienced aeronauts were agreed that some one would yet invent an aerial machine which would be capable of raising itself by mechanical means and flying through the air with the same machinery as it had ascended. Many attempts in this direction have been made, and all who experiment along these lines are known as believers in "heavier-than-air machines." The earliest of all attempts to fly with wings were of this type, but were rendered impossible by the simple fact that no human being possesses the necessary strength to manipulate wings large enough to lift himself skyward. We have in our midst, however, an experimenter of world-wide fame who has been closely engaged for many years in perfecting an airship which dispenses entirely with the use of the balloon. I refer, of course, to Sir Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of that dreadful weapon of modern warfare which bears his name.

Sir Hiram determined to go to nature for a guide in his experiments and by a careful study of the flight of birds he arrived at a working basis. This may be briefly explained as the fact that a bird raises itself by beating downward obliquely against the air. Take a still simpler example. Most of us in our youthful days have flown a kite. In order to raise a kite into the air it is necessary to drag it at an angle against the wind and it is thus forced upwards. In other words, it makes its way best in the teeth of a head wind, the wind acting after the manner of a lever. Bearing this principle in mind, Sir Hiram has fashioned a flying machine which consists of a series of what he terms aero-planes. These are held aloft by posts rising from a large platform on which is situated powerful motors working screws and from which extends a large rudder. The aero-planes can be set in almost any direction to suit the air currents and when they are placed obliquely against the wind and the machinery set in motion the action is precisely the same as that of flying a kite, or almost like the downward beat of a bird's pinions. The machine is forced upward and the strength of the propelling power drives it through the air in any direction the aeronaut wishes to pursue.

Here, then, is the principle on which I believe aerial navigation will yet be achieved, though it must be admitted that Sir Hiram Maxim's machine is still by no means perfect. For instance, one of the difficulties with which he is contending is the loss of force between the application of his registered horse-power and the

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lifting-power of the aero-planes. Thus, with an expenditure of 360 horse-power, he succeeded in getting a screw thrust of 2,200 pounds and a lifting effect of 10,000 pounds, which means that he could scarcely lift five times the amount of his propellers' power, although in some experiments with smaller machines he managed to lift eighteen times the weight of the screw thrust. It should also be pointed out that in order to secure perfect safety in the navigation of such an aerial machine it will be necessary to devise some means whereby, in the event of the propelling power failing while in the air, the great weight of the machine will be automatically supported or, at least, the possibility of a precipitate fall rendered unlikely. This, as I understand it, has yet to be achieved, but I am persuaded that it is on some such lines as these we shall see aerial navigation become an accomplished fact. Thirty years ago M. Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer and aeronaut, stated that the future airship would have to depend entirely upon mechanical power, and it is not too much to hope that in the hands of such an inventive genius as Sir Hiram Maxim this great epoch-making invention may be carried into effect.

READY!

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To the Crown and After.

"A WOMAN WHO WAS CROWNED."

CHAPTER I.

THERE were great rejoicings in Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Sir Thomas Boleyn, for his wife had presented him with a little daughter. Little did anyone dream of the strange destiny which awaited the unconscious infant; had they done so, they would have at once exclaimed: "It were better for her she had never been born!"

The first years of Anne's life were spent at Blickling, in the company of her brother George and her sister Mary.

Near at hand was Norwich Castle, and Thomas Wyatt, the son of Sir Henry Wyatt, its governor, was often a playfellow with the little Boleyns.

When Anne was eleven years old, the greatest misfortune befell her which can happen to a growing girl. Her mother died, and, soon after, Sir Thomas Boleyn married again, and a woman who was of very humble origin.

The duties of her father often took him to the Court, and Anne resided meanwhile at Hever Castle, where her education was very carefully attended to, under the superintendence of a French governess, named Simonette.

It was when Anne Boleyn was thirteen years old, tall and well developed for her age, that a great event occurred in her life.

King Henry's youngest sister, the Princess Mary, was to be married to Louis XII., King of France, and Sir Thomas used his influence to secure for his daughter an appointment as one of her maids of honour, one of Anne's especial recommendations for the post being her intimate knowledge of French. When Anne heard the news she dashed in to her governess: "O, Simonette, Simonette! I am to go to France to wait upon the Queen. No more lessons for me now! I shall get out of this dull old place."

The governess smiled at her pupil's enthusiasm. "Perhaps you may yet be glad to return to old Hever, mademoiselle."

"Never," exclaimed Anne, petulantly.

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It was with mingled feelings of dismay and hope, however, that the young girl surveyed the stormy seas at Dover, across which they must pass to reach the Princess's future home.

They were detained at Dover a whole month, and the child grew sick at heart as she saw the wrecks which lined the coast. She began to wish she were not leaving England. But on October 2nd, she and the other maids were awakened before dawn, to embark with their mistress. At four o'clock in the morning they were on board, and Anne's first experience of a sea voyage began. The ship in which her mistress and herself sailed was soon separated by the stormy winds from the rest of the convoy, and the ladies were in great danger. At last the harbour of Boulogne was sighted, much to their relief. There was bustle and confusion in getting ready to leave the boat, when suddenly a crash was heard. The ship had grounded in the mouth of the harbour. Fortunately, the boats were in readiness and the ladies were conveyed safe to land. Wet through and exhausted as they were, they would have been glad to rest and change, but the quay was thronged with a distinguished company, anxious to pay its respects to their Queen, and Anne's knowledge of French was in speedy requisition. She chatted gaily with the nobles, and remained near the Queen, while in great pomp they were conducted to the town itself.

By easy journeys they now proceeded to Abbeville, when the bride and all her ladies, clad in glittering robes, mounted white palfreys. Queen Mary's steed was decked with cloth of gold, and the ladies in attendance upon her were dressed in crimson velvet.

Then came the French marriage, which took place at the church of Abbeville amidst great state, during the whole of which ceremonial Anne stood near the Queen. Then followed a banquet, at which Anne and all the English ladies were treated with deferential homage.

That night there was little sleep for Anne. The girl's giddy head was well-nigh turned with the many compliments she had received.

The next morning she found her mistress in tears, for all the maids, except Anne, were ordered back to England; and Anne would have shared their fate, but for her familiarity with the native tongue.

In the French Court, Anne soon made her home, and very quickly was as busy as the rest of the maidens of her time in romantic intrigues with the knights and noblemen, who surrounded them with insidious flattery and attention.

It was a bad training ground for a young, untutored mind, and, in judging of the rest of the story of the girl's life, it must not be omitted in the reckoning that she was motherless at an early age, and plunged into the dissipations of the most immoral Court of Europe while yet in her teens.

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They had not been long in France when Louis XII. died.

"I shall return to England!" said Queen Mary to Anne Boleyn. "I have never felt at home here, and I pine for the dear old English surroundings."

"On the contrary, madam! I simply hate

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them!" observed Anne. "Everything and everybody is so bright here. Yonder in England the life is dull, the men are heavy, the women morose. I shall dread to go back."

"Would you prefer to stay here?" asked the Queen. "I can get you into the service of the new Queen of my husband's successor."

"I shall be sorry to leave your Majesty's presence, and to miss your kindness, but, if I may, I shall prefer to stay."

And stay she did.

But her lot was no longer so pleasant. The new Queen had been brought up in a strict religious home, and endeavoured to turn the Court life into one full of moral restraints. She surrounded herself with a number of young ladies, who followed her in state whenever she appeared in public, and kept them in private busy at the loom or the embroidery frame, and all their conversation was confined to religious subjects.

"I had better have been at Hever!" grumbled the lively Anne, again and again; for her vivacious spirit chafed under these restraints.

When she had been seven years in France, of which the latter part had seemed to Anne seventy, she was summoned home; and, with a relief she would never have believed it possible to feel at the thought of coming to England, she sailed for home. She had left it, a wild, merry girl; she returned to it, at twenty years of age, a finished woman of the world.

CHAPTER II.

There had been a family quarrel, concerning the disposal of the estates of Anne Boleyn's great-grandfather, the Earl of Wiltshire, between Anne's father and another branch of the family.

The King had interfered, and suggested that the best way out of the difficulty would be to give Anne Boleyn in marriage to the heir of Sir Thomas's opponent, and he directed Cardinal Wolsey to bring about the marriage. This was why Anne had been recalled.

She came at a time when the whole household at Hever were in a state of great excitement because the King had deigned to pay a visit to the Castle during one of his journeys.

One morning she was in the garden, when the King encountered her by accident. Struck with her exceeding beauty of face and figure, he watched her unnoticed for a time, as she skipped about from bed to bed of the garden singing gaily. Then he stepped forward and exclaimed: "In good faith, fair damsel, but you rival the birds. Are you the maiden who was with my sister in France?"

"Yes, your Grace!" answered Anne, in no way abashed by his presence. "And I would I were with her now!"

"Why?" answered the King.

"Because under her reign in France the Court was sunny in its life. When she left, it might have been a nunnery. Oh! your Grace, the *good* Queen was so *good!*" and she clasped her hands as if in prayer, her eyes shining with mischief.

The King laughed loudly, and continued walking and chatting with her for over an hour, thoroughly amused by her sprightliness.

When he returned to Westminster the meeting had made such an impression upon him that he told Cardinal Wolsey: "I have been discoursing with a young lady who has the wit of an angel and is worthy of a crown."

Wolsey at once suggested her appointment as a maid of honour to Queen Katharine.

When Anne heard of the appointment offered her, her delight knew no bounds. She had been afraid that till her marriage with Sir Piers Butler, to whom she was now contracted by her family, she would have to hide her head amidst the rusticities of Norfolk. She departed to Westminster full of glee.

At the Court, in constant attendance upon Cardinal Wolsey was the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Percy. He was an exceedingly handsome man, and carried himself with great boldness wherever he went. He was an especial favourite with the ladies, possibly on account of that very self-confidence which characterised him. But alas for them! he, like Anne Boleyn, was already contracted by his father in marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He had been very reluctant to fulfil it, and it was still unratified when he came to the Court as a pupil of the Cardinal's. While his patron was closeted with the King daily, he had to kick his heels in an ante-chamber, and seized the opportunity to indulge in flirtations with the Queen's ladies.

He speedily noticed the new arrival. "Who is that?" he asked one of the ladies.

"Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter. She has just come from France."

The susceptible heart of the young man was deeply smitten by her beauty, and day after day he singled out Anne as the object of his exclusive attention. She was nothing loth herself, and, in fact, fell violently in love with the handsome Northumbrian. They met openly by day, stealthily by night, and at last they exchanged a promise of marriage with one another, altogether reckless of the previous engagements which had been entered into by their parents.

The matter became the talk of the palace. When it reached the King's ears he sent for Wolsey, and, in a towering rage, demanded that he should see to it that their engagement was cancelled. The Cardinal summoned Lord Percy's father, and, under threat of disinheriting him, Anne's lover was persuaded to fulfil his contract to the daughter of Shrewsbury. The King was so full of pique at Anne's behaviour, for unconsciously he was already beginning to be governed by his feelings for her, that he caused her to be dismissed from the Court and sent back home.

"This is my Lord Wolsey's doing," exclaimed Anne, when she received her dismissal. "If ever I get the opportunity I will be even with him. He has robbed me of my lover, and now he sends me away. He is out of my reach now, but some day I may be even with him."

She had been at Hever Castle some week or two when the King paid an unexpected and unannounced visit there. But Anne, still nourishing feelings of resentment against the authority which had separated her from Percy, and, being really ill as the result, kept to her own chamber, and, on the plea of illness, would not so much as see the King.

The King was perplexed and chagrined, and assigning her behaviour to mortification, indirectly offered her an apology by creating her father Viscount Rochford, and, with the intention of drawing the whole family to Court again, made her brother-in-law a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. This he followed up by sending to herself costly presents of jewels.

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These presents opened the eyes of Anne to the King's real intentions, and she was filled with genuine distress.

The coming of a sin, seen in the distance, will often frighten us more than the sin itself, when near at hand.

Her family came again to Court, and very quickly Henry beset Anne Boleyn with entreaties.

Anne snatched her hands from his, crimson with indignation. "I think," she answered in a voice husky with emotion, "your Majesty speaks these words only to prove me. So, to save you ever asking such a question in the future, let your Majesty listen while I say: I would rather lose my life."

Henry looked amazed at this reception of his suit, which he considered an honour.

"I shall continue to hope," he cried.

"I do not understand the grounds of such a hope," she proudly answered. "Your wife I cannot be, because you have a Queen already; anything else I will never be."

Anne was now afraid to linger any longer about the Court, and using all her influence with friends in France, she entered the service of the Duchess D'Alençon and departed to that country. Henry was left disconsolate and powerless to help himself until a beam of hope shot into his life in a way most unexpected.

CHAPTER III.

The King meanwhile had come to one conclusion. If he were not quite sure of winning Anne Boleyn, he was quite sure that he was tired of Queen Katharine. In an unguarded moment one of his courtiers dropped a hint about the illegality of his marriage (for Katharine had been his brother's wife), and the idea, once having found a resting-place in Henry's mind, sprang up and brought forth fruit. After a time he took Wolsey into his confidence, and, at his request, Cardinal Campeius was appointed a special legate from the Pope to pronounce upon the matter. But delays were many, and, meanwhile, as if to whet the King's zeal in this business, Anne Boleyn herself returned from France, cajoled back by her father, who was supposed to have gone there on diplomatic business, but, in reality, to woo back again the daughter whose influence could be so powerful in their interests.

Time heals all things, and certainly Anne Boleyn received anew the protestations and the gifts of the King without that hesitation which had marked her behaviour before.

Sitting one day at cards with Queen Katharine, Anne Boleyn remarked: "How strange it is I never turn up a King."

"My Lady Anne!" the Queen answered. "You have the good hap ever to stop at a King; but, if you are like others, you will have all or none."

Anne looked down in confusion and blushed. It was the first sign of open jealousy that Queen Katharine had ever shown.

When Wolsey first heard from the King his desire to divorce his wife, he had furthered the suggestion, thinking to himself: "The Queen has ever been an enemy of mine!" But now, when he saw the way the wind was blowing, he preferred the open enmity of Queen Katharine to the bitter animosity of Anne Boleyn, who had never forgiven him his behaviour over Percy. He did his best to delay the divorce, and strove by all means in his power to conciliate Anne meanwhile.

He gave masque after masque, and costly entertainments at Hampton Court and York House in Whitehall, for the express purpose of pleasing her and bringing the King and Anne together.

It was a glorious abode, the grand new palace at Hampton, and Anne, feigning a civility she did not feel, was glad to accept such splendid hospitality.

The ladies would come down from London and assemble, wearing masques at the ball. Afterwards, they would unmask at the rich banquet provided for them.

To these King Henry would steal by river, and enter as if a strange ambassador.

It was his wish to be unknown, and his humour was respected. And, as a supposed stranger, he used his opportunities to make violent love to Anne. They danced together, dined together, monopolised each other's society, and yet, with great womanly tact, Anne Boleyn kept her royal lover at arm's length.

Sitting one day in an ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments, Anne was left alone with an old retainer of the Queen.

"It is a pity!" sighed Anne, as they discussed the ever-present topic of the royal divorce. "After so many years to publicly avoid her thus."

"Yes," said the other. "The hardest heart must feel for her."

"Well, in very deed," exclaimed Anne, "I would not be a Queen, on my honour, I would not!" earnestly, seeing the swift look which crossed the old lady's face.

"I would!" retorted the old woman, irritably, "and so would you, I am bold enough to say."

"Not for all the riches under Heaven," answered Anne.

"It would not take many riches to move me," laughed the old lady, scornfully. "But if the idea of 'Queen' frightens you, what do you say to a Duchess?" looking keenly at her.

"I do not care for the burden of rank," said Anne. "I——"

Here she was interrupted by a message from the King.

The Lord Chamberlain, for it was he, advanced and said: "The King's Majesty commends itself to you and wishes me to announce the honour he is anxious to do you by creating you Marchioness of Pembroke and endowing you with support for the title of a thousand pounds a year."

Swiftly the colour rose in Anne's face, and, in such agitation that she could scarcely speak, she returned her faltering thanks through the chamberlain to the King.

Scarcely had he gone, when the old lady sprang to her feet and cried: "Here have I been begging sixteen years in Court, and never have had a *hundred* pounds, while you have your mouth filled with a thousand before you open it. Good heavens! Marchioness of Pembroke! I curtsey to your ladyship."

"It is as strange to me as to you," said Anne, striving to keep her temper.

"Strange!" answered the other. "Very! passing strange! I knew a lady once who would not be a Queen for—— But, there, you have heard the story."

"Come, drop your silly jesting," said Anne, impatiently. "But promise me," laying a hand

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upon her arm in earnest entreaty. "Say not a word to the Queen. She is sad enough."

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One would have imagined that pending the event of the divorce, which yet might make the King free to marry her, the Marchioness of Pembroke would have dropped her early tricks of coquetry, but, as a matter of fact, when she thought she was unseen she flirted desperately. Sitting one day very earnestly over her embroidery, Sir Thomas Wyatt was hanging around her laughing and chatting. Suddenly he mischievously pulled out of her pocket a jewelled tablet, which hung by a lace out of the pocket in the fashion of the day.

"Give it me back:" cried Anne, desperately.

He responded by thrusting it into his vest.

"I swear I will hang it round my neck and wear it for ever!" he cried.

And Anne had to be content.

Sometimes he teasingly showed it to her, just to create a subject of conversation between them, whenever Anne showed signs of freezing.

These conversations came to the knowledge of the King, in whom jealousy slumbered like the fires of a volcano.

He watched them narrowly, and felt convinced that Anne was doing her best to avoid Sir Thomas.

One day, in conversation with Anne, the King went further than ever before, and in impassioned fashion he promised her marriage, if only he could procure the divorce from Katharine.

Taking a ring from her finger, he put it upon his own and wore it thenceforward.

A few days after, the King was playing at bowls with Wyatt and some of his noblemen. In high good humour the King asserted that one of his casts had gone further than Wyatt's.

"By your Grace's leave, that is not so!" dogmatically returned Wyatt.

Foolishly, the King, carried away by a passing thought, pointed triumphantly to the ring on his little finger, and exclaimed: "Wyatt, I tell you the cast is mine."

The ring caught the eye of his would-be rival, who knew it at a glance. But not to be outdone, he took from his vest the lace to which hung the stolen tablet, and answered: "If your Majesty will give me leave to measure the distance with *this*, I hope to show it is mine." He at once proceeded to measure the space, and boldly pronounced that his throw was farthest.

But the King's eye had recognised the tablet, and he withdrew in high dudgeon to seek the fair cause of the real dispute—a cast far more important than the bowls.

"How came you to give your knick-knacks to others as well as myself?" he demanded, angrily, as he burst in upon her.

Anne looked up startled. Drawing herself up rather haughtily, she said: "I do not understand, your Grace. The only thing I have given is the ring upon the hand of your Majesty."

"What of the tablet you gave Wyatt?"

The vivid colour rushed into her cheeks, and the King looked more suspiciously at her.

"Tell me—am I deceived?" he cried, impatiently.

"The tablet was stolen, your Majesty! Sir Thomas took it from me mischievously one day, and, though I have often stooped to ask for it, he would not give it back!" And she burst into tears.

Her royal lover comforted her in lover's natural fashion and kissed the tears away, and left her more enamoured than ever.

And still the divorce proceedings dragged on. Wolsey was determined the decree should never be passed which should exalt Anne. But a letter he wrote to the Pope miscarried, and reaching the Marchioness of Pembroke, was shown by her to the King.

It compassed Wolsey's downfall more effectually than any plans of bitter enemies had succeeded in doing.

Wolsey was dismissed his offices, stripped by the King's order of all his wealth, and died soon after of a broken heart.

With him went the last active obstacle to the divorce, but still Queen Katharine refused to accept any judgment but that of Rome. At this period the Pope wrote a letter to Henry advising him to take back Katharine, whom he had sent away, and to put away one "Anna," whom he kept about him.

The King was at a loss what to do. From Rome the divorce would never come. And other than as his Queen the woman he loved would not accept him.

"Why not," said Thomas Cromwell, who had taken Wolsey's place, "make a decree separating the Church of England from the Church of Rome? Your Grace can then enrich your coffers from the vast wealth of the monasteries, and as for your matter touching her Majesty the Queen, leave it to a tribunal of your own judges. An English matter should surely be decided by English law. Your Majesty, like your predecessor Henry, will not humble yourself at Canossa."

"Never!" cried the King, with an oath.

And the thing was done.

The Church was severed from its ancient connection, the Pope's authority rejected, the King proclaimed head of the Church, and in an assembly at Dunstable the decree of divorce was pronounced.

CHAPTER IV.

The people of England are, as a rule, gifted with great common-sense, and the voice of the people declared against the injury done to the Queen. The popular clamour was so great that Henry was really frightened.

As soon as the decision of the court had been made known, it appeared that they degraded Queen Katharine from the position of Queen to that of Dowager-Princess of Wales.

In the quiet old town of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, in one of the adjacent manor-houses, the Queen lay upon a sick-bed. She had determined to fight, but the fighting had worn her out.

With the certainty that her husband would not abandon his attempted divorce came the reaction, and in bitterness of spirit she took to her bed.

"Your Majesty," announced one of her maids, "the Lord Mountjoy has come to see you from the King."

"I cannot see him. He must wait till I am well."

Several days Lord Mountjoy had to await her pleasure, and when at last he was admitted to an interview with her, he had hard work to carry on the conversation between her fits of coughing.

"This is the deed, madam," he said, "which appoints your Grace to the style and title of

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Princess-Dowager of Wales, and divorces you from his Majesty."

"Give it me!" she exclaimed, haughtily.

He passed the deed to her, and taking up a pen, she drew it deliberately through the words "Princess-Dowager" wherever she found them used.

"There!" she cried, handing it back to him. "I will never cease to use the title of Queen!"

Mountjoy now summoned her servants to take an oath to serve her as Princess of Wales.

Weak as she was, her voice rang out clearly, forbidding them to do it.

"Not in that name will you ever serve me!"

"But, madam, what are we to do, then?"

"Oh, as to that, you must please yourselves. I will be left without a servant sooner than have one who takes that wicked oath. Queen once! Queen always! A religious rite joined me to Henry, and no religious decree has banished me. In the sight of Rome I am his wife, and what is Dunstable to Rome?"

In the end the King had to give way, and allow her to keep some of her servants on her own terms.

He banished her, however, to the Bishop of Lincoln's palace at Buckton, in Huntingdonshire. As they were moving, one of her maids began to rail on Anne Boleyn as the cause of their troubles.

"Hold your peace!" cried the Queen, wiping away the unbidden tears which coursed freely down her own cheeks. "Don't curse her! Don't curse her—pray for her! I feel sure the time is coming, coming fast, when you will pity her more than you do me!"

The air of Buckton disagreed with her, and she requested the King to let her live elsewhere. He replied by sending her still further off, to Fotheringay Castle, a place well known for its marshy surroundings.

"I will never go there!" she exclaimed, "unless drawn with ropes."

The Duke of Suffolk was sent by the King to break up her home. "Go you must!" he thundered. "You are a subject of the King, and must needs obey."

"Never!" she cried. "I am his *wife* and not a subject."

"Then you shall go by force. I will leave your home without furniture, or even a bed to rest upon, and if that will not move your Royal Highness, I will pull down the castle round your ears."

The Queen faced him indignantly for a moment, then, bursting into tears, quitted the apartment.

To add to her troubles her income was paid to her so irregularly that often the household was absolutely without money.

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The King, seeing the unpopularity of his projected union with Anne Boleyn, begged her to consent to a secret marriage.

Anne was afraid to keep him waiting any longer, now that he was free, so she reluctantly consented.

In an attic in the west turret of Whitehall, at a very early hour in the morning, the King and two of the gentlemen of his chamber attended, and there met Anne and her train-bearer. The chaplain who was summoned to perform the ceremony had no idea of the cause.

He hesitated.

"Why do you wait, man?" queried the King. "Your master, the Pope, has in private pronounced in favour of my divorce, and in my possession I have the dispensation for my second marriage."

This was a lie, but it served the purpose, and the marriage was performed.

The secret was well kept, till, for family reasons, it became necessary that Henry should acknowledge Anne Boleyn openly and have her crowned as Queen.

Through the length and breadth of England the couriers departed, summoning the wives of the peers of England to be present at the coronation of the Queen Anne on May 19th, to attend her at the Tower, and to ride with her through London on that day.

So out of the obscurity of her early life, after many years of waiting, the throne was within reach of Anne at last. Her sun was rising to full splendour, while Katharine's was setting. Wealth and luxury, flattery and favour surrounded Anne, and the forsaken Queen had even to go into debt for one new gown.

CHAPTER V.

On May 19th, in obedience to the royal order, the Lord Mayor and his train embarked at New Stairs at one o'clock. Fifty barges of the City Companies followed the Lord Mayor, and in addition everyone who could procure a boat, went with him in his train to Greenwich.

The barges were fitted up with numberless little coloured flags, at the end of each hung a small bell which, wavering in the wind, sent forth a love chime. The Lord Mayor and his attendants cast anchor just before Greenwich Palace, and while they waited the Queen's pleasure entertained her with sweet music.

At three o'clock Anne issued forth, arrayed in splendid attire of cloth of gold, and waited upon by numbers of fair maidens. When the Queen entered her barge, the signal was given and the whole procession moved forward to meet the King. At her landing, the Lord Chamberlain and the heralds were ready to receive her, and brought her to the King, who, with loving looks, welcomed her at the postern by the water's side.

As soon as he met her he kissed her, and she turned about and thanked the Lord Mayor very gracefully before he returned to his barge.

For seven days she remained with the King at the Tower, and on the last day of May there was a state progress through the City.

The day before the coronation the Queen was conveyed in an open litter covered with cloth of gold, shot with white, and the two palfreys, which supported the litter, were clad in a garb of white damask and led by the Queen's footmen. Anne was dressed in silver tissue and a mantle of the same, lined with ermine, her dark hair was worn in flowing tresses down her shoulders, and on her head she wore a coif circled by precious rubies.

Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, carried by four knights on foot. Thus the Queen was brought to Westminster Hall, which was richly hung with golden arras, and newly-glazed. Into the midst of the hall, the Queen proudly rode, and having been taken out was placed under a canopy of state. On the left side was a cupboard of ten shelves filled with rich goblets, wonderful to behold. In a short time there was brought to the Queen a repast of wines and confectioneries, and when they had all partaken of it she returned thanks to the Lord Mayor and the rest who had

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attended upon her. Then she withdrew, and, having changed her dress, remained with the King in Whitehall that night.

The morrow was the coronation day, for which she had longed for so many years, and waited and plotted. It was Whit-Sunday, and, as the year was hotter than usual, the summer flowers were used in sweet profusion for the purpose of decoration.

A little after eight the Queen entered Westminster Hall, and stood under the canopy robed in purple velvet, and with her head encircled by rubies. Then came the monks of Westminster, in rich copes, and bishops and abbots in splendid robes and mitres.

Anne was crowned by Archbishop Cranmer, and then returned with her sceptre hand holding the bauble of state, and supported by her proud father, who now saw the realisation of his ambitious schemes. Then she was led into Westminster Hall again, where a magnificent banquet was now prepared. Had she been the daughter of some powerful monarch, no greater splendour could have attended her nuptials. Her husband's love was so great that to him nothing seemed too good for the Norfolk damsel, whose love he had sought in vain for years, and now gained.

In order to exalt her to the utmost, he caused her initial A to be interwoven with his own H, even upon the coins of the realm, the only time this has ever been done. Everything now seemed to be before Anne Boleyn, the ball was at her feet, she had only to set it rolling.

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The Queen's behaviour, once she had gained her coveted position, seemed altogether to change. Those who knew her best, were conscious of some subtle difference in her they could not explain.

The change was not outward in its cause, but sprang from within. Amidst all the strange experiences of her life, there had been given her many causes for reflection on the emptiness of everything the world could give. She had seen Wolsey toppled from power, her own Queen hurled from her position, and it had taught her to rely upon nothing. There had come into her possession a copy of the Bible, a rare thing in those days, and as she read it, there sprang up within her wishes after better things, to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

She became very grave in manner, gave up the entertainments in which she had delighted, specially hunting, and spent the greater part of her time in industrious weaving of tapestry.

Not content with this, she made garments for the poor, and gave largely out of her wealth to many charities.

It was a wonderful change, and one the King did not altogether like. He missed her vivacity, and her perpetual presence with him in the pleasures of which he at least had not sickened.

The Queen soon gave birth to a little daughter, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, but the King, who had confidently hoped for a son, was greatly disappointed. For the sake of this infant, however, the law was set aside, and the succession to the throne settled upon her to the exclusion of Mary, the daughter of Katharine. And thus it seemed as if Anne had at length obtained the very summit of human happiness.

"I cannot understand my lot," she murmured to herself. "It seems so strange that *I* should have been led step by step up the hill, to stand in solitary grandeur at the top. What is the meaning of it? The sun has been out long, when will the shadows come?

CHAPTER VI.

There was mourning in Kimbolton Castle, for death was laying its hand upon the long-enduring Queen Katharine.

Her maids crept about conversing in whispers, with hearts full of pity for the woman lying upon her couch of suffering.

A few days before, feeling that her end was now fast approaching, she had written a letter to the King commending to him the care of their daughter, Mary, asking him to look after the welfare of her maids, and beseeching, above all, to see him.

The news soon spread at Court that Katharine was dying, and an old and faithful friend of the Queen, Lady Willoughby, started out to see her.

It was mid-winter, and the night was already dark at six o'clock, when Lady Willoughby reached Kimbolton. Perished with cold and exhausted from fatigue, and disfigured by the mud which covered her, through a fall from her horse, she presented a pretty picture to Bedingfield, the Comptroller of the Castle, whom Henry had set there to play the watch-dog.

"Where are His Majesty's instructions for you to see the Lady Katharine?" he demanded.

"Tut! Man!" she exclaimed, brushing past him. "Cold as I am, would you bother me for papers? Oh, let me come to a fire!"—shivering.

"I am afraid I must insist," he said, hesitatingly.

"You shall have the papers in the morning, for certain, but don't bother me about it now. Let me have a warm, then show me the Queen's room. And for Heaven's sake get me some food."

Once she got safely into the Queen's room she did not leave it again. And Bedingfield neither saw her nor her papers.

So the Queen did not die alone.

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At Whitehall the news arrived by special courier and Sir Richard Southwell, who was on duty in the Palace, caught sight of him and eagerly asked his news.

"I will to the Queen at once," he said to himself. "Such news will gladden her."

He was ushered into Anne's presence as she was washing her hands in a costly basin, and on hearing his news she immediately made him a present of both the basin and its rich cover.

The same evening she met her parents, when the look of excitement in her eyes made her father wonder.

"Is anything particular happening to-day," he said, watching her; "you look so pleased."

"Pleased, I am overjoyed!" she cried. "And so you should be. My enemy, Katharine, is dead, and now the crown is fixed firmly on my head. What is your pleasure?"—turning to a chamberlain, who now approached her.

"A message from the King."

"You may speak."

"It is the King's will and pleasure that, in consequence of the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales, the whole Court should immediately go

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into mourning, to be worn until the day after the funeral."

Anne bit her lips in vexation.

"The rest of you may go into mourning if you please," she said, when the chamberlain had bowed himself out, "but I will not so play the hypocrite. I am glad, right glad, she is dead, and I will not ape at seeming sorrowful."

The funeral day came, and Henry himself attended it in mournful state, but Anne, who was violently angry at the honours accorded to the King's former wife, refused to go.

Obstinately she dressed herself and her ladies in flaring yellow, and openly boasted that she had never felt so rejoiced over any event before.

The King was not a man to be crossed with impunity, and anger at the defiance of his will, mixed with disgust at Anne's cruel triumph, made him for the first time in his life cold to his Queen.

"Why should you have been angry, sweet?" he asked. "Sorrow as from one woman for another at least became you, whose beauty charmed me away from her."

"If I am sorry," she retorted, "it is because of all the praises I hear concerning her, and not because of her death."

The King frowned and abruptly left the room.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Anne. "I feel more like singing a Te Deum."

But the King came near her no more for a week.

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Other causes were opening the King's eyes to Anne's defects, and chief among these was the fact that he had discovered the charms of another lady, who was "as willing as willing could be."

Amongst the maids of honour who had been placed near the Queen by political and other influence was Jane Seymour, the daughter of Sir John Seymour. She, like Anne, had been trained in the Court of France and brought back with her to England that very vivacity of manner which Anne was beginning to lose. The King noticed her speedily, and the old process began again, only now Anne was on the injured instead of the gaining side. The Queen's suspicions were soon aroused. One day she was conversing with her maids, and her eyes continually wandered to a jewel which Jane Seymour wore upon her neck.

"Let me look at that!" she exclaimed at last.

"That, I say," pointing impatiently to the jewel.

Jane drew back in hesitation, but the Queen, springing to her feet, snatched it from her neck so violently that she hurt both Jane and her own hand.

Then she opened it. "It is as I thought!" she muttered, "the portrait of the King! Girl!" she almost shrieked, "how came you by this?"

"The King's will is law, madam!" answered Jane. "And what it pleases him to give, it is not for me to be reluctant to take."

"Ah, take it then!" and she flung it violently upon the floor.

That night she upbraided the King in unmeasured terms, and from that time scenes were frequent between them.

The Queen unexpectedly happened on one occasion to go through the King's apartments. She had scarcely entered the ante-chamber before her horror-stricken eyes beheld her husband, in one of the curtained recesses, sitting with Jane Seymour on his knee. Forgetting what agitation might involve to herself, Anne rushed to them, and, smartly boxing Jane's ears, poured out a torrent of abuse upon her husband.

Henry replied in soothing tones, fearing the result of the fearful mental distress she apppeared to be in.

But that night the son they had both desired was born, and born dead.

When Henry heard it he was like a madman. He rushed into the Queen's apartment, dangerously ill as she was, and stormed and raved at her for the passion she had put herself in.

Losing all control of herself, Anne retorted bitterly. She told the King some home truths, the point of which wounded him deeply.

He turned and left her room muttering, and the breach was made which was never healed.

CHAPTER VII.

Anne Boleyn's brother, Viscount Rochford, had been from her childhood her favourite companion.

His home was at Rochford Hall, in Essex, where he retired when he was not at Court. Unfortunately for him, he was married to a woman hot-tempered and overbearing, and as ignorant as she was both. She possessed that strangely monopolising disposition which is jealous of everyone and everything which comes to share in the attention of the being it loves.

Lord Rochford was in the habit of neglecting his uncultured wife for the society of his beloved sister. When in town he was always with her, for the Queen loved to have it so.

Lady Rochford fretted and fumed, but it was to no purpose, and gradually she nourished hatred of the Queen till it became a mania with her. She had jealously watched Anne's advancement, as she swept far out of her reach, and the eventful triumph of her sister-in-law gave her a further attack of spleen.

She withdrew from Court sooner than minister to the state of the woman she hated. But her husband refused to come.

Down at Rochford Hall she nursed her spite, and at last returned to the Court just before the fall of Anne.

One evening she was sitting at her embroidery when her husband came in, whose cheerful greeting she met with a frown. "What, how now?" he said, impatiently. "More storms about. I tell you I do not like it. If I were a man who left you for other ladies I could understand your frowns."

"And so you do!" she passionately retorted. "Your devotion to your sister is common talk."

Rochford went white with rage.

"No such rumours reached my ears," he said, "or I would have forced them down the speakers' throats with my sword. These things exist only in your unclean imagination. Out upon you, woman! Would to Heaven I had never seen you!"

She rose from her work, and facing him cried: "That prayer is the worst prayer you ever uttered for yourself in your life. You shall see me no more. But I will see to it that you and your sister shall bitterly rue the day she came between us."

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Alone in Greenwich Palace quadrangle a lady was sitting, dreamily gazing before her in abstracted fashion. At her feet played her dogs, and her book had fallen from her hands. Every

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now and then she sighed deeply and shook her head in mournful fashion. It was the Queen of England. She spent the greater portion of her time now in lonely walks in Greenwich Park, forbidding her maids to come near her. What passed in her mind in those times none can tell, but all the memories of years would crowd within and cause a bitter harvest.

A messenger approached her, announcing that the King and his Court intended to come to Greenwich to hold a succession of tournaments there.

Immediately all was bustle for their reception, and Anne plucked up heart. She determined to shake off her melancholy, and to greet the King as though nothing were amiss.

"Whatever *he* is now to Jane Seymour," she muttered, "I am his lawful wife. That, God helping me, that jade shall never be."

Once more she prepared to stoop to conquer.

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On May Day she appeared as Queen-Consort, in state with King Henry, at the May Day jousts.

The pageants were more than usually splendid, and all was passing off satisfactorily, when suddenly the Queen, leaning over the barrier, accidentally dropped her handkerchief. It fell at the feet of Norris, a gentleman of the royal household who had been one of the witnesses to her secret marriage with the King, and to whom ever since she had been very kind.

He picked it up, and before he returned it to the Queen on the top of his lance had the impertinence to wipe his heated face with it.

With an oath the King sprang to his feet and hastily left the royal box.

The Queen appeared especially dismayed, and lost no time in retiring.

The sports broke up, and at the barriers Lord Rochford was arrested. His wife's evil seed-sowing had done its work.

Ere the day was over Norris had joined him in the Tower, and Anne herself waited in suspense for what the day would surely bring.

Suddenly, in the evening, the Duke of Norfolk and others entered, and behind them Sir William Kingston, Governor of the Tower, announcing that it was the King's pleasure that she should go to the Tower.

On the journey there, the Duke of Norfolk conveyed to her the charges against her brother and herself, and the rest, and Anne well nigh lost her reason.

Slowly they reached the gloomy fortress of the Tower. As she passed through the fatal gateway, through which so many had gone never to return, her feelings overpowered her.

"God help me!" she said. "Do I go into a dungeon, Sir William?" turning imploringly to the governor.

"No, madam, to the royal apartments."

Then a fit of hysterics seized her, and weeping and laughing she was supported into the Tower.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the trial which followed, the evil intentions of Lady Rochford bore fruit. Shamelessly she appeared as a witness against her husband, and he was found guilty.

Then Anne was called before the Court.

Rallying all the forces of her mind to meet the awful ordeal, she presented herself at the bar, pleading "Not guilty." She made a stirring appeal, but it was useless, and when she left the court she was sentenced to be burnt or beheaded at the King's pleasure. Clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Father! oh, Creator! Thou Who art the Way, the Life, and the Truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death!" Then turning to her judges she said: "My lords, I will not say your sentence is unjust, nor presume that my reasons can prevail against your convictions. I am willing to believe that you have sufficient reasons for what you have done; but then they must be other than those which have been produced in Court, for I am clear of all the offences laid to my charge. I have ever been a faithful wife to the King, though I do not say I have always shown him humility. I confess I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, which I had not discretion and wisdom enough to conceal at all times. But God knows, and is my witness, that I never sinned against him in any other way. Do not think I say this in the hope to prolong my life. God has taught me how to die, and He will strengthen my faith. I know these my last words will avail me nothing; but, since I see it so pleases the King, I shall willingly die with this assurance, that I shall lead an endless life at peace at last."

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On Friday, May 19th, at a few minutes before twelve o'clock, Anne came forth to die.

She was dressed in a robe of black damask, with a white cape falling over it on her neck.

Her eyes were feverishly bright, and never before had she looked so beautiful.

She took her stand by the block, and looking round fearlessly, she said, in a clearly ringing voice: "I am come here only to die, and to yield myself to the will of the King. And so I take leave of the world and you, and I desire you all to pray for me."

One of her ladies covered her eyes with a bandage, and then she knelt crying: "O Lord God, have pity on my soul!" and waited for the blow to fall.

Another moment the axe gleamed through the air, and the head that had been crowned had fallen.

[THE END.]

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Redskins of To-Day.

By ROY CARMICHAEL.

"REDSKINS!"—What visions and memories of our boyhood's heroes does the mere mention of the word conjure up.

Mayne Reid, Ballantyne, Fenimore Cooper and their immortal creations pass in procession before our mind's eye.

We picture to ourselves the grave, tall figure of the eagle-eyed Chingachgook, and we note the lithe, cat-like movements of the unfortunate Uncas as his nimble form appears before us in our reverie.

But, alas, the Red Indian of Cooper's day is now no more, and we must content ourselves with a "look in" on the Red Man as we see him in the flesh.

To read about him in the stirring pages of the novelist is to be enthusiastic and sympathetic; to see him as he really appears stripped of the plumes of honour, generosity and virtue which his ancestors once possessed, and with which confiding "palefaces" still credit him, is to be disillusioned.

Picture to yourselves, my readers, a gipsy encampment, such as you have often noticed during your cycle runs in the country; the men dirty, dissolute, and in every way disagreeable, the women, poor creatures, not much better, and generally burden with a small, brown "papoose" strapped on their backs.

Imagine these gipsies seated round the tripod at the camp fire, waiting impatiently for the boiling of the "billy."

Scatter a few implements of the chase, about, and erect in your mind's eye a conical-shaped structure covered with old hides, birch bark and canvas.

Hobble a couple of ponies and let them graze just without the glimmer of the firelight. Deepen the sunburn on the faces of the men, and let the squaws appear even more hideous than usual, and you have a true picture of the "noble red man" as he can be seen to-day in his home by the lakes, in the woods, or on the prairies of North-West Canada.

In Canada, which is now the only country in which the Indians are treated with any degree of kindness and respect, there are several tribes who still maintain many of their ancient ceremonies and customs.

Of these tribes, the principal are the Siwash in British Columbia, the Cree and Blackfoot in North-West Canada, the Ojibbeway or fishing Indians in Ontario, and the Huron and Iroquois in Ontario and Quebec.

The poor Hurons have, however, suffered much at the hands of their more warlike neighbours, the Iroquois, and there is now but a remnant of them left.

In the North-West there is a portion of the Sioux tribe, which migrated to Manitoba after Sitting Bull's famous victory over General Custer and the United States forces.

The Canadian Government has taken quite a fatherly interest in these Indians, and they are now settled very comfortably on "reserves," where they enjoy a degree of freedom which the lazier portion of their white brethren are inclined to envy.

A few of them, but, alas, very few, have taken to farming seriously; the majority content themselves with occassional trapping and fishing, and in the summer season the squaws make a little money by selling huckleberries (blueberries) and other wild fruits which grow profusely in the woods and fields.

Along the Canadian Pacific Railway

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Company's line, from Moose Jaw westward to Calgary, bands of painted and blanketed braves of the Cree and Blackfoot nations are to be met with, trying to persuade unsuspicious British visitors and emigrants to buy buffalo (?) horns, and moccasins made from buffalo hide, which buffalo horns and hides at one time belonged to Highland cattle, and have been imported direct from Armour's slaughter houses in Chicago.

In the territories, however, there may still be noticed huge piles of buffalo bones awaiting shipment at the various railway stations, and once I noticed an old wrinkled warrior gazing pensively at them, no doubt meditating on the days when (*vide* penny horrible) "for miles and miles the great sunburnt prairie was one enormous moving mass of buffalo."

Even now the prarie is pit-marked and scarred in places, showing where the buffalo "wallows" used to be.

These are indeed sad days for the old warriors, but perhaps, happily, they are fast dying out, and a new race is springing into being which knows not the buffalo or the scalping knife.

The average Indian is very taciturn, and it is difficult to get into conversation with him, unless you address him in his own language or in "Chinook," the trade language of the West.

Even then he will talk little about himself, his secrets being guarded as rigidly as those of our own Freemasons.

Probably, the rising generation will produce some journalist or novelist from amongst the college-bred Indians who will unfold to the public some of the boundless wealth of legendary lore pertaining to his ancestors, and then, why then the reading public will get a treat.

One very distinctive feature of the Canadian Indian is his unswerving loyalty to the British Crown, united to a deep-rooted hatred of Uncle Sam and all his institutions.

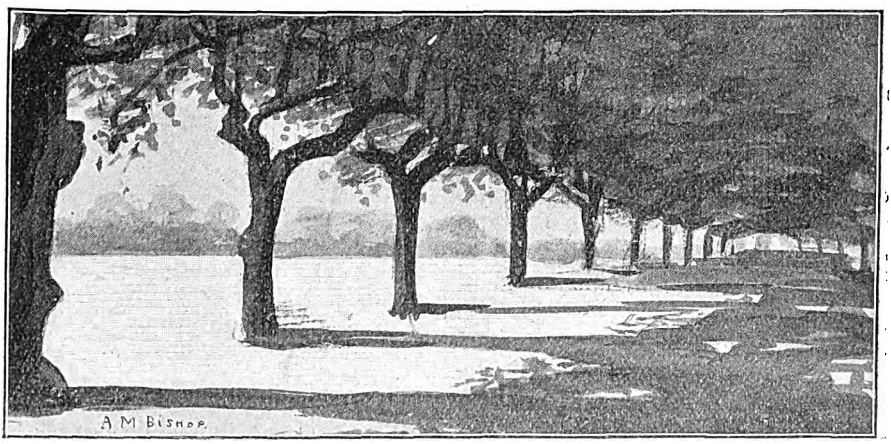
In Winnipeg there is a very smart, well drilled and soldierly-looking corps of Indian cadets, each member of which is extremely, even ultra-loyal, and would like nothing better than (as one of them remarked to the writer) "a little holiday in South Africa."

During the winter the Indian subsists chiefly by trapping, and on the proceeds of his summer sales of knick-knacks, and he may often be seen in his little dog-sleigh setting off to visit his snares.

Our illustrations represent a Blackfoot warrior standing at the door of his lodge, and a Cree medicine man and squaw, with his tribe in the background. All are in "full war paint."

The photographs, which are in their way unique, were taken near Calgary on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada.

ROY CARMICHAEL.



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The Modern Chemist.

THE old-fashioned array of bottles containing drugs labelled with dog-Latin no longer suffices for the stock-in-trade of a chemist. Much attention has been lately paid to rendering the word "nasty" obsolete when applied to medicine. The tabloid, which is a prescription solidified, is a convenient and pleasant form of taking drugs, and, inasmuch as its coating protects the freshness of the drug, it is far more reliable. Consequently, tiny bottles of these compressed medicines are not only on sale at every chemist's, but prescribed by many doctors.

Chemical foods have also become a distinct and large department of his trade. In these days, when natural mothering is going out of fashion, the chemist is the mother who provides the infant's food. And right away through life we become more independent of the body, and more dependent upon the chemist. Have your organs of digestion broken down? The chemist provides you with ready digested food. Are you ill and cannot eat solids? The chemist supplies you with beef-tea, jellies, and all manner of nourishment ready for use. Nature's complement is now the chemist.

Inquiry, however, into a third department of his business is an enlightenment concerning the credulity of human nature.

The amount annually spent by the confiding British public on patent medicines is £2,500,000.

A well-advertised remedy for a common ailment presents its proprietors with the title deeds of a gold mine.

An asthmatic man, for instance, will try the whole round of preparations for relief, and nervously magnifying his sufferings, magnifies also the power of the drug that relieves them, which is often simply a sedative. One glance at a list of candidates for popular favour in the field of remedies for chest diseases will be sufficient to show the readiness of the public to experiment.

Stomach troubles are another great source of annoyance in this dyspeptic age, and a few simple vegetable remedies, dignified with a catching name, find an enormous sale. And as indigestion impoverishes the blood, and skin diseases are the livery in which poor blood clothes itself, there is yet another fine field for the patent medicine vendor. And in addition to these, the rapid rush of modern life has manufactured a huge army of sufferers from nerves, who form a splendid opening for the advertising quack.

It may interest the reader to know that the basis of the medicines which have the largest sale is as follows:—

Preparations of sarsaparilla and sulphur for the blood; calomel for the liver; rhubarb, bitter aloes, colocynth, and purging linseed as aperients, and the more powerful the better.

Morphia, chlorodyne, and opium for the chest, and stramonium and saltpetre for the cigarettes so largely sold to benefit the asthmatic.

Arsenical preparations for the skin are freely used in ignorance of their contents by the victims; and for any kidney troubles powerful diuretics give an appearance of relief.

The great aim of these medicines is to produce *relief* and not cure. A cure would defeat the end of the vendors. As a man helped by a stimulant will fly to it again, so a man helped by a patent medicine will keep on using it. Temporary relief is the best policy.

In fact, this use of these drugs under other names is a huge fraud, and instead of a Government stamp protecting the profits of the proprietor, it ought rather only to be affixed when a clear analysis of its contents accompanies every bottle. The public would soon cease to buy.

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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. Before the burial of the woman, a stranger appears in the neighbourhood, and out of curiosity asks to see the coffin, and pays the undertaker handsomely to let it be a good one. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called 'Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel."

CHAPTER III.—(*continued.*)

MRS. HOLDITCH glanced at the soft-heaving wrappings on the bed with a sigh. "Dear me, it's pretty hard to understand the dealings of the Lord sometimes!"

Elizabeth laid her hand on the good woman's plump arm. "'Rastus is jest a-comin' in," she whispered beseechingly. "If you could say anythin' to kind of reconcile him, I'd be terrible 'bleeged to you, Mis' Holditch."

Erastus Winch shook hands with the minister's wife, with a reluctant widening of his grim mouth. "You ain't been out to see us fur quite a spell," he began agreeably. "But, of course, as I was tellin' the parson, las' Sunday, there's them 'at pays more fur his support 'an I do; an' I s'pose they're entitled to his partic'lar 'tention."

"I believe Mr. Holditch expects to see all the members of his congregation at least twice a year," replied the lady with becoming meekness. "He's been very busy this week with funerals."

"Yas, it's a mighty bad season; terrible onhealthy. I've been laid up most all winter with one thing or 'nother. Crops was bad, too, an' what with money scurser 'n hen's teeth, an' everythin' way up in gee, 'tain't a very good time to incur extry expenses. What do you say, Mis' Holditch?"

"It would depend a little on what the extra expense was," said Mrs. Holditch, cautiously.

"Humph!" ejaculated Winch, with a sour look at his wife, "I s'pose you've seen it?"

"Do you mean the baby? Yes, I have just seen it. He's a fine child; he'll soon grow into a strong, active boy."

"He won't be wuth his keep fur ten years," growled Winch. "My wife here is set on keepin' him; but I don't want him. I've been thinkin' of consultin' the minister on the subjec' of a man's rulin' his own house. That's Bible, ain't it?"

"I heard Mr. Holditch say that a likely boy, that cost practically nothing to raise, was a good investment for a farmer," observed Mrs. Holditch, in a hard, practical tone. "You'd have his services till he was of age, I suppose; I should advise you to keep the child."

Mr. Winch had been engaged in cutting a liberal mouthful of plug tobacco with a clasp knife. He shook his head with a surly glance at his wife; his jaws were occupied with the fragrant weed, but they ceased to move for a full minute in the light of the look she flashed him in

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return; the same unalterable determination he had faced once before shone in the faded eyes.

"Wall, I dunno," he said at length. "I guess I'm a blamed fool fur bein' so soft-hearted; but jest to please you, Mis' Holditch, I reckon I'll hev to give in 'bout the boy. 'Tain't likely he'll ever be any good to me; an' Mis' Winch 'll hev to look out 'at she don't neglect no reg'lar dooties a-waitin' on him; can't put up with that nohow, an' money tight as 't is now. The poorhouse 'll be open fur quite a spell yet, an' one day'll do as well 's 'nother as fur 's I'm consarned."

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Those systematised numerical collections of facts known as statistics, however coldly dull they may appear, are the concise expression of prolonged effort, the colourless residuum in life's seething alembic. If it be stated, for example, that Elizabeth Winch has fried some fifteen thousand slices of pork; that she has washed dishes five thousand four hundred and seventy-five times; that she has fed the chickens and calves two thousand times more or less, upon which occasions she has been the patient recipient of some twenty-seven thousand rasping complaints from her yoke-fellow—all this since the December morning when Immanuel first opened his eyes to the light,—it may be simply inferred that a period of five years has been added to the term of her earthly existence.

Fortunately for Elizabeth, as for many another, she was not accustomed to view her labours from the statistical standpoint. If she was bound to her narrow wheel of labour, she at least forbore to often look at her chain. At times her wan face seemed to reflect the rosy glow which pulsed in the round cheeks of Immanuel.

During these years the child grew in strength and beauty; the spreading of his wings had indeed come to fill the whole land for Elizabeth. That he linked the sordid seen with the celestial unseen she never doubted; the memory of the strangely beautiful face of the dead mother had remained with her in the guise of a living presence. She came to regard herself as in some wise guided and directed by this benign intelligence known in the secret of her own heart as "his mother."

"She couldn't be contented in no heaven whilst he's here," she would say to herself. "More especial as she kin see 'at I ain't no ways experienced in the fetchin' up of children. It says in the Bible 'at we're all ministerin' sperits, sent forth to minister; an' that, I take it, means 'at they ain't allowed to stay inside no pearly gates a-singin' an' playin' on golden harps as long's their own folks needs lookin' after here below."

This curious sense of intimate and helpful companionship so grew upon her that she formed the habit of conversing familiarly with the imagined presence while about her work. "Ain't he growin' perfec'ly wonderful?" she would whisper, stooping to look at the child wrapped in the rosy sleep of babyhood. "Jest look after him a spell, an' keep him asleep ef you kin whilst I step out to feed them chickens."

The unseen mother was often similarly called upon to "keep him mighty still while 'Rastus is round;" and many were the fervent outpourings of gratitude when some dreaded crisis was safely past.

"What in under the sun would I ha' done ef you hadn't managed to quiet him down jest as you did?" she whispered on one occasion, when the child's loud crying had elicited a savage threat from her husband. "Seem's 's'o I'd go crazy; but land! he shet right up the minute he laid his pretty eyes on you! I seen him a-lookin' at you as plain as day. I s'pose mebbe your wings—all shiny like—must ha' 'tracted his 'tention!"

Erastus Winch appeared as unconscious as an animal of the heavenly change in the atmosphere of his home. He went his way after his old surly fashion, and for the most part paid no manner of attention to the child. But the time came when Elizabeth detected a speculative gleam in his dull eyes as they rested upon the boy. Winch was smoking his pipe on the back porch on a summer evening; Elizabeth sat on the steps watching Immanuel as he industriously gathered fragments of wood in a basket.

"What's he doin'?" demanded the farmer, removing his pipe and pointing it toward the child. "Why, 'Rastus he's gettin' kindlin' fer me to use in the mornin'," said Elizabeth, her heart beating fast with pleasure at this token of tardy interest. "He's awful smart for his age, 'Manuel is; he helps me all the while. This morning when I was stemmin' gooseberries for pies, he set an' worked at 'em

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as stiddy as I did. I wish't you'd notice him a little more, 'Rastus," she added, laying her hand timidly on her husband's knee.

He recognised the tentative caress with a scowl, continuing to puff at his pipe a full half-minute before he made answer. "I'm a-goin' to take consid'able notice of him f'om now on ef he's got to the pint whar he'll be useful," he said, rising from his chair and knocking his empty pipe against the door-post. "It's 'bout time I was beginnin' to realise a leetle somethin' on my val'able investment—he—he!"

He paused on his way to the barn to look more narrowly at the child, stooping to feel his arms and legs. "Fer all the world as if he was a colt or steer!" murmured Elizabeth, her eyes filling with indignant tears. She called the boy sharply. He came running toward her, his long curling locks flying out in the wind.

"'Manuel!" she exclaimed, and held him fast, her eyes wide with sad forebodings.

The child wound his arms about her neck. "What is it, mummy?" he whispered.

"Nothin'!" said Elizabeth shortly. "Come now, I'm a-goin' to put you to bed. "You must rest while you kin, deary."

The boy drew himself up to his full height. "Here's lots of kindling, mummy," he said joyously. "To-morrow I'm goin' to bring water from the spring. I won't spill it!"

"No—no, child," said Elizabeth, shaking her head; "I don't want you should carry water. I'm a-goin' to send you to school; you've got to get learnin'. Yes, I'm a-goin to sen' you to school to-morrow."

She knelt by the open window for a long time after the child had fallen asleep, looking out with anxious, questioning eyes into the rosy splendours of the evening sky athwart which swallows flitted by twos and threes, crying shrilly to their fellows of night's approach. "I wish 'Rastus wa'n't so hard," she murmured, wiping away one or two slow tears; "seems 's'o he was made of stone. 'Twa'n't always so with him; when we was first married an' come to this house to live, I remember he says to me—'twas right down on the back porch of a summer evening like this—'Liz'beth,' he says, 'ef thar's anythin' I kin get fer you, or do fer you, all you've got to do is to name it.' He was awful kind in them days, 'Rastus was; an' I was willin' an' anxious to work my fingers to the bone fer him. I don't know how it come—I didn't take notice—I know I never stopped a-tryin' to please him. But——"

She started to her feet with a faint exclamation of dismay at the sound of his slow, heavy step at the back door. "It got dark so kin' of gradual like, husban', I didn't think to light up," she said apologetically, as she struck a match in the dark kitchen; "'slong as I'm alone, thinks I, they ain't no use in wastin' ker'sene."

"Humph!" growled the man, "I know what you was doin' well 'nough. I reckon I'm jest a leetle mite smarter 'an you take me for, Mis' Winch. Now I'm a-goin' to set my foot down on this 'ere foolin' once an' fer all, an' you might 's well put yer min' to it first as las'."

"I—I don't know what you mean, 'Rastus," faltered Elizabeth, with an imploring look. "I ain't never neglected nothin' fer—fer him; you know I ain't. I never had better luck with the chickens an'——"

"That ain't the p'int," he interrupted, dropping heavily into the one rocking-chair. "I've had my eyes peeled onto you—an' him too—fer quite a spell back, an' I see 'at yer idees wants overhaulin' on the subjec'. You ain't a-fetchin' up no fine gent'man, Mis' Winch, 'at's a-goin' to dress in broadcloth an' patent leathers when he's growed, any more 'an I'm a-settin' out to raise prize-winnin' trotters. I'm a-raisin' useful critters fer the farm, an' that's what you set out to do; but I guess you kin' of los' track of the idee all these years—eh?"

Elizabeth moistened her dry lips with a furtive look at the grim face opposite. "You ain't serious, 'Rastus, in namin' a child 'at's got an immortal soul alongside of dumb critters, be ye? Course"—she made haste to add—"he'll help 's soon 's he's big 'nough. He doos 's much as ever he kin now. I—I was thinkin' we'd ought to sen' him to school, beginnin' to-morrow."

"You don't say," sneered her husband. "You're gittin' awful smart an' knowin' lately, ain't you? Mebbe we'd better sen' him to college an' make a perfessor outen him. Ef you git to thinkin' so,

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Mis' Winch, why, o' course I ain't got nothin' to say. I gin in to ye once, an' so you guess you c'n come it over me every time; but I reckon you've got the wrong pig by the ear this time. Now, ef you'll give me your 'tention, Mis' Winch, I'll tell ye what ye'r a-goin' to do—beginnin' to-morrer. First off, you'll cut that redic'lous mop of hair off him, an' then——"

"I was a-goin' to cut his hair, 'Rastus; but it looked so pret——"

"I'm a-talkin', Mis' Winch. After his head's in order, you c'n sen' him out to the barn to me. I'll fin' somethin' fer him to do. That's the kin' of school he'll git fer a spell."

Elizabeth's pillow absorbed more than one bitter tear that night. "O Lord!" she groaned, when the loud husky breathing at her side revealed her slackened chain—"O Lord! You love him more'n I do—more even 'an she doos, an' you kin take care of him. Don't let 'Rastus be ha'sh with him, Lord, cause he ain't much more'n a baby! O Lord—Lord—Lord!" The anguish of her fears found vent in dry, inarticulate sobs, which penetrated the wakeful ear of Omnipotence in guise of compelling petition. The answer was peace and deep sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

A SQUARING OF ACCOUNTS.

"He wants you should help him out to the barn, honey," said Elizabeth. "That's why I cut yer hair; big boys don't want no curls, do they?"

The child looked soberly at the long, bright tresses which hung from Elizabeth's trembling fingers. He shook his head, his dark eyes sparkling. "I'm glad I'm big," he said, squaring his small shoulders. "I like to help."

Twenty times during the morning did Elizabeth strain eyes and ears for some token that all was well with her darling. "I s'pose she's with him," she sighed, while a hot tear dropped on the potato she was peeling. "But I dunno what in creation she c'd do fer him ef Rastus gits mad. He's allers awful ha'sh with colts when he breaks 'em to harness; I remember one time he killed a steer 'at wouldn't turn into the yard jest when he wanted it to. Land! I can't stan' it another minute nohow; I mus' see what he's doin'!"

The barn was empty, but a heap of corn-cobs and a measure of shelled corn revealed the initial task. "With his baby fingers!" muttered Elizabeth, shaking with indignation; "they'll be fairly raw! Well, I kin do that, an' I will after this."

She crept cautiously up into the loft and looked away across the fields. "Rastus'll be plantin' fodder corn this mornin', I reckon," she whispered, then caught her breath in a quick sob. "Yes, I kin see him in his little pink apern; Rastus is makin' him drop corn. The sun's turrible hot, an' he ain't used to 't neither. O Lord—Lord!"

At noon time the small head drooped wearily over the full plate. "I don't feel hungry—very," said the child, smiling bravely into Elizabeth's anxious face; "but I guess I helped a lot!"

"You're a dummed sight more trouble 'an you're wuth, that's what you be," observed Winch, as he shoved back from the table. "You'll hev to do better 'n ye did this forenoon, or I'll try what licking' 'll do." With that he lighted his pipe and strode out towards the barn. To Elizabeth's immense relief, she presently saw him drive away towards the village.

"I guess you'd better lay down on the lounge and rest a spell," she said to Immanuel. "It's nice an' cool in the settin'-room. Come, honey, I'll bake you a big cookie with currants in bimeby."

The child slipped off his chair with a sigh; his eyes wandered wistfully to the open door.

"Would you rather go out, 'Manuel?" asked Elizabeth, tenderly. "It's pretty hot in the sun, but I guess there's some strawb'ris gettin' ripe down by the brook, where it's shady."

She watched the little cropped head as it bobbed in and out amid the lush tangle of greenery which overhung the roadway. An oriole called softly to its mate from the top of the tall elm, which held its swinging cradle; a bumble-bee yellow with pollen boomed past in the sunshine; crowds of bright-faced flowers and tasselled grasses wagged their young heads in the warm breeze. Elizabeth heard nothing—saw nothing of it all. She turned back to her kitchen, and fell to scraping an iron kettle with feverish energy. "Oh, Lord—Lord!" she groaned, to the discordant accompaniment of the broken knife, "I'm awful 'fraid of what's coming!"

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Immanuel trotted soberly along the dusty road till he came to the brook, which lay across the fields like a twisted ribbon, touched here and there with a glint of silver, where its busy ripples caught the blaze of the sun. The child slipped down the steep bank into the jubilant life of the meadow. A warm, sweet smell of wild strawberries, blent with a thousand subtler fragrances of unfold-buds and full-blown, passionate flowers, greeted him like a kindly presence. He stretched his small, tired body on the earth with a deep sigh of content, all the vague unhappiness of the morning falling away from his spirit like a torn garment. Thousands of fluttering leaves shot through with emerald splendour spread a cool shelter above his head; peace sang in the low gurgle of the stream and breathed in the caressing wind. The child listened drowsily, and presently the sound of the brook carried away into a dream full of comfort.

So Elizabeth found him. "Poor lamb!" she sighed, and wakened him to the sight of a big ginger-bread man, plentifully besprinkled with currants.

At six o'clock of a summer's morning a corn-field is a place of enchantment, even if one be encumbered with a big hoe, the handle of which is higher than one's head. The long arching aisles are full of gleaming lights, where the sun strikes through the blue-green leaves: the wind urges them to mysterious whisperings. Crowds of yellow butterflies—those innocent lovers of midsummer—float in mid-air. Higher up little flocks of snow-white clouds wander peacefully in the blue.

Immanuel dared not look up to watch them; there were too many lusty weeds growing in the shallow trenches under the waving ribbons of the corn. Some of them stoutly resisted the big hoe in the small hands. It appeared that a personal encounter was necessary, but if a long, fibrous tap root has taken firm hold of the tenacious clay beneath the crumbling loam, and its crown of green leaves be succulent, it sometimes happens that one may decapitate a weed without destroying it. Having added a fraction of this fact to his stock of agricultural knowledge, the boy beheaded many weeds with joyful haste, burying the tell-tale stumps of the foe in the loose earth. Thus he travelled down the long row, pausing now and again to straighten his aching shoulders with a long breath of satisfaction.

Through the twinkling green leaves the heavy, stoop-shouldered figure of his task-master could be seen approaching in the opposite direction. The farmer was cutting and thrusting thither and yon with a mixture of skill and strength, which the child regarded with honest admiration. He glanced down at his own small person, righteous ambition swelling in his soul. "I am growing," he said to himself, "and I am learning—every day, mummy says so!" Many times during the past weeks he had sobbed himself to sleep; but always the morning brought the white page of a new day.

Erastus Winch had also paused to mop his wet forehead and ease his aching back. During this period of respite he fixed his savage eyes on the small, toiling figure in the adjoining furrow. In another instant his heavy hand descended with crushing force on the delicate shoulders. "Ye tarnal fool!" he shouted, his face purple with rage. "I seen yer! ye needn't try to lie out of it,—ye doggoned beggar brat! A-pullin' off the tops of the weeds an' hidin' 'em—I seen yer!"

There is no spectacle on earth more revolting than that of helpless childhood cowering beneath the brute strength God has set for its defence. Woe is decreed for the man who thus offends one of the little ones. Aye, let a milestone be hanged about his neck and let him be drowned in the depths of the sea; it were better for him! There was no visible presence in the corn-field, no hand appeared to stay the threatened blows; yet on a sudden Erastus Winch stopped short in his torrent of abuse and stared open-mouthed to the right and left.

"I am sorry," faltered the child. "I didn't know the weeds would grow again. I'll dig up all the roots. I'm sorry I didn't know."

"Wall, you'll be a durned sight sorrier than you be now, time I git through with ye!" growled the man. "Now you dig them weeds, roots an' all; I'll see 'at you don't never forgit 'bout it agin, when I git ye up to the barn!"

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"You'll be needin' some help for harvestin' this week, won't you, 'Rastus?" asked Elizabeth, as she set a platter of

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steaming beef and vegetables before her husband at noon. "Billy Giddings was here this mornin'; he's lookin' for a job. I tol' him——"

"I seen him," interrupted Winch, spearing a potato with an iron fork. "He's comin' to-morrer at sun up."

Elizabeth involuntarily glanced at Immanuel, who was washing his hands at the back door.

"We're goin' to tackle the ten acre lot first," pursued Winch. "The boy thar c'n take a holt of the pertaters, ef he ain't too lame come to-morrer."

Elizabeth turned her face aside to conceal the look of satisfaction that crept over it. She could hoe potatoes, and the field was well out of sight of the ten-acre lot. "Come into dinner, honey," she said to the child; "I've got some nice cherry pie."

"You ain't got none fer him," said Winch, speaking thickly through a big mouthful. "That young feller's a-goin' to git his belly full o' somethin' 'sides pie, 's quick's I git through eatin'."

Elizabeth gripped the back of her chair. "What's he done to anger ye, 'Rastus?" she faltered. "He—he's nothin' but a child, husban'. You forgit 'at he's only——"

"I don't fergit nothin', Mis' Winch; I ain't the fergittin' kin'. Fetch on yer pie, will ye? I ain't got no time to fool away."

Elizabeth turned blindly. "Here's the pie, 'Rastus," she said, huskily. Then she walked to the door with sudden determination. "'Manuel," she said, in a low voice, "don't ye want to go down to the spring an' fetch mummy a pitcher of nice, cool drinkin' water; there ain't a drop in the house."

Winch dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. "You're a-lyin'!" he burst out. "Yer bucket's full, an' ye know it. Durn yo! you c'n come back here; I'll 'ten' to yer case now!" The last words were addressed to Immanuel, who, with ready obedience, had started for the spring. "Mummy!" cried the child, his eyes wide with terror.

"Come on!" shouted Winch, seizing a heavy horse-whip, which stood in a corner. "I'll larn ye both who's boss in this house."

Elizabeth caught imploringly at her husband's arm. "'Rastus!" she begged, "don't ye—don't! For heaven's sake—'Rastus! For the sake of our own child 'at's dead—don't ye tech him!"

Without a word the man wrenched himself loose from the clinging hands. In another minute Elizabeth heard the heavy door of the barn shut to with a bang. "Oh, mercy, he'll kill him!" she muttered, wringing her hands weakly.

She darted into the road. There was no one in sight, but from beyond the crest of the hill there arose the faint intermittent creak and rattle of waggon wheels. The vehicle itself shortly hove into view. Elizabeth ran toward it wildly.

It was a long waggon, painted black; the man who drove the single white horse sat stiffly erect. He wore black clothes, and interposed the shelter of a black umbrella betwixt the fierce rays of the July sun and his uncovered head; a straw hat of the same sombre hue, albeit tempered by age, reposed on the seat beside him. In the bed of the waggon, a wrinkled oilcloth, also of rusty black, imperfectly concealed the outlines of a long, narrow box. As this singular equipage proceeded solemnly along the road between green walls of foliage vocal with the joyous voices of birds and insects, the man on the driver's seat was seen to concentrate his entire attention on the broad, dusty back of the white horse. An occasional admonition addressed to this animal resulted now and again in a quickening of the plodding gait into a heavy jog-trot. At such moments the man would glance guardedly over his shoulder at the shrouded shape behind.

Elizabeth threw up her hands with a smothered scream. "It's an awful bad sign!" she muttered. Then the more urgent fear conquered. "Mr. Dundor," she called, "fer pity's sake do stop a minit!"

The driver of the waggon drew up at once. "Is that you, Mis' Winch? I declare I scarcely knew you! I was just on my way to——"

"Don't wait a minit!" cried Elizabeth wildly. "He'll kill the child ef somebody don't stop him! Fer the land's sake, hurry! I'll hold the horse!"

The undertaker scanned the flushed face of the woman in obvious perplexity. "You've been exposin' yourself to the hot sun, I fear—haven't you, Mis' Winch? There's been considerable mortality——"

"It's 'Manuel! He's done somethin'—I don't know what—an' 'Rastus got mad

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'LIZ'BETH LISTENING FOR THE COMING OF DELIVERANCE.

at him. He's got him in the barn now a-lickin' him! Tell him you called to see him 'bout somethin'!"

"Why—ee, Mis' Winch, I'd like to 'bleege you, I would really, but I can't say 'at I feel called upon to—ah—interfere in a case of discipline. Who'd I understan' you to say was getting c'rrected?"

"Oh, Mr. Dundor, it's 'Manuel; an' he's only six years old. You know 'Rastus, how turrible ha'sh he's allers been. Don't wait another minit. Please get out. I—I'll do most anythin' for you, ef you only will!"

"'Manuel?" repeated Mr. Dundor with exasperating deliberation. "Why, didn't I hear you'd named that there child found in your——"

"Yes, that's him! Won't you go? God bless ye, Liph Dundor!"

Mr. Dundor climbed stiffly down over the wheel, his face curiously mottled as if from the stirring of some strenuous inward motive. "The mare'll stand all right," he said, turning to the woman. "I guess if I was you I'd make myself scurce. 'Twon't do to let him mistrust what we're up to." He made his way through the tangle of blossoming mayweed which bordered the road, the pungent odour bringing an unaccustomed tear to his eyes. "Seein' it's *her* young 'un I'll do it," he muttered. "It'll kind of square accounts along of that casket." He bent his head to listen, then brought down his whip-handle in a smart rat-tat on the closed door of the barn. A wailing sob from within caused him to repeat the operation with urgent emphasis.

This time the door flew wide, and Winch stood on the threshold, a threateningly belligerent look on his big-featured face. "Wha'd yer want?" he demanded.

"Why, old-hemlock, neighbour! but I'm mighty glad to find ye so easy!" began Mr. Dundor, with a free and exuberant friendliness of manner. "I was just on my way over to Jabez Turnerses with a first-class casket for ol'

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Mis' Turner; I dunno as you've heard 't——"

"I don't see as that's any of my biz," growled Winch, laying hold on the door, with the manifest intention of closing it in his visitor's face. "I ain't got no time to fool away gassin'."

"Hold on a minit, neighbour—not so fast!" cried Mr. Dundor, with infinite tact. "That's just what it is—a little matter of business this time: it'll fetch you in, mebbe—half a dollar. That's worth a word or two—eh?"

Winch cast a frowning glance over his shoulder, then he stepped out and set his back against the closed door. "Wall!" he ejaculated, with a tentative relaxation of his grim mouth.

"As I was remarkin'," observed Mr. Dundor, resuming something of the solemnity incident to his profession, "I'm on my way to Turnerses with a fust-class, a-number-one, casket for ol' Mis' Turner, 'at passed away yisteday to a better lan' in an apoplectic fit; I dunno as you've heard the sad intelligence?"

"I ain't heerd it," said the other doggedly, "an', what's more, I don't keer now 't I hev heerd. Them Turners was always a meechin' lot. I ain't never took no stock in any of 'em."

"They are a weak set, and that's a fac'," acquiesced Mr. Dundor pleasantly. "They ain't none of 'em long for this vale of tears, I reckon. That's why I stopped here. I got started with the casket, an', think I, when I git there, like enough there won't be a soul 'bout the place able to help me in with it. I want you should get onto the waggon with me an' ride out. If half-a-dollar'll be any injucement, why——"

"Make it a dollar an' I'll go with ye," said Winch. "You c'n put it int' the gen'ral expenses," he added with a wink. "I'll never be able to hev a fun'ral to my place; I ain't rich 'nough."

The two men were walking slowly toward the waggon, when Winch caught sight of the anxious face of Elizabeth. "Confound it all!" he muttered. "I'd like to hev forgot what I was doin'. I'll hev to hev a word with my wife afore I git on to the waggon."

He thrust his shaggy head into the open window. "I seen yer—a-peekin'," he growled. "Say, Mis' Winch, I'm goin' out for a spell; you leave that boy alone whilst I'm gone, d'ye hear? Don't you go nigh him."

"Why, where you goin', 'Rastus?" asked Elizabeth, with well-feigned surprise. "Ain't that Liph Dundor? I was jist a-lookin' to see who 't was."

"Give me my coat then an' shet yer gab," responded Winch agreeably. "An' say! If I ain't home by four o'clock, you c'n hev him drive up the cows; you can milk."

Elizabeth stood in the kitchen door watching the departure of the black waggon drawn by the white horse; the mournful creak and rattle of the slow-revolving wheels floated back to her on the hot breeze. "My!" she murmured, shaking her head with a deep sigh; "it was an awful bad sign—a-meetin' that coffin plumb in the middle of the road!"

CHAPTER V.

REVELATION.

Elizabeth found the child sitting motionless in the hay-mow where his mother had died. Long, cloudy shafts of yellow light descended upon his bowed shoulders from the one window high up in the dim wall. To the tearful eyes of the woman this dazzling glory appeared like mighty wings stretching up and away from the lonely little figure. "Oh, 'Manuel," she whispered, "look up, an' speak to mummy!"

The child threw his arms about her neck with a little sob. Elizabeth covered the small, tear-stained face with passionate kisses. "He's gone, deary," she whispered; "an' he won't be back for a spell. Come in with mummy, an' eat some dinner; I saved a nice little pie a purpose fer you."

The boy shook his head and struggled to his feet. "I want to go," he said, "I want to go out-doors."

Elizabeth involuntarily drew back before the dumb pain in the childish eyes. Then she stretched out her arms longingly. "I want to tell you somethin', 'Manuel," she pleaded. "Jes' wait a minit, deary! I didn't mean to tell you till you was growed up; but I reckon I will—though I don't sca'cely know what good it'll do."

She paused, picking absently at the folds of her checkered apron, "Ef 'Rastus was yer father," she burst out at length, "it 'ud be diff'runt! You ain't like us; I allus knew it, an' the breed's more'n the

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pastur' every time. Yes—if you was like him it 'ud all be diff'runt."

"Who is my father?"

The question brought Elizabeth's wandering thoughts to a standstill. "Your father?" she repeated. "Why, I——" Her face whitened a little under the impact of a sudden, startling thought which had reached her from out of the unseen. "'Manuel," she said solemnly, "I'm a-goin' to fetch somethin' out of the spare room; you stay here till I come back."

When she returned she carried the russet-bound Bible, wrapped carefully in a white cloth. "This 'ere Bible's yourn, 'Manuel," she said, reverently unwrapping it. "I was 'ittin' to give it to you when you was growed; but I'm goin' to give it to you now. This book was yer ma's; it tells all about yer Father which is in heaven."

The child took the book in his hands, lifting grave, questioning eyes to the woman's flushed face. "You are mother?" he said, simply.

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, "as fur's lovin' you's concerned, I be. But your own mother was a beautiful lady; she died when you was a teeny baby. I've been a-takin' care of you fer her. She's with you most of all times 'at I can't be."

"Yes," said Immanuel, nodding emphatically. Elizabeth leaned forward to peer into the downcast face. "But you ain't never seen her, deary."

The child shook his head. "Sometimes I dream of a beautiful lady," he said. "She loves me very much."

"Yes, that's her," sighed Elizabeth, patting the little brown hand which was folded in both of hers. "She was han'some as a pictur'! But yer Father, 'Manuel, loves you a sight more'n either of us women-folks. I couldn't begin to tell you how much store He doos set by you. I'm a-goin' to read somethin' out of this 'ere book right now; then I'll have to go in an' wash the dishes. Bimeby you kin read it yerself; you know yer letters a'ready, an' I mean you shall have learnin'."

"I know all the words on the mowing-m'chine, an' most all the words on this page," said the child, eagerly producing a fragment of newspaper from his pocket. "I found it in the road," he explained; "an' the sounds of the letters make words. I found it out."

"For the land's sake, child, you'd really ought to hev schoolin'," was Elizabeth's comment. "Now you listen, 'cause my dish-water's gettin' stun cold."

She read from the sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and on through a part of the seventh, pausing now and again to wrestle with a difficult pronunciation, then gliding on triumphantly through an easier passage. "There!" she exclaimed, shutting the book with a long breath; "them's the words of Jesus; you've heard of Him frequently a'ready. He knew more'n any other man 'bout yer Father. Somewheres I remember 'at he said you was to call no man on airth father, 'cause there is one 'at is your Father in heaven."

"Where is heaven?" asked the child, wonderingly.

"It's up——" began Elizabeth; then she stopped short, a strange look of triumph dawning in her dim eyes. "It certainly says in this 'ere Bible that yer Father is in heaven, same's I read, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' An' ag'in it says 'at He's everywhere. He made everythin' you kin see—everythin' pretty 'at you set store by—flowers an' butterflies an' the brook; yes, an' strawb'rries an' apples an' sich—everythin'. Now, it jest come into my mind, though I ain't never thought so before, that if yer heavenly Father's everywhere, then heaven mus' be—everywheres 'at He is."

"Am I in heaven now?" asked the child, in an awed whisper. "Is my Father here?"

"O Lord! don't Ye let me tell him anythin' 'at ain't so!" petitioned Elizabeth, silently. Then, with sudden illumination, she cried, "Yes, 'Manuel, you be in heaven now; 'cause it says 'at in Him we live an' move an' have our bein'; an' there can't be anything better than that anywheres! I don't seem to sense it allers when things go cross-ways in the kitchen; but mebbe you kin ef you begin when you're little, an' think 'bout it frequent."

With that she slipped away in sudden trepidation, fancying that she heard the sound of voices from without. "If I've said anything 'at ain't so, Lord," she ejaculated, as she hurried along the narrow path, "jest see 'at he forgits it! I forgit easier'n I remember, an' there's times 'at I'm awful glad of it!—— Good

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THE CHILD THREW HIS ARMS ABOUT HER NECK WITH A LITTLE SOB.

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land! I wonder who that is? an' my dishes a-settin' 'round."

Two female figures were standing under the shelter of the stoop at the side door; while beneath the shade of the big soft maple a superannuated sorrel horse nibbled languidly at the fence post. "Well—well! Mis' Winch, here you be at last!" cried the visitors in chorus. "We's been a-knockin' for quite a spell," continued one of them, a stout, purple-faced lady, attired in a much-creased linen gown. "Lidy, she would have it you was out burryin', but I says, she can't be fur, I says, 'cause the kitchen doors an' winders is wide open."

"I jest run out to the barn a minit," said Elizabeth awkwardly, her face on fire as she regarded her disordered kitchen from the coign of vantage occupied by the new-comers. "Do walk right in the settin'-room, where it's cool. I guess you found it pretty warm a-ridin' in the sun, didn't you, Mis' Harney?" she added interrogatively, when her two visitors were seated.

"Yes, 'twas turrible warm," said the person addressed, plying her palm-leaf fan with long, easy strokes. "I s'pose I sense the heat more'n most folks on 'count of my heft. We've been to the buryin' ground, me an' Lidy; it looks real neat at this time of the year—don't it, Lidy?"

"It cert'ly does," assented the other, with a long-drawn, plaintive cry. "An' it's really edifyin' to read off the tombstones; it keeps us in mind of our approachin' end. I says to Mis' Harney, it won't be long, I says, before you'll be a-layin' me away in this 'ere spot. I've got my grave all picked out. How've you been feelin' this summer, Mis' Winch? Seem's so you wa'n't lookin' as well's usual. An' how's that poor unfortinit child you took to raise?"

Elizabeth's thin face flushed hotly. "I guess I'm 's well 's usual," she said stiffly.

"An' the little boy?" persisted the lady, peering sharply out of the shuttered windows. "I don't see him 'round anywheres. But mebbe school ain't out yit."

"'Manuel don't go to school," said Elizabeth, compressing her lips tightly, as she plaited her apron strings into a frill. "He—he's a-learnin' to home," she added, with a defiant lift of the head. "He ain't but six; there's plenty of time fur his schoolin'."

"My Benny had his primer read through twice afore he was six," observed Mrs. Harney, complacently. "But, of course, Benny was extry smart: he takes after my folks, Benny does. Course it ain't to be expected 'at a pauper 'ud ——"

"I never see a brighter child 'an my 'Manuel," said Elizabeth, sharply. "He—he kin read in the newspapers, 'Manuel kin; an' I guess there ain't many childern any smarter 'an that!"

"I want to know!" ejaculated both ladies, in long-drawn incredulity. They leaned forward and stared searchingly at their hostess' flushed face.

(*To be continued.*)

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Awful Results of the Martinique Explosions on Great Britain.

EXTRACT FROM THE "BROOKLYN AFTERNOON NEWS SHEET," OCTOBER 4th, 2400.

OUR representative, Mr. J. H——, was this morning favoured with the first of a series of interviews with Herr Reindall, the celebrated explorer, who has safely accomplished the apparently foolhardy feat of exploring the deserted island of Britain, from south to north. We give the interview in Mr. H——'s own words.

"Few," said I, as I took the chair which Herr Reindall smilingly offered me, "expected to see you back alive."

Herr Reindall laughed long and merrily. "Everbody croaked," said he. "My own people took affecting farewells of me. It was really very foolish considering how many other explorers had done the same kind of thing and returned to tell the tale—Nansen, for instance, more than five centuries ago."

"Then," said I, you really put the Arctic explorations of Nansen on an equal footing with your own?"

"I think," he answered, somewhat evasively, "that the dangers of the exploration of Britain have been greatly exaggerated. The difficulties, however, would not have deterred me had they been three times as great. The whole subject has always had a profound fascination for me."

His face lit up. In answer to my inquiring and sympathetic look, he continued: "Everything combines to make the fate of Britain of deepest significance—above all to a student of science. Think of the problems—physical, social, and economic—which it started, as well as those which it helped to solve. The most singular part of it all was," he added, meditatively, "that when the first great volcanic eruption took place in the West Indies in May, 1902, the British seemed to have absolutely

NO ANTICIPATION OF ITS FAR-REACHING RESULTS,

and of the change in the climatic conditions of the entire globe which was its inevitable outcome."

"You think there was no prophet among them who saw further than his fellows?"

"As far as I have been able to investigate there was no prediction of the evil to come. The sequence of physical changes that followed, although they seem so natural and obvious to ourselves, were not anticipated even by men of science in those days. The blindness of the people was prodigious. They wrote articles in the newspapers, sent out relief to the sufferers, but no one seemed to guess that a far more crushing blow had fallen on the British Islands than on the islands of the tropics."

"When did the first suspicion begin to dawn on them?" I asked, for though I knew the story, I wished to hear it from his standpoint.

"It is difficult to fix the date, for the scientists were fearful of creating premature panic. As you know

A SUBSIDENCE OF LAND BELOW SEA LEVEL WAS EXPECTED,

but no one anticipated the quarter in which it would take place. Of course with our present information respecting the earth's crust, anyone with the most elementary knowledge could have foreseen and foretold it. As it was the greatest astonishment was felt when the land of the

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THE ARCTIC WEATHER FOUND THEM UNPREPARED.

American mainland north and south of the Gulf of Honduras began gradually to sink. Fortunately the susbidence was so slow that no lives were lost, although a good deal of distress naturally resulted. In three years time all the land of Central America between the parallels 15°47′ and 16°32′ of north latitude was below sea-level, and

THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC MET.

In another six months the submerged land was fathoms deep. Then at last people began to wake up to the real significance of what had happened. Even then, there was scepticism in some quarters."

"Why?"

"Well, an opinion, extraordinary as it may seem, was then held by many scientists, that the Gulf Stream being only a shallow current, could not really have much effect in modifying the climate of Britain. Indeed, some went so far as to assert that its influence was entirely dissipated before it reached the British shores. The effects of its total change of direction alone convinced these doubters that its influence had been more prodigious than even the theorists on the opposite side had dreamed. You perceive that it not only directly raised the temperature of the surrounding waters, but

ITS FORCE KEPT BACK THE ARCTIC CURRENTS

with those floating icebergs which have since blocked every port in the ill-fated island."

"You have seen," I ventured, "no reason to modify the current view as to the cause of the climatic changes in Britain?"

"Only one view seems to me to be tenable," he replied. "The equatorial current of the Atlantic, flowing from east to west, and no longer checked by an uninterrupted line of coast, took the path of least resistance. Instead of sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico it flowed westward through the newly-made channel, and joined the Pacific current flowing in the same direction. The Gulf Stream, as such, no longer existed."

"Even this," I remarked scarcely seems sufficient explanation for the fact that the climate of Britain has become many degrees colder than that experienced previous to the twentieth century by countries much further north—Iceland, for example.

"It can only be explained," he answered, "by a concatenation of unique circumstances.

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THREE WINTERS OF UNPARALLELED SEVERITY

"in the Northern Hemisphere were followed by a summer of scorching heat. Huge mountains of ice, which the journalists of the day compared to floating continents, were broken off from the frozen mass in the Polar regions. An extraordinary combination of winds and currents wafted them straight to the shores of Britain. The British awoke one morning to find their harbours blocked by the tall and ghostly fleet against which their ironclads were powerless. The rigours of an Arctic winter found them absolutely unprepared. Still, they hoped that next summer's heat at least would melt the intruders. As you know, there has never been sufficient heat in the islands since to effect this, and every succeeding winter left the situation more appalling. The climate is, of course, incomparably more severe to-day than at the date of the exodus."

"You think?" I asked, "that the people showed what is known as British pluck in deserting their homes so soon."

"Yes, indeed," he replied emphatically, "I think they showed British obstinacy in staying as long as they did."

"Yet many hold a different view."

"Perhaps. No one would hold any other after exploring the forsaken homes of Britain as I have done."

"You have found interesting records?"

"I have found almost more than I dare recount," he answered gravely, "lest my story should be deemed a romance."

"Is it true?" I asked, "that you found in the interior some descendants of the few who refused to join in the general exodus?"

Herr Reindall gravely bent his head.

"I will give you full particulars at our next interview," he remarked with a glance at his watch. "The subject is of the profoundest ethnological interest, and must not be hurried over. I must warn you that it is also most painful."

"One word more, Herr Reindall. May we hope for fresh light on the subject of the exodus itself?"

"Scarcely," he replied. "It is, however, a subject of such perennial interest that doubtless even the little I have to say will be welcomed. Few things have made such a lasting impression upon popular imagination as the story of that mighty fleet with its four great divisions, bound respectively for South Africa, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Painters and poets have vied with each other to depict it waiting outside the inaccessible shores of Britain for the refugees."

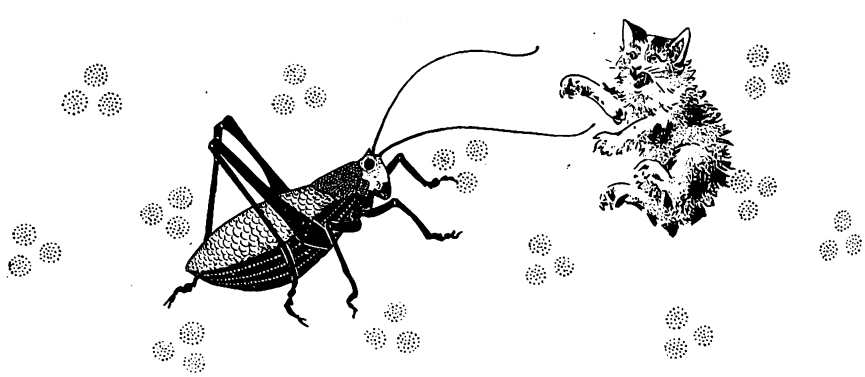
"It was an incident unique in the world's history."

"Unique! I should think it was! Never before, not even in the old Greek days, has the learning, the literature, the art, the refinement of an elder country been transported *en masse* to new ones. Bah! it was no incident—it was a revolution. No quarter of the globe has been uninfluenced by the results."

"The British Empire of course——"

"Time is up," said Herr Reindall. We must discuss the British Empire next time."

(*To be continued.*)



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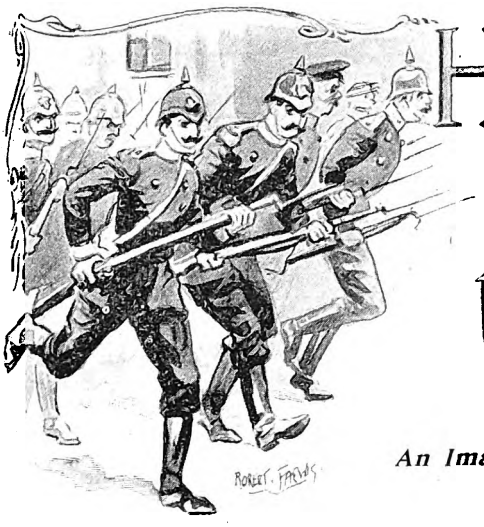

How the GERMANS took LONDON

An Imaginative Sketch that might be Realistic.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS EVENTS.

Great Britain is at war with the State of Uliska, and it appears that Germany intends to have some say in the settlement of terms offered by us to Uliska. Yet, in spite of this, no one suspects that an order issued by Germany to German residents in London to return home means anything, but on one Sunday evening, the very Sunday they all leave from Fenchurch-street and other stations, the German Ambassador declares war. England is found to be isolated, her communication with the outside world cut off, her fleets called away by fraudulent use of a stolen cypher book, and the last chapter closed with a copy of a notice to all English residents not to interfere.

Burnham-on-Crouch.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the eventful Saturday evening a steam launch arrived at the quay, and someone on board announced that a large vessel was in difficulties at the mouth of the river, and required plenty of assistance in discharging passengers and cargo. One man came ashore and enquired for the telegraph office. Word instantly passed from mouth to mouth, and scores of men made off down the river as quickly as possible with the boats at their command; on getting some two miles down, the foremost boatmen were astonished to see ten or a dozen large vessels (large for that river) quite close together, and others apparently coming up behind. On nearing the first vessel they were hailed and ordered alongside, when they discovered the deck covered with armed men laughing and chatting in a language strange to them. Before they could realise what it all meant, they found themselves practically "commandeered" for transport services; as the boats arrived they were called upon and passed to one vessel or another. They soon found out the meaning of this. One by one the boats were filled with soldiers, now seen to be Germans; in addition, each vessel was launching her own boats, and by eleven o'clock a large fleet of rowing boats, some 200 in number, towed by electric launches, each armed with a light quick-firing gun, were passing up the river in perfect silence, each of the native boatmen being threatened with instant death if he gave any alarm, or made any disturbance. In the meantime it appeared that the first launch that steamed up to Burnham had gone off back and turned up the Roach, making for the coastguard vessel there. On arriving alongside, the officer in charge ascended the gangway, and in five minutes had dumbfounded the crew by making them prisoners, then transferring them to the launch, now seen to be armed with a quick firer, for removal to their own vessel, and these were the first prisoners of war secured in this part of Essex. The launch afterwards returned to the

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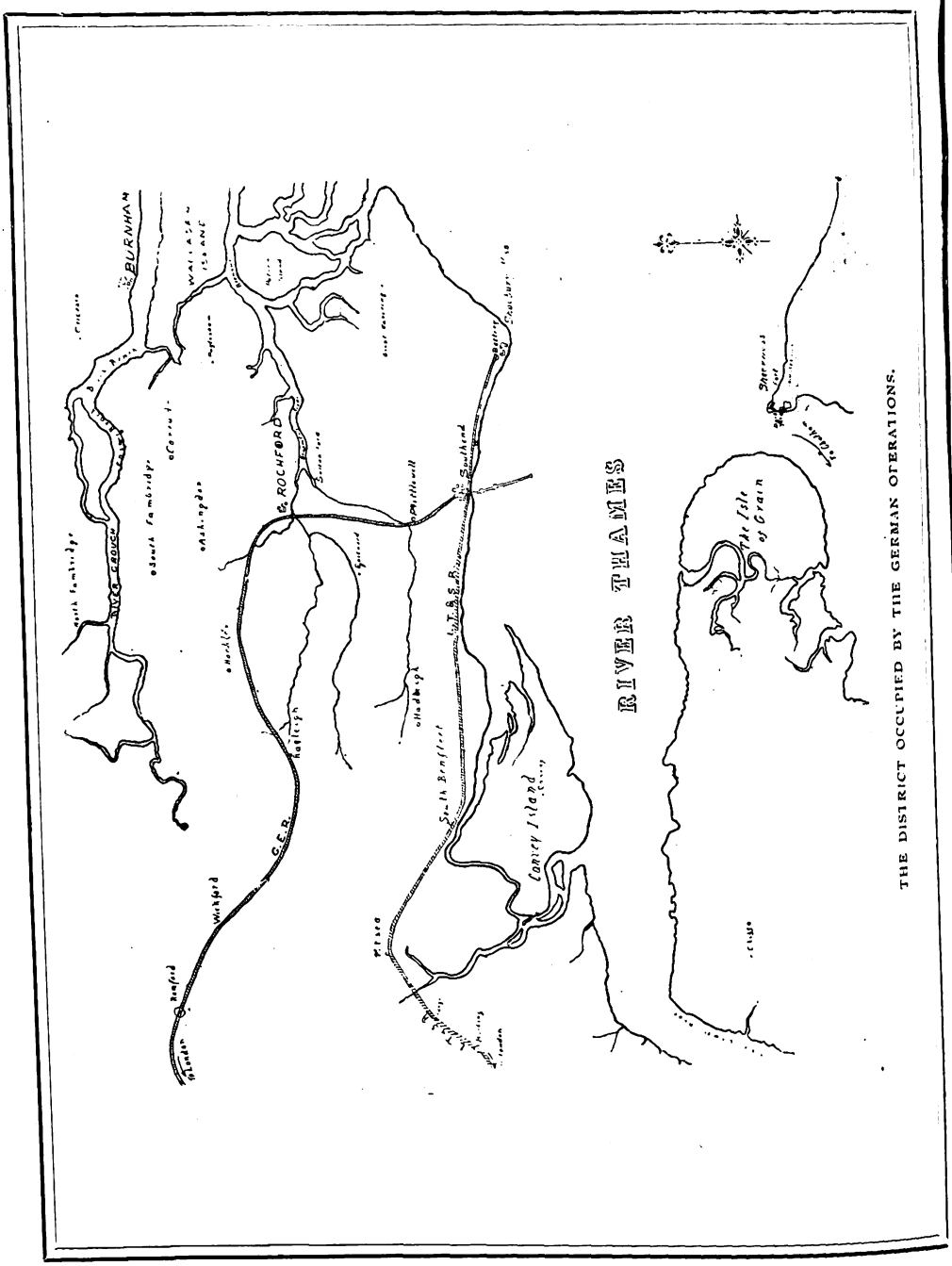

THE DISTRICT OCCUPIED BY THE GERMAN OPERATIONS.

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Witch, and took up its station alongside, for the purpose of preventing the passage of any boats to and from the Burnham River.

Another armed launch had in the meantime stationed itself off Cricksea Ferry in the middle of the river, another at the ferry across to Wallasea Island. The boats now began to arrive in quick succession, and judge the astonishment of those standing on the quay when they were seen to be filled with armed men, making rapidly for the shore, leaping instantly on land, and forming quickly into line at the hoarse word of command in a foreign tongue. In less than five minutes a party of about a hundred marched into the town, turned to the left, marching straight for the railway station, which in ten minutes was under their full control—wires and all. The man landing from the launch had quickly severed the wire from the Post-office to the station.

The Burnham coastguardsmen had at once been placed under guard. Hundreds of men were now arriving and forming up on the quay. It was also seen that a number landed on the other side, and their tall forms could be distinguished in line upon the opposite sea wall. The boatmen who brought in the first load were allowed to have some refreshment brought out to them by their friends on the river bank—a respectable crowd being now engaged watching operations—and then compelled to return for another load of unwelcome passengers. While these operations were going on, another considerable body of men were being rapidly taken in small boats, ships' cutters and electric launches up the Roach, where they quickly landed at Wakering Stairs. These were afterwards found to be the advance guard of the party destined to capture Shoeburyness.

The party landed upon Wallasea Island—some 500 strong—were told off to secure and take charge of the sheep and cattle found upon the marshes. A large number of these comprised the purchases made by the agents previously referred to, at Romford and Chelmsford markets, and which had that day arrived there.

Those who know the spot will admit that a better place for the purpose could not well have been found, as being secure from raiders and easy of protection, there being but one approach from the land side, and a high sea wall surrounding the entire island of some 2,000 acres.

This was evidently to be the base of supplies for one Army Corps. By two o'clock some 5,000 men were occupying Burnham, and they had brought a large number of Maxims and light field guns of various descriptions. One of their first acts was to take possession of the gas-works, and proceed immediately to get a war balloon inflated for observations in the morning. Every road was protected by small bodies of men thrown out some little distance into the country and guns posted by the roadside for use if necessary.

The local police were early informed of the nature of these proceedings, were given copies of notices already prepared and printed in English. (N.B.—The nature of this notice will be guessed by reference to it elsewhere.) In the meantime, the men first landed at Wakering Stairs were gradually being reinforced; one or two onlookers had at once been secured, and effectually prevented from giving any alarm.

By three o'clock on Sunday morning no less than 2,000 made their way along the sea wall and marshes. Steps had been taken to secure the military police in the station at the end of the ranges. The telegraph wires were also cut for the time being. It afterwards transpired that a couple of men had been sent forward to sever the wires between Shoeburyness and Southend. This had been effected by two o'clock. It was considered advisable not to carry out this duty too early in the night, and these bodies of men were instructed to secure the military road by the ranges on the east side of Shoeburyness, take charge of the guns posted there, and then gradually work round by the beach to the south of the town, and occupy the ranges on that side, securing all the guns in position or under cover. The remaining 2,000 men took the main road to Southend, then branching off by the south road, made direct for the open entrance to the barracks. By four o'clock this position was reached; a couple of officers quietly effected the capture of a single sentry on duty; some 500 men were then told off to occupy the roads branching to the south—down to the beach, to the east round by the barracks, and some fifty men sent down to secure the railway station, where they joined a body of 200 sent to establish themselves in the main street of

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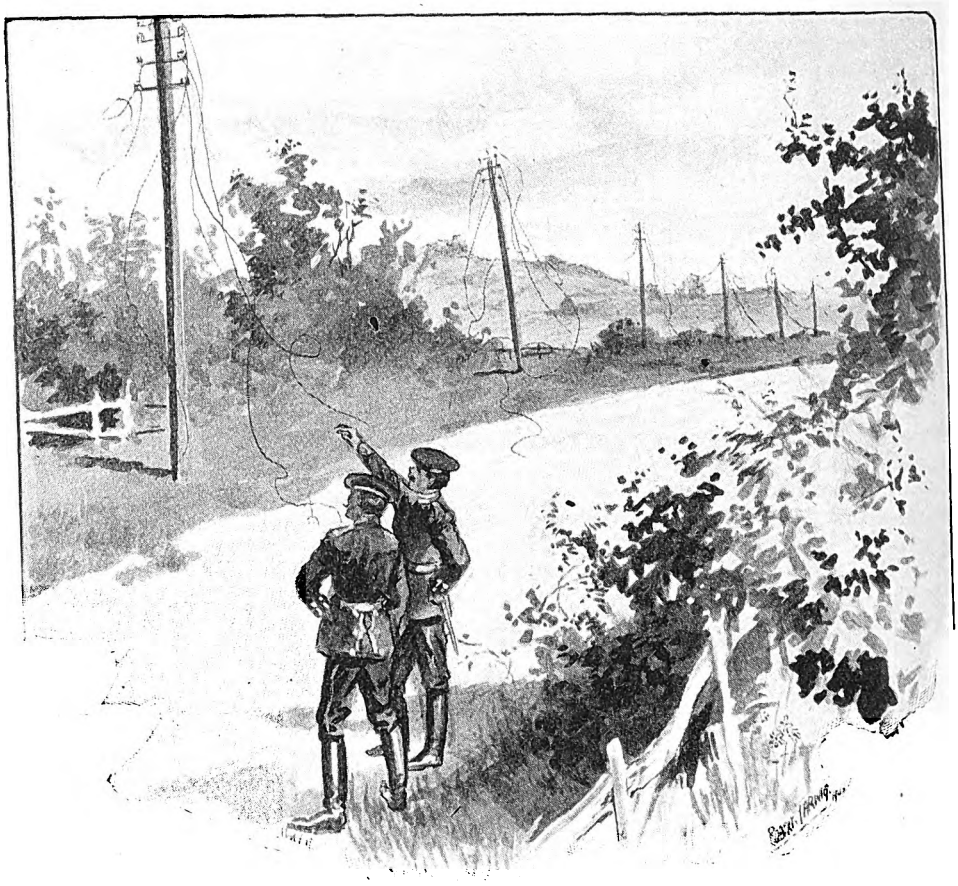

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES WERE EASILY CUT.

the Old Town. The main body then pushed rapidly forward into the heart of the barracks. A cordon was quickly passed round the block of buildings occupied by the officers—five and twenty men had previously surrounded the Commandant's house just outside the barracks—and some 1,200 men marched direct into the barrack square facing the men's quarters, the sentry and guard having been secured practically without a sound by some twelve men sent first in advance for the express purpose of dealing with them. Steps were now taken to arouse the Commandant and the officers; the situation was explained to them, and astonishment does not express the real nature of their feelings when they found themselves prisoners of war in their own quarters.

The officer in charge of the German troops was most considerate, and extremely courteous. He told them he hoped they would all do their best to help him to avoid any bloodshed. He said resistance was quite out of the question, as some 4,000 of his men were now occupying the garrison and its surroundings.

He further stated that if the campaign was carried out successfully as planned, it was quite probable that peace would be declared before the week was over. On hearing this cool statement it was somewhat amusing to note their expressions of countenance. They evidently quite failed to realise that the German was speaking seriously. However, they were requested to follow their captors to the men's quarters, and arrange for calling them up. When the "assembly" rang out in the cool morning air, the men rushed to their windows to find out the meaning of this. In the dull dawn they could merely see a strong body of men with Maxims drawn up in their barrack square, but the uniforms seemed somewhat strange. How-

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ever, they had to assemble in reply to the bugle call, and as they came trooping out they were met by their officers, who, in a few short hurried sentences, explained the situation to them. Never were men more surprised; sullenly they fell into line. No surprise was exhibited at such a small force of men putting in appearance; the invaders evidently knew just what to expect. The officers were made to deliver up the keys of the magazines and armouries, then requested to obtain some of their belongings and get some refreshment. The men were also told off for the same purpose, with instructions to rendezvous in the barrack square preparatory to being marched off to Southend as prisoners of war. No further explanation was then vouchsafed, and now three coloured rockets were seen shooting up into the air from the centre of the square. It was naturally surmised that these were to announce the success of the operations so far.

These rockets were followed by answering signals from Sheerness, and from the direction of the Crouch. The witnesses of these aerial messengers were wondering in their own minds as to the meaning of this all-round signalling at such an hour of the night. In the meantime, the local police —two of those, and some pedestrians met with in the march from Wakering Stairs, had been placed temporarily under guard— were handed some printed notices for distribution in the town and villages round about.

By six o'clock a balloon detachment had arrived, with a further 500 men bringing Maxims and quick firers. It had not been thought necessary to bring tent equipments. The enemy doubtless made sure of taking the place and finding sufficient barrack and billeting accommodation for the number of men they intended to leave in charge here. *It will thus be seen that without firing a single shot, and without the loss of a single life on either side, the Germans had secured a position of the greatest importance, at the very mouth of the Thames, with any number of guns of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, some with more than a range of* 12 *miles*, actually enabling them to engage the forts at Sheerness if necessary, and giving them the power to sink any unprotected vessel passing up or down the river. They were not slow to make the most of this. As soon as daylight appeared, they quickly noted the position of all the guns, and, setting to work with a will, they soon had a couple of dozen of the larger ordnance facing the river.

By seven o'clock 1,500 men were entrained for Southend with a compliment of field guns. A balloon was about to ascend, it having been filled from the local gasworks. A further 500 were told off to escort the garrison as prisoners (320 all told, including officers, the war with Uliska having somewhat depleted the ordinary staff) and reach Southend by midday.

At half-past seven the train (two trains in one) steamed into Southend station, and to the utter astonishment of the few people about at the time, a strong body of men filed rapidly into the station yard, forming up into companies with Maxims, which in turn were rapidly marched off into the town; a strong contingent making their way down High Street, and halting at the top of the hill by the pier, some 50 passing further down and taking possession. Other smaller bodies had been told to take up positions commanding all the approaches to the town, and by eight o'clock Southend, with its population of some 25,000, was in full possession of the enemy. The police were at once supplied with a number of notices (similar to those referred to elsewhere), for distribution in the town. The Volunteer armoury was located and placed under guard.

The Royal Hotel was taken possession of as being an excellent site for the Headquarters Staff, affording as it does such an excellent view of the river, upon which very important operations had been carried out during the night.

Southend, Sunday, 10 *a.m.*

By this time of day the residents of Southend had found out that something very unusual had taken place, and many were making their way down to the High-street to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

Those passing down the Cliff Parade of course had an uninterrupted view of the water. They soon caught sight of the balloon now floating over Shoeburyness, and glancing across to the Kentish shore they perceived an extraordinary accumulation of vessels, large and small, both above and below the pier, although there were no signs of fog or rough weather

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that might be expected to account for this now interesting sight. Turning into High-street their astonishment can be better imagined than described, on perceiving each side of the street lined with armed men, and devilish-looking little Maxims posted suggestively at the street corners.

The German uniform was of course soon recognised, and while debating as to the meaning of all this, another body of men was seen approaching from the direction of the Great Eastern Railway, and as they came closer it was seen that they were escorting a double row of men wearing the well-known English Artillery uniform. Those were of course the prisoners from Shoeburyness, and it was distressing to see their crestfallen looks. The situation was now apparent to everyone, but all doubts were set at rest when men stationed at each corner were found distributing copies of the notice that had been, in the first instance, served on the police.

In the meantime, the batch of prisoners (it should here be mentioned that the officers had been released on parole, on the understanding that they all took up their quarters at the Hotel Victoria) were then taken rapidly in the direction of the Pier. Following their movements, the bystanders saw them marched on to and up the Pier, and they rightly conjectured that their destination was one of the many vessels lying off the Pier head, some of which were doubtless men-of-war. Of course the whole town was now alive with excitement. Some had at once made their way to the Post-office, with the intention of wiring to friends right and left, but, of course, as might be supposed, all the wires were now under the enemy's control.

People in the neighbourhood of South-end Station (L. T. and S. Ry.) about 10 o'clock a.m. saw the arrival of a heavily laden train, and crowds of men in civilian dress rapidly lined up on the platform. Much to their surprise these men were seen to be armed—each was carrying a rifle—and quick words of command were being passed up and down the lines of men. At last they were seen to be moving, some passing to the left and some to the right, but instead of these men coming out into the street as expected, one body of two or three hundred went straight down the line in the direction of Shoeburyness, the remainder turning up the line towards Westcliff.

It will now be realised that these were some of the German clerks who were at that moment believed to be well on their way to the Fatherland, and who had been armed at some station *en route*, and then told off for guarding the lines of communication. They were now being placed in pairs at intervals of 100 yards, with instructions to keep patrolling—one to the left and one to the right—so that every yard of the ground was being carefully watched, and their instructions were to fire on no one unless attacked, but under any circumstances to keep anyone from approaching the railway embankment inside the railway fences.

Events were now rapidly developing on the water—*i.e.*, off the Pier. Scores of small boats, cutters, and launches were seen passing to and from the Pier head, crowded with armed men; and very shortly a continuous line of men four deep was seen approaching the town by the Pier.

Unfortunately, glasses revealed the fact that these men also wore the German uniform. But all the time people were wondering what had happened at Sheerness. No firing could be heard; the *Sans Pariel* was known to be the guardship at the mouth of the Medway, but she could not be distinguished owing to the crowd of vessels lying between the Pier and Sheerness. However, they were to learn all details later on. And now a word in explanation of the doings off the Pier.

On Saturday evening a dinner party was given by the commander of the German ironclad lying off Sheerness. His guests included the commander and some half dozen officers of H.M.S. *Sans Pariel* some of the officers in charge of the forts and garrison at Sheerness, and two or three down from Chatham. About 10 o'clock a despatch arrived for the commander of the German vessel, the messenger giving him to understand by private signal that it was of the utmost importance. He asked permission of his guests to retire for a few minutes, but he had been gone some time before he sent them word that he must beg their further indulgence. The nature of this despatch may be guessed, and it was now necessary that the German commander should proceed to carry out the plans that had been agreed upon.

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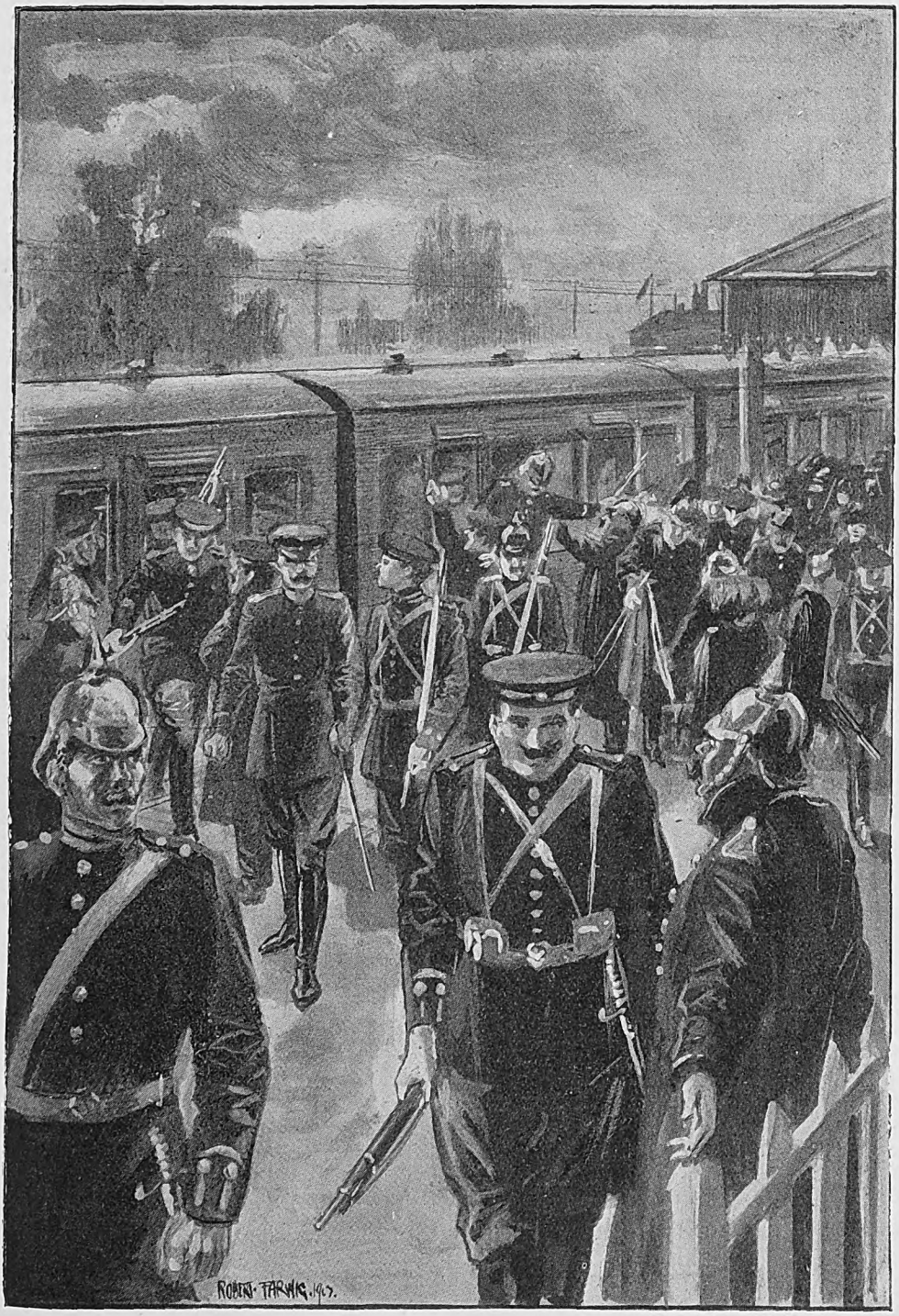

THE TRAIN STEAMED INTO SOUTHEND STATION AT 7.30 A.M.

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The boat that brought the messenger now returned to shore with a couple of German sailors and a junior officer left on duty. Shortly afterwards a launch steamed quietly away, followed quickly by another. These made straight for the mouth of the Medway, one going for the landing stage, the other passing up the river towards Chatham. When the host rejoined his guests they could not help noticing a great change in his manner. He was evidently ill at ease, but of course no questions were asked. About 11 o'clock flames were seen leaping into the air somewhere within the dockyard, and in a short time it was evident that a very serious fire was in progress. About half-past eleven a boat reached the German ship with a message for the commander of the *Sans Pareil* to say that a serious fire was raging in the docks, and he had been asked to send a strong body of men to render assistance to the dockyard authorities. He at once commissioned two of his officers to return to the ship and take as many men as they might think advisable. Several guests more intimately connected with the dockyard found it expedient to leave, but others were pressed to remain, and did so, the commander of the German vessel promising to send a considerable number of his own men as soon as they could be got ready, and he forthwith gave orders for the men to be mustered.

About a quarter to eleven boats were lowered and some 200 men poured over the side into launches and cutters, word was given, and smartly they started for the shore.

As twelve o'clock approached, the guests remaining on board the ship noticed that their host began to get terribly agitated, and finally rising and speaking with great emotion, he said, "Gentlemen, I have a most painful duty to perform. I have to inform you that Germany has declared war against your country."

No bombshell could have produced such an effect as was now created.

T W. OFFIN, JUNR.

(*To be continued.*)

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In the Public Eye

Men and Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

Our King and Queen.

THE NATION'S LEADERS IN EVERY BENEFICENT WORK.

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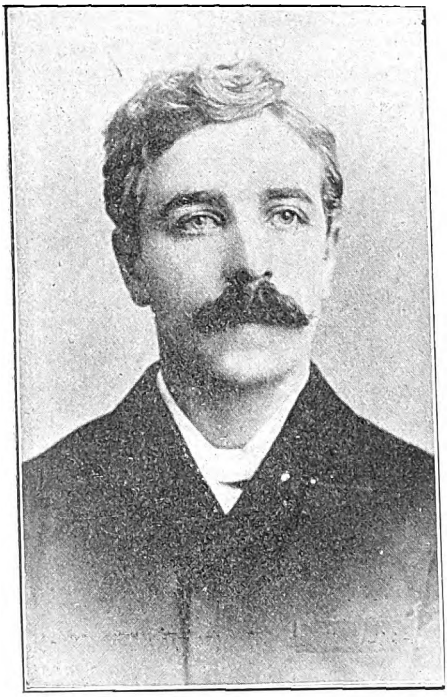
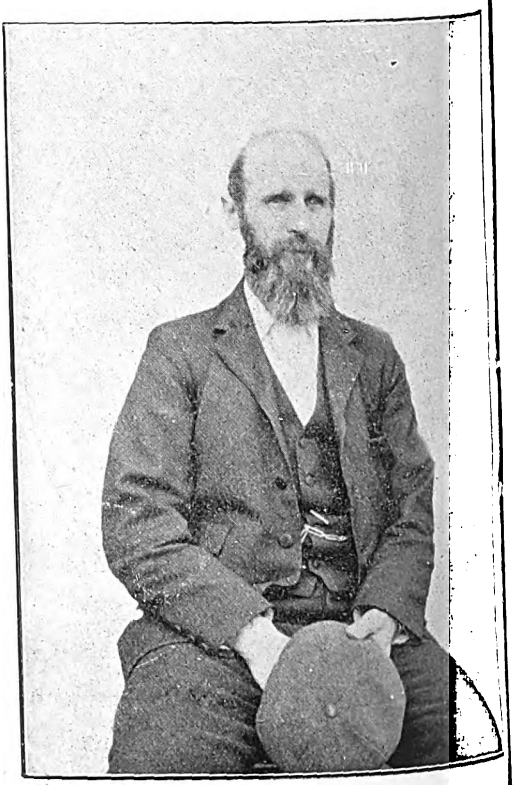


REV. G. H. R. GARCIA, B.A.

REV. G. H. R. GARCIA, B.A., is a native of Southampton, and is only thirty-two years of age. On leaving school as a youth, he continued his education for the ministry at Cheshunt College, London, and St. John's College, Cambridge. He graduated Bachelor of Arts in Honours at Cambridge University. Whilst at St. John's he was president of the College Debating Society and also a member of the committee of the Cambridge Union, the renowned University debating society and club.

When only twenty-three years of age he went into the active work of the ministry by accepting a call to Union Congregational Church, Sunderland. He settled there in 1893. During the nine years which have elapsed since then he has had many opportunities of entering what are usually called larger and more important spheres of labour, but he has steadily refused to be enticed away. He has practically wedded himself to the church of his first pastoral love and oversight, at any rate until the completion of the great social centre scheme which the church has undertaken under his leadership. By this scheme it is intended to provide additional Sunday-school accommodation, billiard room, refreshment room with non-alcoholic bar, recreation room, workshop, baths, gymnasium, etc. The objects of the scheme are to provide musical evenings, meetings for discussion of religious, social, and political questions of the hour, and to provide a bright social centre that will act as a counter attraction to the public-house, and prevent the young people from slipping away from the work and worship of the church. The estimated cost of the scheme is £3,800, towards which £3,400 has already been promised. Mr. Garcia is a member of the Sunderland School Board, and last year was chairman of the Durham and Northumberland Congregational Union. His services are in great request all over the country, both as a preacher and a platform speaker. He has already made his mark in a denomination which includes many able men. Should his health and life be spared he has, from all appearances, a most distinguished future before him. Our Westgate friends are to be congratulated on bringing this scholarly young man, this



MR. JOHN ROSS.

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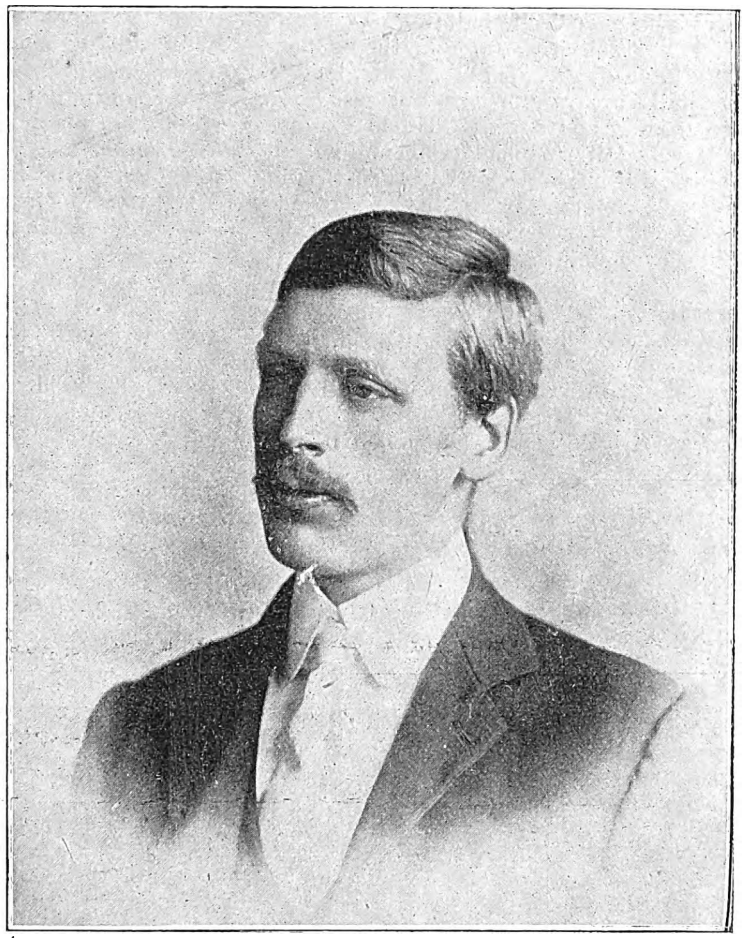
able speaker and preacher, this bold social centre pioneer, to preach one of their lecture sermons this year.

MR. JOHN ROSS, who is the Lay Temperance Secretary of the Retford Wesleyan Methodist Circuit, would most likely not consider himself as a person "in the public eye," yet he is well-known for his work's sake throughout the northern half of Nottinghamshire.

Two years ago, at the request of the Rev. H. W. Pates (the Ministerial Temperance Secretary), Mr. Ross consented to be appointed to the above post to undertake the practical work for which his colleague could find no time owing to pressure of other public duties. At the time there was cause for dissatisfaction with the state of temperance organisation in the circuit as it totalled merely to four Bands of Hope with 153 members, and one adult society with 40 members; this for a wide area extending from Normanton-on-Trent, near Newark, to Gringley-on-the-Hill at the northernmost border of the county.

Under Mr. Ross's endeavours a wonderful stimulus has been imparted to the movement, and to-day there are 28 Bands with 880 members and 4 adult societies with 187, being an ingathering of 864 in the period. The work is still progressing, and a great demonstration was held on Wednesday of Whit-week when about fifteen hundred people assembled from the villages in support of the movement. Before dispersing, a resolution in favor of the Government Licensing Bill was heartily passed. The meeting was attended by speakers from Nottingham and London and presided over by an Alderman from York, which is an indication of the widespread interest the work of Mr. Ross has caused.

Our friend will probably be even more prominently before the public in the near future as a successful and earnest advocate of Temperance principles.



MR. HENRY HOLMES.

MR. HENRY HOLMES is an encouraging example of the force of energy, perseverance, and indomitable resolution in obtaining success under the stress of adverse circumstances. In the first instance, this enterprising young artist studied until his twentieth year, with a view of entering the Civil Service; but, having a strong artistic bias, he afterwards resolved to

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devote his energies to painting. With this view he took a cottage in the country. Here he studies from nature. Mr. Holmes is a mill employee, whose business hours are from 7.30 to 5.15. He has a four-mile walk daily, to his place of employment. He rises at daybreak and works at painting at meal hours, and in the evenings, determined to conquer every difficulty. The clever picture accepted for this year's Academy painted direct from nature was in the golden sunny evenings of the springtime of last year, and is an *étude* of sunlight and shadow, with ducks splashing about in the water, in the foreground. Mr. Holmes became a member of the Yorkshire Union of Artists in 1899, and has exhibited in the yearly Exhibition since, entering pictures at the Leeds Spring Exhibition in 1901. He has now a picture, entitled "Weaving," painted in the mill, after business hours, in which he is employed. In the winter evenings the young artist attends the Leeds School of Art to study from life. He has received a varnishing ticket from the Royal Cambrian Academy, Conway, where he now has two pictures: "Midsummer's Noonday Glow," a study of sunshine and shadow, with overhanging trees, and sheep browsing in a sunny field; the other is a brilliant sky effect, entitled "Cloud and Sunshine," painted on a sunny Saturday afternoon in winter.

In next month's "Temple Magazine" there will be an interesting article describing the recently discovered Jewish Idols, Baal and Astarte, with photographs showing them as found in the tumulus of Tei-el-Kadi at the source of the River Jordan. Also Articles on Cheshunt College, the Cancer Hospital, etc.

GOOD MORNING!

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—"**Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us.**"

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food,** rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System,** Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood,* and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus.**"

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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PLAIN. SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.; and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's Preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations 4/6

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ANTI-NEURALGIC. SPECIAL REMEDY for Neuralgia, Pleurisy and Erysipelas .. 4/6

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TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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REV. R. FRAME, Birkenhead.

THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN AGE" says:—"Doubtless the 'Christian Age' enters many a home where there is some weakly one whose feeble health makes existence a burden, or perhaps it is a disease considered incurable which is wasting away life. Wherever there is such a case, we sincerely wish one of Dr. Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus might have a fair trial. These preparations are the result of scientific studies and experiments extending over many years, and the success which has already attended their use has been almost marvellous. We have seen hundreds of letters (not copies, but the original documents), some from persons well known to us, all testifying to the curative effects of one or other of these preparations. And more than this, we **know** of cases in which they have been the means of restoring to health when to all appearance recovery was almost impossible."

EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH."—"Our readers know quite well how careful we are not to recommend anything but what is thoroughly trustworthy, but so many voluntary testimonials of unmistakable genuineness are before us that it is simply impossible to question the efficacy of the Medicines to which we are calling attention; hundreds of letters from all classes of people, including titled nobility, clergymen, physicians, &c., among which we notice several well-known names, all bearing remarkable testimony to the benefits derived from them."

EDITOR OF THE "FAMILY DOCTOR."—"One Thousand Original Letters of Testimony have been submitted to us by the Proprietors of Dr. Birley's Preparations."

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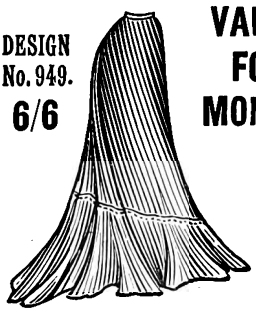

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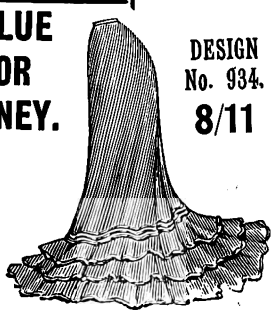

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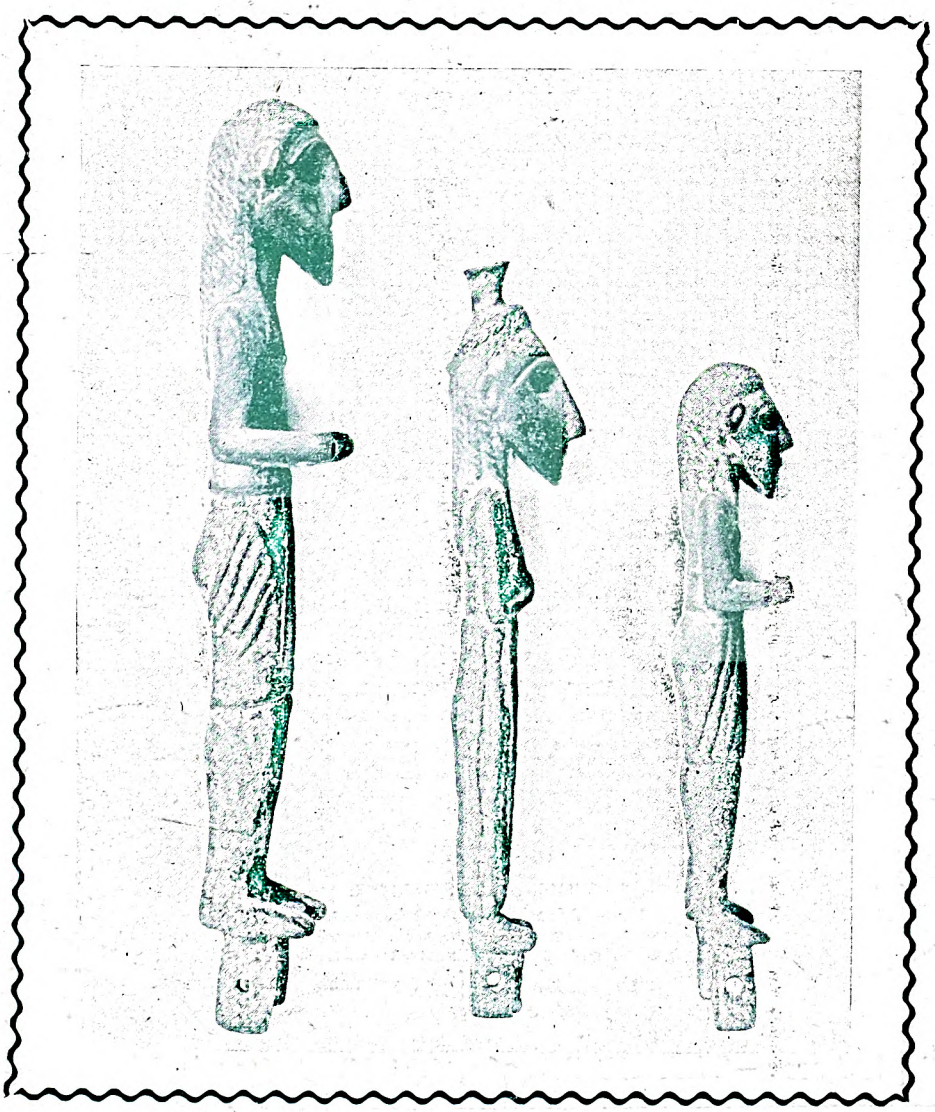
THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Vol. 6. AUGUST, 1902. No. 11.

Price Sixpence.



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KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

SEE SPECIAL OFFER AT FOOT OF PAGE.

KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

That KOKO is the best preparation for the Hair known is proved by the facts that it is used in every Palace in Europe, and that Royal personages never use a preparation of any kind unless it is recommended by the highest authority.

Photo from Life. The original, with other fine heads of hair, may be seen at 113, Regent Street, London, W.

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is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow *luxuriantly*, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandruff, *prevents hair from falling*, is *the most cleanly* of all hair-preparations, and is *perfectly harmless*.

OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT

for its wonderful power to *invigorate decayed hair*, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible.

MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT,

because it *prevents them from getting bald*, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong.

YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT

as a dressing, because it gives the hair a *beautiful glossy lustre*, ensures a *luxuriant growth*, and enables them to dress it and keep it in any style that may be desired.

CHILDREN LIKE IT,

because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, *allays irritation*, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired.

THEY ALL LIKE IT,

because it is as *pure as crystal*, perfectly colourless, contains no poisonous substance, no sugar of lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver, or grease, and does not soil or colour *the scalp, face, or the most delicate fabric in clothing*, produces a wonderfully pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and *no other dressing is needed* to give the hair the most beautiful appearance possible. Try it at once, and you will use no other.

IT CONTAINS NO COLOURING MATTER OR DYE.

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T.M. COUPON Aug. 1/02

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Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 10, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, Regent Street, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c., at **2/6** and **4/6** per bottle. For the sake of greater profit, you may be asked to buy some other hair preparation instead. In justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having **KOKO.**

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, or the Editor cannot promise their return. The Editor will be obliged if, before sending any manuscript, a letter is sent him describing the purport of the article or enclosing a précis of the story. They must be addressed to MR. CHARLES HERBERT, "TEMPLE MAGAZINE," 6A, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

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See page 1008.

TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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Ancient Idols Worshipped by the Jews in the time of the Judges.

THE DISCOVERY OF MONSIEUR DURIGHELLO.

THE Guimet Museum in Paris has been enriched by a wonderful find of statuettes representing Jewish idols. The find was made by a Frenchman, M.

BAAL. ASTARTE. BAAL.

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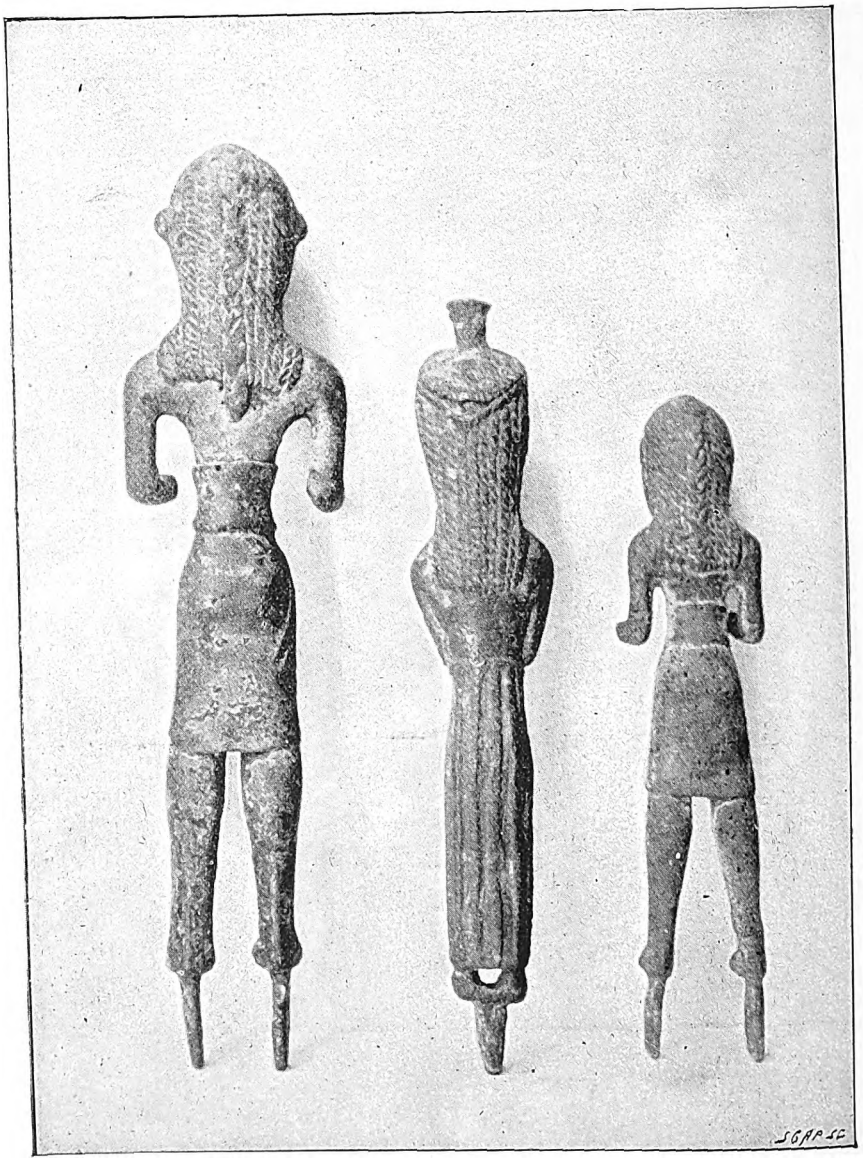
Durighello, at Dan, the ancient Laish of the Bible, and the statuettes which we here represent are those of Baal and Astarte. M. Durighello says: "For the last fifteen years I have noticed during my excursions digging in their neighbourhood, but I did not obtain any result.

"Having continued good intercourse with the inhabitants I endeavoured to instil some activity into their minds, which



BAAL. ASTARTE. BAAL.

VIEW OF BACK.

in the environs of Dake Houleh, near the tumulus of Tel-el-Kadi, not far from Baneas (Cesarea Philippi, source of the Jordan) ruins, the broken stones of which distinctly show the traces of conflagration. I tried to make further research by action on my part had the gratifying result that a chief of the district, continuing my excavation work, had the good fortune to find seven bronze statuettes of the greatest antiquity. I must here remark that according to the Bible the

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Hebrew tribe of Dan settled at Laish at the foot of the mountain of Baal-Hermon, and, after driving out the heathens, took the town of Lais, and called it Dan.

"Now the situation of Tel-el-Kadi is recognised by experts as that of Laish, called Dan by the six hundred Hebrews of this tribe, who settled in this district and brought with them the Levite priest from the mountain of Ephraim (Bethlehem), and also the bronze idols of Micah (see chapters seventeen and eighteen of the book of Judges, which I would recommend you to read most attentively). The question is, have we now before us those very idols? This I cannot affirm, but everything points to confirm my belief that they are the very same. I do not know of any statues which have such pure and Semitic features. No collection in the world has anything similar, and they are very different from those found

BAAL. ASTARTE. BAAL.

VIEW IN PROFILE.

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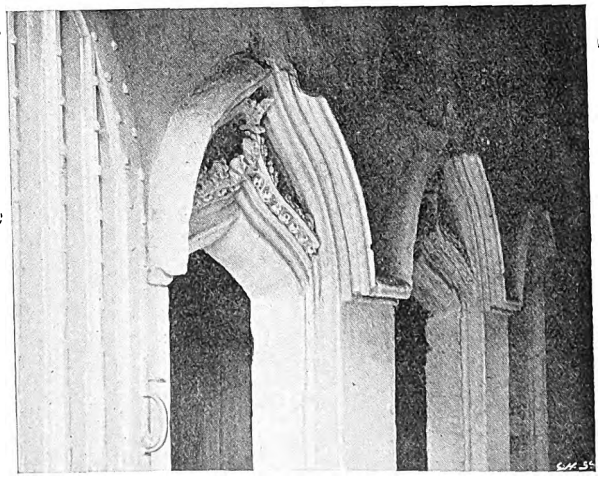
in Syria. These statuettes differ considerably from those heathen and Phœnician ones to be found in Syria, and several of which, belonging to me, may be seen in the Guimet and in other European museums. These idols are, I believe, the first and only Jewish statuettes which have by chance been found during any excavating work.

"That distinguished scholar, Colonel Fraser, who is quite of my opinion, has seen, in fact, in Egypt, a bust having the same features and arrangement of the hair, and the hieroglyphics graven thereon relate the history of a Hebrew king or priest.

"The description of the statuettes is as follows:—Their absolutely pure Semitic type indicates their origin. In the archaic style they are distinguished by interesting details from which precise deduction can be drawn. The hair is dressed according to the fashion of that remote time. Astarte's head bears an ornament like a sort of crown. The lower arms of the gods are at a right angle with the upper arm, signifying dominion. Astarte, on the contrary, has hers crossed, indicating humility or resignation. They must have rested on sockets fixed to their supports. The largest of the statuettes is thirty-seven centimetres high.

"Those who are only superficially acquainted with the history of Israel generally believe that the cult of the holy arch dominated over all others, and that with a few trifling exceptions this cult was the purest expression of monarchism.

"This is an error which has often been contradicted, and which Renan in his 'History of the People of Israel' has entirely refuted by citations."



FINE OLD DOORWAYS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahometan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!" The plan when unfolded by the girl turns out to be a suggestion that as lady visitors come to see the Begum they are in the habit of bringing many strange servants with them, who, when they go away are preceded by one crying, "Gosha! Gosha!" and therefore it will be easy for Hazel, by dressing in servant's garb, provided by the girl, to mix in the servants' waiting-room and leave with them. This they try, but the slave girl herself is hindered and captured, and Hazel, who might have got away, returns for the girl's sake. Afterwards Hazel has impotently to witness the slave girl's terrible punishment, who is blinded by Eastern tortures. Hazel is not discouraged in her determination to escape, but decides next time she ventures to venture alone. Meanwhile she asserts herself in the Zenana, and finds her quick wit and ready sympathies easily win her a first place, both with the Nabob and the Begum. The scenes in the last chapter are mainly devoted to life in the Harem.

CHAPTER VII.

HAZEL'S operations in the garden went on vigorously. Though in the first instance they had been designed solely with a view to the harrying of the Begum, they really amused and interested Hazel in this time of enforced retirement. She had her favourite rocking chair brought down into the garden, and she sat there, watching and directing her women; often moved, despite the sadness at her heart, to much laughter by their awkwardness in their entirely new avocation of gardeners.

"Sultan Mirza Kahn Bahadur has returned from Bombay," Gouse Bee remarked one day, pausing to wipe her streaming brow after having assisted three of her companions to wreck and destroy a fine young croton in an unskilful attempt to uproot it. "I met two of the servants in the bazaar this morning."

"I am glad to hear it," Hazel answered, "although I have not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance, and I was not aware he was away from home, if Madras is his home."

"He has been in Bombay a month," Gouse Bee added, "and he has brought

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his daughter, Aziz Unissa Begum back with him."

"A most fatherly and meritorious action," said Hazel, simulating a greater interest than she really felt in this account of the doings of an unknown stranger, but she had taken kindly to the zenana custom of encouraging every sort of gossip from the servants; one could never tell when even their idle talk might reveal something it was useful to know.

"Aziz Unissa Begum went to Bombay to buy new dresses," said Katheeja Bee, with such a marked significance that Hazel suddenly remembered certain rumours she had heard about Aziz Unissa Begum and had since forgotten.

"I suppose that means that you are all dying to go and see the dresses," Hazel said, without any change in her languidly interested manner.

"If you will give us leave, Hazoor," chorussed the women.

"Yes, I will give you leave. Not now, of course, but to-morrow morning three of you can go, Gouse Bee and Katheeja Bee and Zairah Bee, and you other two in the evening. And mind, Zairah Bee, that you look well at the embroideries and remember the new patterns. I want something pretty for the silver embroidering on my new pale blue satin suit. I shall have both the skirt and the bodice much embroidered. They have very pretty designs in Bombay, I know. I think I shall send there for a rose-coloured veil; it will look pretty over that pale blue."

The women went on with their work, uncertain whether Hazel had fully grasped the meaning they meant to convey by their news of Aziz Unissa Begum, but not daring to say anything further without encouragement.

Mahomed Ali came strolling out presently, as he frequently did in the hot afternoons, when the green shade of the garden was pleasant. Hazel received him with her usual smile of welcome, and he threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"I have just heard," said Hazel, "that Aziz Unissa Begum has returned to Madras. Is not she the young lady you wished me to receive as a guest some little time ago?"

"You have a very good memory, my dearest," said Mahomed Ali; "it is the same young lady." And Hazel noticed that his eyes became suddenly bloodshot, which is the native manner of blushing.

"And do you still wish her to pay a visit to your zenana?" asked Hazel, pleasantly.

Mahomed Ali looked at her with the dumb pain of a wounded animal in his dark eyes. "You know that I am not the master in this house," he said, gently; "and you know, too, that our customs are not as your customs. Of my own free will I would never do anything to vex you, but unfortunately you made an enemy of my father from the beginning; and his arm is long and he does not forget."

"Then it is really true, after all we have been to each other this last month, that you intend to bring another wife under the same roof with me?" said Hazel, her voice vibrating with suppressed passion. "It is a most cowardly thing to do, Ali, when you know how helpless I am, and that I shall have to go on living in this house and endure the insult you put upon me. I cannot go away and leave my place to that other woman, I have not even that resource to save my dignity."

"There is nothing in this arrangement to touch your dignity, Hazel," answered Mahomed Ali, who, to give him his due, was really unable to look at the matter from Hazel's standpoint. "You are, and will always remain, the first wife; and be assured, Pearl of my heart, that you will always reign alone in your husband's love."

"Bah!" said Hazel, contemptuously, "what is the use of talking to me in that way? You have lived in England. You know that the deadliest insult a husband can inflict on his wife is to bring another woman into her home, under her roof."

"But it is not so here, Hazel," he urged. "By my religion and my law I am allowed to have four wives. There is no dishonour either to you or to me in my bringing home another wife."

"You knew of this a month ago?" said Hazel suddenly. "It was really settled then?"

Mahomed Ali did not answer.

"And you have let me go on living in a fool's paradise! You have allowed me to believe you would take me home to England! Did you mean to bring her too? But the whole subject is too vile and horrible, I will not discuss it. Only

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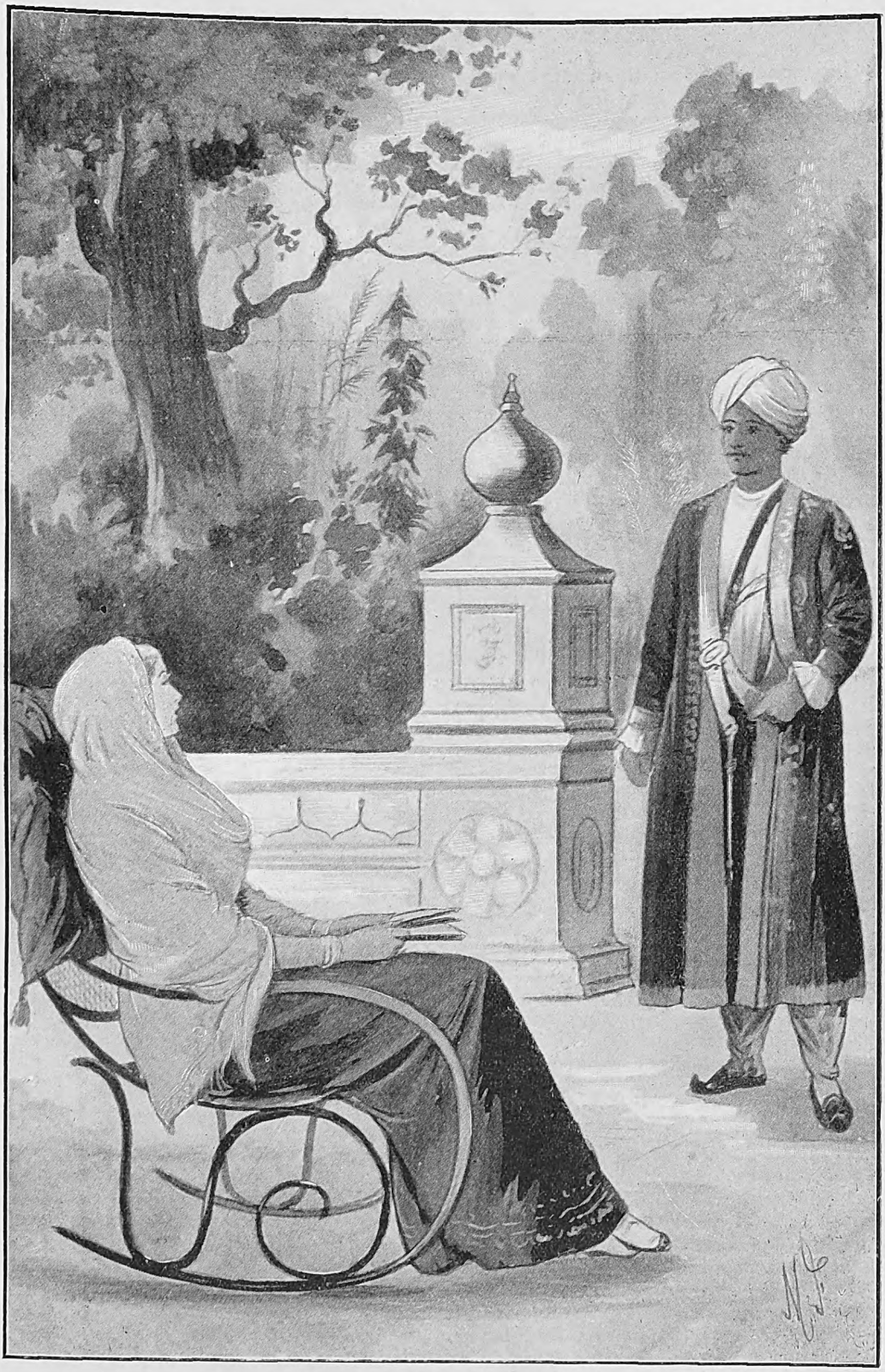

MOHAMMED ALI CAME STROLLING OUT.

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understand this, from this hour I am no longer your wife. Do not dare ever again to intrude into my apartment; for if you do, since there seems no other way of escape, I will kill myself!"

"It shall be as you wish," said Mahomed Ali, rising up heavily from his place at her feet. "I would have made both our lives very different if I could, but since Allah has willed it thus, it is Kismet." And he walked away sadly and quietly out of the garden, knowing that he should enjoy its cool and pleasant greenness never any more.

Hazel watched him go, with a passion of impotent fury tearing at her heart. She had sworn not to remain under that roof for the coming of another woman, and she was here still, tied and bound, a most helpless prisoner, to whom escape was for ever denied.

"Coward!" she said to herself under her breath, "Coward!" Her hands were clenched and her teeth set, and if blind and raging hate could kill, Mahomed Ali had not gone alive out of that garden.

In the days that followed, Mahomed Ali made no effort to induce Hazel to withdraw her sentence of banishment. He seemed to accept it submissively, as he accepted the arrogant, domineering orders of the old Nabob, with a resigned fatalism that was the great weakness of his character.

"They say, the old ones, that Mahomed Sahib was kept too long in the zenana," Taj Bee once told Hazel. He was the Begum's first child; she had had great influence with the Nabob in his younger days, and he had permitted her to keep her young son over long by her side, in that atmosphere of subservience and tortuous, underhand dealing that pervades the zenana.

Day by day Hazel's women brought her the tidings of how Mahomed Ali went to sit at the feasts in the house of Sultan Mirza Kahn. And a week from the day on which she had driven him out of her presence in the garden, they told her that her husband was setting forth on his white horse, flower-crowned and veiled, to the house of his bride. Most of the servants and people about the house went that day to the great tomash of Aziz Unissa's wedding, and only the plea of ill-health excused the Begum from being of the party.

"To-morrow he will bring her home, Hazoor," said Zairah Bee, who was sitting at her mistress's feet, putting the finishing touches to the delicate silver embroidery on Hazel's pale blue satin jacket, which she had designed from one of the patterns the young bride had brought from Bombay.

"You can, all of you, go and see the tomash," said Hazel, kindly; "you are good and faithful servants to me, and I want you to listen now to my commands. When Aziz Unissa Begum comes to this house, she will perhaps ask some day, 'Can I see Hazari Begum? Can I go into her apartment?' Whenever she says that, you will answer always: 'Hazari Begum sleeps and her door is shut,' or 'Hazari Begum is taking her bath and cannot be disturbed"; and never, on any day, will you open my door to Aziz Unissa Begum. Now you can go."

And in the fulness of time Aziz Unissa Begum was brought to the house of her husband, to the room that had been Kair Unissa's. She brought her women with her; one elderly woman who had been her nurse, and half a dozen young girls like herself, the children of slaves in her father's zenana, who had grown up round her as she grew herself from childhood to womanhood. They had all heard much talk of Hazari Begum, Mahomed Ali's beautiful white wife, and Aziz Unissa had looked forward with very pleasant anticipations to sharing the zenana with her. That Hazel could possibly object to her as Mahomed Ali's wife had never entered into her calculations at all.

Aziz Unissa was a gentle and merry little creature, of small stature; with a soft round face and childish features; without any pretensions to beauty except in the large dark velvety eyes that are the heritage of almost every Mahometan woman.

A few days after her home-coming, she sent, as Hazel had foreseen, to ask if she might pay her respects to Hazari Begum. And Hazel's servants made excuses as they had been instructed to do. They did not altogether understand the situation, but it seemed to them in some vague manner to confer distinction on their own mistress that the well-dowered daughter of so great a man as Sultan Mirza Kahn should request admittance to her presence and be denied.

Hazel went no more into the garden, fearing to meet "the other woman." On

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"TELL YOUR HUSBAND TO LET ME GO."

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the terrace, many of the great flower pots stood empty, but in others the palms and crotons flourished and Hazel sat amongst them planning and plotting to escape as she had done in the early days before Taj Bee died. She went but seldom to her mother-in-law's apartments, and when she was there one or other of her women kept watch at the inner door, to warn her of Aziz Unissa Begum's coming. She had long ago ceased to stand on ceremony with the old Begum, and came into and went out of her presence without leave asked or given.

But one day Asha Bee, who was on guard, being young and giddy, was chattering with the little Begum's women, and let Aziz Unissa pass her unobserved, going into the Begum's room. When she saw Hazel seated there in the Nabob's chair of honour beside her mother-in-law's charpoy, she stopped suddenly, and then came forward eagerly, saluting Hazel with the respectful salaam only given from an inferior to a superior. Hazel rose, with a look of annoyance, but the open admiration and shy pleasure on the girl's baby face touched and softened her, and she sat down again, returning the other's salutation.

"Hazari Begum! Oh, my sister, this is a happy meeting!" said Aziz Unissa, gaily unconscious of any cause of offence.

"It is happy, if you find it so," said Hazel, distantly. She was wearing her pale blue satin skirt, with its little bodice open at the throat, both deeply embroidered with the finest silver embroidery and spangles in an intricate and exquisite design. Against the pale blue, her neck and arms and her beautiful face showed of a lily fairness, smooth and pure as the great pearls that clasped her slender throat; the rose-coloured saree from Bombay veiled her from head to foot like a luminous transparent cloud.

"They have, indeed, said truly that you are the Pearl of the zenana," said Aziz Unissa, to whom in that moment Hazel became as a goddess, to be worshipped then and for ever.

"Have I your leave to go?" said Hazel, turning in a perfunctory manner to the old Begum, slumbering on the charpoy.

"Let me come, too, please let me come!" begged the younger girl, "I have so wanted to see your apartment. They tell me you have made of it a very palace of delights.'

"Some other time," said Hazel, faintly. "Not to-day, I am not well."

"Ameeda Bee! Kursheed! some of you. She is ill, what can we do for her?" cried Aziz Unissa in real distress.

"No one can do anything for me," said Hazel in English, "unless, indeed, some merciful soul would put an end to my life in this horrible place."

In her own room she sent for Asha Bee, and, with a severity she had never shown before to any of her slaves, had her well whipped by the other women for her careless disobedience, she herself looking on the while with a vindictive pleasure of which a month ago she could not have believed herself capable.

Aziz Unissa sent her own head woman to ask if Hazel were better.

When Gouse Bee, who opened the door, saw who it was, she slapped her in the face furiously: "Begone!" she cried. "Do you want to destroy us all? Your Begum of misfortune has done harm enough for one day." And she slammed the door in the woman's face. They were all a little upset in the zenana that day.

The woman went, holding her face and crying, to her mistress, who was still in the Begum's room.

"What can I do?" said Aziz Unissa. "I must make excuse to the beautiful Pearl. I would not vex her for a handful of diamonds. Shall I go myself?"

"Don't send again to that sheitan," murmured the old Begum, "unless you want her to come back here and kill us all." But in her heart the old lady was glad to think that now the war would be carried on between the two young ones, and she would be left in peace.

"What would you advise me to do?" asked Aziz Unissa, almost in tears.

"You have leave to go," said the Begum, rudely; she had no idea of being harried and worried for advice by a chit like Aziz Unissa; and that young lady's attendants persuaded her to retire to her own quarters.

"I wish Mahomed Ali came to see me sometimes," said Aziz Unissa; "I could ask him what to do, and why Hazari Begum seems angry."

But Mahomed Ali never came upstairs now, and the slaves had ceased to report his movements to Hazel.

And Hazel, sitting in her rocking-chair, reading novels on the terrace, pined for the garden. It was very hot just then in

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Madras. The other white women had all gone away to the hills; Hazel never saw their carriages now driving along the road beyond the paddy fields, at morning and evening.

"I am sure it is much cooler down there," she said fretfully to her women, "I can see the leaves waving, there must be a breeze. Go down there, one of you, and see if it is cooler, and if there is anyone in the garden."

There was one deep, deep, green, shady nook beyond the lawn, that she could see from the terrace, that seemed to be always wooing her to its cool darkness; there was a seat there, she remembered, and she had sat there once with Ali.

"It is very cool there, and the breeze blows, and there is no one in all the garden, Hazoor," said Fatima Bee, returning from her reconnaissance. "No one ever walks in the garden, and I think the little Begum has never seen it."

This was many days since Hazel's skirmish with the little Begum. She had not been to see her mother-in-law since that untoward meeting in her room.

"I will go down. I am suffocated up here," she said.

They carried down her rocking chair, and she rested in that nook, where there really was a breeze and a cool rustling of leaves, and where the greenness rested eyes that were wearied with the glare of the eternally blue skies.

Now, one of Aziz Unissa's women, with officious alacrity, ran to inform her mistress that Hazari Begum was taking the air in the garden.

"Is there any other way into the garden, except by Hazari Begum's terrace?" asked Aziz Unissa, alert in a moment.

There was only the door in the lower passage, through which Mahomed Ali had taken his wife, that evening, so long ago, that she had first attempted to escape.

Aziz Unissa sent a woman to cry "Gosha! Gosha!" on the stairs and in the passage, that no man might see her pass. She was always very correct in the etiquette of the zenana.

"If she puts her nose into the garden, that white sheitan will bite it off," said the Begum, chuckling. Somehow, the old lady did not care for Aziz Unissa. In spite of all her tormenting, Hazel was her favourite. And perhaps she alone of all the women in the zenana understood something of what Hazel suffered when her husband brought home another wife. For she herself had loved the Nabob very dearly in her youth.

And so it befell that, as Hazel sat rocking in her chair, dreaming she was rocking on the steamer that was taking her home to England, she became aware of voices near her.

"Hazari Begum, let me speak to you," said Aziz Unissa.

"I shall kill you some day, if you will not let me alone," said Hazel between clenched teeth. But she spoke in English, and the other did not understand.

"I am very unhappy, because in some way I have offended you," the soft voice went on. "Tell me, oh beautiful Pearl, in what I have angered you that you will not let us live together as sisters—we who are both wives of one lord."

Hazel gathered herself together: "I will speak to you this once," said she, "and you had better understand me once for all. In my country a man marries only one wife; and if another woman comes into his house, calling herself his wife, she is no wife, she is as the shameless ones of the bazaar, and people spit upon her, and no one speaks to her, and the true wife goes away out of the house that she may not be defiled by that shame. You are to me as those evil women in the bazaar who have no husband, and who take the husbands of other women to be their lovers. You have come here and taken my husband, Mahomed Ali. Be satisfied with that, and do not talk to me of living as sisters with such a creature as you are." The reading aloud, which Kair Unissa Begum had delighted in, had furnished Hazel with many choice epithets by means of which she made her meaning abundantly clear to the rival standing before her.

Aziz Unissa listened, appalled, to this exposition of Hazel's views, and when she had finished she began to cry, sobbing like a child who has met with a rebuff where she expected caresses.

"I am very sorry, Hazari Begum," she said humbly, "I did not know. I never thought you would be angry. My father gave me to Mahomed Ali. He did not ask me anything, and no one told me that you would be angry when he brought me home. I do not want Mahomed Ali, I would rather be your sister than his wife. Tell him not to come to my

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chamber. Let me be as a stranger to him, I shall not mind, but let me come and live with you. And indeed, Hazari Begum, I have not seen him these many days."

"I cannot be friends with you! I will not be friends with you!" said Hazel violently. "It is monstrous that you should ask me. Go away, and leave me to myself. If I could I would go away myself. But I cannot! I cannot! I have tried, but they hold me fast; I am chained! I cannot get away." As she spoke she rose out of her chair and began to walk backwards and forwards in uncontrollable agitation. "Tell your husband to let me go! I am nothing here but a most unhappy prisoner. There are other reasons, too. I will not stay here!" her voice sank to a whisper as she said again, "I will not stay here!" Then suddenly her passion seemed to fall from her, and she became strangely calm. She sat down again in her rocking chair. "You had better go," she said coldly. "Perhaps I have been too harsh to you. It is not your fault. I do not blame you. But if you will do me a kindness let me never see your face again."

And the other girl, swept out far beyond her depth by the torrent of Hazel's passion, was glad to make her escape.

When she was left to herself again Hazel blew her whistle to call one of the women.

"Go and see if Mahomed Sahib is in the house," she said. "I wish to speak to him at once. I will have it out with him now," she added to herself. "He shall make his father send me home. I will promise all the secrecy they like. No one shall ever know anything of what I have seen here, but stay in this place I will not. I will see the Nabob himself. I believe one could make him hear reason better than Ali, after all."

But the woman came back to say that Mahomed Sahib had gone up to Mysore for the feast of the Dussurah with two of his brothers, and would not be back for some days.

And Hazel, again baffled, went indoors dispirited, and wandered aimlessly into her mother-in-law's room. The Begum knew that something had happened. Aziz Unissa had passed through her room in a whirlwind of tears, but all her attendants could tell the old lady was that the little Begum had gone to speak to Hazari Begum in the garden, and they believed the white sheitan had tried to strangle her.

When Hazel came in, the Begum sent away all her women.

"Has that baby been troubling you, Hazari?" she asked. There was a curious note of sympathy in her voice that touched Hazel's heart and melted her hardness; hearing it, she bowed her forlorn young head on her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

The Begum put out her hand and stroked the bowed head with a caressing gesture that Hazel had never seen her use even to her own daughter. She slipped down on her knees by the old charpoy, and the Begum, who had borne sons and daughters and had a mother's heart hidden away somewhere under her drug-bought dreams, put her arm round her and drew the fair head to her breast. "Listen to me, my child," she said, "you take things too hard. I am old and I have seen many things. In the zenana we must have patience, for we are helpless, and when we try to fight we only beat ourselves to pieces against a fate that is stronger than we are. Why should you trouble your heart about that fool girl? Mahomed will never love her, but you will be always beautiful in his sight. What matters a thousand women under his roof, if you only are in his heart? It may be there are other customs in your country; I have heard it is so. But I think Allah has made the hearts of men alike in every country. Men are weak creatures, my child, and they will always make the hearts of the women who love them to suffer. But we cannot change them. They tell me you will not let Mahomed come now into your presence. That is not wise. His love is the best thing you have; do not throw it away. And by-and-by when the little babies come, they will comfort you. That is the same for all women of any country, Hazari. Allah sends the little babies to heal the wounds in the hearts of women who suffer."

And then Hazel whispered to her the secret that she had meant to tell Mahomed Ali. But she did not tell her that she could not bear the thought that her baby should be born in the zenana, for that, the Begum, old as she might be and motherly, could never have understood.

"Then that will be your comfort," said the Begum, "and your husband will be

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glad and Aziz Unissa will be as a stuffed doll in the zenana, whom no one heeds."

"But it is all so wrong and wicked," said Hazel.

"You are not doing any wrong. And Mahomed does nothing against his religion. Where is the wrong? Only I think it is not wise for a woman of one faith to be the wife of a man of another faith. But we cannot change that now. You are young my child; learn patience, and let the things go past you that you cannot help."

And Hazel, leaning there by the old charpoy, was comforted and took up the burden of her life again and the hope that one day she would be able to escape.

And the Begum took more opium and went back into her land of dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.

Some days later, Hazel sat in the Begum's room. She came there now very often. Though the Begum did not refer again to their conversation, Hazel had a certain feeling of consolation in sitting there beside her, with that silent sympathy between them.

Suddenly there was a movement and bustle among the women, and then a dead silence. Hazel, who was reading a most interesting detective story, from which it seemed to her she might get some really valuable hints on her next plan of escape, took no notice, till one of the women came up and interrupted her.

"Hazoor, I hear them saying downstairs that Mahomed Sahib has returned," she announced.

"I am glad to hear it," said Hazel, without looking up from her book; "I hope he is well."

"There was an accident on the big railway to-day, Hazoor," said Fatima Bee, joining in.

"Was there?" said Hazel.

"They are telling downstairs that it was the train coming from Mysore, your honour," said Fatima Bee.

"You're a chattering magpie," said Hazel, in English, which Fatima Bee took to be words of encouragement, and went on boldly.

"It was a very bad accident, Hazoor, many people have been hurt. Mahomed Sahib was in that train, coming from Mysore; he, too, is hurt, Bibi Sahib."

"What!" cried Hazel, starting up, and dropping her book, as the meaning of all this talk began to strike upon her brain. "What is that you say about Mahomed Sahib?"

"They have brought him home; he is much hurt, Hazoor, and all the time he calls for Hazari Begum, and the Nabob said 'Go, bring Hazari Begum.'"

"Where is he?" asked Hazel.

"He is downstairs, in the men's apartments, Hazoor. I will show you the way. The English Doctor Sahib has seen him; he was there very long."

"Don't say a word to the Begum Sahib till I come back," said Hazel, as she left the room in haste, following Fatima Bee.

The Begum was asleep, and had heard nothing.

At the door of the great room below, the Nabob was waiting for her; his handsome dark face was the colour of ashes, and his proud eyes dull and troubled. He put his hand on Hazel's shoulder, and she felt that it trembled. "He is very bad, very bad," he said; "have they told you?"

"Is he dead?" whispered Hazel.

"No, no. He is calling all the time for you. Come, I will take you in to him."

"Nabob Sahib," she said earnestly, "go up and tell his mother. She is asleep, do not let her hear it from the chattering of the women."

"Presently," said the Nabob, "presently; I cannot go now."

"Go now at once and tell her yourself," said Hazel imperiously, "or the women will wake her and frighten her. She must not hear of it from anyone but you."

And under that strenuous pressure, he went.

Hazel crossed the great room, which was empty, to a smaller chamber at the side that opened out of it. On a low charpoy in the darkened room a helpless figure lay prone.

"Hazel," moaned the figure, "Hazel," and again, "Hazel."

"I am here, my dearest, I am here," she answered, bending over him.

"Is that you, Hazel?"

"Yes, dear heart, it is Hazel."

"Come nearer; put your arm round me; I cannot move," he said faintly.

And Hazel, kneeling down, took his head upon her breast and kissed his forehead softly

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"LEAN ON ME, DEAREST MOTHER."

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"My wife! my dearest!" he said. "I am hurt unto death, Hazel Will you forgive me now, and stay with me?"

"I do forgive you, my dear. I will stay with you and nurse you, and you will get well. Oh, my dear! my dear! I have been hard and unkind; forget it now. You shall not die. I will nurse you, I will save you."

"No one can save me now, dear," he answered, "I suppose they told you I was in that railway accident coming from Mysore. I heard the doctors talking, I suppose they forgot I could understand. My back is broken, and I shall never get off this bed again. I am sorry, for your sake, Hazel; it will be harder for you, I am afraid, when I am not here. I did you a great wrong in marrying you, and letting you come out here, I see that now. I have spoilt your life, my poor beautiful Hazel." He moved his head restlessly upon her shoulder, and sighed.

"Never mind, dear heart, we won't talk of that now," she said, with a brave attempt to speak cheerfully. "I must see the doctor, and find out from him what ought to be done for you. Perhaps you ought to have a proper trained nurse; I don't know much about nursing, I am sorry to say, but I will stay with you. Of course I will stay with you."

She would not be allowed to see the doctor, as Mahomed Ali knew well enough, but he was too tired and ill to discuss that question with her now, so he only sighed again and closed his eyes, and presently fell asleep on Hazel's shoulder.

Upstairs the Nabob was doing his best to perform the difficult task that Hazel had set him. The Begum was long before she could understand; railways and trains and accidents, and all such stirring incidents of the active life of men were entirely outside her experience. When at last she did understand the magnitude of the calamity that had fallen upon her, her first words so surprised the Nabob that he thought the shock must have turned her brain.

"Where is my daughter Hazari?" she said, "I want my daughter Hazari."

And when Hazel came to her, she repaid the old Begum for her kindness and sympathy a thousandfold, and was to her in very truth a daughter.

"I must see my son before he dies," she said, turning helplessly to Hazel. The blow seemed to have changed her, in one hour, from middle age into quite an old woman, very helpless and dependent.

"You shall see him, dear," said Hazel.

And when she got up painfully from her couch, for that long journey downstairs, which she had not taken for many years, it was Hazel's ready, strong, young arm that helped her. "Lean on me, dearest mother," she said; "I will not let you fall."

They got her down to the lower room where all the venetians were shut and securely fastened; and Hazel made them bring down her charpoy and her cushions and her opium box.

"We shall stay here," she said decidedly, "until Mahomed Sahib is better," but to her own heart she said sadly "as long as my poor Ali lives."

The Nabob came to them there and told them that his son slept and must not be disturbed, but Kursheed, who was with him, would tell them when he awakened. He watched Hazel as she settled the Begum on her charpoy, with helpful tenderness, and he said to himself that surely the ways of that beautiful sheitan were past finding out, but since the Begum seemed to find comfort in her ministrations he did not interfere.

When Kursheed called them, the two women went in together, leaning on each other to see poor broken Mahomed Ali. The old Begum took on a strange new dignity by this deathbed of her first-born son; there was none of the crying and lamentation and beating of the breast that are the custom among the women of her race.

Hazel left her with him and went back into the outer room to ask when the doctor would return, as she wished to speak to him.

"The doctor sahib came again while you were waiting, Hazoor. It was for that you could not go in before to Mahomed Sahib," said Gouse Bee, surprised at Hazel's unheard of desire to speak with the strange man. "He is gone now, and will not return again till to-morrow. He has told Kursheed what to do for my lord. Kursheed is a very good nurse, Hazoor, and also the little assistant doctor sahib will come every morning and evening. The English doctors are very wise men, Hazari Begum, but they cannot make the dead to live."

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"THEN THERE IS NO HOPE."

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"But I said I wanted to see the doctor," said Hazel, cutting her short. "I told the Nabob himself to be sure and send word to me when he came. I am going to nurse my husband myself. He wishes it. And, pray, how can Kursheed understand the doctor sahib's orders? Has she learnt to speak English since this morning? Where is the Nabob Sahib?"

"He is coming in at the door even now," answered Gouse Bee, retiring discreetly.

"Is it true, my lord, that the doctor has been and I was never told?" asked Hazel, bearding her father-in-law as he entered.

"Were you not told?" said the Nabob suavely. "The servants are very neglectful; they should have told you. But now the doctor sahib is gone, and I think he will not come again to-night." And Hazel understood that her father-in-law would never allow her to have speech of the doctor.

"What did he say?" she asked, her anxiety getting the upper hand of her anger.

"What do I know?" answered the Nabob despondently. "If it is the will of Allah that he should die, he will die. He said, 'Keep him very quiet; do not let his mind be troubled. His sufferings will not be great.'"

"Then there is no hope?" she said, looking up, with the slow tears of a profound emotion dimming her grey eyes.

The Nabob did not answer.

The Begum slept that night in the lower room; going once or twice into the inner chamber to look at her son, lying asleep, with his wife sitting beside him, ready with gentle words and soothing ministrations when he woke, troubled and restless.

And in all this, no one ever once thought of the other wife, Aziz Unissa Begum.

In the early morning Kursheed came in and roused Hazel from an uneasy slumber into which she had fallen for very weariness.

"The doctor sahib is here, Hazoor," she said, "he is waiting to come in and see my lord."

"Oh, ask him to come in then. Why do you keep him waiting?" said Hazel, quickly.

"Hazoor, I dare not," said the old woman. "The Nabob waits with him in the verandah. He will not let him come in while you are here. And the doctor sahib is very impatient, he says he cannot wait. And he will perhaps go away again without seeing my lord."

"You had better go into the next room, Hazel," said Mahomed Ali fretfully. "What is the use of keeping the doctor waiting?"

And Hazel, fearing to make a scene in the sick man's chamber, went out with head bowed, and left him.

Peeping through the venetians, she saw the doctor come in from the verandah, followed by the Nabob. She heard his stumbling directions to Kursheed in his halting Hindustani, and she saw that Kursheed, answering glibly: "Yes, your highness," and, "It shall be as your honour says," every time the doctor hesitated for a word, really understood very little indeed of his instructions. She would have liked to call to him through the venetians, that she was there and could understand English, if he would give her his directions.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE SWOOP OF THE ENEMY.

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Peterson's Generosity.

THE STORY OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

HUGO PETERSON was in a difficulty. The condition was not an unusual one with him: he had been in many difficulties, but never in one which caused him so much anxious thought.

It was not that he did not know what to do. He knew perfectly well, but his trouble was that he was anxious to find a reason why he should not do it. For the time being sentiment and judgment were antagonistic.

And the most annoying feature about the whole thing was that the amount involved was only £10,000. If it had been as many millions there would have been excuse for his worry. But £10,000! It was a mere drop in the bucket to the owner of £40,000,000.

For, roughly speaking, that was the extent of Peterson's fortune — the remaining extent. He had already given away £20,000,000 in charity. He had endowed colleges, built churches and libraries, and generally had scattered money freely among those he believed were in need of it.

He had indeed been so ready to write out cheques that a great many people had got the idea into their heads that if they wanted money, all they had to do was to ask for it—an idea which had remained until they had put the matter to a test. Then they had discovered that Peterson's generosity was tempered with discrimination.

As a matter of fact, the millionaire had never given a penny without first satisfying himself that he would be justified in giving it. And that was his difficulty now. Would he be justified in giving £10,000 to a young woman who refused to state for what purpose the money was needed?

Sitting before the fire in his comfortable library he asked himself the question for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time a frown crossed his face when his judgment promptly answered the question in the negative.

The frown remained for a moment or two, but it faded away when he gave himself up to the enjoyment of contemplating the mental picture which invariably accompanied his attempts to dispose of the question.

It was the picture of a neat little woman with auburn hair, a delicately-moulded face, a sweet mouth, and beautiful grey eyes in which joy and sadness seemed to struggle for the tenancy.

It was the eyes which Peterson studied most, both in the original and in the mental picture. Why should sadness seek to lurk in them?

Generally, when he came to that question, Peterson banished the picture and postponed further consideration of the advisability of granting or refusing the £10,000. But to-night he steeled himself to face the question, and the lines round his mouth tightened when he found the answer. There would be no sadness in Ella Darrell's eyes if he told her that he had decided to give her the £10,000.

"Bah!" he reflected, presently. "Why not stretch a point and give her the money without finding out whether the purpose for which she wants it is a deserving one or not?"

Sentiment was pulling very strongly to-night.

"Better to do that and gain peace of mind," he continued aloud, "than to go on this way. When she receives the cheque she will pass out of my life and—and——"

Peterson never finished that remark. He sprang up from his chair, and gazed round the room with a strange expression

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on his strong face. It was such an expression as comes over the face of a man who has seen something which terrifies him.

Presently he sat down again and lit a cigar. His fingers trembled slightly as he did so, but except for the unsteadiness and the want of colour in his face no one could have told that he had just passed through the most momentous time of his life.

Hugo Peterson was in love.

The discovery changed the complexion of his thoughts. He knew now why judgment had failed in the struggle with sentiment. And he knew also that the struggle was a thing of the past. The matter had been settled for him. There was no longer any question as to whether he ought to give £10,000 to Ella Darrell. He loved her, and his whole fortune was at her disposal.

The knowledge that he was in love had come as a great shock to him; nevertheless, it was with a sense of relief that he got up and went over to the table to write a note to the woman he loved, making an appointment for the following day.

When she was shown into his room it struck him that she looked paler than she had done at any other time. There were dark rings under her eyes, too, which he did not like to see. They told of worry, and he would have kept her from that always.

He was so much engrossed in a study of her face that he quite forgot to speak; and she was at last compelled to break the silence which had followed her entry into the room.

"You asked me to call again," she said.

Her voice awoke him to a sense of his duty.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "Yes; I asked you to call."

Then there was another silence. She waited to hear what he had to say to her, and he hesitated, because he hardly knew how to begin. He had seen her only half a dozen times.

"I asked you to call again," he continued slowly, "but it was not about your request that I wanted to see you."

"Not about ——." She began to speak before she had realised what his words meant; but when the realisation came to her the sentence died on her lips.

"Not about the £10,000," he said, and his voice was soft and tender. "Miss Darrell—all the money I have is at your disposal."

He had approached close to her while speaking, but she drew back with a cry of alarm.

"I don't—understand," she faltered. "You mean——"

"I mean that I love you," he said, and then the words came freely. "I think I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you. I love you with all my heart and soul. Miss Darrell—Ella, I ask you to be my wife. God knows that——"

"Oh stop!" she cried, suddenly finding her voice. "Please stop! I——" She covered her face with her hands, and was silent.

Peterson stood looking at her for some moments.

"I know that I must have startled you," he continued gently; and I'm sorry. Please don't think that I expect you to give me an answer just now. I want you to consider the matter and—and to take plenty of time. Then, afterwards, you will let me know whether—whether——"

A sound like a sob interrupted him, but she had not removed her hands from her face, and he was not sure whether he had heard aright.

"I have considered that other matter for two months," he continued presently in a tone of regret, "so don't think that I shall be impatient if you take a long time to make up your mind. I want you to try to love me. Will you—dear?"

She took down her hands suddenly and met his gaze, and he saw that her eyes were wet.

"Ah! I have hurt you," he exclaimed. "Please forgive me. I should have warned you before I——"

"No, no!" she cried, and her voice was broken. "It is—you are so kind, but——"

"Don't say anything just now," he interrupted kindly. "Afterwards——"

"I—I thought when you wrote to me that you had changed your mind," she said. "I wouldn't have come if——"

"When I wrote I was wondering how I could summon up my courage to tell you that I loved you," he said. "I knew- ——"

The hopeless expression on her face cut him short. Sadness had gained full possession of her eyes.

"Would it be so difficult to learn to

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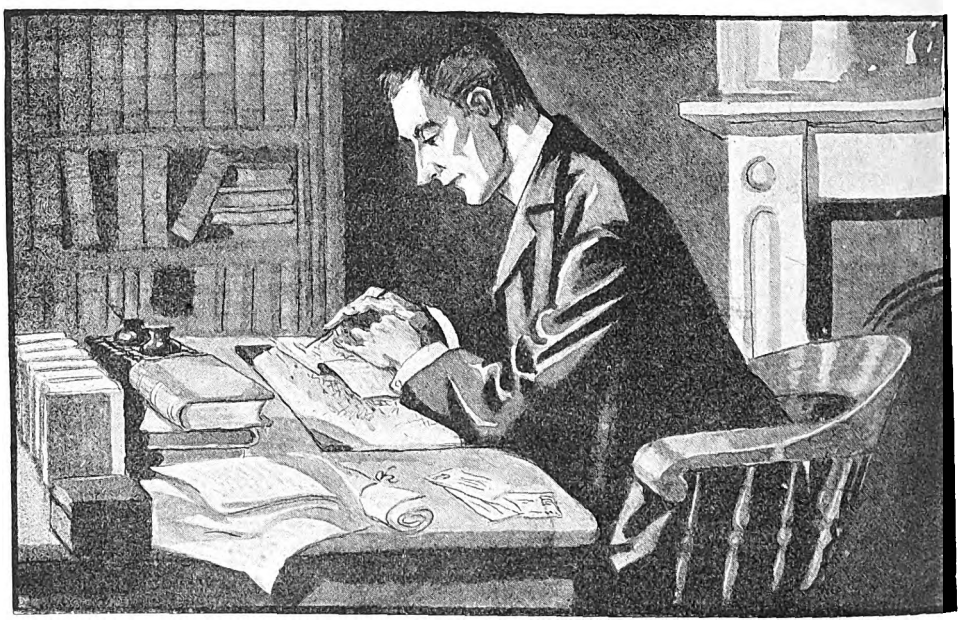
love me?" he asked gently. "I love you very dearly, so dearly that I would gladly give my life for you. Won't you try?"

He took both her hands in his, and lifting one of them to his lips kissed it reverently.

"Dear, you must not cry because——"

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried, wrenching her hands free. "I came to you with a request for £10,000, and refused to tell you what I wanted it for; but I will tell you now. I am engaged to be married. No, don't interrupt



HE TOOK UP A PEN AND BEGAN TO FILL IN A CHEQUE.

me," she entreated as he started. "The man I am engaged to is not strong; he is threatened with consumption. The doctor has ordered him to go to a warmer climate, but he can't do that without capital. That is why I came to you to beg. Do you think I would have come otherwise?"

She asked the question with a strange mixture of pride and humility, but Peterson made no reply. Something was gripping him at the heart and he felt that he was suffocating.

"You despise me for coming?" she asked presently. "But you don't know what a woman would do for the man she loves. He is dying before my eyes."

Peterson winced, and a thin smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

"I think I do know," he said slowly. "You love—him very dearly?"

He hardly knew why he asked the question.

"Love him?" Her eyes flashed, and the sadness fled. "I——"

"No—don't say it!" he cried suddenly, shrinking from the blow. "Will you forgive me?" he asked. If I had known ——"

"I have nothing to forgive," she interrupted. "You have honoured me—greatly—but——"

He stopped her with a movement of his hand.

"I don't think we should say any more," he said with a sigh. "I am very sorry for having caused you so much pain."

"And I am sorry, too," she murmured faintly. Good-bye!"

She was out of the room before he came to himself, but when he heard the front door close he started forward as though to call her back.

Half-way to the door, however, he

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stopped, and a short laugh broke from him. Give her £10,000 in order that she might marry another man? No—it was too much to expect.

He flung himself into a chair and sat staring into space. Only one thought was in his mind. If he stayed his hand, this man, *her* lover, might die, and then——

He put his hand up to his forehead and drew it away wet.

Then suddenly the single thought left his mind and he began to think of her as she had stood before him. "The man I am engaged to is not strong; he is threatened with consumption." She had meant merely to make a statement of fact, but her love had turned it into a prayer for help. "That is why I came to you to beg. Do you think I would have come otherwise?"

Why did he remember her words so plainly? He wanted to forget, but he even recollected each inflection of her voice.

But he could not do the thing which had suggested itself to him. He had given away millions; he would give away millions more; but to give £10,000 to her was a different matter.

"You don't know what a woman would do for the man she loves."

Peterson sat up suddenly as though some one had spoken the words. What about a man doing something as great, as noble—for it was noble of her to have begged—for the woman he loved?

* * * *

Half-an-hour later Peterson rose and went over to the writing-table. His face was very white and drawn, but there was a look of peace in his eyes. He had seen past the agony.

His hand did not tremble when he took up a pen and began to fill in a cheque. The words were quite firm and clear: "To Miss Ella Darrell, the sum of Ten thousand pounds sterling. Hugo Peterson."

Then he scribbled a short note, enclosed it and the cheque in an envelope, and went out to the post-office.

His generosity had reached the high-water mark.

[THE END.]

THE BROADSTONE OF EAST RETFORD.

THIS is an illustration of a curious and ancient custom that arose in connection with the Great Plague.

At the time of the Plague in 1666, a sort of cross known as the Broadstone was erected close to the market at Retford. When a bargain had been struck between a townsman and a villager, who stood at some distance from each other, the money was placed upon the stone and the purchaser retired.

THE BROADSTONE.

The villager took it up, left his produce in its place, and made his exit, and then the townsman came forward and fetched his provisions.

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The Cancer Curse.

A GREAT deal of importance has been given to the subject of Cancer by the Press recently, in all parts of the Kingdom, so that a large portion of the public has had its eyes open to the foe in their midst, and the attention attracted and the interest roused is not likely to be lost. In medical circles especially, the subject of Cancer has been to the fore, many of the annual lecturers choosing it as their text. Questions concerning the increase of the disease have been asked in the House of Commons, and a Royal Commission pressed for: and the statements of *Truth*—"I am glad to hear there is a strong probability of a Commission," and of the *Medical Press*—"That the appointment of a Royal Commission could not fail to be productive of good," have been very representative of the expressed wishes of many writers.

Some of the leading expressions of opinion upon the subject during the year, as far as possible, may be classified thus:

IS CANCER A PARASITIC DISEASE?

This question was answered in the affirmative by Mr. Plimmer in *The Practitioner*, by Prof. Gilbert Barling, in a lecture before the West Somerset Branch of the British Medical Association, and before the British Gynæcological Society, by Dr. Inglis Parsons. A statement that Dr. Bra had found and isolated the cancer microbe, attracted a great deal of notice, but, according to Prof. Curtis, most of the experiments he carried out, on strictly scientific conditions, with Dr. Bra's injection proved negative in result; and the experiments with the serum "discovered" by Drs. Roquette and Lapo, of Belgium, appeared equally disappointing. Dr. Lambert Lack, of London, claimed to have proved that cancer is always due to a particular injury to the basement membrane of mucus membraneous structures, and also that acting on this theory he had actually produced cancer in some of the lower animals. But later on it appeared that in all probability the experiments had not been performed under a sufficiently rigid test. Dr. Bra, of Paris, still pursuing his investigations, found he could successfully inoculate trees with cultures of human cancer, for in six months the trees were diseased, and one of them died. Dr. Fiessinger, of Oyonnaux, professed to trace cases of cancer to vegetable origin, *i.e.* to germs received from cancerous trees, having observed cancer to have followed pricks from bramble thorns, and Dr. Lloyd-Jones emphasised the idea that the presence of large trees is especially associated with a prevalence of cancer, and that the part of Cambridge most free from cancer is especially devoid of trees or vegetation, while the disease is especially prevalent in well wooded parts of the town.

LOCALITY AS A CAUSE OF CANCER.

Mr. D'Arcy Power not long since in a paper on "The Local Distribution of Cancer" raised a strong presumption in favour of cancer being an infective disease in the transmission of which locality plays an important part. Mr. Alfred Haviland lately also revived his theory that districts having the highest death rates from cancer were either crossed by or near to rivers, that occasionally flooded large areas, but on the other hand, a valuable study by Dr. Melmoth Scott of the districts around Chelmsford and Maldon showed that when death rates were calculated to standard population, and errors due to variations in age composition of the population thus eliminated, it is found that *although the County of Essex consists almost exclusively of clay*, yet the cancer mortality is decidedly below that which obtains in England as a whole—a result entirely opposed to Dr. Haviland's theory that a clay soil continually submerged by streams overflowing their banks is favourable to the growth of cancer.

CANCER AND FOOD.

Sir William Banks, in the Lettsomian Lecture, deliberately associated cancer with over-eating; Sir James Sawyer, M.P., writing on the subject, expressed an opinion that the increase of cancer was due to the same cause, especially to the increased consumption of meat; and Dr. Roger Williams has pointed out the rarity of cancer in prisons and workhouses, where but little animal food is allowed.

OTHER STATEMENTS.

At the International Gynæcological Congress, held at the Hague, Dr. Robert Bell, of Glasgow, contributed a very important paper, seeking to prove that epithelioma was due to the existence of a migratory nerve cell. In a lecture delivered by Arthur Jackson, Esq., F.R.C.S., before the Shropshire and Mid-Wales Branch of the British Medical Association, the lecturer expressed his belief that "something in the nature of a specific for cancer would be discovered," and the beneficial effect of thyroid extract in some cases, and the mixed toxins of erysipelas and bacillus prodigiosus in others seemed to point to the direction in which we should look for it. Dr. Murray, of the Glasgow Cancer Institution, entered his protest publicly against "the state of stagnation in scientific research in the treatment of cancers, and claimed that the knife should be sheathed, and other remedies under therapeutics found for them. It was contrary to fact to suppose that unless patients accepted the knife they must die." In the essay awarded the "Scott" prize by the Cancer Society, Dr. Alex Fraser, of Queen's Park, Manchester, gives a record of cases in which

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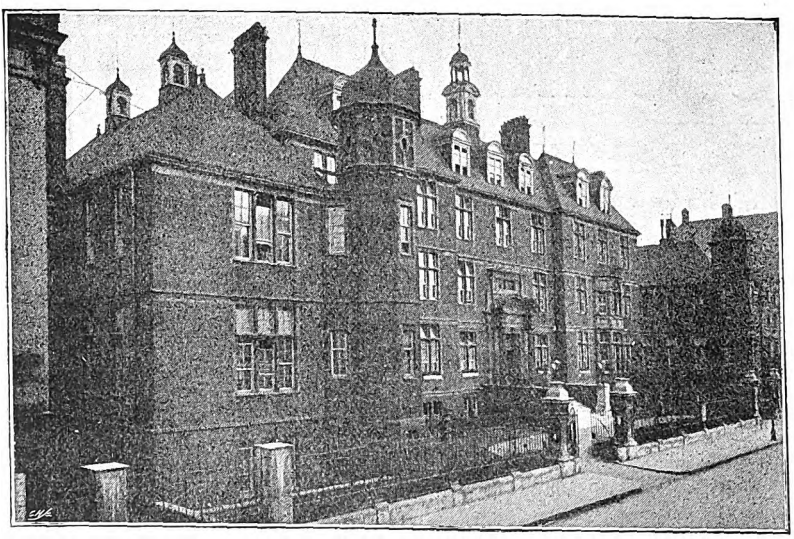

THE CANCER HOSPITAL, BROMPTON, S.W.

he has adopted the hydrogen-peroxide treatment, lengthening life and alleviating suffering.

Dr. Herbert Snow, the senior acting surgeon at the Brompton Cancer Hospital, stated at the annual meeting that he felt sure that the mystery of the phenomena of cancer was to be elucidated by experimental research among the lower cellular organisms which had no nervous system, which were at the very bottom of the scale of life. He had long been convinced that certain organs in the body known as the lymph-glands destroyed the cells which were the active agents of cancer; and he fondly hoped that that would be the first law of nature to be examined, and he firmly believed that in the illustrations of that very simple principle would be found the discovery which, if it could be effected, would surely constitute the greatest glory of his Majesty's reign—*a non-surgical cure for cancer.*

Meanwhile amidst the varying of medical opinion, there is, at any rate, an institution which has been doing for half-a-century useful and pioneer work on the matter, when it was by no means a popular subject to handle.

When the Brompton Cancer Hospital was established 51 years ago, cancer was a disease utterly neglected by the medical profession—in fact, they knew nothing about it, and this hospital was established not only for the treatment of the disease but also for the investigation of the cause and origin. This hospital is one absolutely needed. It fills a great want, and has been a most useful institution. It admits only patients who ought to receive hospital treatment—that is people who are unable to pay for medical advice; and when they are deserving and when they are suffering from this disease or any of the allied complaints, they are received here upon their own application, and at once admitted. There is no waiting

PHOTO OF ONE OF THE WARDS WITH THE MATRON AND NURSES.

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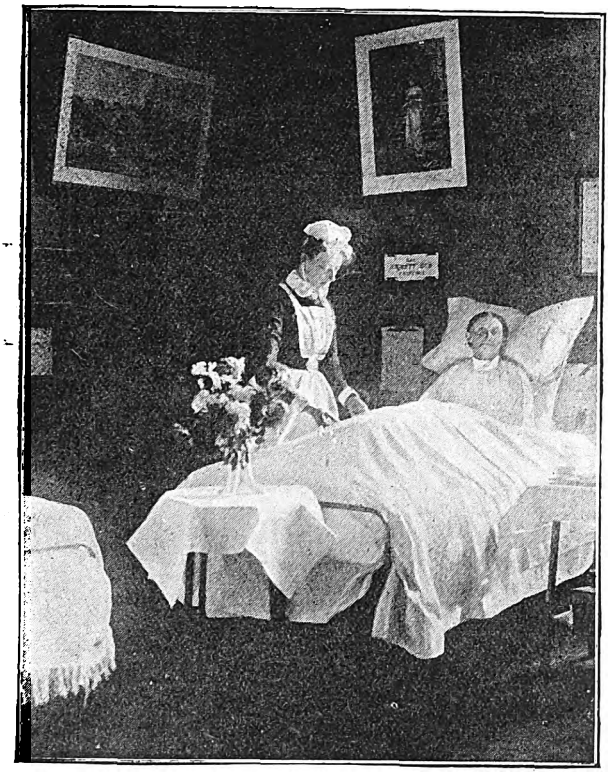


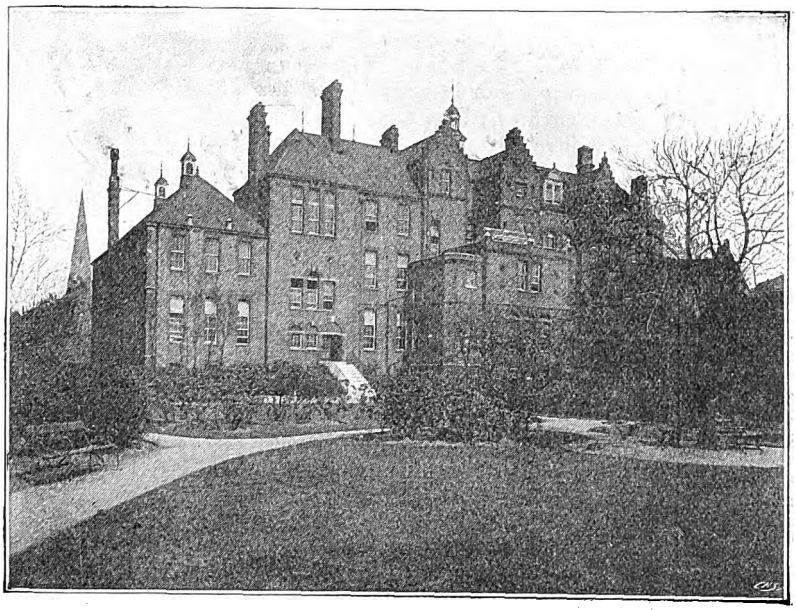
ONE OF THE SPECIAL BEDS.

about, the doors of the out-patient department are open every day at two o'clock, and they are never closed as long as there is one patient waiting to be seen. Moreover, when they are admitted into the wards they receive every possible kindness, attention and respect—they are treated in exactly the same way as if every one of them came with heavy fees in his hands.

It has had a pathological department in work for many years, and it intends to expend a considerable sum of money upon that department. An expenditure of five or six hundred a year would be amply sufficient. Since 1851, 56,000 cases have passed through their hands, and upwards of 1,500 are constantly under treatment. A very large number of cases yield to treatment—they leave here immensely benefited, and many live for many years afterwards, and die either from some other complaint or from old age.

Our readers will have noticed that the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians appointed a committee to inquire into the subject. That committee is composed of men of very high position; but they are not men who have had a very large experience in the pathology of cancer itself, and we trust that this hospital will play a very important part in the matter, and that that committee will recognise the advantages it offers for research. If they could once do that, the hospital will rank as one of the first in the country.

We greatly regret to hear as we go to press of the sudden death of Mr. Alex. Marsden, the Chairman of this Institution, and son of its founder.



BACK VIEW AND GROUNDS.

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"I Forbid the Banns?"

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

"YES, mother, I feel there is nothing for it but to go to those poor Indians in Georgia. And if you had heard what Dr. Burton said yesterday, you would be the first to answer, 'John, go where you are wanted.'"

Mrs. Wesley looked up startled. She had been counting so much on the sympathy and presence of her dear son, John, in this her hour of need. Her widow's weeds betrayed the fact that she had lost the close partner of her life, and naturally she had looked to the companionship of her boys, John and Charles. But Charles already was leaving her to be chaplain to the Governor of Georgia, and *now* it was her son John!

A red spot on each cheek betrayed the ferment in her mind. But she was the daughter of a famous old Puritan, and with all her father's spirit she replied: "Had I *twenty* sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more. Last week it was Charlie, and now my other boy will leave me too!" and she looked piteously at John. "But I will not stand in the way! Go, my boy, and the God of all grace go with you."

So they went—the one as chaplain, the other as missionary.

It was in the year 1735, when a voyage to any distance meant dragging out a weary existence for many tedious weeks. The two young Wesleys, however, and their companion, Mr. Delamotte, used the time in devotional pursuits. There were on board a party of Moravian missionaries, and in interchange of thought and experience a warm friendship sprang up between them. General Oglethorp, who had been deputed by the Trustees of Georgia to go out to settle the Constitution and order of the little colony, was also on board, and what he saw of John Wesley made him fix upon him as a fitting instrument to carry out his purposes in Georgia.

"That young man is worthy of better things than preaching to redskins: don't you think so?" he observed to the wife of the resident surgeon of the colony, who was going out to join her husband.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied. "But he is such a fanatic, you'll never keep him in Savannah."

"I suppose *I* can't," drily returned the General. "But if *you* can't find some lady to play the part of Circe to him, I shall cease to believe in woman's wit," playfully.

At last, after many delays, Wesley and and his friends sighted the long sandy strip of shore where Savannah, the chief city of Georgia, was built. They landed upon a little uninhabited island, and thence took boat to Savannah. Thus was John Wesley led up of the spirit into the wilderness, there to be tempted of the devil.

Getting to close quarters with the special work which had brought him there seemed impossible at first. Still, he threw himself into helping his brother Charles, and worked with a will amongst the little flock at Savannah, catechising, exhorting, and privately instructing.

One day there sought him for such private instruction a Miss Causton, a young lady who was introduced to him as being in great distress of mind about matters of religion; and that was the beginning of many an interview; for somehow the fair inquirer could not find the Light. She was one of the most bewitching girls John had ever seen, and after her visits to him, or his to her, he felt an unrest he was completely at a loss to explain.

General Oglethorp's interest in the

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young men soon gave them the run of all the society to be had in the little town. John, who detested society because it interfered with his personal abstemiousness, vainly tried to escape the net. But he was meshed by the courtesies of social life, and wherever he went he found Miss Causton.

She had never met his like before. Other men bored her with compliments, he *lectured* her; but, for the life of her, she could not help feeling more admiration for this young cleric than any man had been able to stir in her as yet. He on his part was captivated by her beauty, and without daring to stop to inquire the cause, felt his pulses bounding at the very sight of her.

The General was not blind to all this and it delighted him. His first opinion of the young man had been confirmed by his actions since. Already the town was talking about him. Everywhere he went, in the work of the Established Church, he asserted his High Church principles. And to all who disagreed with him he showed a galling, haughty intolerance.

One of the most respected men in the Colony, who by the sturdiness of his convictions was a perpetual thorn in the side of the General, was a Dissenter. The Governor simply *hated* him; and with great delight he heard that young Mr. Wesley had refused him the Sacrament unless he would consent to be re-baptised. The Colony rang with the news of this insult to their highly-esteemed townsman, but, in spite of the outcry, Wesley would not budge an inch.

"That's the man for me!" exclaimed the General. "He can play *Laud* to my *Charles*, and between us we'll teach these wretched colonists a lesson. 'Indians!' bosh! He shan't leave here for any Indians if I can help it." And "help it" he did. All manner of hindrances were thrown in the way of the young man getting to the borders. Hospitalities were multiplied, and Miss Causton, to whom her uncle, General Oglethorp, had given her cue, hovered around him. At last, as the effect of social gaiety to which he was unaccustomed, backed by the influence of the climate, he was seized with a fever, and Miss Causton was sent to attend him day and night. Robed in white, she came to his bedside, and played the part of a ministering angel to perfection.

As soon as he was about again, Mr. Delamotte, the missionary who had come out with them, took on himself the rôle of the candid friend, and opened the eyes of the unworldly John to the position into which he was gliding. Then he left John Wesley facing the great temptation of his life. He felt almost certain he had only to speak and the glowing language of her eyes would be translated into words. "Speak! I dare not. But, there, I must have advice. Delamotte doubtless is prejudiced against her, and I had better seek the advice of strangers."

It was the hour of evening prayers at the Moravian settlement. The brother-in-charge had just assembled his little household together, when the sound of a horse stopping at the door brought him to the front. With pleasure he welcomed the friend who had spent so many weeks with him on board in sweet communion. "Come in, Mr. Wesley!" he exclaimed; "we are just going to devotions. I know you will join us."

Reverently the little group bowed before the Father of daily mercies, and the Moravian poured out his soul for the stranger in their midst, especially commending the *work* God had given him to do.

At the mention of the word, John felt uncomfortable. To these men *work* was everything, and he knew it. "What, then, must they think of me?" he muttered.

The plain evening meal being over, John hesitatingly unfolded his tale.

For answer the Moravian read from his Testament how that men must leave houses, and lands, and even wife for the sake of Christ. "Isn't yours, brother, a case in point?"

"I can't see it!" said John, irritably. "Supposing that God intends me to settle down in the colony—aren't white souls as good as black?"

With a flash of his eyes, in which smouldered flame at all times, the Moravian replied, "There is no difference in *them*, the difference is in *you*. If God has sent you to the Indians, they are *yonder*, not *here*."

"But how could I take a girl like Miss Causton there?"

"You could not, of course! And from all I have ever heard of that young lady, she would not let you. She is a society loving girl. 'How can two walk together unless they be agreed?'—My brother!"

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he said, insistently, "In the name of God I FORBID THE BANNS!"

With a sad heart John rode away that night. He had reached the parting of the ways in his life. All night he turned and tossed, and ever, in his heated imagination, he saw again the one picture which hung on the walls of the little house he had just left; the picture of a suffering Saviour and over His head the words "All this for thee. What for Me?" And still That Patient Figure asked that question, and throughout the whole night, the clock ticked out "For thee—For me!" "For thee—For me!"

The result was seen in the fact that the next day Miss Causton received a polite note from John Wesley, pointing out that their names were being coupled together in a way which made it best that he should see her no more. For marriage was out of the question for one destined, like himself, to a life of hardship.

Pained and enraged, she showed the note to her father, and to the General, and thenceforward there commenced a series of petty persecutions, aimed, out of sheer spite, to keep Wesley from his proposed mission.

* * * *

Some months had gone by when, out of pique, Miss Causton married a Mr. Williamson, but her spite was still so great that she carried it even to the extent of disorderly behaviour in the church services. There, however, she met her match. John Wesley had loved this girl, and giving her up had been like cutting off his right hand; but he was made of the stuff which would have disciplined *wife* and *children* if necessary. So he reproved her for her conduct, and at last, finding she would not alter, he steeled his nerves against his heart, and publicly refused the Communion to the woman he loved.

When her father heard it he exclaimed: "I am insulted! I have drawn the sword, and I'll never sheath it till I get satisfaction!" A vexatious lawsuit followed, which wore out John Wesley's patience and kept him dragging out his time in a place where he was hated. Then, at last, he listened to his friends, and decided to abandon his mission; but as he was leaving the country the magistrates refused permission. Nothing daunted, he defied the magistrates, and one night, at eight o'clock, he fled by boat from Georgia, with his brother, to England, saddened in heart, but unquenched in his enthusiasm for work.

* * * *

Many years had passed away, and the name of the great Apostle of Methodism was now well known. At the house of his brother Charles a select company of friends had been invited to meet him, and with one group of them came an uninvited acquaintance. On the entrance of John Wesley, as he saluted the company, with great surprise all who were there saw a tall, military looking man step from among them, and, advancing to John Wesley, take his hand and reverently press it to his lips. It was General Oglethorp!

Thus, even to their enemies, the children of wisdom are sooner or later justfied.

[THE END.]

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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. Before the burial of the woman, a stranger appears in the neighbourhood, and out of curiosity asks to see the coffin, and pays the undertaker handsomely to let it be a good one. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called 'Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel." The child grows up, and as soon as he is any age worth speaking of, the farmer ruthlessly sets the child at work. He is treated in a heartrending way for a long time by the farmer, and idolised by his wife.

CHAPTER V.—(*continued.*)

AFTER a pregnant pause, Mrs. Harney settled back heavily in her chair. "We've been thinkin' fer quite a spell of takin' a boy to raise," she said, wiping the moist creases of her features with a limp pocket-handkerchief. "Our Benny don't take to the shop; I tell his pa he ain't built fer a blacksmith, and there ain't no use in talkin' 'bout it. I'd ruther he'd clerk it after a spell. Of course, Ben, he's allers wanted the boy in the shop; but Benny's too much like my folks. So I says to Ben the other day when he was going on 'bout it, 'Ben,' I says, 'why don't you take a likely boy an' fetch him up to take a holt in the shop? He could begin,' I says, 'a-fetchin' an' carryin', a-blowin' the belluses, an' haldin' the horses.' Ben says to me, 'Whar's yer boy,' he says. 'I don't want no fool boy,' he says; 'but a smart, likely boy 'at could earn his salt I'd take in a minit.' Then thinks I, mebbe Mis' Winch 'ull be glad to git red of that boy she's got. As I says to Ben, she's done her full share towards fetchin' him up, I says."

Elizabeth, sitting rigidly erect in her chair, stared at the speaker without replying.

"Why don't you tell her right out what's goin' the rounds of the village, Jane?" demanded the other lady, smoothing her bonnet strings with an air of importance. "I believe in comin' right out with the trewth every time—there's nothing so hullsome as trewth. I'm always fur telling things jest as they be without fear ner favour, more especial when I feel's so it was my Christian dooty, as I cert'nly do to-day."

Elizabeth's eyes had shifted from the purple expanse of Mrs. Harney's countenance; her gaze seemed concentrated upon the spinster's ill-fitting artificial teeth, which clicked an animated accompaniment to her words. "Yes," slicked that lady with growing earnestness, "when a child gets abused so it's the talk of the town, I think it's time to interfere."

"Ben, he hears it mentioned at the shop ev'ry once in a while," broke in Mrs. Harney. "Most everybody knows 'at your husban' is a turrible ha'sh man, I says to Ben. I guess Mis' Winch won't be the one to stan' in the way of the boy, ef it's once named to her, I says.

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We'd give him 'nough to eat, an' ten weeks of schoolin' a year, an' a trade."

Elizabeth had risen to her feet; red spots glowed on either sallow cheek. "You want I should gin you my child!" she cried. "My child 'at I've took keer of all these years! Ain't you 'shamed to set in my house an' go on with sech talk? You'd give him 'nough to eat, would ye, Mis' Harney? Well, I'm turrible 'bleeged to you, but I guess I kin make out with my cookin' 'longside o' yourn any day in the week. I ain't forgot the cake you brought to the donation! My 'Manuel is learnin' to work on the farm, an' of course he hes to be c'rrected same as other child ern, but——"

Her voice died away into silence, as her eyes wandered toward the open door.

Her guests looked at one another with meaning smiles. "I guess we'll hev to be gettin' along," remarked Mrs. Harney, rising with alacrity. "Your man'll be comin' in for his supper pretty soon, I shouldn't wonder. When folks don't git their dinner dishes outen the way 'fore three o'clock in the afternoon, they're likely to git flustered 'long 'bout tea-time."

With this parting shot the two ladies turned their backs on their hostess and made their way down the narrow path to the front gate. The spinster's high-pitched giggle, in evident comment upon some *sotto voce* remark of the blacksmith's wife reached Elizabeth's ears, and brought the angry tears to her eyes.

"An' I tol' 'Manuel 'at I reckoned we was in heaven a'ready!" she muttered, as she flew about her kitchen with savage energy: "Lord, what a liar I be."

When the child came into the house, holding the book lovingly in both hands, his eyes shining like evening stars after rain, Elizabeth regarded him with a fretful wrinkling of her worn forehead.

"Put yer Bible into the spare room under the bolster of the bed," she said crisply. "You won't hev much time to be studyin' it 'cept Sundays. Then I want you should go after the cows 's quick 's ever you kin. You kin eat this piece of bread an' butter to stay yer stomick till supper's ready."

"The simple idee!" she muttered to herself, as she stood on the back steps watching the little figure armed with the big piece of bread, "Mis' Harney mus' think 'at she's smart."

Erastus Winch returned from his expedition with Mr. Dundor in unwonted good-humour. "I ain't got much app'tite," he remarked, as he reached across the table for his fourth biscuit, "for I e't pretty hearty to Turnerses. Liph, he's a cute one; whilst we was eatin' pie and dough-nuts inside, his mare was feedin' out to the barn. I heerd him givin' Al' Turner speshul d'rections. 'Be sure you rub her down keerful, Al,' he says; 'caskets is heavy haulin'. An' you kin slip an extry feed of oats into the bag, if you don't mind,' he says, kind of mournful like. 'They ain't nobody so free with things temp'ral as the b'reaved,' he says to me, as we was walkin' into the house; 'seems 's 'o they didn't sense it same 's at other times,' he says. 'It doos 'em good to spen' an' be spent; it ca'ms their sorrer an' relieves their feelin's.' Say, 'Lizbeth, if I go first, don't you ferget to keep yer eyes peeled fer Liph. I swan, it 'ud make me right mad to look down f'om above an' see sech goin's on to my place!"

Elizabeth fetched a long sigh of pleasurable excitement. "Be you goin' to 'tend the fun'ral, 'Rastus?" she asked timidly.

"I dunno but I be," admitted Winch, fingering with satisfaction the large round of a silver dollar in his trousers pocket. "Liph, he mentioned my name as one of the bearers. They're goin' to put on style an' sen' kerridges. I s'pose you kin go in the buggy ef you're a *min'* to," he added grudgingly.

Elizabeth's face lighted up. "My! I'd like to go real well, 'Rastus. I've stayed to hum pretty stiddy lately, an' fun'rals is always so interestin'. To-night's the reg'lar prayer-meetin'," she went on, with a timid cough; "we ain't neither of us 'tended a meetin' for quite a spell."

"I s'pose I kin hitch," growled Winch; "you ain't wanted to go 'n 'count of him, an' you know you ain't!"

"Land! 'Manuel's big 'nough to go to meetin'; it'll do him good," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "We don't want folks talkin' 'bout us anyhow." She ventured the last remark with an apprehensive glance at her husband's grim face.

"Who's been here?" he demanded, pausing with his hand upon the latch. "Some clackin' hen, I'll bet a dollar!"

"Oh, 't wa'n't nothin' of any 'count, 'Rastus; on'y Mis' Harney stopped fer a minit, an' she said——"

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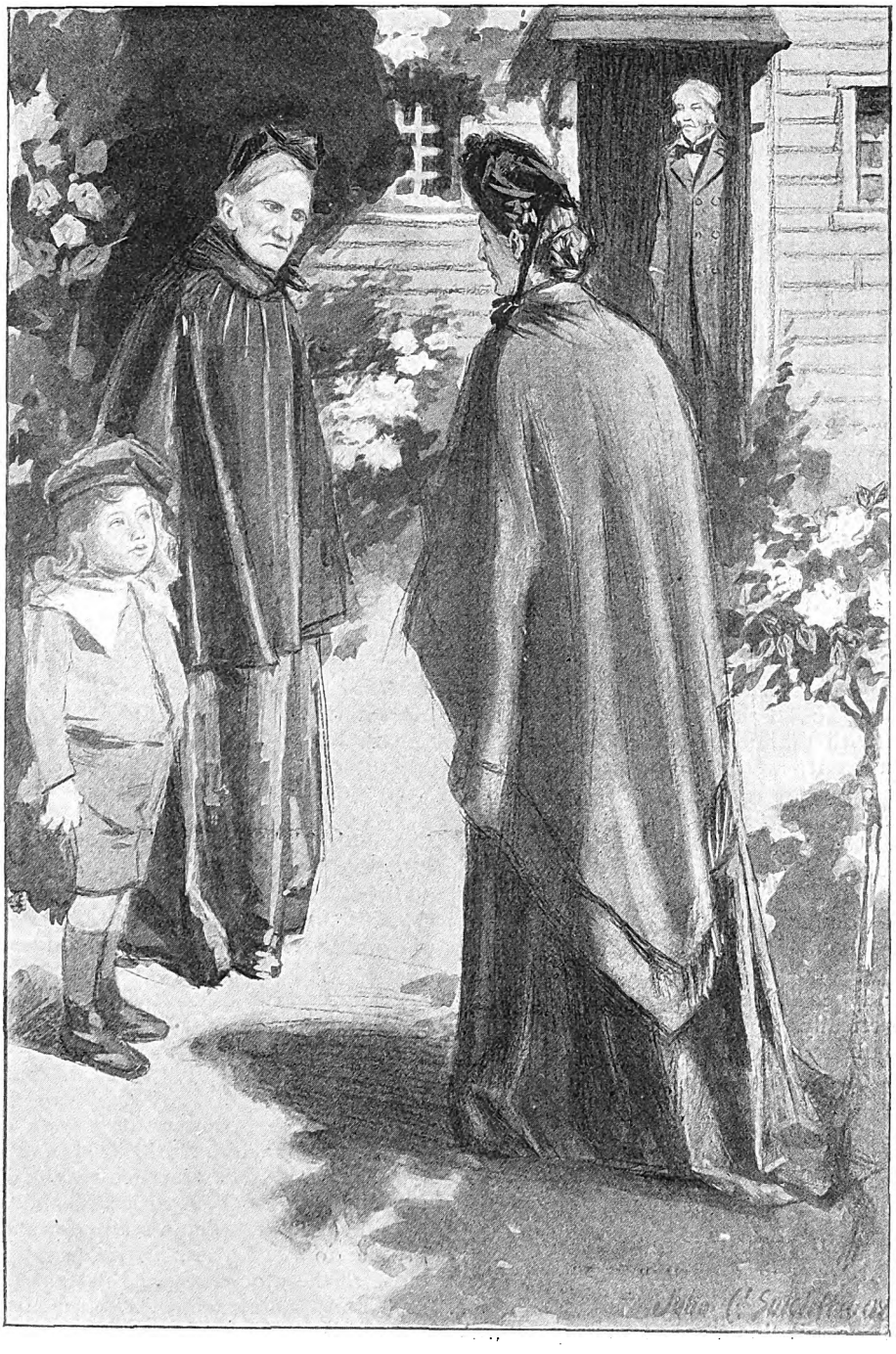

"WELL, IF YOU MUS' KNOW, MIS' DUNDOR, I TOL' THE CHILD 'AT GOD IN HEAVEN IS HIS FATHER."

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"Let her min' her bizness, an' do you min' yourn!" responded Winch, with a sudden lapse into his usual marital manner. "An', say!—I ain't goin' to no prayer-meetin' to-night; I've fooled away 'nough time!"

"I might 'a' knowed better," murmured Elizabeth with a resigned sigh.

She was standing with folded arms at the open door of the kitchen. In the west, behind dark masses of orchard foliage, the sky glowed a clear, pulsing amber, yearning toward the violet hues of mid-heaven through illimitable depths of vivid green. At the verge of the velvet hung the new moon, a slender thread of light; above it swung the clear burning lamp of the evening star.

"There now! ef I ain't gone an' seen the new moon over my lef' shoulder ag'in!" she muttered. "All the signs is fer back luck!" Her eye fell upon a small figure perched on the topmost rail of the fence.

"'Manuel!" she called with sudden sharpness, "come right in outen that dew this minit! Nex' thing I know he'll be down sick with milary—what with the hot sun beatin' down on him day-times an' all." The child clambered down from his perch with manifest reluctance. "I was laakin' at it, mummy," he said, pointing his small finger at the solemn pageant of heavenly colour. "I'd like to go there!"

"Don't you be a-talkin' nonsense, 'Manuel!" exclaimed Elizabeth, severely. "You're a-goin' to bed this minit—that's where you're a-goin."

"Does my Father live 'way up on the hill?" asked the child, his eyes turning wistfully to the window, as Elizabeth energetically scrubbed his face with a coarse brown towel.

"I guess so," said the woman, absent-mindedly. "Now I want you should say yer 'Now I lay me,' an' go right to sleep. 'Taint healthy for children to be too smart."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FATHER.

"Now, mind 'at you set still, 'Manuel, when we git inside, jest 's if you was in church!" The two were walking soberly up the broad path which led to the residence of the afflicted Turners, as Elizabeth repeated for perhaps the twentieth time the exhortation quoted above.

"My! Ain't the flowers han'some!" whispered Elizabeth, pausing wistfully. "I wish 't I had a slip of that g'ranium!"

"Lookin' at the blows, Mis' Winch?" inquired a nasal voice from behind. "It doos seem strange to see 'em a-bloomin' so bright in this vale of tears, don't it?"

"Why, I declare, Mis' Dundor, I don't know when I've seen you before!" exclaimed Elizabeth, turning quickly around. "You ain't lookin' very well."

"No, I ain't well," responded the other with a heavy sigh and a subdued sniff. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered woman with a curiously mottled, lavender-tinted complexion, which contrasted unpleasantly with her pale blue eyes and reddish hair. "I've been awful poorly most all summer; I tell Dundor 'at he'll be buryin' me come fall." The woman's eyes had been busying themselves as she spoke. "I s'pose," she went on, with increasing animation, "that this is the child 'at was born in your barn. I never seen him before."

"Yes," admitted Elizabeth, a mixture of pride and reluctance in her manner; "this is 'Manuel." She picked an imaginary bit of lint from his tunic, and settled his hat more squarely over the short dark curls. "Say, 'How-do-you-do' to the lady, 'Manuel," she added, in a severe voice.

The child glanced up shyly into the watery blue eyes of the stranger. "How-do-you-do?" he repeated obediently.

"Where in creation do you suppose his mother come from?" ejaculated Mrs. Dundor, blinking thoughtfully. "I s'pose you ain't never found out who his father is, have you?"

"No, I never have, an' what's more, I don't never want to," said Elizabeth shortly.

The child lifted his eyes in manifest astonishment. "I know," he said softly.

"It doos seem a nawful pity to be lef' alone in this cold world," sighed Mrs. Dundor. "But it's terrible responsibility to raise a child; you can't never tell how they'll turn out. There's Dundor standin' in the door; I guess if we want seats close to the mourners we'd better be goin' in. Land, child, what do you want?"

Immanuel had grasped a fold of the woman's gown with determination. "I want to tell you about my father," he said eagerly. "I do know who he is. Munny told me." He pointed his finger at Elizabeth, who flushed with annoyance.

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"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Dundor, nodding and blinking with pleased attention. "I thought mebbe you knew more 'n you was willin' to let on, Mis' Winch! Some folks would have thought twice afore tellin' what wa'n't so in the house of mournin'. Who is your father, bub?"

"Come right along in the house, 'Manuel," said Elizabeth, struggling with her mortification. "Don't pay no 'tention to what he says, Mis' Dundor; 'tain't likely I'd tell a lie ony time, especially right afore the child."

"But you did tell me 'bout my father, munny," persisted the boy. "He lives up on the hill, an' he loves me more'n anybody else; you said so, munny."

"You might's well own up, Mis' Winch, seein' the cat's out of the bag," put in the undertaker's wife, her pale lips widening with a smile of malicious enjoyment. "They say it takes childern an' fools to tell the truth."

"Well, if you mus' know, Mis' Dundor, I tol' the child 'at God in heaven is his Father," said Elizabeth, goaded into speech. "That's Gospel truth, and you con't deny it."

"Fer the land's sake!" ejaculated the other, with uplifted hands. "It ain't no less 'an blasphemious to talk that way, seein' it ain't no ways likely 'at he's one of the 'lect."

Elizabeth turned her back upon the speaker and hastily mounted the steps, dragging the child after her. "What a nawful naughty boy you be!" she whispered indignantly; "you ain't got no manners after all I've done for ye!"

The child's large brown eyes filled with astonished tears, through which he gazed in silence about the dim room into which Elizabeth was pushing him. Presently he was set emphatically upon a wooden-bottomed chair, Elizabeth taking her place beside him with compressed lips. There were a great many people in the room, the child perceived, women mostly, dressed sombrely. Between the closed and darkened windows stood a long, black object, heaped with white flowers, tortured into stiff shapes of stars and anchors and crowns. Among the sad faced women tip-toed the thin, active figure of the undertaker, with all the inconsequent bustle of the blue-bottle fly which boomed at intervals on the window-pane. A broken slat of the tightly-closed blinds gave dazzling glimpses of green sunlit grass, and the scarlet and yellow of nodding blossoms. In the fields beyond, meadow larks called and answered one another in wild sweetness. There were other sounds nearer by, the stamping of restless horses, the creaking of wheels, the shutting of distant doors; men's voices subdued to an inarticulate murmur, the going and coming of hushed feet in the room overhead. High above all struck in the nasal voices of the village choir, tuned to piercing insistence in the long-drawn, dolorous tones of "China."

"Why-e-e should we mourn depa-a-a-arting friends?
Or sha-a-ke at death's a-alarms?"

Immanuel, depressed by Elizabeth's unwonted reproof and the general gloom, hid his face in Elizabeth's shawl; an aching lump struggled in his throat, forcing at last a loud wail from his lips.

"Why, 'Manuel," with an emphatic little shake, "do you keep quiet this minute; don't you see the minister's a-going to speak?"

"'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not!'"

Again the child's voice filled the solemn pause with a choking sob of inarticulate misery.

Elizabeth glanced about her in perplexed distress to meet a fire of shocked and displeased glances. Mr. Eliphalet Dundor was already tip-toeing his way across the room with an air of professional omniscience.

"I'd let him go outside if I was you," suggested a kindly whisper from behind.

Elizabeth turned, her face on fire. "Oh, Mis' Haskil," she breathed excitedly, "I don't know what in the world ails 'Manuel; I wouldn't ha' brought him only he always been so awful good in church!"

"My Rosy's somewheres in the yard," returned the other, beaming encouragement from her broad, ruddy face; "fun'rals 'aint no place for childern. Run 'long out doors, sonny."

"Yes, do, do, 'Manuel; 'an don't you come back neither. Go quick, before Liph Dundor gets here!" urged Elizabeth.

With a long sigh of relief the child

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slipped from his chair, and darted swift and noiseless as a frightened bird into the sunshine. Still breathing hard, his shoulders shaken with recurring sobs, he made his way to the far side of the deep, old-fashioned yard where ancient apple-trees, unpruned for many a year, stretched their branches earthward. The grass grew lush and tall here, quite shoulder high indeed, and tasseled out with fragrant plumes. Immanuel dropped on all fours into the midst of this verdant cover, and crept animal-wise into a snug hiding-place roofed and walled with green.

The long flute calls of the meadow larks, "Oh—sweet! Oh—sweet! Oh, my own sweet!" flooded the silence with tranquillity. The boy lay flat upon his back and stared into the leafy arches above his head; dazzling reflections of sky and cloud shimmered on the budding spheres which loaded the gnarled boughs. He wondered vaguely why he had wept. The comfort of this one among his Father's many mansions had already penetrated his soul.

A human voice broke harshly into the harmonious chord of peace. "I sez to m' wife, you women-folks gits smarter and knowin'er every day, I sez; but Mis' Winch takes the cake so fur!" The muffled tones ended in a low chuckle.

From his hiding-place Immanuel discerned other tokens of human proximity in two black shadows which blotted out the sunshine among the nodding grass plumes at his feet.

The voice went on in a tone of lazy enjoyment. "We men folks 'ull git whipped clean out at the polls some day or other, an' I'll bet ye on it! Ef the critters don't 'low us the priv'lege of c'rectin' our own young 'uns, onct they git a holt of the franchise they'll keep us from votin' altogether, an' I'll bet ye on it!"

"What yer gassin' about, Lute?" demanded a gruff voice, at sound of which the child involuntarily shrank closer to the trunk of the friendly apple tree.

"Liph Dundor tol' me 'bout it yiste'd'y; he thought 'twas too all fired good to keep, and I'm blamed if I don't. Liph, he tol' me to keep it to myself, but I reckon you'd ought to know it. Say, I'll bet my wife 'ud think twice afore she'd call in anybody offen the street to interfere when I'm busy a-lickin' the boys! Why, ye can't gin 'em too much of it; ez I tol' Liph. Spare the rod, I sez, and spile the——"

"Who's been interfering' with who? What in thunder you talkin' 'bout anyhow?" demanded Winch, raising his voice.

"Don't you git 'xcited now, Ras, or they'll hear ye inside. You was givin' that 'dopted boy o' yourn a little taste of the gad day b'fore yiste'd'y, wa'n't you?"

"Yas, I was; an' what of it?"

"Wall, you'll remember 'at you was int'rupted by Liph kind of unexpected like, an'——

"She didn't dare ask Liph Dundor to——"

"That's jest what she done, by jingo! I thought 't was mighty brash of Mis' Winch, same 's I tol' my wife. But, say, you ain't a-goin' to make no fuss 'bout it, I hope! Thinks, sez I, it's such an all-fired good joke on Ras, 'at mebbe he'll enjoy it as much 's the rest on us!"

"It's mighty enjoyable, thank ye, Lute," said Winch dryly. "Mis' Winch hes enjoyed it a'ready, I persoom. I'll see to it 'at the boy don't lose nothin' by it!"

"I'll bet ye!" agreed the other, with a hoarse laugh, cut suddenly short by a spasm of propriety.

At sound of the long-drawn windy cadence of a hymn, the two shadows moved slowly away. The child sat up and gazed about him with the furtive air of a wild creature confronted with some nameless peril. A friendly gap in the hedge behind the apple-tree offered safe passage into the sunlit, blossoming meadow, where yellow-breasted lovers still called entreatingly, "Sweet—sweet! Oh—my own sweet!"

"My Father loves me!" whispered a small choked voice. "He loves me. I am going to find him!"

CHAPTER VII.

HILDA.

Like other seekers after the Divine in all ages, the boy lifted up his eyes to the hills, whose swelling sides, clothed with multi-coloured squares of corn and pasture, were crowned and belted with dark woods. His roving fancy reverted for an instant to the patchwork quilt with which the provident Elizabeth had tucked him snugly from the night since he could

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remember. The thought forced large tears, through which the landscape wavered as in a dream. Nevertheless he pushed on determinedly, following the hewn rails half hid in the lavish growth of weeds and low-growing trees.

A narrow road winding up by slow degrees from the lap of the valley next tempted his wandering feet. Here the child, mindful of Elizabeth's oft-repeated admonitions, paused to divest himself of his shoes and stockings. For awhile he carried these useful articles in the skirt of his tunic, his brown toes sinking luxuriously into the dust cooled by a recent shower. Then, led by fast-springing hopes, he carefully deposited them behind a clump of mullein, which spread its stately velvet leaves by the roadside. "My Father will let me go barefoot even on Sunday," he thought, and ran forward with a new sense of joy and freedom. A little later the "Sunday hat," bound beneath his smarting chin with a strenuous rubber cord, found its way to a green bank, where he fancied that it might serve as a nest for certain friendly and inquisitive crows, who craned their necks from the fence rails to stare and chatter after the small figure.

Wild raspberries grew by the roadside; the steep bank twinkled with their scarlet fires. Beyond the fence, also, where an upland meadow, clad in sparse grasses, lay sweet and silent beneath the warm afternoon sun. This meadow dipped toward a brook on its further side, and beyond, the white walls of a farmhouse shone through dark trees. Far beneath lay what appeared to the child's wondering eyes as the whole great world—a pageant of field and wood in the bright valley, with houses no bigger than his thumb and the loose-flung coils of the river gleaming blue and silver. On a narrow thread of road dust-white, a line of black dots moved slowly.

The wanderer sat down on the mossy top of a giant rock which shouldered its way out of the hillside and looked long at the amazing picture. For the moment he was quite as happy as the little black crickets which sang at his feet. Like them he was filled with the joyous life which throbs at the heart of all nature.

Wrapt in the sweet silence, the boy did not hear small stealthy footsteps which crept quite up to the big rock, but he felt the touch of warm fingers which essayed to pull from his grasp the cluster of berries, which he had refrained from eating because they were too beautiful.

"I want 'em; they's bigger 'an mine," said a voice, sweet as a thrush.

Immanuel involuntarily tightened his grasp upon his treasure as he turned grave, startled eyes upon the intruder.

Blue eyes, shaded by a fluff of yellow curls, met his look of inquiry gravely. "I want 'em dis minute," repeated the sweet voice imperiously.

"Whose child are you?" demanded the boy, unconsciously assuming the half-stern, half-patronising air with which this inquiry had invariably been put to himself.

"I'm my mamma's little girl," answered the child, and immediately burst into loud crying.

"Why do you cry? Here, you shall have my berries," said the boy, eagerly pressing the bunch of fruit into the small rosy hands which hid the blue eyes. The tears ceased as suddenly as an April shower. "Why did you cry?" he repeated.

"Because," answered the child, puckering up her face as if undecided between tears and berries, "my mamma's gone to heaven—gran'ma says so."

"What's your name?"

"Hilda—that's my name—Hilda."

"You're small, Hilda, much smaller 'an I, an' I'll tell you somethin': heaven's where God is. God is my Father. I'm goin' to find Him. When I do, I think I shall stay with him all the while, an' never never come down."

The child stared at him with round eyes. She made no answer, her mouth being pleasantly filled with berries; but she nodded her yellow head understandingly.

"I'm goin' now," said the boy with decision. "You c'n come if you want to."

"Pick me some more berries, boy; I like berries."

"Will you come then? I guess your mother 'll be at God's house."

Hilda shook her head. "My mamma's gone to heaven in a black box," she said positively. "I saw her go—just a little while ago. I don't want to go to heaven in a box."

"This is heaven," said the boy eagerly. "God made these berries an' that pretty stone, an'—an' ev'rythin'!"

"'Tis not heaven; it's my gran'pa's meadow."

"Yes, 'tis, 'cause——"

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"Tisn't!"

"You're a naughty girl to conterdict," said Immanuel, with dignity. "This is heaven 'cause God's here. He's ev'rywhere, an' ev'rywhere 'at He is is heaven."

Hilda looked at him with a shrewd twinkle in her blue eyes. "Where you goin' then," she demanded.

"I'm goin'—well, 'way up to the top of this hill, I guess."

"Then I'm goin' home. Aunt Em's fryin' doughnuts, an' I want one. The sugar bush is up there, but there isn't any sugar now, so I shan't go."

"Oh, what a bad, naughty girl to run away! Come here this minute!" The words, delivered in a high-pitched monotonous voice, caused both children to turn suddenly. A stout sun-bonneted figure was coming slowly toward them across the field.

"I—I must go now," stammered Immanuel, a sudden doubt as to the righteousness of his proceedings clouding his bright eyes.

"It's only Aunt Em," said Hilda, coolly, reaching after another berry. "I never mind her, an' you needn't. Let's run: she couldn't catch us."

Immanuel and his little acquaintance stood still, waiting the coming of the sun-bonnetted figure which was drawing nearer. "Good-bye," said Immanuel, oppressed by a proportionate sense of guilt.

"You must stay; I want you." Two imperious hands fastened upon his sleeve. "You shall stay, I tell you. Mustn't he stay, Aunt Em—mustn't he, when I want him?"

IMMANUEL INVOLUNTARILY TIGHTENED HIS GRASP UPON HIS TREASURE AS HE TURNED STARTLED EYES UPON THE INTRUDER.

"What a naughty, naughty girl!" exclaimed the woman, who now loomed tall above them. "I'm 'fraid gran'ma 'll warm you up good fer runnin' away. What little boy is this?"

Immanuel hung his head and dug his bare toes into the earth. "I found him," announced Hilda complacently. "I'm goin' to keep him to play with."

"What an idee!" cried the woman, her fat face creasing itself in a smile.

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Seen nearer at hand she was not at all formidable. Indeed, she now sat down with a long, easy sigh, and drew the little girl into her capacious lap. "You're an awful naughty girl to plague Aunt Em so, Hildy," she said mildly. "Didn't your gran'ma tell you you shouldn't go out the yard? My, my! jus' see how wet your little feet are. You must ha' waded right through the brook."

"Yes, I did," said Hilda, conclusively. "I wanted to. I want him, too, an' I shall have him."

"Where did you come from, little boy?" asked the woman.

"From down there," answered Immanuel, pointing toward the valley.

"For the land's sake! Where was you goin'?"

"He was goin' to God's house, way up on the hill, an' he wanted me to go too, but I shan't," said Hilda pouting. "I'm going to make him stop with me."

"Why, there isn't any church up there," said the woman with a vague smile. "Well, I guess we'll be going up to the house, perhaps mother'll know." She rose slowly and held out her hand to each of the children. Immanuel held back.

"Come, boy—you've gotta come!" cried Hilda.

"I guess you'd better come 'long," assented the woman; "mother she'll know."

Immanuel reluctantly laid his brown, berry-stained hand in the broad, warm palm which was extended to him, and all three turned their faces toward the farm-house. There's lots of rosb'rries ripe," the woman was saying in a tone of mild satisfaction; "I shouldn't wonder if you an' me'd better come out an' bring our pails after supper, Hildy. Some rosb'rry pie 'ud be nice for dinner to-morrow. Do you like pie?"

"Tell her 'Yes, 'm,'" whispered Hilda, hanging back to address Immanuel across the expanse of lavender-coloured calico which billowed between them. "An', say, boy, when gran'ma talks to you, you mus' speak right up. Gran'ma don't like folks 'at don't speak right up."

"I guess mother'll know," chimed in the woman, pleasantly; "she 'most always does."

"Well, Em'line," observed a crisp voice from the open window, "I see you've found that naughty child. Where was she?"

"In the strawb'rry meadow, ma, but I guess she didn't mean to run away; did you, Hildy?"

"She can come right in here an' set in her chair half-an-hour," said the voice, sternly.

The corners of Hilda's rosy mouth drooped dolefully. "I don't want to!" she muttered. Then her eyes brightened. "I found a nice boy, gran'ma!" she cried in a tone of triumph; "an' we've got him."

"Found what?" A rosy, spectacled face appeared at the window and was hastily withdrawn, to reappear an instant later in the open door. "Where did that child come from, Em'line?"

"I don't know, ma," said she of the sun-bonnet, smiling broadly. "I couldn't get nothin' out of him. He said he was goin' to church up on the hill; didn't he, Hildy?"

"I'm goin' to keep him to play with!" asseverated Hilda, dancing up and down and clapping her hands. "He's mine, 'cause I found him. Isn't he a nice boy, gran'ma?"

"You can come in an' set in your chair."

"Please, gran'ma!"

"Come right in!" The small, rotund figure advanced with an air of authority, before which the smaller individual wilted. With her blue eyes brimming over with tears, the child threw both arms around Immanuel's neck. "I've got to go, boy," she whispered. "Be sure you speak right up an' say, 'Yes, 'm,' an' 'No, 'm!'"

"You go in, Em'line, an' take off her wet shoes. I'll talk to this boy." The spectacles were carefully lowered now, and two brown, bird-like eyes were fixed full upon the fugitive. "Can you tell me whose little boy you are, bubby?"

"Yes, 'm; I'm God's little boy."

"I guess you'd better come in the kitchen and get a doughnut," said the old lady, pursing up her lips. "Do you like doughnuts?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Now mebbe you'll remember what your name is," said his hostess, briskly, when Immanuel had swallowed the last crumb of the crisp, brown cake.

"Yes, 'm; I didn't forget it."

"Well, what is it?"

"'Manuel Winch."

"'Manuel Winch! Why, there's Winches that lives the other side of the

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Corners, ain't there, Emmeline? They go to the Cong'egational Church. But how'd he ever get up in our strawb'ry meadow from way the other side of the Corners?"

"P'r'aps his folks was up this way, ma," suggested Emmeline, beaming placidly at the little boy across the heaped-up pan of crullers. "Don't you want 'nother doughnut, sonny?"

"I want one!" piped a little voice from the door. "I'm hungre-e!"

"Not till you're through a-settin' in your chair, miss; naughty girls can't have no doughnuts. Go right back or gran'-ma'll have to spat your han's."

"Then I'll cry!"

"Yes, indeedy! I just guess you will!" agreed her grandmother, taking two decided steps toward the small culprit who fled shrieking toward her chair. The old lady turned to the boy with a spice of severity in her manner. "Now, child, I want you should tell me just where you come from, an' how you got here."

"I—walked," said Immanuel, winking rapidly to keep back two big tears. "I wanted to find my father."

"Land! did you ever?" exclaimed Emmeline, opening her pale blue eyes to their widest. "What makes him talk so queer, do you s'pose, ma?"

"I guess he's run away; that's what I guess," said the old lady, nodding shrewdly. "Did you run away from your ma, little boy?"

Immanuel shook his head. "I'm goin' to find my father," he said doggedly.

"After supper pa or one of the boys could hitch up, couldn't they?" suggested Emmeline, looking vaguely out of the window.

"I guess that the only thing to do," said her mother, stepping briskly toward the inner room. "Now, Hildy," she began, then threw up her hands with an exclamation of horrified amaze. "Em'line, Em'line! do come here quick an' see what that child's done now! I declare I don't know what she'll think of next! She's got her gran'pa's hair-oil an' poured it all over the top of her head. It's dripping on the carpet! Fetch me a pail of hot water as quick's ever you can!"

Finding himself thus unexpectedly released from the fire of observation and interrogation, Immanuel sidled quietly out of the open door. Then, gathering headway with renewed determination, he ran swiftly across the door yard, frightening into sudden cachinnation a drove of hens which were dozing pleasantly under the lilac bushes, slipped through the palings of the whitewashed fence, and pattered noiselessly down the dusty road; across which the shadows were already stretching long and purple.

(*To be continued.*)

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NOT FICTION.

RULING PASSION.

A RICH miser of Paris lay a-dying, and his father-confessor placed a silver crucifix before him, and proceeded to exhort him. Fixing his eyes upon the crucifix, the usurer faintly remarked: "Alas! I cannot lend you much, sir, upon that."

NOT TRUST.

AN honest, industrious countryman had often been brought, by want of employment, into very straitened circumstances, and had experienced many evident interpositions of Divine Providence in his favour. In conversing once on the subject of God taking care of His people, the pious man observed: "It is very easy to talk of trusting in God, with plenty of provisions in the house and money in the pocket; but I do not call that *trust;* I call it *ready money.*"

WHAT IT MAY BECOME.

ORDERS had been issued (during the American War) to kill all bloodhounds, as these used to be kept for hunting slaves. One day a soldier, seizing a poodle, was carrying it off to execution, in spite of the heartrending appeals of its mistress. "Madam," he said, "our orders are to kill every bloodhound." "But this is not a bloodhound." Well, madam," said the soldier, as he went away with it, "*we cannot tell what it will grow into if we leave it behind.*"

OPPORTUNITIES are *importunities*. They come begging for use.

BREADTH sometimes means shallowness, but every tiny puddle is not deep.

"As I have made my bed I must lie on it." "No," answers Jesus, "take it up and walk!"

RESPONSIBILITY is ability to give an answer. But a man can't do much at the business till he has asked a good many questions.

MANY BIBLES.

THERE are many Bibles—in fact, each differs from the rest. There is the bible which a millionaire can read, and yet keep his millions, and there is the bible which a widow can read, and feel she must give her two mites. There is a bible which a man can so read that he may keep his sinfulness. There is a bible which, if another reads, he has to cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." There is a bible which a theologian can read, and be set *thinking, thinking.* There is a bible which, if another man reads, he is set *doing, doing.* There is a bible—a literary gem, beautiful in language, powerful in imagery, and masterly in argument. There is another bible (yet not another) which flames likes the bush in the desert of Midian with the presence of God. Which is the book to us? Word on word, page on page, small type, large type? or is it a book of messages from God, in which there is the sympathetic ring of the Loving God's voice, and the vigorous ring of the Working God's voice?

A MAN knows, and a dog knows. But the man knows that he knows, and the dog does not know that he knows.

"GIVE! give!" said the little stream. "Keep! keep!" muttered the selfish pool. But the pool dried up, the stream is running on.

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." True; but for the most part men are never great at all.

A FORGOTTEN truth is no truth at all to the men who forget it. A soaked sponge, when dry, will squeeze out no water. You cannot feed a fire on ashes.

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THE JESTER'S PRAYER.

THE Christmas feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir fool,
Kneel, now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent the knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose—"O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"'Tis by our FOLLIES that so long
We hold the Earth from Heaven away.
'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of Truth and Right, O Lord, we stay.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"Th' ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask—
The chastening stripe must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod should heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; — but THOU, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

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A CYNIC'S REPENTANCE.

"SO father has been gone five years," soliloquised Mark Grafton, putting down the local paper in which he had been scanning the "In Memoriam" column. "Strange that I should have stumbled on this piece of information the very day after I came back to the old neighbourhood. Well, it decides me on one point. I must go and see mother."

He got up and walked to the hotel window. On the way he stopped before his full-length reflection in a pier-glass and smiled cynically.

"There is fortunately no doubt," he said slowly, "as to the reception you will get, my dear Mark. Even your stern father himself would have welcomed a prodigal who returned in broadcloth and diamonds. Yes, my boy, the fatted calf will be killed for *you* and no mistake."

We pity the wanderer to whom no man gave of "the husks that the swine did eat." But how far more to be pitied is he who gets the husks, and is satisfied with them, and even persuades himself that there is nothing better even in the Father's house. Mark Grafton belonged to this class. Mistaken harshness had turned him adrift from home seven years before. He had been tossed about on the sea of life, and had at first well nigh fallen a prey to the human sharks that lie in wait for the ignorant and unwary. Then the tide had turned, and he had prospered beyond his wildest dreams. But his generous impulses had given place to a cynicism born of bitter experience. He had no faith in the disinterestedness of man or woman, and it had become a second nature with him to look for low and selfish motives at the back of every action.

And yet even as he spoke, his conscience pricked him. He could not quite forget the patience of his gentle mother, how she had borne with his waywardness and tried to shield him from his father's suspicious anger. He remembered another woman too, a fair-faced girl of eighteen when he left her. For the first time for years he recalled the details of their parting. And he had never written!

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What a fool I am! Most likely she married long ago, and forgot my existence before I forgot her. My knowledge of the world has taught me enough for *that*."

He paced the room restlessly, then as if mastered by a sudden impulse, opened a trunk and turned out from it a torn and threadbare coat and trousers, an old pair of shoes, and a much-battered hat.

"Curious," he murmured, "that these should come in useful. I wasn't such a fool for keeping them after all."

In five minutes Mark Grafton was metamorphosed. His faultless collar and cuffs were soiled and crumpled, his diamond pin replaced by a tawdry imitation jewel, and in another five minutes he was on his road to his old home. His native village lay six miles away, and his path lay across lonely fields. It was Sunday afternoon and the air was full of Sabbath peace and quiet.

"No." The smart servant shook her head superciliously. "Mrs. Grafton hasn't lived here the last five years. She lives over there"—pointing some distance up the road to a tiny two-roomed cottage.

Mark Grafton felt another twinge of conscience. So his mother had been in actual poverty all these years.

He tapped at the cottage door. There was no answer, so he lifted the latch and entered. The room was empty. Of course, he might have known his mother would be at afternoon service. His quick glance took in the little room and all its

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contents. There were a few articles of furniture that he remembered from his childhood—the old clock, his father's chair, and there—yes! that was his own portrait opposite the door, and, on a bracket underneath, a tiny bunch of old-fashioned, sweet-scented flowers. An unwonted lump came in his throat. Stay, what was that on the table by the door? A large envelope, addressed in shaky characters to himself! What could it mean? His mother could by no possi-

THE WOMAN LOOKED ROUND WITH SUDDEN INTUITION.

bility have known that he was in the neighbourhood. And the ink looked faded and brown. He tore it open, and for the first time for years tears filled his eyes. She knew he would come back some day, the note said, and because she feared he might return when she was not there to welcome him, she always left the door unlocked and placed this letter where he might see it, that he might be sure of her loving welcome. She was waiting for him, thinking of him, praying for him always.

How he hated himself for his unworthy subterfuge. How small it looked, before the loving, great-hearted words he had just read! He walked slowly down the street and passed noiselessly through the church-porch into the aisle. The congregation were singing the hymn before the sermon. He leant against a pillar and scanned them. There, just in front of him was his mother, her face rapt and beautiful. And who was the fair-haired woman at the organ? Was it——? yes, it surely was Ella Richardson. His pulses quickened in spite of himself at sight of her. Seven years ago! Well, she at any rate would not want him in his rags. What a sentimental fool he was getting! The sneer returned to his lip.

The hymn was finished and the text was given out.

"*Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.*"

The preacher was not one who was content with arbitrary dogmatism. He widened his definition of the Kingdom of

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God till it was as broad as human life, and he showed how inevitably the door into all that was best and highest and truest was shut against him who had lost the little child spirit—the spirit of love, of trust, of faith in the goodness of God and in the goodness planted by Him in human hearts. In the Kingdom of Love, the Kingdom of Hope, the Kingdom of Truth, there was no room for the hard, cynical, sneering spirit. And he ended with a passionate appeal to his hearers to open mind and heart to the gracious influences of Him who came to lead men and women back into the child-like attitude towards the Father of us all.

Mark fell on his knees as the congregation bowed their heads. He had thought himself so rich; now he saw how starved and poor he was in the midst of material prosperity. His ragged clothing was the fit garb for one who had lost the precious jewels of faith and hope and love. He had compared himself in jest that morning to the prodigal; now the prodigal's prayer went up in earnest from his soul:—

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee!"

He forgot the presence of others, and his breath came in laboured gasps. The woman in the pew in front raised her head and looked round with a sudden intuition. . . . . .

. . . . . .

"And you have been hard up, mother, all these years?"

"No, no, dear! I am better off than I look. But I have saved every penny I could. I knew you would come home some day, and might want it. It is all yours, Mark. We have watched for you all the time—Ella and I!"

[THE END.]

IN FULL BLOSSOM.

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How the GERMANS took LONDON

An ***Imaginative Sketch that might be Realistic.***

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS EVENTS.

Great Britain is at war with the State of Uliska, and it appears that Germany intends to have some say in the settlement of terms offered by us to Uliska. Yet, in spite of this, no one suspects that an order issued by Germany to German residents in London to return home means anything, but on one Sunday evening, the very Sunday they all leave from Fenchurch-street and other stations, the German Ambassador declares war. England is found to be isolated, her communication with the outside world cut off, her fleets called away by fraudulent use of a stolen cypher book. Operations are then carried on on the Sunday in the district around Burnham and Creeksea Ferry. The telegraph wires are cut, and the fort at Shoebury surprised and captured. Then Southend is reached from Shoebury early in the morning. Meanwhile on the water the commander of the German ironclad, lying off Sheerness, invites the officers in charge of the forts at Sheerness and the naval officers in the ships to a banquet. While there a fire breaks out at the docks, to which the German commander sends a large number of men ostensibly to put out the flames, and after they have gone he tells the remaining guests that war has broken out.

"I HAVE to inform you that Germany has declared war against your country," so said the commander of the German ironclad to his guests. Then holding up his hand, he continued—"Yes, gentlemen, I grieve to say that such is the fact, and I crave your earnest attention while I make a few further remarks." [It was now past twelve.] "I must inform you that (taking out his watch) from this moment England and Germany are at war, but I am permitted to tell you that such is the attack we contemplate, that I have every reason to suppose that, although war is now only just declared, all here present may live to meet again within the week as friends and not as foes. Much depends upon yourselves as to the extent of damage that may be done, or the number of lives lost. When I tell you that at this moment the *Sans Pareil* is probably in our possession, I can, of course, hardly expect you to believe me, but I feel sure that such is the case."

Noticing the terribly agitated state of his guests he begged them to hear him to the end. Continuing, he said, "I have only to fire a rocket from here, and your beautiful ship lies at the bottom of the sea, and God help those on board her. Two rockets sent up from here would cause the best of your vessels at Chatham to be treated in the same manner. Similar steps have been taken elsewhere, and by now a powerful German fleet is within five miles of you, only awaiting my

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signals to begin wholesale slaughter and damage. I may further tell you, gentlemen, that nothing can prevent our having 150,000 or 200,000 troops in the City of London by Monday night, and when I tell you this, you may perhaps realise what I mean when I say I expect—and may I say I hope—we shall meet again as friends ere the week is past. Now, gentlemen, your position is this. I want you to remain with me, in fact I must detain you until daylight, because I want you to see the force of what I am going to tell you now. Before daylight you will probably see signal rockets sent up from Shoeburyness announcing to me the fact that all is well with us there. By daylight you will see troops disembarking at Southend Pier. I have already sent to take possession of the head of the pier, and our troops from Shoeburyness will do what is necessary at the other end before you and I are many hours older. Daylight will also show you a balloon appearing over Shoeburyness if all continues to go well there, and, by mid-day, all the heavy ordnance you have there likely to be of any use to us will be trained upon your own vessels and forts. Daylight will further reveal to you the fact that a portion of our fleet will be stationed at the mouth of this very busy waterway, and will be gradually accumulating all the larger of the trading vessels and steamers passing out or coming into this river. The object of this is threefold: Firstly, to form a bulwark of your own vessels that will ensure us a certain amount of protection in the event of attack; secondly, to secure a large number of vessels that would be valuable as prizes; and, thirdly, to place ourselves in a better position for securing an early termination of hostilities. Now, gentlemen, you have a very accurate idea of our plan of campaign, but this is the use I wish you to make of the information I have conveyed to you. So sure are we of absolute success, that I want you to realise the utter futility of resistance, and use all your endeavours to avoid useless loss of life and needless destruction of property. I propose to put you on shore in the morning, that you may place yourselves in communication with your authorities; but in the meantime I must ask you to sign an armistice that shall only apply to the immediate locality, and last for forty-eight hours. I must ask you to do this to save the lives of hundreds of brave men, and a terrible destruction of property, as by this time your own guns (those of the *Sans Pareil*) are trained at point blank range on your own fortifications. Gentlemen, you have not heard any firing or sounds of disturbance, yet you may be sure I am not deceiving you. Your vessel has been quietly captured, partly as a result of that little affair in the Dockyard, gentlemen, which I may tell you was part of the programme, and consequently by this time some of our torpedo boats have quietly passed up the Medway to await my further instructions, which can, of course, be instantaneous. So now, please, gentlemen, realise what I am saying to you."

Here a young officer made a dash for the door, with the evident intention of jumping overboard, and trusting to be able to swim ashore and give the alarm, but the door was locked from the outside.

The Commander smiled and continued, "Thousands of your countrymen will live to be grateful to their dying day, if, under stress of the most pardonable circumstances, you for the time being, sink your pride—I know what this means to an Englishman—and collectively sign a document that, for the time being ensures the lives of an unknown number of brave men. Think of the women and children, and the millions of valuable property that can be destroyed in the next few hours if you decide not to grant my wish. You have, I say, only to sign a letter to your officers acquainting them with the state of affairs, and instructing them not to take hostile steps of any sort for the space of twenty-four hours. I should, perhaps, tell you, gentlemen, that at the present moment England is isolated from the entire world. All cable communication has been cut off. You will also find in the morning that I have taken effectual steps for blocking the Thames and Medway for many a day to come, should it be necessary to sink the requisite number of vessels. And now, gentlemen, I will leave you to confer amongst yourselves as to the granting of my request, and I propose to return at two a.m. for your answer, but please understand that time is of the utmost importance to you and yours.

"As the English Minister would only get the formal declaration of war at midnight, you see, gentlemen, we have a good start, and hours must elapse before any organised means of defence can be

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arranged, so you have little hope of interference with our plans here."

EVENTS ON THE *Sans Pareil*.

About five minutes to twelve, a cutter from the German man-of-war reached the *Sans Pareil*, an officer mounted the gangway and enquired for the officer in charge. He requested a private interview in his cabin; this being granted he quickly explained his errand to the officer in question—a lieutenant—the poor fellow being terribly taken aback on being told that war had been declared by Germany, and that steps had been taken to torpedo his vessel at five minutes' notice. He was loth to believe anything of the sort, until it was explained that the fire in the docks was created on purpose to draw some of the crew off in order to minimise the contemplated loss of life. The real facts did not strike him at the moment; he was further told that all the officers dining aboard the German warship were now prisoners of war, and that if he would now come on deck, he would find a German torpedo boat alongside prepared to take off the remainder of the crew preparatory to sinking the ship. On going up he found this was the case; he was then advised to pipe all hands on deck, the German officer suggesting that, in order to save unpleasant explanations at a critical moment—his orders being to sink the ship by 12.30, when his vessel was going to open fire on the forts—he should say further assistance had been required in the dockyard (it was a fact that other fires continued to break out in a most mysterious manner), and as all the boats belonging to the *Sans Pareil* were ashore, it would appear that this was the quicker way of getting them on board for conveyance to the dockyard (as they supposed). The lieutenant then blew his whistle, and the men remaining on board soon came tumbling on deck. They were somewhat astonished on being ordered aboard the torpedo boat. In the darkness they did not notice that she was a strange craft, but somehow they were quickly given to understand that they were wanted ashore to aid in extinguishing the fire still furiously blazing in the dockyard, so they were soon aboard. They did not then know that every man jack of them was clear of the vessel. The instant the last man was on board the torpedo boat she steamed off as if making for the shore. When well under weigh she gave three "toots" and then made straight for the German ship. While this was taking place a number of boats dashed off from the shore and headed straight for the *Sans Pareil*. These were the German sailors who were supposed to have gone to assist at the fire, and who in five minutes were on board, and in full charge of the *Sans Pareil*. The English sailors now, of course, suspected a trap, but by this time they were being brought alongside the German ship, when they found themselves covered by armed marines lining the vessel, and ordered on deck, and in five minutes they were all prisoners of war.

It should be mentioned that a second contingent of men had been sent for from the *Sans Pareil* owing to the increase of the fire—practically fresh outbreaks in the dockyard cleverly brought about by the two men who, it will be remembered, had gone ashore from the German ironclad earlier in the evening, and who by this time had quietly returned on board.

At two o'clock Commander Hoffman returned to the officers (English) he had left in conference, bringing with him the lieutenant who had been left in charge of the *Sans Pareil*, and who had been so neatly tricked. He, poor fellow, was certainly an object to pity, and when he saw his fellow officers (looking very glum at being found in this predicament by a junior) he burst into tears, purely out of chagrin. However, the German admiral could not afford to lose any time—he had an anxious and agitated look as he enquired the result of their deliberations.

It had devolved upon the Rear Admiral commanding the *Sans Pareil* to draft up a round robin for the signature of all the parties concerned. Poor fellows, they had an anxious time of it, and they showed it. They had no option but to sign what, as regards their future, might prove to be their death warrant, or something equally bad, if not worse in the eyes of their fellow men. However, they had decided to comply with the request submitted to them, and they had each signed the following document:—

"We, the undersigned officers in her Majesty's service, having accepted an invitation with others to dine with the Commander of a warship flying the German flag, and which hospitality we accepted in all good faith, and being the

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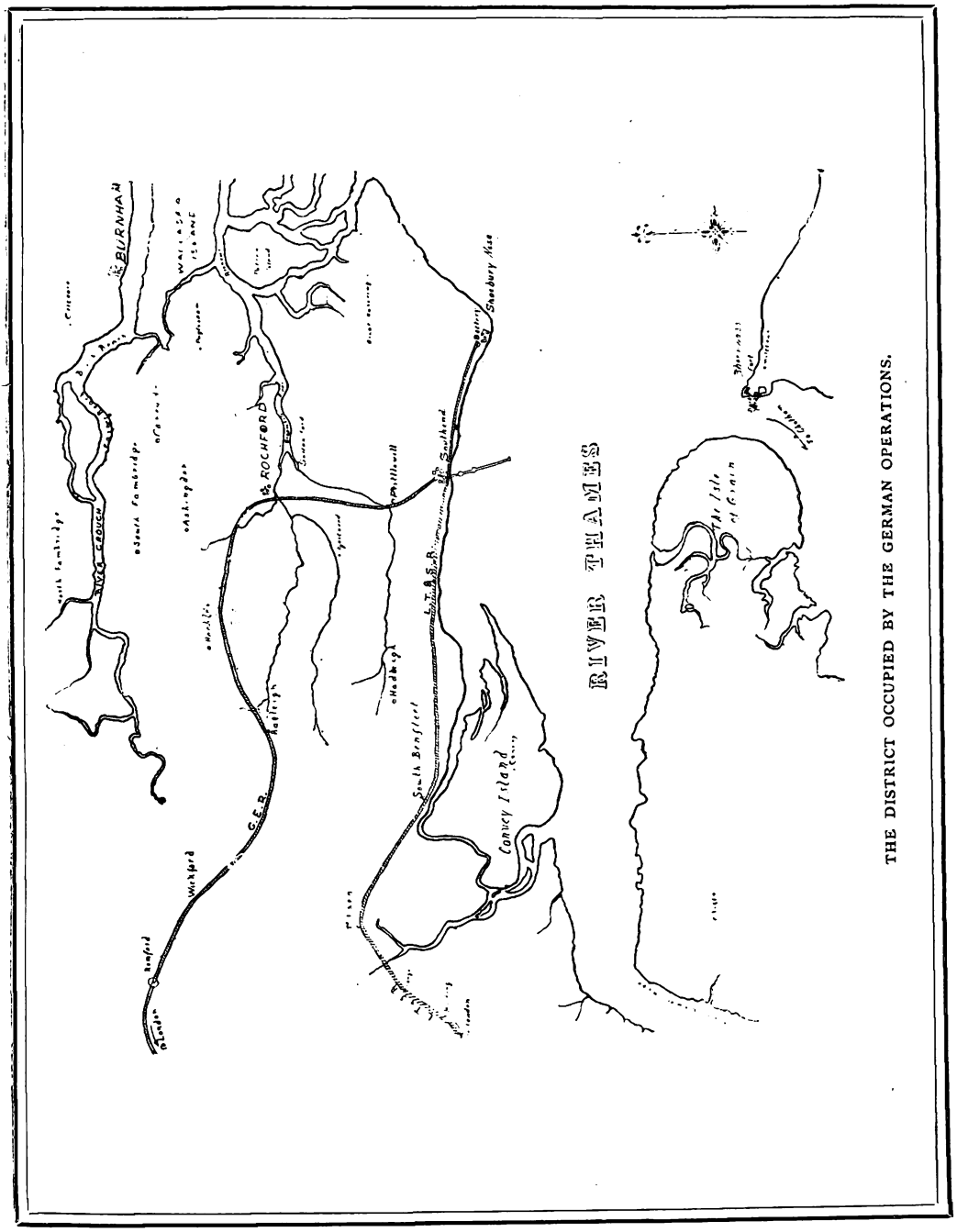

THE DISTRICT OCCUPIED BY THE GERMAN OPERATIONS.

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remaining guests at the close of the evening, when, just upon the stroke of midnight our host suddenly gave us the astonishing information that his Government had declared war against England, and from that moment we might consider ourselves prisoners of war.

"Our host then proceeded to give us an outline of the proposed campaign, which was so startlingly simple, and yet promised such great success, that we were induced to listen to his motives for giving us such complete details, and, judging by the successful accomplishment of certain operations in our immediate vicinity, we were further induced to believe that we were practically helpless in the matter, and that our best policy—both for the saving of many lives and much valuable property—was to grant an armistice for 48 hours, solely for the reasons put forward by our host: hoping in the meantime to get confirmation from our Government as to the outbreak of war, and instructions as to our future line of offence or defence, and more particularly hoping by that time that some of our own vessels would be coming to our assistance. We have therefore sent the necessary instructions to those in charge of fortifications."

Signatures of Officers.

The German commander was asked to attest the document, and a copy of the same, voluntarily undertaking to attach also a statement which particularly gave the contents of his appeal to them.

And thus was another important point gained of the greatest strategical advantage, as will quickly be noted.

The instant the German admiral had secured the dispatch of authenticated copies to the forts and batteries ashore, conveyed by junior officers of the *Sans Pareil*, who were, of course, qualified to corroborate the statements contained in each document, he ordered certain signals to be made by rockets, which in a few short minutes were replied to from a point some distance down the river. Now all day long on Saturday the German vessels of war lying off various ports in the south of England, steamed off to rendezvous at the mouth of the Thames, timing themselves to reach there about dusk.

It will be remembered that a number of vessels were now lying off Tilbury, ostensibly for the purpose of picking up the Germans coming from London. These vessels had on board a large number of soldiers, who had been kept carefully under cover. Some dozen vessels similarly laden were off Southend pier, and when morning broke nearly the whole German fighting fleet were in the river, and had drawn a cordon of ironclads, cruisers, and torpedo boats right across the mouth of the Thames, and were busily collecting a whole fleet of steamers (English vessels) of all descriptions, large and small. These were being placed in the best positions for warding off torpedo attacks or shell fire from the English guns, either from the front or behind. Similar steps had been taken at early daylight to protect the *Sans Pareil* (now, for the time being, German), and in five minutes sufficient English vessels could have been sunk in the rear of the *Sans Pareil*—which, it must be remembered, had not been removed from her moorings—to block the Medway for a whole week.

It will now be seen what a splendid position had been taken up by the German fleet. They could not be covered by guns in either front or rear. They held a large fleet of valuable vessels as hostages, increasing in number hour by hour. Timely notice of the approach of an opposing fleet would be given by their scouts, who in turn would warn those now in charge of Shoeburyness. Thus the English vessels would be engaged by their own guns at Shoeburyness, while the German fleet was lying in comparative safety, and, at the same time, able to do some damage in attack.

The crews had been allowed to remain on board the vessels captured, but they were notified that should they attempt an escape, or interfere with any of the German warships during an action or otherwise, they would be instantly torpedoed.

As the soldiers disembarked and landed from the pier, they were at once marched off to the railway station, where train after train of empty carriages had been accumulating during the morning, showing that by some means both lines of rail were fully under control, the fact being that as they discharged their freights of German emigrants — now civilian soldiers guarding the lines of communication—they were brought on

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to Southend to pick up the troops now being landed and who were destined for London. All day long the German troops poured unchecked into the town, whence they rapidly steamed away in the direction of London. No private passenger traffic was allowed to take place, and it was announced that none could be carried on until further notice. All goods traffic was likewise entirely stopped.

Monday morning arrived, and still the Germans came in shoals, and it was computed that in 24 hours some 45,000 men had passed through in the direction of London.

We may now turn to events happening at Tilbury. It will be remembered that the German cruiser *Schwalbe*, fully manned, was lying off the fort. About 11 o'clock on Saturday night a launch left this vessel, passing over to the Essex shore, landing three men at the Railway Company's stage. These passed into the station, then into the docks, enquiring for a certain vessel known to be berthed there. Watching their opportunity, these three men quietly separated, and some ten minutes later two outbreaks of fire were noticed. The alarm was soon given, and although it was at once seen that they were both acts of incendiarism, and likely to give some trouble, it was only a question of getting all possible help as quickly as possible. Someone soon suggested sending for the soldiers at the fort. A messenger hurried off at once, and in half an hour's time some hundred men were on their way to assist. After this the launch might have been seen quietly returning to the cruiser, and later, some half dozen boats were making rapidly for the aforesaid landing stage, each crowded with men, ostensibly going to render friendly aid at the docks. They were, however, landed for quite a different purpose. A couple of these men took the road to the fort. Walking up to the sentry, they enquired in good English if further assistance could be sent to the docks, and asked him to get a message to the officer in charge. Calling up one of the guard, he sent word to the officer in command. While he was gone, the two casually enquired how many men remained in the fort. They were told not more than 25 or 30. The messenger was now returning to say a few more men could be despatched. They then retired in the direction of the docks, followed a few minutes later by the second batch of soldiers sent from the fort. These having passed on, a half dozen men next appeared, making their way to the fort, carrying a body on a stretcher. On reaching the fort entrance, the sentry was given to understand that one of the soldiers had been injured in the docks. They were allowed to pass in, when they immediately laid down their burden and pounced upon the astonished sentry. He was quickly and effectually gagged. One of the half-dozen men then stepped outside the gateway and flashed a lantern. This was the signal agreed upon. The remainder of the men landed from the cruiser came doubling up and were all inside the fort in less than ten minutes. This commotion caused the members of the guard to turn out, when they were instantly seized. A rush was then made to the officers' quarters, and inside ten minutes they were—with the remaining men—safely under guard. Steps were immediately taken to signal to the cruiser. The boats returned for another complement of men, who, to avoid suspicion, were also rowed to the landing stage, so that by half-past twelve some 300 of the invaders were in safe possession of Tilbury Fort, and steps were being taken to capture the soldiers returning from the fire, an easy matter under the circumstances.

Folks on the Gravesend shore who were watching the progress of the fire in the docks had witnessed the departure of the two detachments from the German warship, but unfortunately they could not see what was taking place under the opposite sea wall. Later on they were puzzled considerably by the sudden flight of three rockets from the cruiser, but no one could give a satisfactory explanation, and naturally none could guess the real significance of the incident.

It was known that some few thousand Germans leaving London were to embark at Tilbury, but the majority of the "wiseheads" were inclined to think the matter was in some way connected with the preparations being made for their reception.

At two o'clock, signs of a general stir were noticed on the vessels lying off the docks which were said to be chartered for the foreign passengers. Half an hour later scores of boats put off for the Tilbury shore, but instead of being

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occupied only by the men necessary to propel them, they were seen to be crowded with men, and some could swear they saw the glint of arms in the flickering lights displayed on the masts of the vessels anchored in the river. And they were not far wrong, because, as a matter of fact, hundreds of German soldiers were being rapidly put on shore from vessels supposed to be awaiting a cargo of German clerks. Backwards and forwards the boats kept passing, until it became a fact that 5,000 men were on the Essex shore in full possession of the docks, railway station, and, most important of all, Tilbury Fort. Yet not a shot had been heard.

We must now turn our attention to operations in a different quarter. Up to the present, we find the Germans firmly established on the Thames; one of our best-known ironclads quietly captured with the entire crew; a fort halfway up the river, within 20 miles of London, and its garrison now all prisoners, a very small number truly, but its guns, such as they were, available for the deadliest work at the closest quarters.

Shoeburyness, with another small—stupidly small—garrison for a place of its importance, captured, and effectively occupied by 2,000 men. A large portion of the German fleet, reinforced by the *Sans Pareil*, safely located and effectively protected at the mouth of the Thames; troops pouring ashore by tens of thousands, establishing themselves within 40 miles of London; two important lines of railway leading direct to the Metropolis fully controlled from end to end by the enemy; a base of operations also secured on another waterway—the Crouch—all these operations successfully carried out within 12 hours after the declaration of war, and before nineteen twentieths of the population knew anything of the outbreak of the war. Hitherto not a single life was known to be lost.

Both experts and non-experts will doubtless ridicule the whole idea of such important operations being carried out in the way described. I respectfully submit that where stratagem is carefully employed, it is possible to be successful to this degree, particularly when bearing in mind *that the invaders knew war was to be, and had been declared, but the invaded did not.* A week's start in preparations for a carefully thought-out campagin makes all the difference in the world to the invader. It will also doubtless be contended that such an accumulation of an enemy's vessels could not cross over to our shores without exciting suspicion, but it must be noted that a very large number of men were already at their destination, brought over in our own vessels, hired previously by the enemy, and, of course, for the time being, *flying the English flag*, war not having been declared until 12 o'clock at midnight on the Saturday; again the Germans had what was already a mobilised army corps in the heart of the City. As to the enemy's warships, many were already at different points on our coast within easy steaming distance of the mouth of the Thames, ostensibly waiting for coal previous to conveying the transports to China. And it was an easy matter for any number of vessels to leave German ports, and steam direct to our coast after dark on Saturday, so that, a safe approach having been secured to the two points of disembarkation—a fact which was naturally soon communicated by signal—it was a simple matter for the Germans to land the number of men sufficient for the purpose particularly in view. The scene of operations selected by them was, as we can see, perfect for their purpose; not a single fortified town existed on the line of march, not a single spot necessitated the detaching of a very large body of men to protect the lines of communication.

The now small garrison at Colchester was not worthy of the slightest consideration; Warley still less so, and no body of Volunteers could possibly be mobilised in the Eastern Counties that would have had the slightest chance to be of use in time; and as they were sure of getting control of the railways converging upon the very heart of the City (their object in view), making it possible to stop all goods and passenger traffic, the question of transporting any number of men to London was only a matter of a few hours when once they were landed, and this was not a difficult matter, as has been shown. The result of placing 200,000 men in the very heart of the City was, of course, of the very greatest importance, but, once there, the rest was easy, especially bearing in mind that the German fleet was safely established—*it might be said "entrenched"*—at the mouth of the Thames, and in full control of the life stream of the

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Empire, the main artery of the English nation.

We now have to follow the proceedings at the railway stations in the City. It had been arranged that the first train should leave each station at 12.30 a.m. The object of this was to delay getting them away too quickly from the confines of the City, the German military authorities having arranged to arm all these men. Those who did not leave by the earlier trains were destined to hold the approaches to the City until the regular troops could be rushed from Harwich and Southend, and when sufficient of these had arrived the civilian soldiers (or rather soldiers in civilian dress, as many of them were, drafted quietly over during the week, with definite instructions as to their mode of procedure at a certain critical time, now close at hand) were to be hurried down the line, detrained at certain points, then told off in pairs, equi-distant apart, to patrol the line, a rifle and a bayonet being served out to each on arrival at their destination. These had, of course, been consigned early in the week to the desired spots, and it was only necessary to go to the goods station and get out the cases. It now becomes evident why each man had been ordered to travel with his overcoat, railway rug, and provisions for two days. The whole thing was working like clockwork.

As each train left the platform some men—especially told off for the purpose—were busily employed in handing in at the carriage windows printed circulars. This was not done until the train actually started. To account for this it is necessary to say that the contents of these circulars (of course, printed in German) conveyed to the departing Germans the astounding intelligence of the outbreak of war, the object of their departure, and the nature of the duties they were to perform on reaching their destination. A hint was conveyed that the campaign would prove to be very short; there was no reason for them to expect any organised attack; and they were only to act in defence of themselves. They were further told that the notices issued to the public for general circulation down the line would go far to prevent their having any trouble; but in any case they were not to allow anyone to trespass on the line under their charge.

This was military service at short notice with a vengeance, but they knew there was no getting out of it. Some were inclined to enjoy the situation, and all sorts of jokes were cracked, chiefly at their employers' expense, but the majority were disposed to think this invasion of England rather "a tall order." However, the work quietly proceeded till about two o'clock, when matters took rather a different turn. At both Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street at about the same moment parties of men, armed with revolvers, took charge of all wires and signal boxes. The same thing was timed to happen at Harwich and Tilbury simultaneously, and later at Southend.

All the officials on the spot were gathered together, and then addressed by a German officer. A number of these were now to be seen in full uniform. The situation fully explained to the wondering captives they were then locked up and placed under guard on the station premises, being expressly warned (this in case of an escape) not to interfere in any way, under penalty of death, with the working of the lines or wires.

By degrees during the night, all railway stations and signal boxes were placed under the care of the civilian soldiers; the signalmen were replaced by skilled German railway men and telegraphists; all goods traffic was stopped, and intimation was conveyed to the station-masters (English) that they were to announce that, until further notice, all passenger and goods traffic would cease.

A double line of sentries from the "army of clerks" was placed all down the line from Liverpool Street to Ilford, and from Ilford to Brentwood a single file of sentries at a greater distance apart was considered sufficient, but at Brentwood a stronger force was on duty with Maxims (it will be seen how the garrison had been dealt with elsewhere), and Chelmsford was treated in the same way. Below this, only small detachments were considered necessary, but, to avoid risk, engines with a truck on which a Maxim had been placed, in charge of half a score of men were used for patrolling the line. At Colchester the line was in charge of the regulars, as we shall see; and so, on down to Harwich, the line was carefully patrolled and guarded, a matter that would have been utterly impossible in the time without the aid of the "civilian" army corps mobilised in London.

[*To be concluded in our next issue.*]

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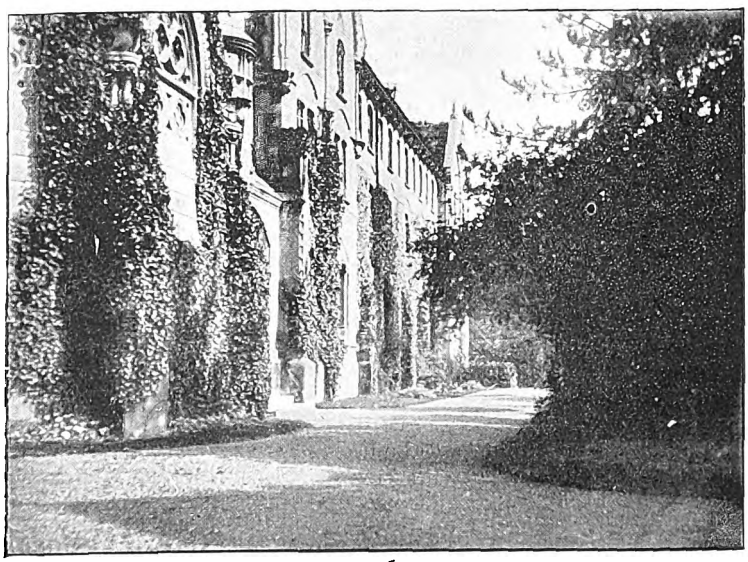
CHESHUNT COLLEGE:
Past and Present.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon, the founder of Cheshunt, was a curious and somewhat self-willed personality, and at a time when many of the nobility and gentry gave themselves up to licence, her religious enthusiasm appeared little less than fanaticism. But her burning desire to see the Gospel preached induced her to start the formation of many village chapels, and they are still to be discovered in various parts of the country. It became increasingly clear, however, that if this work were to be successful it would have to be entrusted to thoroughly trained men; but at the time there was no such institution to be used. This condition of things would have daunted any less ardent-minded person, but simply proved to her a provocation to start one on her own account. Wales was selected as the seat of the first efforts, and in Talgarth, Breconshire, the Countess leased Trevecca House, and founded "The Apostolic Society," and from it one hundred and fifty ministers were sent out. It was not till after her death in 1791, that her



SIDE VIEW OF COLLEGE.

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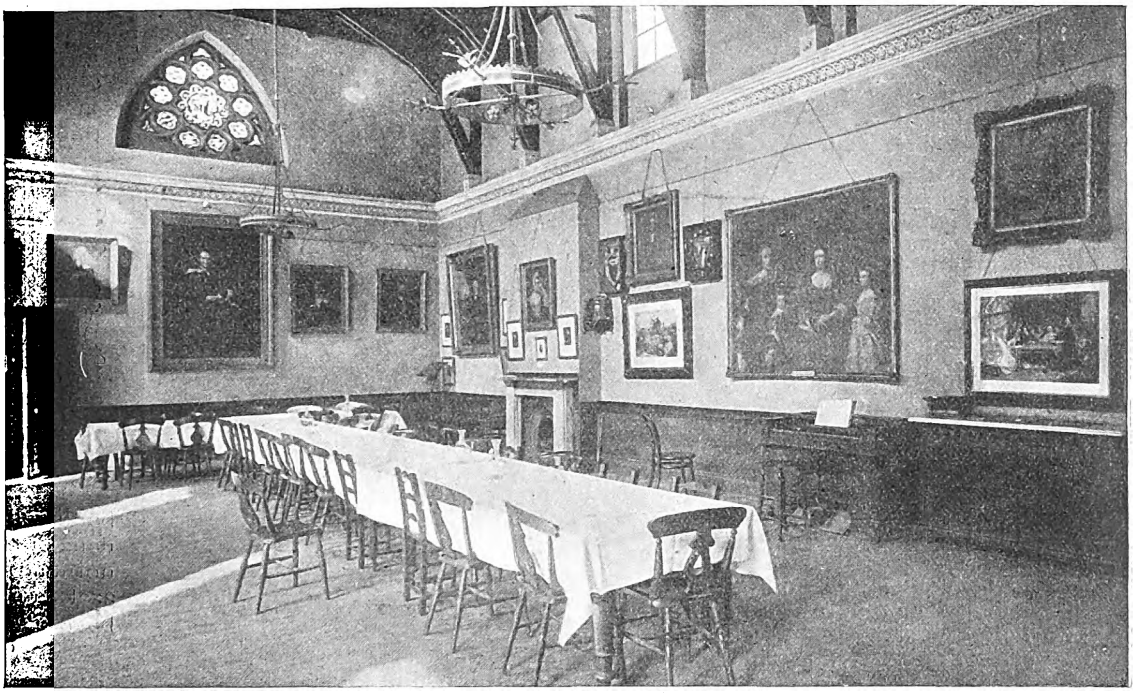

THE DINING HALL.

trustees purchased the house at Cheshunt with nine acres of grounds attached, and it is there that the work of training students for the ministry at home and for mission work abroad has proceeded ever since. The old College of those days has its place now taken by modernised and enlarged buildings with chapel, Principal's house, lecture rooms and new wing, library and dining hall, and in place of the old curriculum of study there is now a far more severe course, owing to the fact that the College is now recognised as one of the Theological Schools of the London University.

The eleven acres of the grounds at Cheshunt are, in the spring and summertime, fully worth a special visit from London, and, year by year, many hundreds of people go down to the famous "Cheshunt Anniversary." This *fête* is very characteristic of Cheshunt College. Opening with special reading of the Morning Service of the Established Church Common Prayer Book, a sermon follows by a Dissenting minister, chosen from any denomination and any school of thought. Spurgeon and Baldwin Brown, Binney and Dale, Fairbairn and Clifford, Monro Gibson and Robert Horton have uttered their messages in the little pulpit which is put up for the occasion, half of which is in the chapel and half of it in the grounds, so that the preacher really faces the wall. As for the presidents at the anniversary, they have varied from Lord Shaftesbury to Dean Stanley and Dean Farrar. Cheshunt, in fact, has long been a ground where Church and Dissent have met together, not as foes, but friends, retaining the traditions of the founder, Lady Huntingdon, who kept her friends in "the old church" while she herself founded "A New Connexion." And this tendency still shows in the retaining of the Church prayers in her chapels, and also in the fact that not a few of the students enter the Church after their five or six years' study at Cheshunt.

No mention of the old College would be complete without reference to the man who could say with perfect truth concerning the students who have gone out in the last thirty-five years—"Ye are my epistles, read and known of all men." From 1860 to 1895! Thirty-five years! Years forming part of a period of critical thought, to keep pace with which must have taxed the profoundest scholarship and most alert intellect. Yet Dr. Rey-

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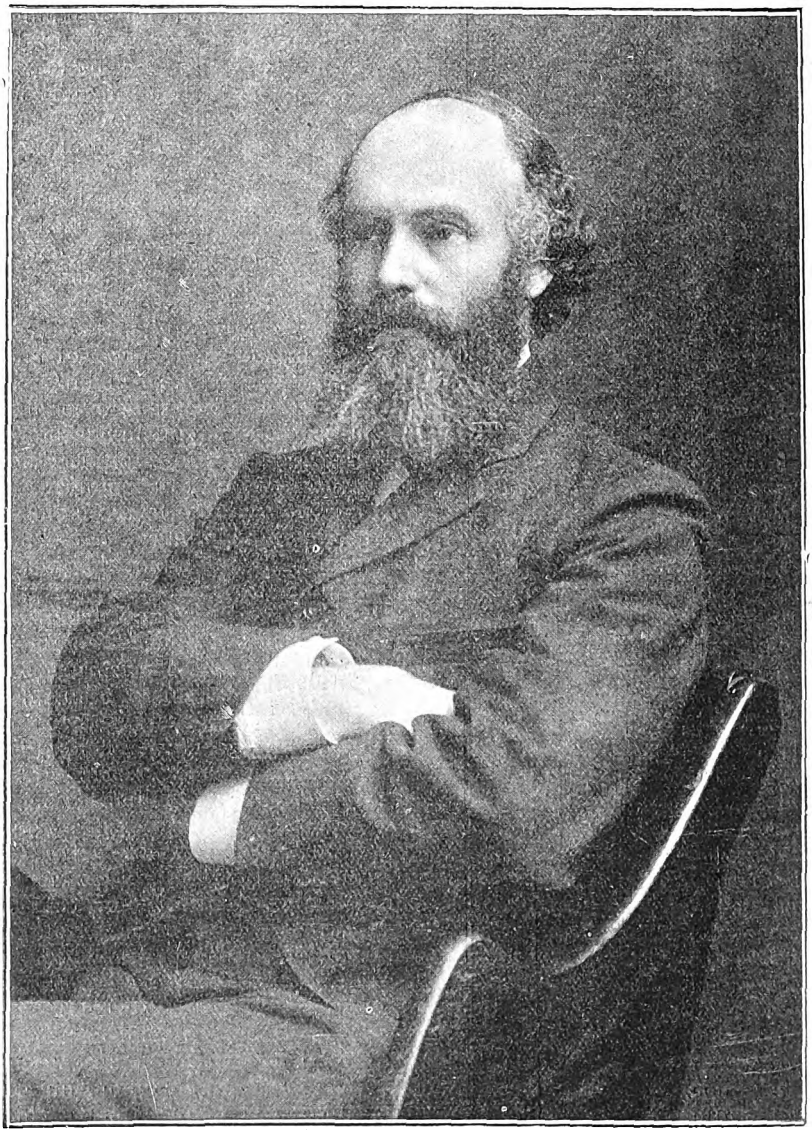

REV. O. C. WHITEHOUSE, M.A., D.D.,
Principal of Cheshunt.

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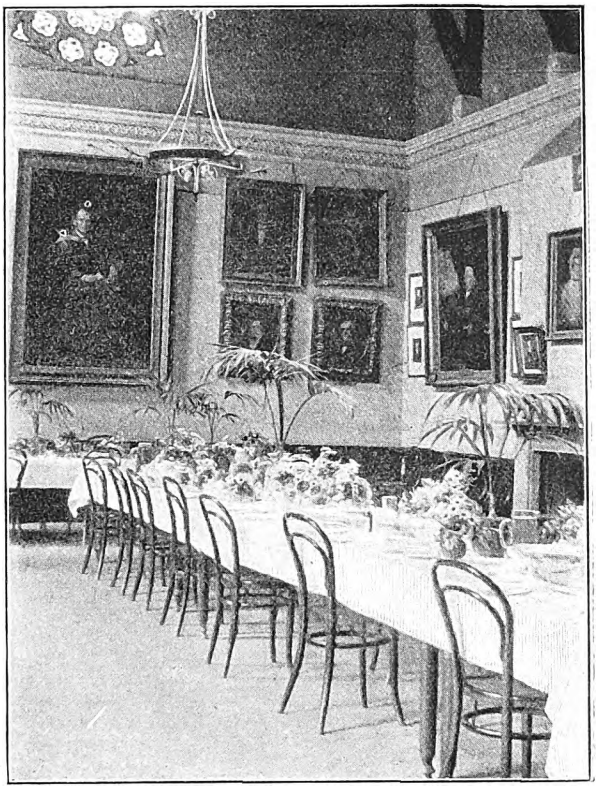
nolds not only proved by his contributions to theological literature that he had done this, but he was able to inspire others to go forth in these trying times and prove themselves workmen that need not be be ashamed.

The names of Wardlaw M'Call, Colmer Symes, William Essery, Dr. Deane, Professor Shearer, Urijah Thomas, William Braden, Septimus March, "Bishop" Richardson, Wardlaw Thompson, W. Garrett Horder, Professor Lyon Turner, James Mountain, Charles New, John Yonge, Professor Whitehouse, Rhys Evans, Hirst Hollowell, Alexander Sandison, H. H. Carlisle, and of many younger men, the zenith of whose influence is not yet reached, bear testimony to the stimulus of his training. And in the mission field, amongst a large brotherhood, the names of G. O. Newport, James Gilmour, and James Chalmers are fitting representatives of the zeal with which many foreign labourers were fired at Cheshunt, and which has flamed ever since. Nearly 300 students passed through his theological classes, always urged by him to face fearlessly the questions of the times. One of Dr. Reynolds' favourite pieces of advice to his students was to make their own theology. And by the methods he adopted to induce research among them he certainly encouraged the practice.



ANOTHER VIEW OF DINING HALL.

The theological course under Dr. Reynolds was no mere cramming with dogma, but an incitement to personal and careful study of the foundations on which we rest our faith. Questioning was not snubbed but invited, and though an occasional questioner concerning the deity of Christ might be smilingly told to "See my commentary on St. John!" most queries were discussed till the objector was satisfied. Excelling in power of New Testament exegesis, Dr. Reynolds had the great gift of being able to impart a real love of it to his students. In the ecclesiastical history classes, he plunged his sword into ancient heretics with a zeal which would have done credit to Cyril of Alexandria, and as a result many a missionary, who has now to encounter a resurrection of the heresies which assailed the faith of the Early Church, must have felt better equipped for wisely dealing with them.

It is not, however, simply as a teacher that he will be remembered by old Cheshunt men. Memories of the personal interest he showed in them come uppermost. None of them can forget the occasional afternoons spent with Mrs. Reynold and himself, when the *professor* (never very prominent) was altogether laid aside and the *friend* showed itself. For courtesy to his students was there ever his equal? The writer has seen him, although unwell, standing bareheaded in a draughty corridor, uncapping because a student while talking with him had naturally doffed his own. How well, too, we remember the hearty handshake he would give us all after the Saturday morning prayer meeting, and his tactful inquiries concerning our personal work. These are the memories which cling to us all and make us feel that his death has left a great gap in the old college.

Dr. Reynolds's successor at Cheshunt, Rev. O. C. Whitehouse, M.A., DD.,

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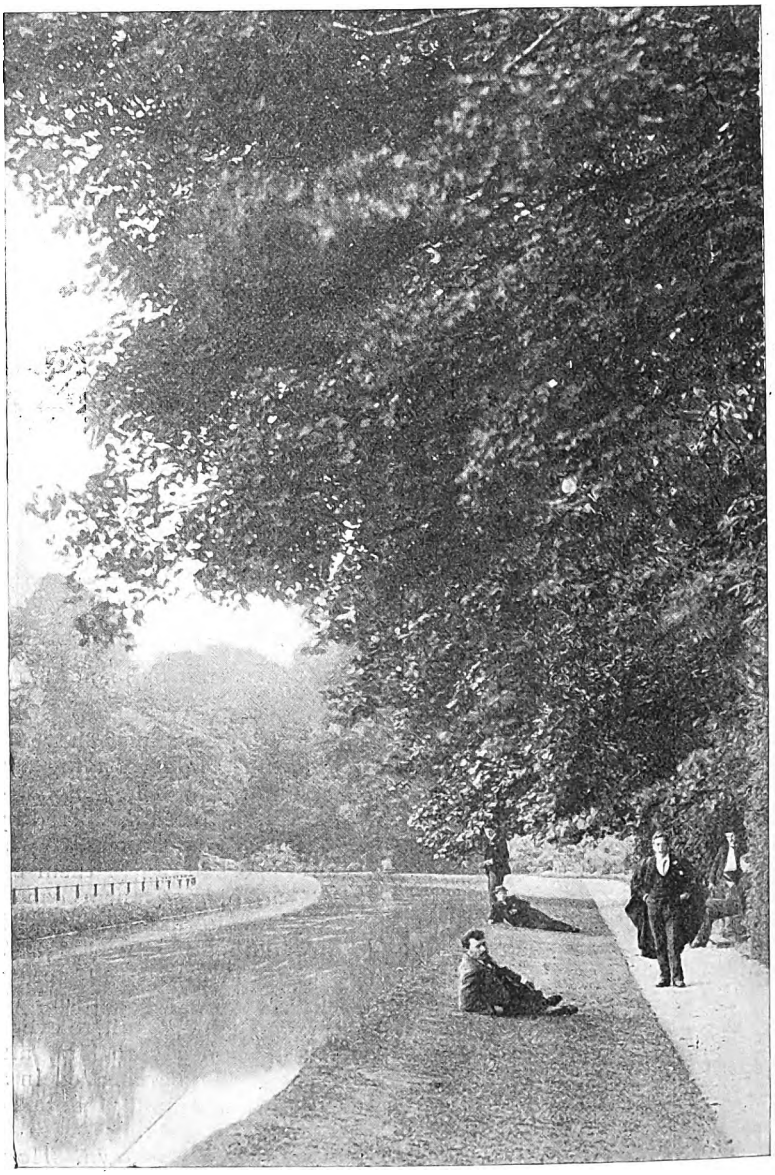

THE RIVER RUNNING THROUGH THE GROUNDS.

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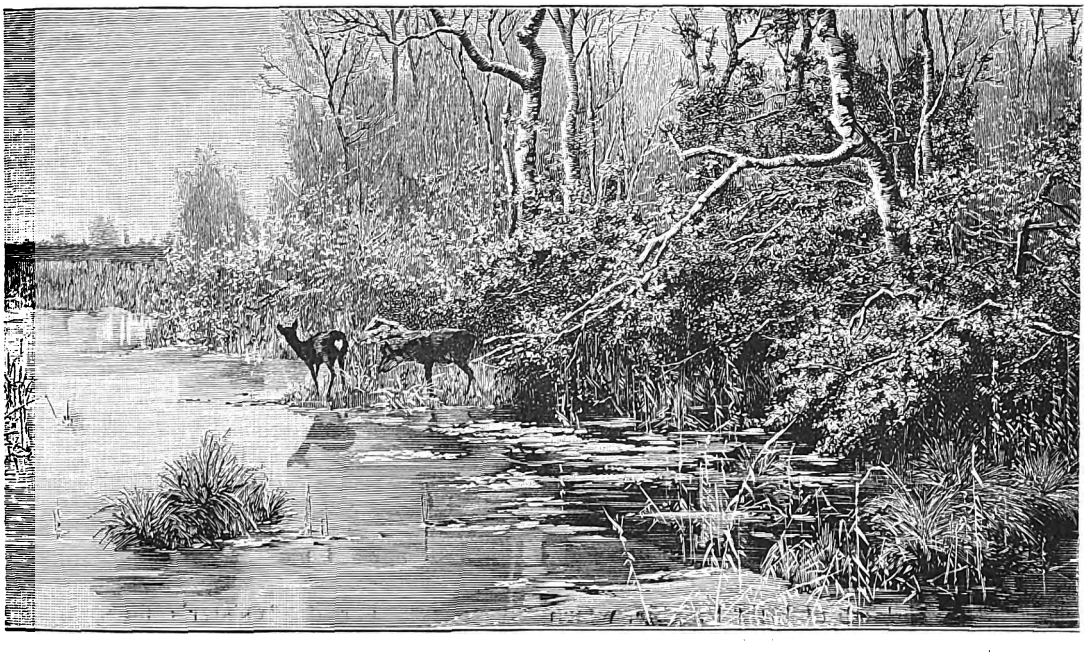
was himself a pupil of Dr. Reynolds, so it is not surprising that, while possessing a strong individuality of his own, he yet reproduces many of the ways of "the old Doctor." And he is as representative also of Old Testament scholarship as Dr. Reynolds was of the New, having in this department of research forged his way to the very front rank, besides making himself widely known as a judicious critic and reliable expositor. The Encyclopedia Biblica and Hastings Dictionary have welcomed many articles from his pen, and there will shortly appear his volume on Ezekiel, to be followed later by another on Isaiah, in the "Century Bible." It is certain that in his hands the scholarly traditions of Cheshunt training are likely to be enhanced.

The type of life at Cheshunt is peculiar to itself. Nowhere, perhaps, have the students a freer hand, or more chance to keep and develop their own personal characteristics. The internal government of the students' affairs is left pretty much to themselves, and, as an old Cheshunt man, Dr. Whitehouse is certain to respect the old order of things, which consisted in putting men on their honour to be loyal to themselves, their work, and their College.

Unfortunately the friends of the College do not seem to realise lately how much it stands in need of funds, and how the anxieties of its management are terribly increased by a stubborn debt. Never was there a time when such work as that of Cheshunt needed doing more, and it should be the aim of every old student, whether abroad or at home, to express his rememberance of the rock from which he was hewn, by making known its claims.

THE EDITOR.



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THE HEIRS OF ROSSMOYNE

BY

MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.

CHAPTER I.

NITA and Cara Marchioni were twin sisters, and so marvellously alike that it was a very difficult matter or a stranger to distinguish one from the other.

The two girls in their early childhood were left orphaned and desolate, and it was this fact, combined with their beauty, which touched the heart of an English lady, Mrs. Arnold by name, who was at the time residing in Italy. As she was both widowed and childless, she decided to adopt the pretty little twins and bring them up as her own.

When the girls were about two-and-twenty years of age, Nita became engaged to a young English tourist, named Ralph Westbury, but soon after their engagement was announced, Mrs. Arnold died, leaving the girls penniless.

Ralph Westbury, by his persuasions, at length won Nita's consent to a speedy marriage, and Cara, who was of an indolent disposition, decided to accept her brother-in-law's offer of a home with them.

After the birth of little Ralphie, which took place about a year later, Nita's state of health caused her husband some uneasiness, and he determined to travel, but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made, the anguish of widowhood had fallen upon Nita, and upon Cara devolved the task of consolation as well as the care of the child.

The shock proved too much for the young mother.

When Cara went into the room one day she was terrified to see the change which had come over her sister.

"Take care of my little Ralphie, Cara mia," she whispered. "I want you to see that justice is done to my baby; promise me."

Cara Marchioni faithfully promised to fulfil her sister's behest, and then, seeing that Nita was well-nigh exhausted, bade her rest.

During the night which followed Nita seemed better, but towards morning a change for the worse took place. Hastily summoning the mistress of the house, Cara, robed in her dressing-gown, bade her send for a doctor, as her sister was seriously ill.

Presently Nita aroused from the stupor into which she had fallen, and, looking up into her sister's face, she said in weak, tremulous accents, "Cara—I am going home to God—and my dear husband—take care of Ralphie."

Then a dead silence filled the room, and ere many minutes had elapsed the breath of life had flown, and the palpitating heart was stilled for ever.

Then it was that a sudden temptation assailed Cara, to which, without much parley, she yielded. Taking the wedding ring from her dead sister's finger, she slipped it upon her own. Scarcely had she done this when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, and she braced herself to carry out the deception she had so hastily planned.

The doctor was ushered into the room

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by the landlady, who stayed behind to render her services.

Cara, looking terribly white and agitated, gave the doctor a brief account of her sister's sudden illness and death.

"And the lady's name?" queried the doctor.

"The Signorina Marchioni."

The landlady gave a surprised glance into the face of the lady who uttered these words, for she was under the impression that it was the married sister who had been taken ill so suddenly, although Cara had not, as it happened, mentioned her by name. Concluding, however, that she had made a mistake in the dim morning light, owing to their marvellous likeness, she gave no further consideration to the matter.

* * * *

The present owner of Rossmoyne, Sir Lionel Westbury, was a man of imposing appearance, of unimpeachable honour, and the possessor of no mean fortune.

His wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached, had died, leaving him with three children. Ralph, the eldest, of whom we have already heard, was of a selfish and pleasure-loving nature, and on account of his wandering proclivities, supposed to originate through his love of art, he was nicknamed "The Rover."

Horace, the baronet's younger son, was extremely popular both in the household and in the neighbourhood, chiefly because of his winning disposition and nobility of character. After a highly creditable college career, he was now studying for the medical profession, in which it was his ambition to excel.

Margaret, the youngest child, was her father's pet and darling. In his eyes there were none to compare with his "peerless Margaret," and indeed her beauty and talents were undoubted. "As good as she is beautiful," was the verdict of Northbrook concerning the youthful mistress of Rossmoyne.

CHAPTER II.

"It's getting time we heard from 'The Rover,'" said Horace, as the family were seated at breakfast.

Sir Lionel's face clouded at his words. "He has been disgracefully neglectful lately," said he irritably. "I can't think why it is."

"He has never been quite the same since he wrote and sent the photograph of Nita, the Italian girl," remarked Horace, thoughtfully. "I sometimes think that was a little more than a passing fancy."

"I trust a son of mine would never forget the duty he owes to his family name and honour," said Sir Lionel, proudly. "He knows well I should never countenance such an alliance."

"Perhaps he is on his way home," suggested Margaret in a conciliatory tone. "It would be good to see Ralph again."

The baronet echoed his daughter's words. "It would indeed be good," he said, with a yearning note in his voice. "I shall write to-day and ask him the reason for his prolonged stay abroad."

The sharp double knock of the postman at this moment echoed through the hall, and a maid presently entered with the letters. Horace and Margaret leisurely perused their correspondence, until an ejaculation of grief and dismay from their father's lips arrested their attention.

"What is it?" asked Margaret, fearfully.

"Read for yourselves," answered Sir Lionel, handing the letter to his daughter. "It is trouble upon trouble."

Then, without another word and with bowed head, he left the breakfast-room, and shut himself up in his library.

Margaret, after reading the letter—Horace looking over her shoulder meanwhile—burst into tears, whilst her brother grew pale with agitation.

"Ralph dead. I can't believe it," said Horace, brokenly.

"It is too sad to believe," sobbed Margaret; "and to think of his leaving a wife and child."

Once again the girl took up the fateful letter and read it through carefully, though the tears well-nigh blinded her sight.

"I wonder what father will say to Nita when she comes," she said after a while, "because she will naturally expect to find a home at Rossmoyne with her little one."

Horace shook his head doubtfully. "The pater's prejudices are very strong," replied he sadly; "but one thing I know, Margaret,—that, for poor Ralph's sake, you and I must receive her kindly."

About a week later, whilst Sir Lionel and his son and daughter were talking together of the blow which had befallen them, there came a sound of carriage

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wheels on the drive, and a few moments later "Mrs. Ralph Westbury" was announced.

Sir Lionel arose to meet her, but there was no warmth in his welcome. The plaintive expression in the dark eyes awoke a feeling of sympathy in the heart of Margaret, and both she and Horace spoke a few kindly words of greeting.

The slightly foreign accent in which the lady spoke proclaimed her nationality, although her English was remarkably fluent.

"I intended to have arrived some days earlier," said she, "but my baby was taken ill in London, so I was unavoidably hindered."

At this moment the child in her arms gave vent to a wailing cry, which awakened all the tenderness in Margaret's nature.

"Let me take him, Nita," she said gently.

"May I ask if you will call me 'Esma' instead of 'Nita'?" she asked in a pathetic voice. "It is a name by which I was called in my childhood, and I much prefer it to 'Nita.'"

"Very well," answered Margaret, kindly, "it shall be 'Esma,' if you would rather."

Then, seeing that the dark eyes of the Italian were heavy with weariness, Margaret volunteered to take her to her room, an offer that was accepted.

When Horace and his father were left alone dead silence prevailed for a few seconds, the hearts of both being too full for speech.

Sir Lionel was the first to break the dreary pause. "Well, Horace, what do you think of her?"

"She is a handsome woman," he answered slowly, "but she looks as if—as if she had a will of her own."

"Temper, you mean,—yes, I can see that for myself,—but she is not coming here to upset the peace of Rossmoyne."

"I suppose," said Horace, "that Ralph's wife and child ought to find a home here—for his sake, dad, we must treat them kindly."

"Kindly!—yes, of course; I'm not likely to do otherwise," replied Sir Lionel, irritably. "But, Horace, mark my words—that child shall never inherit Rossmoyne; you must be master here when I am gone."

* * * *

A ten days' mission at Northbrook was well-nigh ended; a rich harvest of souls had been gathered in, and many weak and wavering ones had received strength and comfort.

John Farquhar, the missioner, and an old college chum of Horace Westbury, at the close of an afternoon's service, was wending his way across the fields to the vicarage. The October day was closing in; already the glow had faded in the west, and the shadows of evening were falling around.

Suddenly, whilst deep in earnest thought, he stumbled across a dark object in his path, and, to his consternation, he discovered it was the unconscious form of Sir Lionel Westbury.

He had evidently been thrown from his horse and had sustained injuries to his head, for a wound on his forehead was bleeding profusely.

Mr. Farquhar, first having staunched the blood with his handkerchief, looked anxiously around to see if anyone was near to render assistance. But no one was in sight, and he was therefore compelled to leave Sir Lionel while he went in search of help.

As soon as possible, Sir Lionel was removed on an impromptu ambulance to his home, where he was at once attended by the family doctor, but before close of the day, the soul of Sir Lionel Westbury had passed away, and Horace and Margaret were left desolate.

* * * *

The little infant heir of Rossmoyne lay asleep, whilst over him bent Esma, her eyes gleaming with triumph. She did not feel that her presence was needed downstairs in the library, where Horace and Margaret, with numerous relatives, were discussing the last will and testament of Sir Lionel Westbury.

"It's all right, baby," whispered Esma softly—"right both for you and for me."

The child turned restlessly on his pillow and finally fixed his eyes on her eager face.

"Ah! Ralphie mia, what a deal you owe to me, and I to you! Do you hear what I say, my little Sir Ralph?" The infant's only response was a fretful cry, hearing which Esma rang the bell for the maid, and left the room to muse upon her triumph.

One by one the visitors departed, until only Mrs. Fortescue—a widowed sister of

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IMMEDIATELY SHE RECOGNISED HER VISITOR, AND GREW PALE TO THE LIPS.

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the late Lady Westbury—remained. She was one who had drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, and by her tender sympathy she was enabled to be of much comfort to the bereaved household. The death of Ralph was in itself a heavy blow, but their father's loss was greater still to the brother and sister, who, in their mutual sorrow, were knit together more closely than ever.

Mrs. Fortescue, who was a keen judge of character, instinctively felt a great distrust for Esma, though she wisely forbore to prejudice her relations.

"I should like to have seen you the owner of Rossmoyne," she said, as she regarded Horace affectionately. "If you will forgive me for saying so, I consider your dear father made a great mistake in his will."

"Had he lived, Aunt Barbara, he meant to alter it in my favour," said Horace quietly.

"It would have been better for all concerned had he done so, as the property is not entailed." Then, turning to Margaret, she added, "Remember, my child, if ever you need a friend, you may rely upon Aunt Barbara."

With tears in her eyes Margaret thanked her warmly. The future indeed looked dark and desolate to the young girl, whose life had hitherto been comparatively smooth and fair.

CHAPTER III.

Three years have rolled away since the death of Sir Lionel Westbury, and to Margaret, who found daily contact with a woman of Esma's calibre well-nigh intolerable at times, they were years of discipline and trial.

Horace, who was now a rising young London doctor, was unable to make any lengthy stay at Rossmoyne, much to Esma's satisfaction. She had a fixed conviction in her mind that Horace was jealous of the child, and owing to this false impression she barely tolerated his presence.

Horace spent much of his scanty leisure in work for his Master, seeking to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. His old college friend, Mr. Farquhar, had a large parish in one of the poorer districts of London, and whenever opportunity offered, Horace was one of his helpers.

Margaret, for a while after her father's death, was in bitter sorrow; it seemed to her in the darkness of her desolation as if God had forgotten to be gracious, and that nevermore would she know the meaning of true happiness.

At last, however, her burden was lightened, and it was on this wise. She was spending a few days with Mrs. Fortescue, who lived within an easy distance of Horace's rooms in Kensington.

Whilst staying there she went with her brother to hear Mr. Farquhar preach, and it seemed to her bleeding spirit as if he knew by intuition the sorrow which oppressed her.

"Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." These were the words of his text, and to many a soul in that large congregation the message fell as balm.

At the close of the sermon, Margaret remained long on her knees, and when she arose, although there were tears in her eyes, there was peace within her heart.

Margaret had much need of this gladness to comfort and strengthen her in the days which followed, for Esma was a constant thorn in the flesh.

It was summertide. The gardens at Rossmoyne were aglow with roses, and Esma, with some dainty piece of needlework in her hand, was sitting under the huge cedar-tree on the lawn, whilst near her played little Ralphie.

Presently they were joined by Margaret, who, with her tennis-racquet in hand, was about to make her way to the rectory.

"Good-bye, Esma," she said in her usual bright voice. "I shall be home in good time this evening."

"Me go too with Auntie Marget," echoed a little voice at this moment.

"Very well, darling. Come along," said Margaret, knowing that Mrs. Gurney would be pleased to see the child, despite the fact that he was uninvited; and as there were little grandchildren staying at the rectory, he would have companions to play with.

But there was one guest there whom Margaret had not expected to see, and this was John Farquhar. He had come to the rectory for a few days' rest and change. and it must be said that the thought of meeting his young colleague's sister, to whom he was much attracted, added considerably to the pleasure of his visit. He had met her several times at her aunt's pretty Kensington home, for Mrs. For-

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tesque took a great interest in his parish work.

Esma, left alone, found the child's absence no little relief, and, throwing her work aside, buried herself in the pages of the latest novel. Presently the opening of the garden gate attracted her attention, and she lifted her eyes. Immediately she recognised her visitor, and grew pale to the lips.

"Ha! you know me, my lady," said the woman, who approached her. "I have found you at last."

Esma's worldly wisdom told her that it would be utter folly to make an enemy of her visitor, for Susan Lee, as the woman was named, was not one to be trifled with. Controlling herself with an effort, she answered calmly, "Yes, of course I know you; but I must say I'm rather surprised to see you."

"And not very pleased, I'm thinkin'; but I ain't satisfied with the money you sent last, so I tell yer."

"How much more do you want, then?" said Esma, half angrily.

"It ain't no use yer losing yer temper, 'cause I've got yer in my power," was the woman's fierce reply.

"Hush!" said Esma, fearfully, "someone may hear you. "How much will satisfy you? Come, tell me quickly, and be gone."

"A hundred pounds, then, that's what I want; and then I won't trouble you no more."

Esma looked aghast!

"A hundred pounds!" she repeated in dismay. "I really couldn't; I haven't so much by me. You see, I'm not entirely mistress here."

"No, but your son is heir, ain't he?" said the woman, with a visible sneer.

Esma quailed beneath her glance. "If you speak above a whisper, I'll give you nothing," she said.

"H'm! you can't afford to make an enemy of me," was the reply. "It was only by chance I found out where you lived. My 'usband and me has a caravan now, and we were passing through this mornin', when I saw yer a-gettin' into yer fine carriage."

"I think we have prolonged this interview long enough," said Esma, rising. "I can't give you so much money as you want. Will this suffice you?" and, drawing a magnificent diamond ring from her finger, she placed it in the woman's palm, adding thereto three sovereigns, the contents of her purse.

"It'll do for a time, if you promise me a good sum within a week," replied the avaricious woman, as she critically examined the ring.

"I promise you faithfully," said Esma; "now go."

CHAPTER IV.

"Where's Ralphie?"

"He is out in the meadows, dear, with Gladys and Hugh," was Mrs. Gurney's answer to Margaret's question. "I daresay they will be here in a few minutes," she added, seeing that Margaret was ready to return home.

The minutes passed by, and still there was no sign of the children's coming; and at length Mr. Farquhar, who, during the afternoon had never been very far from Margaret's side, volunteered to go in search of the missing bairns.

Just as he was about to make his way through the gate which led to the meadows, he saw the nurse, Hester by name, hastening homeward with the rector's two grandchildren.

"Where is little Sir Ralph?" he questioned, as they drew near.

"He's lost!" cried the children, with a look of distress in their sweet childish eyes.

"What is this the children are saying?" said Mr. Farquhar, somewhat sternly, to the frightened and trembling nurse.

"It is quite true, sir; we can't find him anywhere," said poor Hester, bursting into tears. "He wanted to go into the next field to pick some flowers, so I let him go."

Nurse did not add that she was so deep in the pages of a novelette that it was quite ten minutes before she went in search of him.

"Why did you not go into the next field to look after him?" questioned the clergyman.

"Because, sir, the other children did not want to go, and I couldn't leave them alone in the meadow where there was a pond. I thought little Sir Ralph would be safe enough picking flowers, so I didn't trouble about him."

Mr. Farquhar at once decided to return to the house and acquaint Mrs. Gurney and Margaret with the facts of the case, and then go himself in search of the missing child.

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Margaret was much distressed on hearing the news, for the little lad had completely won her heart, and she feared lest some harm had befallen him.

Truth to tell, although no coward, she dreaded intensely the idea of returning to Esma without the little one, full well realising the passionate reproaches which would be heaped upon her. It was no slight relief to her when she saw, to her surprise, the figure of Horace at the rectory gate. The young fellow soon saw that something had happened to ruffle the rector's peaceful household, and Margaret's white anxious face convinced him that it was something serious. Margaret was almost too agitated to give a clear account of what had happened, and Mrs. Gurney came to her assistance.

"Your coming is a God-send, Horace," said the lady in conclusion, "as unexpected as it is welcome."

"Margaret wrote and told me she was coming here this afternoon," said Horace,

"YOU KNOW YOU WOULD BE GLAD—YES, GLAD!" SHE RAVED. "HE IS MURDERED, AND YOU HAVE DONE IT."

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"so I decided, instead of going direct to Rossmoyne, I might as well call here, and we could return together."

"What have you done to your hand, my boy?" said the rector, coming forward.

"Oh! it's a mere scratch," answered Horace, lightly, glancing at his left hand, which was bound round with a handkerchief. "I came from the station by the short cut across the meadows, and caught my hand on a nail on one of the stiles. But there, never mind about me. We must find the little chap somewhere. Come, Margaret," he added, "don't look so hopeless; he can't be far away."

"Farquhar and several others have already gone to look for him," said the rector, who in his heart thought there was much ado about nothing, never dreaming that the child was really lost.

Horace and Margaret joined in the search, but, despite their united efforts, no trace of little Sir Ralph could be found.

At length, after an hour's fruitless scouring of the adjoining meadows, one of the rectory servants discovered in a ditch a little blood-stained sailor hat, which was presently identified by Margaret as the one which Ralphie had worn that very afternoon.

After this distressing occurrence, Horace put the matter in the hands of the police, and he and Margaret returned to tell Esma the direful tidings.

"Do you mean to say the child is dead—murdered?" almost shrieked the woman, when Horace, as gently as possible, had broken the news.

"We do not know what to think, Esma," said Horace. "God grant it may not be so."

"I don't believe you; you know you would be glad—yes, glad," she raved, losing her self-control utterly. "He is murdered, and you have done it! See, there is blood on your hand! Get out of my sight, both of you!"

"Hush, Esma!" said Margaret sternly; "you do not know what you are saying."

But Esma only reiterated her cruel statement, gradually working herself up into a state of violent hysteria.

The news spread like wildfire through the village, that little Sir Ralph Westbury had met with his death by foul play, and an hour later darker reports still were spread (which, alas! owed their origin to Esma's ravings), that Horace was guilty of the shameful crime of murder. Before nightfall, to Esma's unconcealed satisfaction, a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Early on the following morning Mr. Farquhar made his way to Rossmoyne, where he was received by Margaret in the library, Esma utterly refusing to see him.

"Where is Horace?" he said, after a few words of greeting, taking the girl's cold and nerveless hand within his own. In the agitation of the moment Margaret did not appear to notice that it was some minutes ere he relinquished his clasp.

"They have taken him into custody," said she, with a look of intense anguish in her beautiful eyes.

"Into custody!" repeated Mr. Farquhar in grieved dismay. "I heard a report of this, but could not believe it to be true."

A tearless sob escaped Margaret! save for this, she was absolutely impassive. For awhile Mr. Farquhar felt too unmanned to speak; the girl's stony grief touched him unutterably.

"Margaret," he said, for the first time calling her by her Christian name, "my dear, my dearest, do not despair. Horace and Ralphie are both in God's keeping. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" murmured he, as much for the strengthening of his own faith as for that of Margaret.

"There is no justice, no right anywhere," cried the girl passionately; "and I sometimes think that there can be no loving God: else why has all this bitter sorrow come upon us?"

"Margaret, my dear one," he said, his voice trembling with impassioned tenderness, "we know there is a loving God, and that He is our very present help in trouble. We cannot, dare not, doubt the King, whose subjects we are."

Then it was that a heaven-born courage filled the heart of Margaret, and, looking up through a mist of tears, she said brokenly, "I will trust Him for His grace, and perhaps by-and-bye we shall see His smile. You have done me good," she added softly. "God helping me, I will be brave and strong."

"Would to God, Margaret, I had the right to comfort you altogether."

This utterance was wrung from the man's inmost heart as he stood face to face with the girl who was to him the dearest, sweetest specimen of womanhood it had ever been his lot to meet.

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Her eyes fell before the intensity of his gaze, and in that moment the souls of John Farquhar and Margaret Westbury were knit together for ever.

Esma's vindictive rage against Horace increased rather than decreased, and seemed to swallow up all natural grief for the lost child. Her wrath and disappointment were patent even to the servants of the household, when Horace after his trial (for lack of evidence) was set at liberty, her only consolation being the stain of suspicion which still clung to his otherwise honoured name.

Her coarse brutality jarred and angered Margaret inexpressibly, so she left Rossmoyne, and made her way to Mrs. Fortescue's home in Kensington, where she knew she could find a haven of refuge; and Esma, to her entire satisfaction, was mistress of the situation.

Horace, on the day following his release, had returned to his duties, only to meet with the cold suspicious glances of his senior partner, who showed evident unwillingness to receive him back on the old terms. The young fellow therefore determined to accept—for a time at least—an offer which came to him one morning when his heart was sorest—viz., the post of ship's doctor on one of the ocean liners—and, despite the remonstrance of the family lawyer, he embarked the following week.

To Margaret the peaceful atmosphere of her aunt's home was restful in the extreme, for Mrs. Fortescue was one who knew just the right comfort to bestow. The loss of little Ralphie still grieved her unutterably, for the child was far dearer to her than to his supposed mother. She positively refused to believe him to be dead, an opinion which John Farquhar and the majority of people fully endorsed. The young clergyman's frequent visits to Mrs. Fortescue's house were sources of mutual happiness, although Margaret refused to enter upon an engagement until Horace's name was cleared.

"Then, dear love," said he, "since your heart is set on this, God helping me, next to my Master's cause I will make the establishing of Horace's innocence my special work, and then after it is successfully accomplished——"

"Then, dear John," interrupted Margaret, "I am ready whenever you want me."—And with this assurance John Farquhar was perforce content.

CHAPTER V.

"What! you here agen, parson? Curse yer! I tell yer I won't have no parsons here. Turn 'im out, old woman, turn 'im out!"

David Lee, the man who spoke these words, glared at John Farquhar with mingled fear and wrath in his eyes. Excessive drinking had brought him to a state of delirium tremens dreadful to behold.

Mr. Farquhar, for answer, drew nearer to the bedside and took the man's fevered hand within his own.

"I reckon you're a good sort, parson," said Lee, for the action appeared to soothe him considerably. "P'raps if you held my hand a bit you could keep the bobbies and devils away. Sometimes it's one, sometimes another, and times it's both, and then between 'em they try to drag me down to hell."

After this speech Lee seemed thoroughly exhausted, and in the brief interval of quiet which succeeded, Mr. Farquhar turned to leave the room; but at this moment a terrified cry from Lee arrested his footsteps.

"Good God! there's the child now, all a-bleedin' about the head. Get out of my way, boy, or I'll smash yer," shouted he. "He's cleared off now, ain't he?" questioned the unhappy man, peering uneasily round about the room.

"Yes, there's no child here," said Mr. Farquhar, calmly, as he approached the bedside once again.

"I never harmed him, yer know; the bobbies and devils can say what they like. I only did it for the reward, and then, lor bless yer! if the little imp didn't slope just as I was about to claim it."

At this moment a neighbour entered the room, and, seeing that his presence was no longer needed, Mr. Farquhar bade good-bye; and forthwith made his way to the police station, where he told the story of his visit to David Lee, and the sick man's strange wanderings concerning the child, whom he rightly conjectured to be little Sir Ralph, the missing heir of Rossmoyne.

* * * *

Drink had completed its deadly work at last. David Lee no longer wandered in delirium; the violence of his attacks had gradually subsided, and now, as weak as a child, he was awaiting the end,

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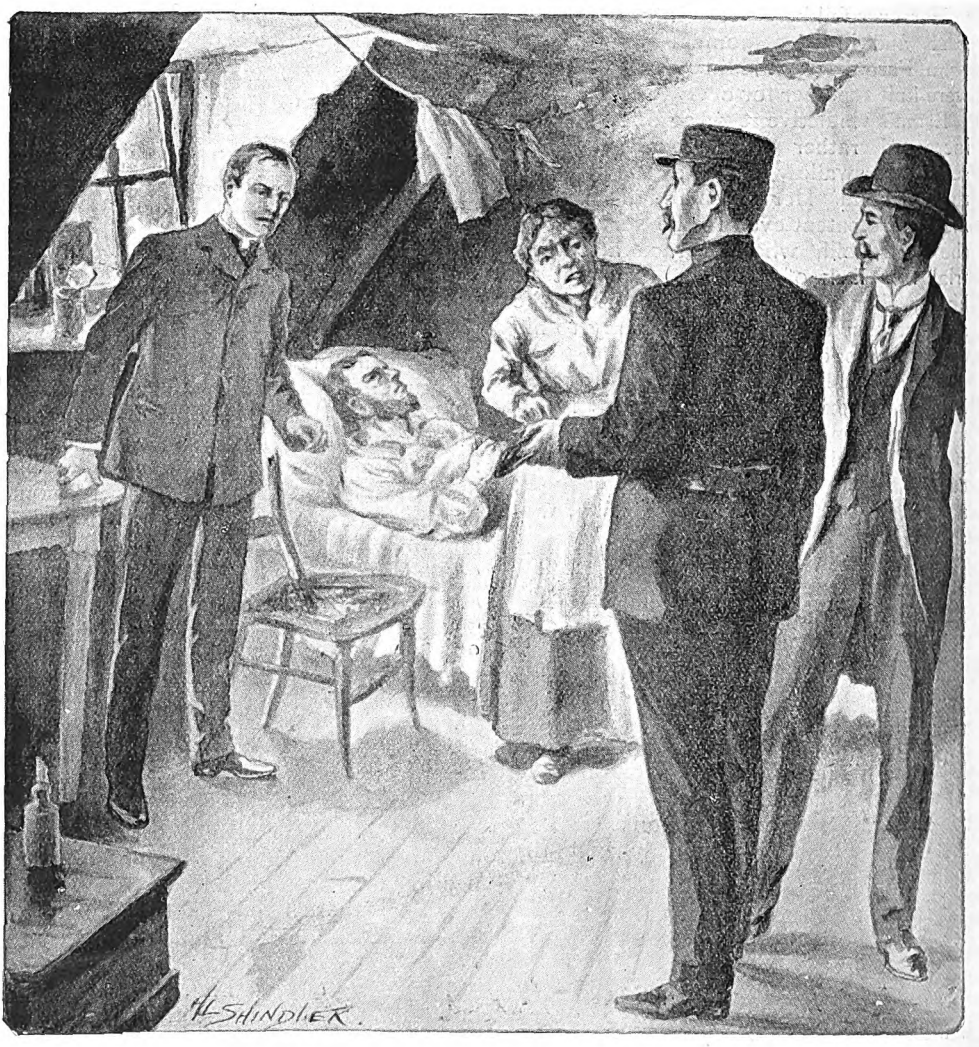

EVERY PREPARATION WAS MADE TO TAKE THE DYING DEPOSITION OF THE ERSTWHILE GIPSY.

which he knew was slowly but surely coming.

"Where's the parson to-day, Sue? He ain't been yet, has he?" he questioned, anxiously looking at the clock, on the third morning after his admissions concerning the child.

"Yes, he was here an hour ago," answered his wife, "but you were asleep; 'spect he'll be here agen presently."

In a few minutes the clergyman's footsteps were heard ascending the stairs which led to the room where the dying man lay in the heart of London.

John Farquhar could see at a glance that but a few days at most remained for the sick man, and with almost womanly gentleness he bent over him. After a few words of greeting he said, "I think there is something you would like to tell me before you enter into the presence of God?"

The man's eyes, so lately fired with delirium, sought the clergyman's face eagerly. "Aye, that I have, sir," he answered in a weak tone of voice; "'tis about the child—Ralph Westbury."

At a signal from Mr. Farquhar, a police officer, accompanied by a magistrate, entered the room. He had purposely left them waiting in the room below whilst he gauged the state of the sick man's mind. In a few seconds every preparation was

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made to take the dying deposition of David Lee, the erstwhile gipsy. The facts were as follows :—

He, with his wife, was passing through the town of Northbrook one Saturday afternoon, some two or three months previously, when a child's cry of distress, proceeding from a meadow near the road-side, attracted their attention.

In some curiosity, Lee stopped the caravan, and bade his wife get out and see what was the matter. In obedience to her husband's commands, the woman alighted, and, opening the gate which was close by, she entered the meadow, and there saw a child with his forehead streaming with blood, and sobbing with pain. In an instant she saw the cause of the accident —in gathering flowers the little fellow had fallen upon a scythe, carelessly left amongst the grass, and had cut his forehead badly. The brim of his little sailor hat was terribly stained with blood, and the woman with kindly intent, took off his hat and staunched the bleeding wound, as she asked :—

"What's your name? and where do you live?"

"My name is Ralphie 'Estbury, and I live at home with my mother and Auntie Marget," the little fellow had answered, lifting his beautiful dark eyes, which were drowned in tears, to the woman's face. By this time Lee himself had alighted, and was leaning over the gate listening to the child's reply.

"Who be he? he asked, not quite catching the little lad's name.

"He's little Sir Ralph Westbury up at the great house yonder," answered Susan Lee, pointing with her finger down the road, for the towers of Rossmoyne were visible at some distance.

"Well, I'm blowed!" was Lee's ejaculation, "there would be a fine reward out for he, old woman, if he was missin', wouldn't there?"

"Aye, that there would," answered his wife, "but I tell yer once and for all, I ain't goin' to be party to that sort of thing."

But Lee was the ruling power, and to her anger and dismay she found herself utterly unable to prevent him from carrying out his wicked design.

"You hold yer tongue," he said roughly; then, turning to the child, he added in a gentler tone, "Look here, young master, I'm a-goin' to drive yer home; you'd like a ride in my kerridge, wouldn't you?" —Ralphie nodded, and Lee, utterly unmindful of his wife's protests, came forward, and taking the child into his arms, he carried him into the caravan, and only the blood-stained sailor hat was left to tell its sorry tale.

With all possible speed he then drove on to the neighbouring town, where he disguised the child by a complete change of dress. His beautiful curls were severed from his head, and his sailor suit was exchanged for a girl's shabby frock.

When the transformation was complete, Lee announced his intention of leaving his wife in care of the caravan and taking the child to London, until the reward had reached such an amount as would justify him in giving up the boy to his relatives.

When safely established in London lodgings, Lee wrote home to his wife, bidding her to let him know when the reward should mount up to a thousand pounds. Ere many days had elapsed, the woman wrote off in haste to inform him that the sum offered for the safe recovery of little Sir Ralph Westbury had reached the required amount.

On the evening before the receipt of this letter, Lee, having met a boon companion, spent several hours at the nearest public-house, leaving Ralphie alone. It was during his absence that the child, probably finding the loneliness intolerable, made his way from the attic into the street, for, on Lee's return from his drinking bout, little Ralphie was nowhere to be found. A woman who lodged in the room below testified as to having seen him go out of doors, but this was all the information Lee was ever able to glean. On the following morning the man received the letter from his wife containing the news of the thousand pounds reward which was offered for the missing child.

Disgusted with the failure of his plans, and disheartened by his fruitless search, the gipsy resolved to quit his wretched lodgings and to shake the dust of London from his feet.

Such was the sum and substance of the sin committed by David Lee and his wife, the former assuring his listeners that upon him alone rested the guilt. A few days later the wretched man had passed from earth's judgment to a higher tribunal. His wife, after certain legalities were ended, was permitted to go free, it being clear that she was an unwilling accomplice in the crime.

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Thus was Horace Westbury's innocence established, and John Farquhar won his heart's desire. Despite the mystery which still shrouded little Ralph, Margaret's thankfulness knew no bounds that Horace in the eyes of the world was cleared of the shameful imputation of murder. On her knees she gave thanks to the Giver of all good, beseeching Him that, if it were His will, little Ralphie might yet be restored to them again.

Needless to relate that Horace (on his homeward-bound voyage) was acquainted at the earliest possible opportunity, by cable, of the vindication of his honour.

CHAPTER VI.

Esma was sitting in her pleasant boudoir at Rossmoyne when the maid entered with a telegram. In some haste she opened it and read as follows: "Come at once. Ralphie found.—MARGARET." Her eyes gleamed with triumph. Now would her position be effectively secured at Rossmoyne, thought she—a position for which she had steeped her very soul in duplicity and cunning.

With all possible speed she obeyed Margaret's summons, and ere many hours had passed away she had arrived at Mrs. Fortesque's pretty home, where she found Margaret awaiting her coming. There was a strange expression of doubt and distrust on the girl's face, which Esma was quick to see. By her express desire, she received Esma alone, and, as briefly as possible, she told how she had been the means of discovering the child.

It had happened on this wise. About a fortnight after the death of David Lee, Margaret, at John Farquhar's request, visited a girl who was dying of consumption in his parish. One morning, when she was bidding good-bye at the door, a child's voice fell on her ears, and, turning round suddenly, she beheld in the passage little Ralphie, the boy who for well-nigh three months had been missing. A scream of delight greeted her ears as the little fellow, seeing that the lady was none other than "Auntie Marget," rushed into her arms.

A querulous voice was heard at this moment calling the child, and Margaret, tightly grasping Ralphie's hand meanwhile, made her way to the room whence the sound proceeded. There she was met by Susan Lee, a new-comer to the house, who eyed her with suspicious and unfriendly glances.

From Susan Lee's appearance Margaret judged her to be in a bad state of health, the pallid hue on her face betokening some secret organic disorder.

During Margaret's recital Esma grew deathly pale, but the girl proceeded with the story.

"The strange part of it is, Esma," said she, "the woman utterly refuses to give up the child, for she says he is her own, and that while she is living she will not part from him."

"But you don't believe this wretched lie, Margaret, surely?" exclaimed Esma, rising from her chair. "Take me to the woman at once. She must be a lunatic, or some vile impostor, who wishes to obtain money by fraudulent means."

"She is as sane as you or I, Esma," said Margaret, ringing the bell as she spoke for the maid to procure a cab.

Esma declined any refreshments—indeed, she was far too agitated to eat—and Margaret, seeing that it was useless to press the matter, would not further delay the momentous visit.

At the sight of Esma the woman, who was lying on a couch, gave a quick gasping sob, for she was in reality in too weak a condition to stand much agitation, and said:—

"The child is mine. 'Twas wicked of me to give him up, and I don't care now who hears me confess my wrong-doing."

Esma turned pale, for, as she well knew, Mrs. Lee in this mood was far more dangerous than when demanding money for her silence. She made a vain attempt to carry off her duplicity with an air of scornful contempt, but it was of no avail.

At this moment the welcome voice of John Farquahar was heard—welcome at least to one in that room. He was about to visit the sick girl, whose room adjoined Susan Lee's, and was exchanging friendly greetings, as was his wont, to one and another whom he encountered at the lodging-house.

Margaret, realising how tense was the situation, on a sudden impulse called him by name, a summons which he immediately answered. He was somewhat surprised to see Susan Lee once again, as immediately after her husband's death she had disappeared, and nothing further was heard of her whereabouts.

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"You didn't expect to see me, sir, did you?" said the woman; "but I'm main glad to see your face. I'd like you to take my confession, same as you took my husband's."

A look of fear, which she could not altogether control, was in Esma's face as Mrs. Lee told her story.

About three or four years previously, Susan Lee was in great straits owing to her husband being in prison, and was reduced to begging in London streets. Her little babe, a child of about a month old, was in her arms, and, being herself weak and faint for want of food, the burden seemed more than she knew how to bear.

A lady, seeing her plight from the window of a house near by, with the apparent intention of befriending her, invited her into her lodgings, and after giving the poor woman monetary aid, she laid a proposition before her.

There was a wildness about the lady's face which Susan Lee was quick to note, but nevertheless she was not a little surprised at the words she uttered.

"I want you to exchange your baby for mine," she said; and, beckoning the woman to follow her into the adjoining room, she pointed to a child who lay in the last calm sleep of death.

"Hush!" she whispered, "no one in the house knows he is dead but myself, for he died only five minutes ago in a fit of convulsions, and although I rang for assistance, I could not make anyone hear. No one ever need know of this, if you will only do as I ask you."

Mrs. Lee shook her head, and Cara Marchioni, for it was she, as a means of emphasising her request, drew five sovereigns out of her pocket and placed them in the woman's hand.

"You shall have far more than this later on," she added, "and your child will be infinitely better off, for he will be brought up as a gentleman amongst every luxury."

The bait proved too tempting to be resisted, and Susan Lee, stifling a sob (for she really loved her one wee baby), agreed to the lady's proposal. The dead child was rapidly clothed in the living infant's shabby garments, and as a means of disguising the little white face, a shawl was wrapped around the tiny form. The dark-skinned little gipsy babe was then robed in wee Ralphie's pretty baby clothes, and thus was the exchange effected.

Little Ralph Westbury was interred as George Lee, the infant son of David Lee, whilst the changeling was introduced at Rossmoyne as Sir Lionel's grandchild by his doubly-fraudulent relative.

The little fellow on the eventful morning when he wandered away from his cruel guardian as far as possible, was found by a kindly woman, who took the child into her care, and Susan Lee, a few mornings after her husband's death, discovered him playing on the doorstep of the house.

"It is an utterly false statement," said Esma—"a tissue of lies. Believe it if you will, but I take possession of the child."

John Farquhar laid his hand upon her arm. "Take my advice, Mrs. Westbury," said he. "To avoid a scene, leave him here to-night."

Unwillingly Esma at length agreed to this, for a guilty conscience made her afraid to act contrary to the clergyman's suggestion.

As John Farquhar was turning away, after escorting the ladies to Mrs. Fortesque's door, a gentleman touched him on the shoulder, saying: "Excuse me, sir, but may I ask if one of the ladies who accompanied you just now was Miss Cara Marchioni?"

"No," said Mr. Farquhar, somewhat stiffly; "it was her sister (Nita by name), Mrs. Ralph Westbury."

"I think not," was the reply. "I knew them too well ever to mistake them, though a stranger easily might. However, I will take the liberty of calling to see the lady for myself," which he did, and when Esma found herself face to face with a discarded lover of her early youth, she knew her game was played out, and feeling that it was useless to attempt to carry on her fraudulent career, she made up her mind to throw herself on the mercy of Eric Stanford and tell him all her miserable story.

"Cara," said he, after the narration was ended, "give it all up and come to me. I have loved no other woman but you, and, before Heaven, if you will be a good, true wife to me, I will never reproach you for this and all your past deceptions."

Cara hesitated but for a moment, and, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, she consented.

"There is one condition I must make,

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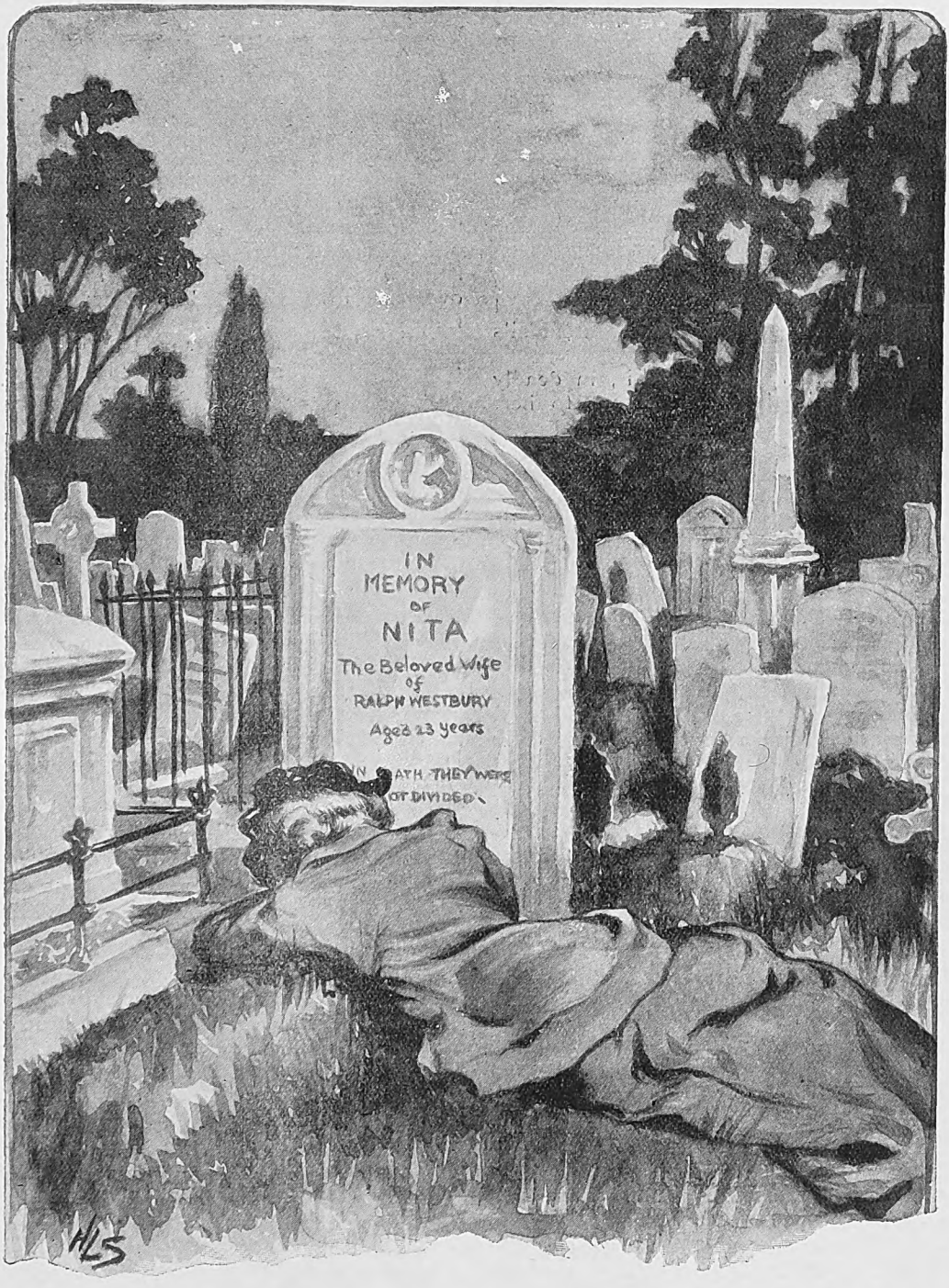

THE TWILIGHT SHADOWS FELL, THE TWINKLING STARS CAME OUT ONE BY ONE, AND STILL SHE MOVED NOT FROM THE QUIET GRAVE.

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Cara," said Stanford—"we must start fairly, you and I. I haven't been so perfect myself that I can throw stones at you, but I do insist on this matter, that you make a clean breast of all your guilt to the Westburys."

"But what about prosecution for fraud?" queried Esma, fearfully.

"For the family's sake, I don't think they would care to do that; but if you are afraid, make your escape, and let your confession be by letter."

This suggestion met with Esma's approval, and thus it was that, within the space of two hours after Stanford's departure, Margaret held within her hand an entire confession of Cara Marchioni's double deception.

Meanwhile, the writer of it, in deadly fear of justice being meted out to her, was speeding on her way to a remote village on the south coast, where dwelt an old servant of the Stanford family, who had been apprised by telegram from "the young master," as she still called Eric Stanford, of the lady's coming. There Cara remained until the day of her marriage with her old lover, which took place very shortly after her flight.

Seven years have passed away—years of unbroken prosperity both at Rossmoyne and at St. John's Rectory, the home which Margaret Farquhar has long graced by her gentle presence.

Little Ralphie has now grown into a tall sturdy boy, and is regarded as a loved elder brother by Margaret's bonny boys and girls.

At Rossmoyne, too, there is the happy ring of childish voices, for Sir Horace Westbury has wooed and won the fair daughter of one of his old patients, Sir Harry Desmond, and is now the proud father of two merry-faced lads and one winsome little daughter.

* * * *

Far away in a sunny little Italian cemetery there is a grave marked with a simple headstone (which, after a considerable amount of legal difficulty, Sir Horace Westbury had caused to be placed there) with these words inscribed thereon:

"In memory of
NITA,
The beloved wife of Ralph Westbury,
Aged 23 years.
'In death they were not divided.'"

Thither one day a broken-hearted penitent found her way. Beside the grass she knelt awhile, tears raining down her cheeks meanwhile. Presently she drew from her pocket a letter, which she read over and over again. It commenced as follows:—

"Dear Esma,—Both Horace and I have long forgiven you, and in your loneliness and need we ask you to come to us, and we will love and care for you."

"Love and care for me," muttered the unhappy woman. "Ah! what have I done to deserve such words? Surely this must be the religion of Christ. If they can forgive me, perhaps He will."

A strange magnetism had drawn Cara Stanford to the scene of her terrible temptation. Widowed, childless, alienated by her passionate nature from all her husband's friends, she at length had turned to Margaret for help and pity, both of which were nobly and instantly bestowed.

A strange languor had come over the woman, a weariness born of ill-heath and bitter grief. The twilight shadows fell, the twinkling stars came out one by one, and still she moved not from the quiet grave. The heart malady from which her sister had suffered had of late affected her also, and well Cara Stanford knew that at any time the cord of life might suddenly be broken.

In the chill light of early morn reverent peasants bore her away from the sacred spot; the stamp of death on her brow, and her eyes closed for ever to earth's sin and weariness.

The last words which had fallen from her lips were these: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

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JULIUS AND JULIET;

OR, A CABINET CRISIS

THE few stragglers around the Senate House had just time to raise a cheer as a carriage dashed out of the narrow street, and they caught sight of the well-known minister's face within; then the splendid horses bowled him away from them rapidly, as though they knew they were going to home and rest.

But amidst the cheers there had been some hisses, even from that small crowd, and the sibilant hiss appealed to him with greater force than the attempt at a jubilant cheer.

He smiled sarcastically—he always did, it was a pose of his to appear "serene alike in peace and danger!" None of his bitterest enemies in the senate had ever seen him disturbed. Rising in debate with that perpetual smile upon his sharply chiselled features, he could make his enemies feel the keenness of razor-edged retorts, as he gashed their feelings: without betraying that he had suffered in the least himself. "Don't you find it Arctic, sitting where you do?" a would-be wit had once asked of the minister who sat on his right on the Government Bench.

The minister had stared wonderingly, till it dawned upon him that it was a hit at the frigidity of the well-known statesman. Then he laughed heartily, and took great care to repeat the *bon mot*, which in due season reached the powerful man himself, who smiled again, a trifle more coldly than ever, and, indifferent alike to the sneers of friends and enemies, held on his way apparently undisturbed.

It would have been better for him if sometimes he could have let off steam as other men did, for their rage and excitement was not half as wearing as the rigid control that had become a second nature with him. Like *them* he writhed under criticism, smarted under gibe and sneer, and resented ill-natured opposition or wooden obstruction; but unlike *them* he added to all this the determination never to reveal what he felt. It was this strain that was fast ageing him, and it was a haggard-looking man that stepped out of the brougham, for it was the nature of this man to think more of the hiss than the cheer. In his estimate one hiss equalled six cheers. His friends would have marvelled and his enemies rejoiced if they had known that the minister had gone home that night from the Council with a fit of soul smart. That soul smart was destined to keep him awake for an hour or two yet.

Entering his library he began to work hard, astonishing his secretary by the savage manner in which he attacked the papers before him. Paper after paper was annotated and handed over to the secretary to be dealt with, but every now and then, as though oblivious of his presence, the minister threw himself back in his chair with a brooding, absent look on his face, remaining in that fit of abstraction some time, till, suddenly becoming conscious of his more immediate surroundings, he would attack his work with fresh vigour.

At last, quite unexpectedly, he said, as he gave a fresh set of papers to his somewhat jaded assistant, "I think you can leave me now, Reichardt, I have done enough to-night. I wish one could get more rest."

"A consummation most devoutly to be

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wished," assented his secretary, "but not likely to come in the way of a state official, especially with war threatening."

"Especially with war *threatening*," emphasised his chief, with a curious intonation on the "threatening," "It ought to have been declared before now, but——" and here he relapsed into a meditative silence.

Reichardt fidgeted about slightly, wondering whether his chief would open up any further, then as silence still reigned supreme, he simply said "Good-night, Monsieur."

"Good-night!" And the man on whose actions, at this particular national juncture, millions were hanging with eager interest, was alone.

Alone! No, troops of thoughts thronged his still busy mind. Memories of the past disturbed him. He saw himself many years back, engaged in the turmoil of business life, keenly enlisting in the mind-to-mind encounters that brought him an early fortune. He remembered his first speeches, his diligent mastering of his country's business, his gradual progress since his acceptance with his Imperial Master, and the hatred of his enemies—jealous of his growing influence.

"Ah, and they detest me still!" he said to himself fiercely, "in spite of my growing power! If war is declared I shall be the scapegoat if it fails, the hero if it succeeds. The stake is tremendous! My whole career ruined, or ——" and he stopped, "or," he went on solemnly, "crowned at last."

"There I am again!" he continued, irritably, to himself. "These *personal* considerations! I feel sure that war is right, but if it is declared and fails, the Left scores. And I believe that they all would enjoy seeing me baited. Well, I will see Juliet. If I go under it is 'good-bye' to her. If I succeed——!"

And, at the prospect of what the "if" meant, for once the impassive mask fell off and the face literally glowed.

* * * *

"Well?" interrogated Madame Klein, with an arch smile, when Count Julius called next day—"have you come to tell me anything?"

They were old acquaintances, these two, and the Count, who had been a widower for five years, was earnestly anxious for closer terms of intimacy. But Madame Klein was as ambitious as she was rich.

She aimed at playing a very leading part in the social functions of the day; nothing less in fact, than that of the wife of the Chancellor, and she believed that in marrying the Count, she would through him achieve her desired end.

Yet she had twice refused him in the last year.

"No, no!" she had said, laughingly. "We are very good friends now, Count. But I have *aims*, you know. We women are terribly ambitious, perhaps, but the rôle of a Minister's wife does not exactly satisfy my cravings. Come to me as the Chancellor, and

> "You need not woo on your bended knee,
> I'll be as willing as willing can be!"

The chance was not so remote to her mind as it seemed to the man chiefly interested in the matter. And at the present moment, while the fate of the nation's peace hung upon his negotiations, she was in a fever of excitement lest he should make some false step, and his opportunity be thrown away.

Week after week had passed by and still the Empire hesitated to declare war, and while they hesitated Madame Klein was bound up in the occasional visits of the man upon whom so much depended. "No!" he said, shaking his head, "I have not come to tell you anything. I have come to the parting of the ways. One way, if I'm strong enough to carry the Emperor with me, there is war; and if it succeeds it will be known as my war, and the Chancellorship is——"

"A matter of a quarter of an hour," she interrupted, merrily.

"Quite so," he assented, gravely, "and then you yourself——"

"Will only be a matter of another five minutes," she again interrupted still merrily.

"But, see here, Juliet!" he exclaimed, "if I stand to *win* everything, I stand to lose everything too. If, as I suspect, the war will not at first prove popular, and the miserable Opposition gets capital out of my share in it, then if the war is protracted or fails (and, of course, that is just possible), I shall be hounded to death. They would be delighted to see me driven from office. *I* should be sacrificed"—here his voice, usually so level and passionless, quivered—"and," he went on,

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"I should lose the reward of years of waiting, and yourself into the bargain," bitterly. "I don't know what to do," he continued lamely. "Come, Juliet, if you meant what you have always said, you yourself stand to win something if I *win*; don't you think you might stake something if I lose?" eagerly.

"What do you want me to say?" Madame Klein queried sweetly.

"I want you to say that if I make the plunge and don't come up again, that,—that——"

Seeing his eloquence fail him for once, Madame Klein finished the sentence for him by saying "That I'll join you in the deep waters. You are *very kind*!"

All this in a mocking tone, then suddenly changing it to one thrilling with deep feeling, she proceeded in her rich tones, "No, I will never say *that*. But I will say this. If this were a mere Party question, in which the fate of some new measure were involved, I think I would even stick to the old terms. If you won, *I* won—if you lost, *you* would *lose*, that was all. But this is our Country's matter,"—and she threw back her head proudly—"I believe in your judgment over it, and you are *the* strong man. Take the way, Julius, you believe to be the right way for Salmatia, and if you fail,—I—well I'll try and console you, if I can"—blushing.

"You put new life in me!" he exclaimed rising. "But—but you really mean it?" anxiously.

She looked at him with a new light in her eyes, and slightly swayed towards him. He was quick enough to take the hint and drew her to him, as she whispered, "I really mean it. Go and do your duty, Julius. Think of Salmatia," and, darting from his arms, "Think of *me!*"

As events turned out, the diplomacy of the Count was not driven into the self-assertiveness of a declaration of war. Growing impatient, the enemy itself acted while negotiations were pending, and in a few days the first War Council met. The Opposition felt that Providence had delivered the Count into their hands. They had clear proof that it was his method of working that had stirred up the feelings of the enemy to the extent of daring an outbreak of war. They dubbed it Julius's war, and as Julius's it was called the country through.

"Don't lose heart, dear!" wrote Madame Klein to the Count, "I'm not leaving this city till I've seen this thing through." And the impassive man flushed a deep crimson as he read the affectionate term, and kissed the note passionately; but the "not losing heart" was a struggle, for everything at *first* seemed against the success of the measure for which he was mainly responsible. Difficulty after difficulty arose in the way of the Salmatian troops. Sickness broke out among the soldiers at the front, and even defeat attended the earliest efforts of the Salmation arms.

It was by no means a healthy state of things for the re-opening of the Salmatian Senate, and on the day it met the Count drove down with hands that nervously tugged at the window straps in his brougham, as it neared the Senate House and sought to dash through the enormous crowd in waiting.

Then broke forth the storm of hisses and of cheers, and listening intently, the Count could scarcely say which predominated, and held his chances to be very low.

In the Senate the scene was renewed, his own party cheering like mad, the Opposition preserving a stony silence as if in contempt. But he was used to this, and sat down in his place with the familiar sarcastic smile curving his features.

It did not take long in debate to make clear that the personal war threatened upon Count Julius by the Opposition papers was to become actual fact. It was against Julius, Julius's diplomacy, Julius's letters, Julius's speeches, that the most insulting remarks were levied, and from his own side rose one of the giants of the House, and indicated his intention to join the Opposition wolves, who bayed in full chorus. But still the Count made no sign, for his time had not yet come; and the next morning the whole country was asking what would Julius say in reply to the attack? Had he a defence?

It seemed perfectly clear to him that his only friends were himself and the little woman who night after night sat in the gallery of the Senate House, and crushed her handkerchief in her impotent anger.

At last the night for his reply came. He entered the Senate amidst "a silence that could be felt."

But the Count strode to his seat without a sign of feeling, except that his face was unusually pale, and another face in the

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Gallery went white also, as the lips whispered to herself: "I'm afraid we must both go down into deep waters."

She did not know her man.

An hour later he was on his feet and creating consternation amongst his enemies by his confidence in his own judgment, and his bitterness to them.

Of the war he spoke triumphantly, of its future he spoke hopefully, of his share in bringing it about he spoke jubilantly. Then, descending to meet his enemies concerning their personal attack, he disclaimed nothing he had done, or written, or spoken. "I would do it all again," he asserted proudly. He justified his action, and that of those associated with him, as necessary for the prestige of Salmatia and the support of its Imperial policy. He struck the right chord in appealing to their love of country, and stirred the most unwilling to acknowledge, by spontaneous cheering, that he was interpreting the feelings of the majority. Then he sat down. And well he might: he could sit secure.

Next morning a footman brought in a splendid bouquet of orchids for her, in the midst of which reposed a note. It was in the writing of the Count, and simply said:—

"Had I failed last night, you would have gone under with me hand in hand. Will you still keep me waiting till I win the final triumph?"

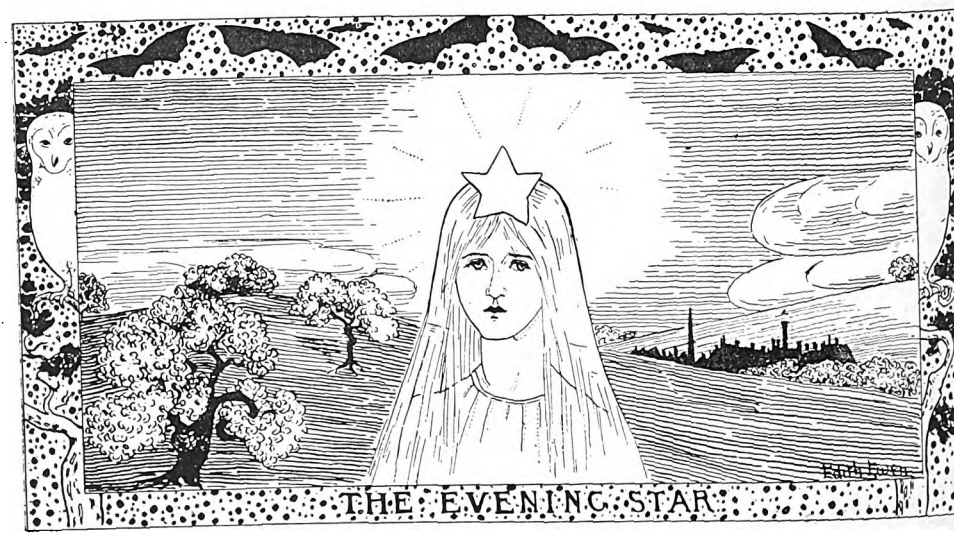
Crossing to a richly inlaid rosewood desk, she sat down and rapidly inscribed her answer:—

"No, the triumph *was* won last night. Its acknowledgment will not make it greater. To *make* you Chancellor would be like the old crowning of King David. He was king before; that only consented to the fact. You *are* first of them all. You have kept the terms. You may claim me when you like."

They were married shortly after, and even as they left the church came the news of a great Salmatian victory.

"I told you it would come," she said. "Wait!" And they did not wait long.

A year later the older men were tired of the work of the war, and, acting under their advice, the Emperor handed the portfolio of Chancellor to the Man of Iron Will, and Madame Klein had her wish.



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In the Public Eye

Women who are Helping to Make the World Brighter and Better.

NOW that the war in South Africa has been concluded by the honourable peace which has brought such unfeigned thankfulness to every portion of the Empire, the work of the Committee of the South African Graves Fund, of which Miss Tillard is the untiring hon. sec., assumes a special interest and importance. For that Committee, a branch of the Victoria League, has for its object the locating and caring for the graves of our fallen soldiers in South Africa. In all parts of the British Dominions there are those who, severed by poverty and thousands of ocean miles from the spot where their loved ones lie, would give much to have even a photograph of the sacred mound of earth where their thoughts are ever centred, and whose grief would be soothed by the knowledge that loving women were doing what might be done to tend and beautify it. When any such write to Miss Tillard she immediately communicates their wishes to the Guild of Loyal Women in South Africa through whose co-operation the work is carried out.

MISS TILLARD,
Hon. Sec. South African Graves Fund.

Miss Tillard has in her possession nearly a hundred photographs of graves which have been reached and on which stones, iron crosses, or cairns have been erected, and in many instances flowers planted. When the relatives of the fallen are too poor to pay for it this is done absolutely without fee, though, of course,

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in the great majority of cases the friends prefer to contribute part, if not the whole, of the expense incurred.

It would be difficult to say to how many sorrowing hearts comfort has thus been given. Truly a beautiful work, and worthy of the heart-whole devotion which the hon. sec. of the South African Graves Fund gives to it!

Miss Tillard's address is 8, Sunderland-terrace, Westbourne-gardens, London, W.

DR. ANNIE McCALL is doing admirable work for women in the Clapham Maternity Hospital, founded by her, some thirteen years since, in aid of mothers of the poorer classes. In connection with this hospital are the efficient Dispensaries of Battersea and Wandsworth.

Dr. McCall is now strenuously working to secure a good site for a new and enlarged hospital. A freehold house and garden, adjoining the present hospital, has been obtained; but a considerable amount is yet needed to complete the good work contemplated. Married women, and young girls, with a first infant, from Rescue Homes, are all nursed for a small weekly sum.

Amongst 1,180 cases, received in 1901, no deaths occurred; nor was there one septic case in the Hospital. Students are efficiently trained in midwifery and nursing; many become medical missionaries in all parts of the world. Upwards of seven hundred nurses have been sent out. Dr. McCall is a consistent advocate of total abstinence. The proceeds of her temperance lectures are applied to further her splendid work amongst her poorer sisters.

DR. ANNIE McCALL.

The Proprietor of the "Temple Magazine" offers a Prize of £1 for the best complete story not exceeding 2,000 words, and not less than 1,500 words. The prize story will be published in the "Temple Magazine," and illustrated free of charge, and the Author will receive a cheque for £1. The second and third stories in order of merit will be published and illustrated free of charge. The sending in of any stories or articles shall be deemed, on selection for first, second, or third place, to give the Proprietor the right of publication for one issue of the "Temple Magazine," and the Author will receive a set of electros of the illustrations free. The "Story Coupon," cut from the "Temple Magazine," must be attached to MSS. sent in. *See Contents Page for Coupon.*

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A GREAT OFFER.

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60 LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

Amid frantic shouting, amid a snow-storm of pockethandkerchiefs and delirious ravings of purple-faced betting men, two lithe, trim, swift boats, dipping one dip and feathering one flame of light—skim along the shining way.

Men and women dance: men who were stern of aspect a moment since, make trumpets of their hands, and bawl their joy, like bulls. The excitement is too much for many—who absolutely turn away, and mechanically echo the general cry. Cambridge—no Oxford! Oxford—no Cambridge! Bravo Oxford! give it 'em Cambridge!

Direct and sharp as sword-fish after prey—THEY PASS!

And then a white ocean of faces bursts upon us. Helter skelter at fullest speed, hidden under their human burden and gay with bunting, the steamers, serried like guardsmen—a moving wall bearing a convulsed multitude—close behind the fighting crews. The roar dies out slowly, and with expiring bursts, like a nearly spent storm; and then rises and rumbles away from us to the winning post.

The first gun a second's pause, and then another gun. A fowler lifts the feathers of some pigeons, and the news of the battle has taken wing. And in another minute, the strings of the bow are loosened. Features relax, and settle back to the everyday expression. The beggars begin to beg: the poor boys to sell their fusees, the calm coster to open his oysters; and all the world to wonder how they will squeeze through the narrow lanes home, by bed-time.

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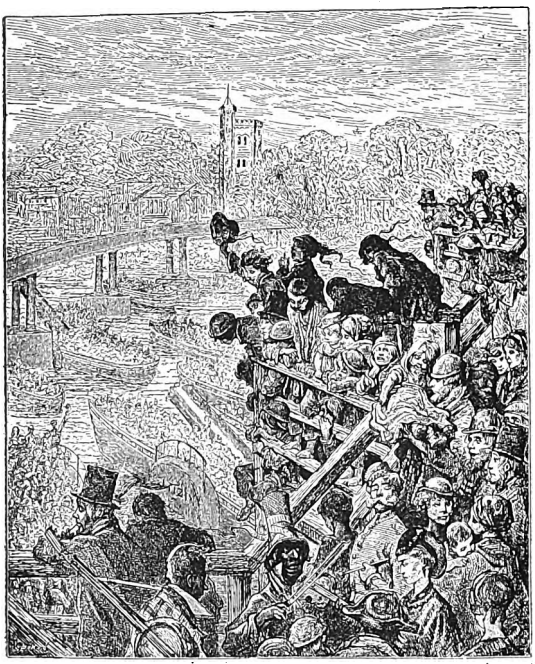

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A LITTLE = = = = = MATCHMAKER.

By BETH BANNESTER, B.A.

"I'M so glad father's coming home at last," said little Percy Ellerton, as he scrambled up into the dog-cart, and took his place beside the groom. "Won't it be stunning, Thomas?"

Thomas assented dubiously. He had a very easy life of it with Percy's grandmother, and was not sure how far his master's return from India might affect his "off" time.

"Margery doesn't seem to think I shall like it so much," pursued Percy, as they drove off. "She says father's sure to give me a stepmother before long. Do you think he will?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Master Percy," returned Thomas, slowly, as he weighed the situation. "There's never any telling."

"And don't you think stepmothers are nice, Thomas?" pursued Percy, looking up into the groom's face.

Thomas nobly resisted an inclination to scratch his head, for the mare was spirited and needed to be kept well in hand.

"Well, Master Percy," he replied at length, "I can't hardly say. Some of 'em's nice and some of 'em ain't."

"I do hope father will give me a nice one," said Percy reflectively. "You don't s'pose he would let me choose, do you?"

"It's not likely, Master Percy," returned Thomas, startled for once into a prompt reply.

"I'm sorry for that," replied the child gravely. "Granny always lets me choose my presents, so I thought p'r'aps father wouldn't mind. Do you s'pose he'll wait till my next birthday to give me a stepmother, Thomas?"

But Thomas was saved the necessity of solving this weighty problem, for they drew up at the station, and the whistle of the incoming train threw all other interests into the shade.

Childish anticipations are so often bitterly disappointed that an onlooker scanning the eager little face on the platform as it watched the opening doors of the train, might have trembled lest the child's castle in the air should prove a house of cards. But Percy's father exceeded his wildest anticipations. To have a father who played with you and taught you games you didn't know before, a father who spun you yarns about Hindoo jugglers and conjurers, and listened to you in return almost as if you were grown up, a father who let you do lots of things that Granny had forbidden as dangerous —this was indeed to live. Percy had considered Granny jolly—at times, he had sometimes applied the gentle adjective to Margery and Thomas; but father—father was jolly in a sense that was not only superlative but unique. The word had acquired a wealth of meaning which it had never contained before.

The interests of the new life were so numerous that it was a full week before Percy thought again of the stepmother, and a fortnight before he broached the subject to his father. An opportunity, however, came under the walnut trees one August afternoon. Robert Ellerton yawned and dropped the magazine he was reading, and, Percy, delighted to break the silence which was beginning to press upon his spirits, began joyously,

"Father, Thomas and Margery say they shouldn't wonder if you gave me a stepmother soon."

Mr. Ellerton's brow knitted.

"You have been a great deal too much with those chattering servants," he began, in a more annoyed tone than Percy had

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heard from him before. Then, checking himself, fearful lest he should stop the flow of the child's confidences, he laughed, adding,

"Well, what have they been stuffing you up with about a stepmother? Tell me all about it."

"Well, Margery talked about it first, and then I asked Thomas, and he said he said he shouldn't wonder either. And I asked him if stepmothers were nice, and he said some were and some weren't, and then I asked if he thought you'd let me choose mine, and he said it wasn't likely."

"Indeed!" Mr. Ellerton's face was a study. "Thomas's opinion is enlightening."

"*Would* you let me choose, father? I've been thinkin' about it very seriously, and I'm quite sure who I should like."

"Don't say it's Margery," ejaculated Mr. Ellerton with comic gravity. "Spare me that blow!"

"Oh, no!" returned Percy, reassuringly. "It isn't Margery. She wouldn't be suitable at all."

The corners of his father's mouth worked, but his silence encouraged the boy to go on.

"It's a friend of mine, a *very* partic'lar friend of mine. And I haven't been to see her for a whole fortnight. Before you came, I used to go every day."

"You'd better go and see her at once, and apologise for your disgraceful behaviour," said his father drily.

"I thought perhaps you'd like to come with me and see her yourself," said Percy, insinuatingly.

Robert Ellerton laughed uproariously; then, seeing that his little son's face grew more and more dubious and puzzled, he stooped and pinched his ear.

"Well, come along then, on two conditions—that you don't tell your friend why you brought me, and that you don't make any more confidences on the subject to Margery and Thomas."

Percy was rejoiced to have attained his end under such easy conditions. He marched ahead victoriously, across the meadow-path and under the elm-trees in the lane, his father bringing up the rear with an expression of amused interest on his face. He found his little son an extremely interesting study, and indulged his whims with a view to getting to know more of the boy's real self. He had not the slightest intention of giving him a stepmother. His first trial of matrimony had been a tragic failure as far as his own peace and happiness were concerned. For the sake of the boy, he told himself, he did not regret it now, but he would never venture on that dangerous sea again. He roused himself from a reverie to find that Percy was unfastening the latch of a garden gate, and the next moment a lady rose from a garden seat at a little distance beneath a tree. A table beside her was strewn with books and papers. Robert Ellerton felt rather as if he were caught in a trap. He had expected some buxom dairymaid or quondam cook who allured Percy with goodies. But it was too late to draw back. Percy ran across the grass.

"I told father I used to come and see you every day and I hadn't been since he came home, and he said I'd better come at once and apologise for my disgraceful conduct and so I asked him to come too——"

Percy stopped, out of breath, just as his father's eyes met those of the lady. An electric shock, as instantaneous as it was real, passed between them.

"Stella!" said Robert Ellerton. "I had no idea *you* were Percy's 'partic'lar friend!'"

She coloured slightly.

"Percy and I are great chums," she answered lightly. "I did not expect to see much of him after your return, but I am glad he has not quite forgotten me."

Her tone had an indefinable standoffishness, and he felt it, and man-like, felt he should like to make her come to terms. He was too much a man of the world to be at a loss for topics, and in spite of her coldness, the conversation did not flag.

"Percy has no business to accept your hospitality like this without returning it," he said as he took his leave. "You must come and see my mother."

"Thank you," she replied icily, "Mrs. Ellerton will excuse me, I know, as everyone else does. I am too busy either to visit or receive. I have that pile of proofs" (she glanced at the table) "to send off before Wednesday."

Although the words might have opened up a fresh avenue of conversation, the tone had a note of finality about it that forbade questioning, and Robert Ellerton, to his own surprise and annoyance, found

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himself checked by it. There was a distinct expression of pique on his face as he and Percy walked across the meadow home.

Meanwhile the woman they had left in the garden still sat beneath the tree gazing with set face into the green gloom of the branches. Her heart was full of hot passionate resentment. How dared he? Oh! how dared he approach her so familiarly, and call her by the old sweet name? She crimsoned at the thought that this man had been the centre of her life's inner story; that the loss of him had been her life's tragedy. She had pictured him often, thinking of her tenderly, pityingly, self-reproachfully perhaps, never quite forgetting her, in spite of the fate that had separated them. And now, after all these years, they had met and he had spoken to her with a light assumption of the old easy familiarity—he had called her Stella. Her yearning, regretful soul had lived on his memory—and he did not care! With a sudden revulsion of feeling she almost hated him—she quite hated herself for the self-revelation that she knew was in her novels. However, her *nom-de-plume* protected her. How glad she was that she had kept the secret. He would never guess. Ah! how stupid she had been. She had once let Percy hear the title of one of her books. No matter, she reassured herself, the child would not remember.

But children sometimes remember more than is expected of them.

Robert Ellerton walked home in a

"I'M SO GLAD FATHER'S COMING HOME AT LAST," HE SAID.

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reverie, heedless for once of the chatter of the boy beside him. So this queenly woman was really little Stella—Stella, whose girlish figure had grown so dim in his memory. Who would have dreamed that she had developed into this? He was roused at last by the little voice.

"And she's written such a lot of books, father."

"What books?" asked his father suddenly.

"She only told me the name of one of them one day when she showed me some pictures in it. I asked her to read it to me, but she said I shouldn't understand. It was something about a jewel—oh! I know now—'The Jewel in the Ring.'"

So Stella had written "The Jewel in the Ring," Stella was the mysterious Harry Crane, whose personality had baffled the reviewers. He had read "The Jewel in the Ring," of course; everybody had read it. He had even bought it. He went upstairs as soon as they reached home and took it down from the shelves. He remembered the remark he had once heard made by a clever woman—"Harry Crane!" she had said. "Rubbish! A woman wrote it. The writer of that book has suffered in a way a man does not suffer."

Somehow the memory of that remark made him wince. Had Stella suffered, and was it his fault?

SHE COULD NOT WELL REFUSE TO LET ROBERT SEE HER HOME.

He turned over the pages with growing uneasiness. He had an uncomfortable suspicion that he was the original of one of the portraits in the book. Of course, if so, it was unjust; women never did make allowances for a man. He was possessed by a sudden wild longing to explain, to justify himself, to make her see that she had misconstrued him and judged him harshly. The longing grew upon him, but he did not find an excuse to indulge it. He called, but she was not in the garden, and she sent a curt message down that she was too much engaged to receive visitors. Therefore, as he could not see her, he thought about her the more.

* * *

The horses had shied at a motor-car, and were careering madly round the curve. There was a crash as the carriage collided with a stone wall, and next moment a stream of blood was flowing from a little white forehead.

Hours later little Percy Ellerton lay in a darkened room, moaning uneasily.

"He must see this friend he is asking for," said the doctor gravely, "or I won't answer for the consequences to his brain. Can't you get her to come?"

"I don't know," said Robert Ellerton curtly, taking up his hat. "I'll go and do my best."

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He sent up a message asking to see Stella, and adding that it was a matter of life and death, and this time she came to him. She accompanied him to Percy's bedside and soothed the child till he fell asleep, and then could not well refuse to let Robert accompany her home through the moonlight. But they talked only of surface matters till they reached the gate, and then he pressed her hand warmly.

"You will come again?" he said entreatingly.

"As long as Percy wants me," she answered, "I will come;" but she did not ask Robert in.

They saw each other every day after that, and whether she wished it or not, a subtle comradeship grew up between them. One day she found the child sitting up in an arm-chair, with his father beside him.

"You won't want me any more," she said laughingly. "You must come and see me now."

Percy suddenly pulled his father's face down to his own, and whispered something in his ear.

"May I, father?"

Robert Ellerton nodded gravely.

"Do come again, and stay always," cried the boy eagerly. "Stay and marry father, and then you'll be my stepmother."

She did not flush, but her eyes sought Robert Ellerton's with something very like indignation in them. Much to her own surprise she dropped them again, for in his was a look that she had never seen there before—not even in the days of their boy-and-girl love.

"I second my son's request," was all he said; but, after all, *tones*, more than *words*, go to make up the histories of our lives.

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blest by the Master of old
Forgot He had made them His treasures,
The dear little lambs of His fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mother at evening,
Soft soothing the silk tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever these children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the days of grey hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when He uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—**"Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us."**

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food**, rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System**, Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great power of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS. and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the **"Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus."**

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the **"Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus"** has been found to be wonderfully successful.

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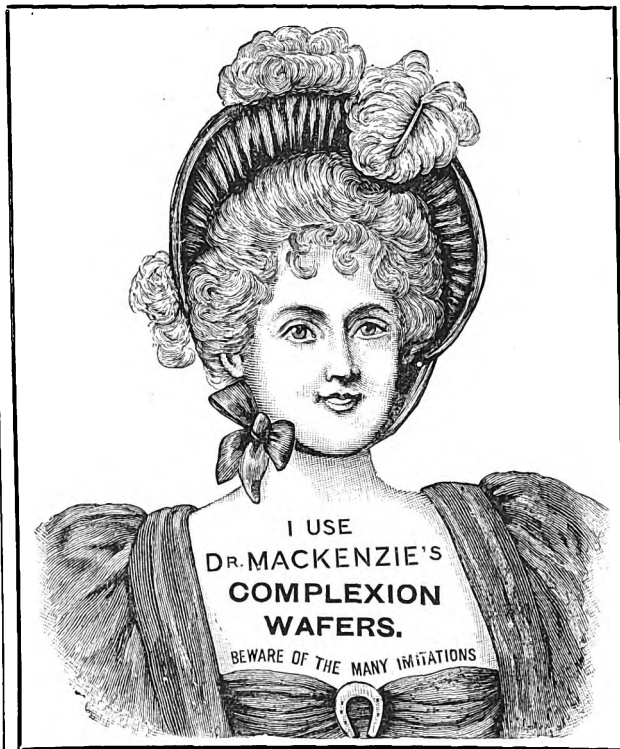

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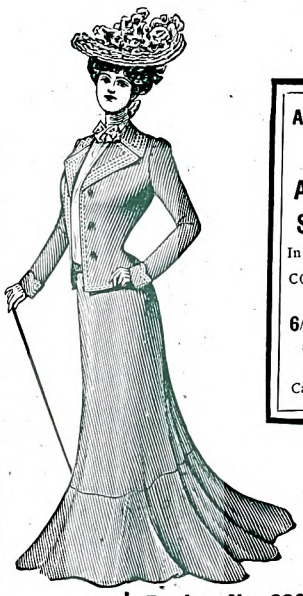

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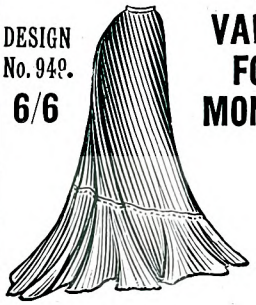

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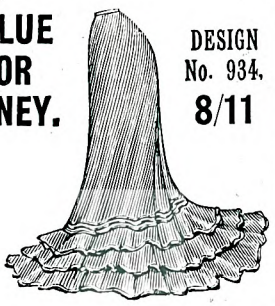

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE

Vol. 6. SEPTEMBER, 1902. No 12.

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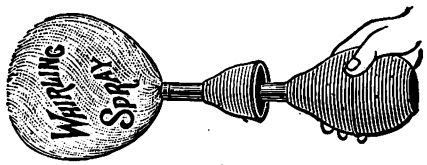

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

Edited by CHARLES HERBERT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, or the Editor cannot promise their return. The Editor will be obliged if, before sending any manuscript, a letter is sent him describing the purport of the article or enclosing a precis of the story. They must be addressed to MR. CHARLES HERBERT, "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE," 6A, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

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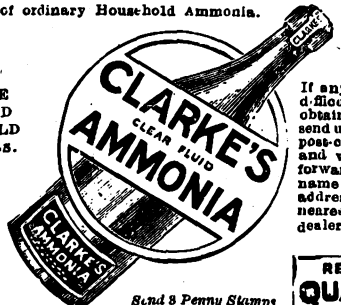

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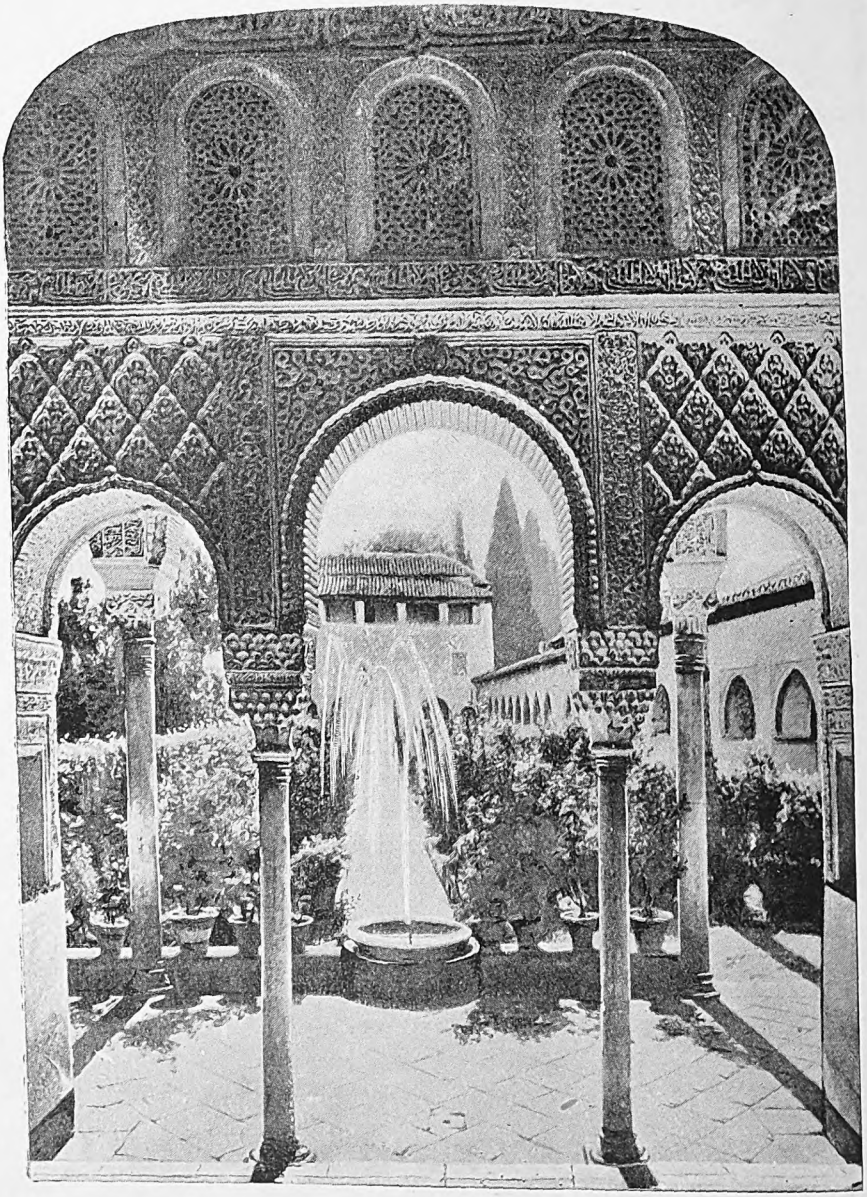

THE COURTYARD OF A MOORISH COUNTRY HOUSE, GRANADA.

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IN OLD MOORISH HOMES.

FOUR centuries have passed away since the Mahomedan power was driven out of Spain by the fall of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, in the famous war conducted with such spirit by Ferdinand and Isabella. In that long and memorable crusade of Christian against Moslem, there were some episodes of terrible barbarity. The fanatical Moorish armies perpetrated excesses which aroused all Christendom, and the Christian princes banded together resolved, at whatever cost, to expel the Moors. This was at last accomplished. Malaga and Granada, the strongholds of the Moorish Empire, were captured, and Boabdil, the last of the alien monarchs of the Crescent to rule in Western Europe, was deprived of his power and possessions, and became a vassal of Spain.

The story of the Moorish period of occupation is now only recalled by the magnificent architectural remains of that period that still exist in many localities in Granada. Nowhere in Europe are there any structures excelling in dignity of conception and extreme delicacy of treatment those found in the Alhambra group. Combining many of the features of Saracenic and Arabian architecture, the Moorish workmen wrought in a style which, though replete with ornament, was yet conspicuously graceful and striking, lacking the heaviness of the Gothic and the Roman, and retaining in a multiplied form something of the beauty of the Greek. In the remains of their mosques, tombs, and palaces, and even in many homes of the wealthier class, this rich elaboration is still visible. Slender, graceful pillars, topped by ornate capitals, support the buildings, rising to delicately-formed arches, heavy with tracery that seems to the observer as fine as the filigree work of a silversmith.

The photograph on the opposite page (the courtyard of a country house at Granada) gives an idea of the general style of such buildings. The house itself surrounds the cool, well-shaded courtyard, rich in foliage, and still further cooled by the spray of fountains. The windows and doorways of their dwellings were made small to shut out the heat. In the older quarter of Granada there are still many buildings that retain much of the ancient Moorish style, but the modern part is commonplace.

Spain was invaded by the Arabs about A.D. 709, at which time what is now the city of Granada was occupied by a strong fortress only. About sixty years later fortifications were built and a town raised, which, from its position and strength, soon became a place of importance. In 1019-1020 it became the capital of the province, and later on the capital of the Mahomedan possessions in Spain. The Arabian dynasties were succeeded by that of the Almoravides, another African race, which, after a short rule, was followed by the Moors, who landed in Spain and overthrew the reigning Almoravide sovereign in 1150.

The Moorish princes vied with each other in splendour and magnificence, and vastly improved the country, opening canals for irrigating purposes, building colleges and mosques, and improving the appearance of their chief cities. Granada, as the chief city of the kingdom, received special attention, but the most beautiful

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building they erected was known as the Alhambra. This palace was built inside the fortress by Mahomed III. in 1250. Under Moorish rule it was the scene of the luxurious pleasure of the monarchs, and the stage upon which many fearful crimes were enacted. Within its brilliant courts the king fell by the hands of his aspiring vizier, who in his turn was cut down by an equally ambitious rival. The final crime which brought about the stroke which drove the Moors from Spain was the massacre of the Abencerrages. In 1482 the capital, the palace, and the harem became the scene of a feud respecting the succession; one party, known as the Thegris, supporting the son of one wife, and the other, known as the Abencerrages, supporting the son of the other. The quarrel became so intense that Boabdil, the head of the Thegris, fled from Granada, and retired to Guadix, where he was proclaimed king. He thereupon marched to the capital, took possession of it, dethroned his father, and reigned in his stead. Instigated by the Thegris, he resolved to take revenge upon the Abencerrages. He summoned to his presence the chiefs of their principal families on the plea that he was desirous to effect a reconciliation between them and the Thegris. A banquet was prepared, but after the guests had feasted they were taken out one by one to the fountain of the Court of the Lions, and beheaded. This unwarrantable act of cruelty deprived Granada of a great number of its stoutest defenders, for there had been for years past fighting between the Moors and Ferdinand and Isabella, the latter of whom had conquered a large part of the Moorish possessions, but had hitherto been unable to take Granada. Boabdil was now deserted by every honest Moslem, and had to place himself entirely in the hands of the Thegris faction, and was compelled to shut himself up in the Alhambra for protection. Some time after, he made an incursion into the Christian territory, but he was defeated and taken prisoner. He was succeeded by his brother, but the wary Ferdinand now professed to take a great interest in his prisoner, and, espousing his cause, he set him at liberty, and once more roused the flames of civil discord, during which he entered the Moorish dominions at the head of a considerable army. Professing to fight for Boabdil, in the course of four years he took town after town, till Granada only remained, which by this time had once more received Boabdil within its walls. In the month of April, 1491, Ferdinand, accompanied by his consort Isabella, laid siege to Granada, which, after a siege of nearly a year, was taken, and the standard of the Cross waved over the Alhambra.

By one of the articles of the capitulation preceding the surrender of Granada, the Moorish population of that capital were to retain possession of their mosques, and to be allowed the free exercise of their religion, with its peculiar rites and ceremonies; they were in no instance to be compelled to forsake the faith of their fathers, and to embrace the Christian religion; and they were, moreover, to be judged by their own laws; yet these conditions were soon disregarded and infringed. The conversion of the Moriscos had been entrusted by Ferdinand to Fray Fernando de Talavera, a prelate of consummate talent and benevolent disposition. The wise and kind measures adopted by this good prelate in furtherance of the object committed to his care, acquired him great authority among the Moors, some of whom listened to his words, and were added to the church; but the progress of proselytism was too slow for the zeal of the Catholic sovereigns, and it was accordingly decided to send Cardinal Ximenez to Granada to hasten the work of conversion. What the mild policy and conciliating measures of Talavera had failed to accomplish, the rigid and unbending temper of the fiery cardinal was not calculated to achieve; for, although we are told that no less than four thousand infidels presented themselves one day for baptism, and that, unable to administer the sacrament to each individually, the cardinal christened them *en masse*, by aspersion, their conversion could not be very sincere, when they rose soon after in the Alpuxarras, and massacred all the Christians on whom they could lay hands.

In 1570 the Moriscos were again subjected to a compulsory baptism, and handed over to the iron arm of the Inquisition. The few relics of the miserable race which escaped the sword or the faggot were ultimately expelled from the Peninsula during the reign of Philip III., a measure which, by depriving Spain of a numerous and industrious population, inflicted a death-blow on her agriculture and commerce.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahometan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!" The plan when unfolded by the girl turns out to be a suggestion that as lady visitors come to see the Begum they are in the habit of bringing many strange servants with them, who, when they go away, are preceded by one crying "Gosha! Gosha!" and therefore it will be easy for Hazel, by dressing in servant's garb, provided by the girl, to mix in the servants' waiting-room and leave with them. This they try, but the slave girl herself is hindered and captured, and Hazel, who might have got away, returns for the girl's sake. Afterwards Hazel has impotently to witness the slave girl's terrible punishment, who is blinded by Eastern tortures. Hazel is not discouraged in her determination to escape, but decides next time she ventures to venture alone. Meanwhile she asserts herself in the Zenana, and finds her quick wit and ready sympathies easily win her a first place, both with the Nabob and the Begum. At last, overcome by the persistency of his father, Mahomed Ali takes a second wife, in spite of Hazel's strenuous objections, with the result that Hazel separates herself from him, and he submits. But meanwhile the new wife tries to ingratiate herself with Hazel, and after many attempts succeeds in meeting her in the garden, when there is a terrible scene. Soon after Mahomed Ali has an awful accident, that breaks his back, and Hazel, forgetting herself, endeavours to soothe his dying hours, but is thwarted by the rigid etiquette of the Zenana.

CHAPTER VIII.—(*continued*).

"It is monstrous!" she said, "all this Zenana ceremony in the midst of a case of life and death! Here are we, his mother and I, breaking our hearts about Ali, and whenever the Doctor comes we must be hustled out of his room, so that no man may see our faces. What does that doctor care about our faces, I should like to know, except, perhaps, to be very sorry for us, if he is a kind man. And is it not better he should tell me in plain English what we ought to do for our poor boy? What is the sense of letting him splutter his Hindustani to that old cow Kursheed, who cannot understand him? For that matter no one could understand him. If you had a

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heart to care for your son, you would let me go in there and nurse him properly, and hear what the doctor says, and carry out his orders. But, I warn you, next time he comes, I shall insist on seeing him, 'Gosha or no Gosha.' I, at any rate, will give Ali a chance for his life, poor darling."

And the old Nabob, listening to her torrent of words, with a deprecating look on his proud face, bethought him of the Begum's prophecy of the time when this foreign Sheitan should make him also run about and obey her orders.

"It shall be as you say, Hazari Begum," he said, putting out his hand with a soothing gesture, as if he would have stroked her shoulder. "Only calm yourself. It is not good for Mahomed Ali that you should make this excitement so near his room, he may hear you."

When he was gone the old Begum took her hand and held it long in her own with a clinging gentleness: "You do your best, my daughter," she said, "but you cannot break the iron rule of the Zenana. Be at peace, Hazari, strive no more against them; since Allah has decreed that our beloved one must die, and nothing we can do would keep him with us. We too shall die some day. From the angel of Death, when he comes, they cannot make us veil our faces. He will not wait without, in the verandah, when they cry: 'Gosha! Gosha!'"

The next day the doctor came to see Mahomed Ali, in the hottest part of the afternoon, when Hazel was sleeping. She had kept awake the whole morning, after a sleepless night, determined to see him in spite of everyone; but when the morning was past, she ceased to expect him, thinking he would not come till the cool of the evening. And, overcome with sleep, she lay down in her clothes on a rug beside the Begum's charpoy.

The doctor could have explained the curious coincidence of that visit. In the morning, very early, a message came to him that his patient was much better, and the Nabob prayed him not to take the trouble to call. In the afternoon a messenger came galloping, with a carriage to fetch him, begging him to come at once, as the patient was much worse. The doctor, having had long experience of the caprices of patients of this class, asked no questions, but came at once, finding Mahomed Ali neither better nor worse than he expected. So simple are the Oriental methods of circumventing the more direct designs of the Western mind.

As the Begum said, vainly Hazel fought against the iron rule of the Zenana. In this time of great anxiety, its narrow restrictions maddened her. She felt like some wild creature caught in a net, that turns this way and that, wrapping the meshes more inextricably round it at every turn.

Mahomed Ali grew worse steadily, as in any case, with every care, he must have done.

One day, when Hazel was sitting alone beside him in the dusk of the darkened chamber, he spoke again as he had done on the first day of his illness, of the deep regret he felt for the great wrong he had done her in marrying her, and bringing her into a life that, to one of her race, was insupportable.

"I am afraid it will be even worse for you when I am not here to help you," he said, "and I am afraid you will be very lonely."

Then Hazel told him of the hopes she had of the little new life that was coming, as the Begum said, to comfort her. And for the sake of the unborn, knowing that Ali himself must surely die, she spoke bravely.

"I cannot bear to think of my child being born and growing up in the Zenana," she said. "It makes me ten times more anxious to get away than I was before. You know yourself how pernicious and enervating the influence is."

"I suppose it is not good," said Mahomed Ali, reluctantly.

"If it is a son they will take him from me when he is little. He will have no father to guide him, you know better than I do what your father and your brothers will make of him. You know what they are, idle and pleasure-loving and useless, steeped in ignorance and superstition. You know that you yourself are an exception, that you are not like the generality of the Mahometan young men. Your father sent you to England, but will he care to make the same sacrifice for the education of a grandson; if indeed his other sons would let him. It would not be well for a son of mine to be born here; and if it is a girl it will be ten thousand times worse. You men, who live outside, have no idea of the vice, of the corruption of soul and imagination of the Zenana.

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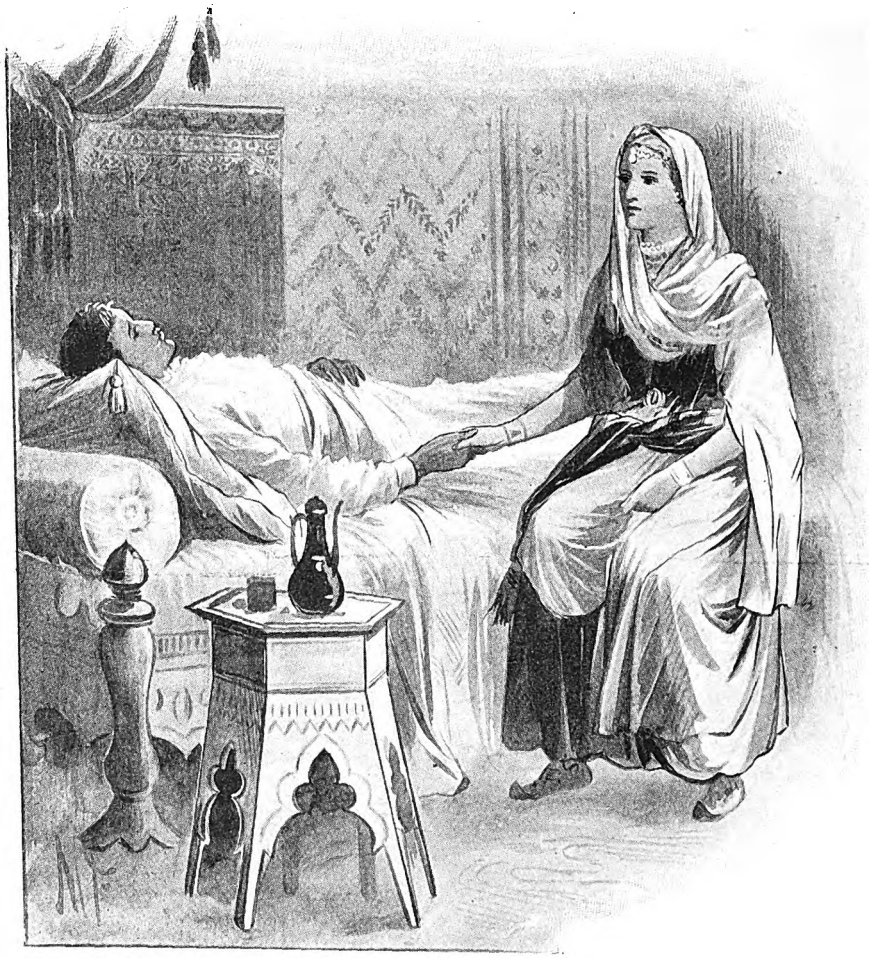

HAZEL AND HER DYING HUSBAND CONVERSING.

You leave it when you are still children, and you forget. You come back to it when you are men, and very much is hidden from you; you do not spend your lives in the midst of its triviality, and its shamelessness. I know what it is, Ali. I have suffered from it; and I must be gone from here."

"How can you go?" he said. feverishly, "I too think it would be better so. I too would have you go back to your own people when I am dead. God knows I would help you in any way I could, but I have not many days to live, I can do nothing to help you. How can I even advise you, when it seems to me impossible that you should be able to get away."

"You yourself, would help me?" she asked, "you are really willing then that I should use any means in my power to leave this house?"

"Yes, you have my full consent. But I think it will be very dangerous, and the chances are all against your succeeding."

"Ali, do you remember when I first asked you to get me some books to read from the library? I did not do so then, with any thought of making them a means of communication with anyone outside; indeed, the idea only came to me from you, when I saw that you hesitated. You must remember too, that I promised you then never to use that means of communication without first asking your permission. My husband, I ask it now."

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"You have my full permission," he answered. "I had forgotten about the library. That may perhaps make it easier. But, Hazel, you will be very careful? And you will *not try* to bring any scandal you can help upon my father's house? Don't go publishing abroad to your people all the things you have been saying to me about the Zenanas. And Hazel, let the fate of Taj Bee be forgotten; you can do her no good now by bringing blame upon my father for what he certainly considered an act of justice."

"I will do my best," said Hazel. No one shall ever hear anything from me that will bring discredit on your father's house. I will say only that——" She stopped suddenly. The words were almost on her lips: "My husband is dead, and I want to leave my father-in-law's house." But the words seemed too brutal, with him lying there.

He put out his hand and laid it kindly on hers. "Go on, dear," he said. "What does it matter now? When we know it must be so. You will say that since your husband is dead, you wish to return to your own people, but that you have some difficulty in doing so, because it is not the custom in our families."

"Ali, do you think perhaps your father would let me go, after all?" she asked, trembling with a new hope.

"Never! my dear, never! More especially if he knows what you have told me. Let me warn you solemnly, Hazel. Do not, on any account, let my father know that you are still harbouring thoughts of escape, or that you even wish to leave his roof, with his consent. No matter how kind he may be to you, and I daresay he will be kind, for he both likes and respects you, never confide in him, or let him guess your intention; for if you do he will assuredly frustrate it. My father is a very clever and a very subtle man, and unscrupulous. Your only chance will be in the entire absence of suspicion from his mind. And don't forget what I told you about trusting to the servants. If you can get someone from outside to assist you, I think you may succeed; but never take anyone in the Zenana into your confidence, no matter how devoted you may believe them to be. I pray with all my heart you may succeed, my dearest, and live a happier life, far away from here, than I could ever have made for you."

They were both silent for a long time, and then he spoke again. "I have been trying to think of what I can remember that may be useful to you," he said. "For one thing the garden is not watched now. But do not go there much, for fear of renewing suspicion. You will have to use it at the last moment; at the very moment you leave this house for ever. You have not believed in my love of late, I know, O Pearl of my Heart, but surely you will believe it now, when you see that for your sake, I am ready to consent to your bringing an outsider into the very recesses of my father's zenana."

"Oh, but Ali, surely that will not be necessary!" said Hazel, a little shocked herself at the idea of bringing a stranger into the zenana.

"I am afraid there is no other way," he answered. "When you go, you must have some one with you who can protect you, in case you should be surprised, as may possibly happen, by one of the slaves. One of the men, I mean. They sleep all about the lower part of the house, and a noise might disturb one of them. You must have some one with you who will be prepared to kill any light sleeper who attempts to stop you. For you must clearly understand this, Hazel; if you make another attempt to escape, after I am dead, you do it at the risk of your life; and if you are brought back again, your life will surely be forfeited. Now attend carefully to what I am going to tell you. Underneath your terrace there is a door opening upon a little dark room, a sort of cellar in fact. That door is never locked, the key is lost, I believe, in any case the room is never used and no one would ever think of going into it."

"Oh! I know it!" said Hazel shuddering, "I have heard of that little dark room. Don't say I shall have to go down there, Ali!"

"You have heard a foolish story, no doubt; but not the true one, for I believe there are only three people in the world who know it."

"I have heard the story of the slave Bibi," she whispered.

Mahomed Ali laughed. "An expurgated edition of her story, you mean, you foolish child. I will tell you the true story, as only my father, myself and one other know it. From that little room there is a secret subterranean passage, made nobody knows

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HAZEL EXPLAINING TO ALI'S SECOND WIFE.

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when, or for what purpose, but there it is, and the other end opens out on the banks of the Coombe. My father found it out quite by accident, many years ago. He went in there one night with Bibi the slave. I daresay that is what you were told. I believe one of the other slaves saw them go in, and as she did not see them come out again, or rather as my father came out alone, and Bibi was never again seen or heard of in the zenana, she jumped to the conclusion that the girl died there, that my father killed her, to put it quite plainly. She got a good fright for her prying, and that is always a salutary thing for the slaves in the zenana. Now, as it happens, Bibi did not die in that room, but went through the passage, and came out safe and sound on the banks of the Coombe, and is alive to this day. My father had found her presence embarrassing in the zenana, and took her elsewhere. He came back alone. That is the true story, Hazel. Now, when you go away, my dearest, to your happier life beyond the seas, you must go by way of that passage. There will have to be a deliverer of course," he went on with a tone of sad mockery. "He must get over the wall by the side of the garden, close up to the house, where the big tamarind grows, not from the portion of the garden where you and I sat on the top of the wall, one day. Do you remember, Hazel? An active man would be able to manage it easily enough I think, perhaps with a ladder. That would be a more difficult way for you to go, from this side you might be seen, and it would take too long for two people. I should say, let him come in also by way of the passage, which would really be more convenient, but I cannot give you exact directions how to find the other opening on the bank of the Coombe; and it is besides so masked with stones, and overgrown with bushes and creepers that no one would ever be able to distinguish it even with the most minute directions."

All this was not told in one single conversation, as it is set down here; it took long in the telling, amid many interruptions. The lamp of Mahomed Ali's life was burning very low. and many times his strength failed. Hazel had to give him medicine and stimulants, and he slept for a time, only to continue the conversation when he woke. Many times Hazel begged him not to think any more of her and her escape, but to sleep, or at any rate to rest in silence, but he answered always: "I cannot tell how short my time may be; and I cannot rest until I have settled all this matter for you. Let me finish, and then I will rest."

All this time, no one thought of Aziz Unissa; and Aziz Unissa made no sign. Her interest in her husband of a few weeks was small; her fear of offending or annoying Hazel was great. So she stayed in her own apartment, and her women brought her news, and sat round her, talking in hushed voices, telling how Mahomed Ali had not many days to live, and would let no one come in to see him except his father and mother and Hazel, although Aziz Unissa's own distinguished relatives came often to make enquiries about him. "And Hazari Begum is always there, she sits in that room in the dark, and they talk together in her foreign tongue that no one can understand," so said the women.

"It is no wonder he loves her," said Aziz Unissa. But in her heart she was glad that she was not the one who had to sit there, in the dark, watching, while a man died.

One day they told her that Hazel watched no longer. And she, listening behind her own door, heard footsteps once more in the Begum's silent chamber; and the silver voice that she loved, that voice that had never spoken to her but in anger or scorn, saying softly, in tones of sweetest tenderness:

"Yes, mother, dearest, I am here. I will not leave you."

CHAPTER IX.

"Surely now," said Aziz Unissa, "she will be no longer angry with me. She will let us live together now as sisters." There was some vague feeling in her mind that now that Mahomed Ali had been removed, all would be well between her and Hazel. And she ventured once more unasked and unannounced into the first wife's presence.

The Begum's chamber was full of people. Kair Unissa Begum was there, as lazy and, if possible, more beautiful than ever, in the many hued draperies that became her rich dark beauty.

Hazel, pale and weary, sat on a cushion near the old Begum. She hated the noise and loud lamentation and beating of breasts that went on around her. What had any of these women cared for Ali? What did

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IT PAINED HAZEL TO SEE THE CHILD SITTING THERE AMONGST THOSE EVIL-TONGUED WOMEN.

they care even for the grief of the Begum who had aged many years in these last few days? Kair Unissa had hardly known him, although he was her brother. He had left the zenana before she was born, and had never come there much during her childhood.

With something of a shock, Hazel looked up and saw Aziz Unissa. Until that moment she had completely forgotten her. Well, she, poor girl, had a right to be sorry with the years of a long widowhood before her. She had behaved very well, Hazel thought, in these latter days of anxiety and strain. She had not intruded her presence on anyone. And thinking this Hazel smiled palely at her, and lifted her hand in gracious salutation.

The girl, delighted, came up to her eagerly: "Oh, Hazari Begum," she said, "now we can be friends."

"Tell her to go away," said the Begum, fretfully, "tell her to go and look at Kair Unissa's jewels."

"You hear," said Hazel, "the mother is tired and ill, she cannot talk now. Go and talk to Kair Unissa."

Just then more visitors came into the Zenana; as soon as they caught sight of Hazel and the Begum they began their lamentations and beating of the breasts, and the Begum, hoarse and weary, tried to respond. After the lamentations they went and sat near Kair Unissa Begum, and the old stream of gossip and scandal that Hazel remembered so well, began to flow again through the Zenana. Kair Unissa had brought a child with her, a little girl of ten, Abdullah's youngest sister. It pained Hazel's heart to see the child sitting there among those evil-tongued women.

"Aziz Unissa," she said, "go and fetch that little girl. I want to talk to her. Ask Kair Unissa to let her come over here for a few minutes."

The child came willingly enough to look at the beautiful white Begum, and Hazel drew her down upon her lap.

"Shall I tell you a story about a little girl like yourself?" said Hazel.

The child stared at her with great dark eyes. "I do not care for stories about little girls," she said, "I am not a baby. I

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like better to hear about how the slave boy got into the Sultan's zenana. Do you know that story, pretty Begum ? It is in Kair Unissa's big book, that they read out of."

"It is a stupid story," said Hazel shortly "and not true."

The little girl looked at her with the glitter of evil knowledge in her dark eyes, "I like those stories best," she said.

And Hazel, looking sadly at her, thought "And such a one as this will my own child grow up, here in the zenana."

Aziz Unissa was laughing at her and the child: "What does it matter, Hazari ?' she said, "You know we hear everything that is said in the zenana from the time we are babies."

Hazel looking at that baby face of Mahomed Ali's second wife was filled with an immense pity for her youth and for her evil fate. And for a moment there came to her a wild impulse to save this girl, when she herself escaped.

"Aziz Unissa," she said, "Would you like to come away with me somewhere, away from all the evil talk, and foolish ways of the zenana, where you can learn to be a true woman as God meant you to be ?"

"I would go anywhere with you, my beautiful Pearl. Where are you going ?" said Aziz Unissa, staring at her with round eyes of astonishment.

"She is only going into the garden," said the Begum, interrupting, "She loves better the fresh air of the garden than this scented air, and this noisy talk of the zenana. But I cannot spare her to go yet. Go and talk to Kair Unissa till she is ready."

"Are you mad, my daughter ?" said the Begum under her breath to Hazel.

"I think I was for a moment," said Hazel sadly. "I am so sorry for all the young girls and the little children."

"She is but a stuffed doll of the zenana," said the mother-in-law. "You would destroy both yourself and her."

Hazel could not tell how much the Begum guessed of her own secret intentions, but the subject was too dangerous a one to pursue any farther.

She herself saw the mistake she had made in that impulsive speech of hers to Aziz Unissa, when that young lady came to her later in the garden.

"What did you really mean, Hazari ?" she asked, "when you talked of going away somewhere out of the zenana ? Do tell me, indeed you can trust me."

Hazel saw the eager curiosity in her eyes and knew that her women must have told her long since of those abortive attempts of hers to leave the zenana, which had passed into household traditions to be repeated to every new comer.

"I suppose you do not understand my Hindustani very well," said Hazel, "What could I mean, child, except that we should come out here in the fresh air and the quietness where the visitors never come to disturb us with their noise and their stupid talk."

"Was that indeed all you meant ?" said the other girl, disappointed.

"I don't know what you may have been dreaming of," said Hazel coldly, "perhaps you thought we had wings here, and could fly up into the sky. For myself, I cannot go further than this garden."

"I wish, now that we are friends, you would let me come and live in your apartment," said Aziz Unissa, "it is very dull, you know, in that room next to the Begum Sahib's."

"Who told you to ask that ?" said Hazel quickly, thinking she saw in this the hand of the Nabob.

"No one told me, I thought of it, myself," said the other. "Say, shall it be so, my sister ?"

Hazel put on her suavest manner: "I am very sorry, Aziz Unissa Begum, that it is not possible for me to do as you wish," she said, "In my country it is the custom for a widow to mourn in seclusion. There are many rites we have to perform in secret, which no one else may share."

"It must be very tiresome," said Aziz Unissa, pouting. "But they will not go on for ever. And you know Hazari, when the Nabob's next son Mustapha is married, he will have your room for his zenana, and they will give us that little back room on the other side, for both of us. We have no sons, or we could keep your apartment. We are only two childless widows, they will put us anywhere they like."

"I know nothing about these arrangements," said Hazel, "One room is the same as another to me."

"These rooms on the other side are dark and horrid," said Aziz Unissa, "there is no terrace and garden, and the windows are high up, you cannot look out."

"If I am shut up there, my case is indeed

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hopeless," Hazel thought despondently. But she tried to hide her dismay. "Will Mustapha Sahib be married soon?" she asked, with an air of indifference.

"What do I know? He will perhaps marry soon, because Badsha Sahib, the third son, has no children, they say. He lives in Bombay. The Nabob will want to see a grandson of his house before he dies, therefore I think he will find a wife soon for Mustapha. Have you seen Mustapha?"

"No, how could I see him?" asked Hazel.

"He lives here in the house. I have looked out of the window and seen him. He is like Mahomed Ali. He is tall and stout, stouter than Mahomed. I wish my father had married me to him. But, who could tell that Mahomed Ali would die so soon?"

So she prattled on, the futile babble of the zenana, till Hazel was wearied with her chatter.

And all the time she thought: "If I cannot get away, I shall be put in the same room with her, and have to listen to that gabble all day long. I should go mad, I think." She asked Aziz Unissa, "Shall we be allowed to come into the garden if Mustapha had his zenana upstairs?"

"It will be very tiresome," said the other, "Whenever Mustapha comes to talk to his wife they will cry: 'Gosha! Gosha!' and we shall have to come away, where he cannot see us. It will not be nice for us when Mustapha comes to live in the zenana."

"It will be odious!" said Hazel, but to herself she said, "I shall not be here then."

(*To be continued.*)

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OLDI STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE STORY OF A HARD MAN.

By WOLFE STREET.

CHAPTER I.

IT had been a case of single combat, man to man warfare, such as the ancients loved.

Twelve good men of Judah against twelve of Israel, and the rival commanders Abner and Joab watched their champions with grim approval. Sharp were the knives, and sharp the combat, but in the end, seeing that Joab's twelve men overcame, Abner and his followers fled for their lives, yet fleet of foot as they might be young Asahel, Joab's brother, followed hard after them, and, unencumbered by armour, caught Abner up, intent on fight.

"I cannot fight you," cried Abner, "you have no armour; borrow some from my men, then will I fight you in truth."

But Asahel pressed him hard. Regardless for a long time Abner parried his blows, yet at last, seeing the others were gaining upon him, slew him, and fled to safety.

Joab now abandoned the pursuit, and having buried Asahel, returned to Hebron with lips set in grim resolve and heart fixed in steady purpose that some day he would slay Abner, even as Abner had slain Asahel. In vain men pointed out that Abner had avoided it as long as possible, Joab would make no allowances, and from that day doomed Abner to die.

* * * * * *

It was the city of Hebron, and wearied with an expedition, Joab returned with his band to the city at night, and, immediately he arrived, he heard the news that Abner had been to David with offers of service, and King David, glad of his revolt from his former master, had sent him away in peace.

Joab cursed and raved, and, entering the King's presence, upbraided him roughly, while the King, only too dependent upon his mighty general, suffered him. That night swift messengers went after Abner, from Joab, as if they came from King David, asking him to return, and, all unsuspicious of such treachery, Abner came supposing that the King had some fresh instructions to convey. Expectantly, he entered Hebron, but he never went out, for Joab, the implacable, kept his vow, and slew him.

Dependent upon him as David was, he rose to the occasion, and cursed Joab with a bitter curse, reckless of giving him offence.

Standing in his own house, with clouded brow, Joab was found by the messenger of the King and summoned to his presence. With great dignity the King faced him, and upbraided him in righteous anger. "I cannot visit on you your crime," he cried, "but this is my sentence. This man you have killed you shall go into mourning for, rend your clothes, and gird yourself with sackcloth!"

Impatiently, Joab would have refused, but, looking around, he saw never one eye which gazed on him with sympathy, and for the first time in his life he was cowed.

"More than this," cried the King, "you shall follow your victim to his grave!"

Slowly the men of war bore Abner to his last resting place, amidst the thronging multitudes of the city, and the eyes of the crowd fastened upon Joab, who, with bent head and shamed face, walked behind the man he had betrayed to his fate.

Arrived at the grave, the King made a funeral oration over Abner, and, turning

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with flashing eyes to Joab, he cried, "Died Abner as a fool would die! Not bound were his hands, not fettered were his feet, but as a man falls before wicked men, so did he!" And every bitter word of scorn cut Joab to the quick.

CHAPTER II.

Years had passed, and by his successes and bravery, Joab had gained great glory, for David and for *himself*. There was no man in the kingdom higher than Joab. He travelled in state with a retinue of servants, he was given the title of "Lord," and known as "the Prince of the King's army." If ever the curse of the King were going to work at all, it seemed a long time beginning, and Joab, seeing how the King leaned upon him, and the people admired him, could well have forgotten the grim tragedy in which once he had taken part. But there was a wall between the King and himself; these two could never forget, and that wall would have stood for ever had not David broken it down.

One day, as Joab stood in the camp conducting the war against the Ammonites, a messenger reached him bearing a letter from the King. He opened it and read:

"Set Uriah the Hittite in the front of the hottest battle and then retire from him so that he may die."

Joab laughed aloud as he read that letter. "So," he thought to himself, "this is what he has come to. This *very righteous* man, who accused me before the people of killing Abner, whom I slew in just revenge, now would murder a man against whom he has nothing. It shall be done, my lord! But, henceforth, you cannot eye *me* as a murderer. *I will keep this letter!*"

On the morrow a messenger was sent to David, telling him in hypocritical terms of sorrow that Uriah was dead. "If he seem angry," he said to the messenger, "tell him it was an accident!—the fortunes of war!—tell him anything!" But as he went back to his tent he muttered, "Angry! Angry! the hypocrite! Angry! Ah, it is my turn now!" And, aloud he parodied the bitter words of the King about Abner which were burnt in his memory, "Died *Uriah* as a fool would die! Not bound were *thy* hands, not fettered were *thy* feet, but as a man falls before wicked men, so did he! Aha!" cried Joab, "he must lay aside his righteousness now!"

* * * * * *

Two months later the King came himself to conduct the siege, bringing fresh forces, and the two men met.

Joab looked into the King's eyes with one proud glance. It was enough. It said to the King, "I hail thee as one with myself." And the King's eye quailed before that glance. Henceforth his lips were sealed, and his bearing humbled. They were united *in the freemasonry of crime.*

CHAPTER III.

The glory and wealth of Joab now grew apace. He owned a house in Jerusalem, and a large country residence surrounded by many broad acres of barley fields; and secure in the favour of the people, and in his contempt for the King, he played Prime Minister at home. Even the King's sons did him reverence, and when the King banished Absalom, it was Joab who brought him back. But he was so tardy about it that Absalom in a fit of spleen had his fields of barley fired.

In great wrath Joab came to demand the reason, and coolly enough Absalom explained, "I want to see the King, my father. I sent for you once, I sent for you twice, you did not come. Now, bring us together, or *I will do you a mischief!*" Joab managed it, but the affair of the barley fields rankled in his mind, and this hard man waited his opportunity, as he had waited for Abner.

And it came.

Absalom rebelled against David, and in the battle that followed, the day was going against the rebels, when suddenly one of Joab's men rushed up exclaiming, "My lord! I saw the young man Absalom caught in the thicket of the trees!"

"You saw him!" growled Joab. "Why didn't you smite him to the ground? You have missed for yourself a great reward."

"If I were to receive a thousand of silver" answered the man, "I could not have done it. I heard the old King charge you, my lord, that none should hurt Absalom."

A moment Joab looked at him with fury. Here at last he found the King he had grown to disbelieve in—*a living conscience.* Only a moment, then he rushed to find Absalom.

Never a fraction of pity seized him as he saw the young man hanging in torture.

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No chivalrous spirit like Abner's prompted him to set him free and arm him for equal fight, but he thrust him through with a spear. "That for your insolence!" he exclaimed, as he thrust in one, "*that* for your pride!" as he thrust in another, "and *that* for my barley fields!"

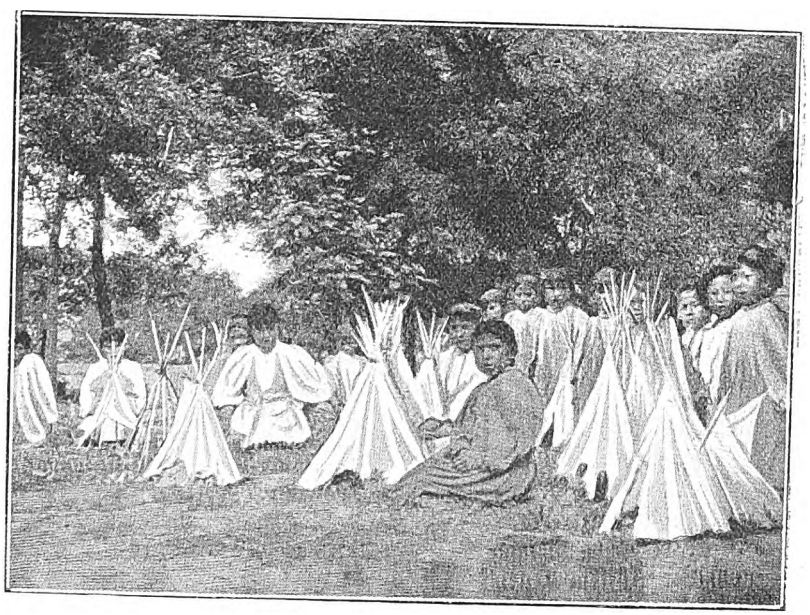
When he heard it the long-suffering King was roused at last, and deposed Joab from his position as Commander-in-Chief, and put his cousin Amasa in his place, but Joab strung to a pitch of madness, slew Amasa, and in defiance of the King, kept his command. And the old King, seeing the struggle futile, gave in, but not for long. He soon abdicated in favour of Solomon his son, and the last words of the King to Solomon were all about Joab. "He slew Abner," he hissed. "He slew Amasa, and you know what he did to me. Let not his hoary head go down to the grave in peace."

* * * * * *

Joab, out of favour, turned conspirator; his restless mind brooking no rule, and in the day when it was discovered he fled for sanctuary to the horns of God's Altar, as though to ask for protection from the very Being whose existence he had ignored.

There they killed him, and as the body of the old man lay before the altar, in every gaping wound through which the life-blood coursed, David's curse came home. He departed without being desired, and in the lists of David's mighty men, you can look in vain for one name, and that name is the name of Joab, perhaps the mightiest of them all. But his vindictiveness effaced his glory, and when men thought of Joab, they remembered not his power, but his crime.

MORAL.—Bearing a grudge hurts the man who bears it more than the man against whom it is borne.



INDIAN SCHOOL—GIRLS AT PLAY, MAKING DOLL TAPERS.

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THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THERE is a glow of delight in every Board School teacher when he or she feels they are "out of their time," but it is only a step towards the period, when each will be earning enough money to really support themselves, and in the case of the men, possibly support *another*.

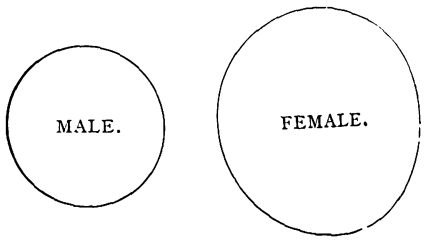
An examination awaits them known as "The King's Scholarship," and for those who pass it, a college training is available. provided they have managed to secure at least a place in the second division. At least one-sixth fail among the male candidates, and amongst the women, nearly a fourth. For them there remains only a place in schools, under an article in the Code, that allows Board managers to employ them, but, they are badly paid, and as a rule only employed in schools, which are not averse to getting their teaching done cheaply.

Now it is one of the unfortunate incidents of our colleges that, besides these failures, who thus forfeit the right to go to College, there are perhaps one hundred and fifty men and a thousand women, who pass the Scholarship examination, yes, and pass it well, but for whom there is the woeful cry,

"No room! No room!"

And it must be said in view of the rapid extension of schools that it is a crying scandal that these men and women, who have sweated their brains to win the coveted prize of college training, should be shut out because there are not enough colleges.

As it is, however, there are 43 colleges existing, 26 for women, and 17 for men, and they make provision for 1,378 men, and 2,193 women, a total of 3,571.



PROPORTION OF TEACHERS IN OUR COLLEGES.

In addition to these there are 14 Day Colleges in which the students are not resident, and they accommodate 950 more, so that altogether 4,521 are being "college trained."

These colleges are situated as follows, and they are printed in the order of their age —

Borough Road, Isleworth	1808
Chelsea, and Whitelands	1811
Gray's Inn Road ("Home and Colonial")	1836
Battersea, Lincoln, Exeter, and Winchester,	1840
Durham (men) and Salisbury	1841
Warrington	1844
Cambridge (Homerton) Rotherhithe	1845
Cheltenham and Saltley	1847
Carmarthen	1848
North Wales (at Carmarten)	1849
Culham	1850
Derby and Westminster	1851
Bishop's Stortford, Brighton, Bristol (Fishponds) and Norwich	1853
Hammersmth	1854
Liverpool	1856
Bangor and Truro	1858
Durham (women)	1859
Ripon	1862
Southlands	1871

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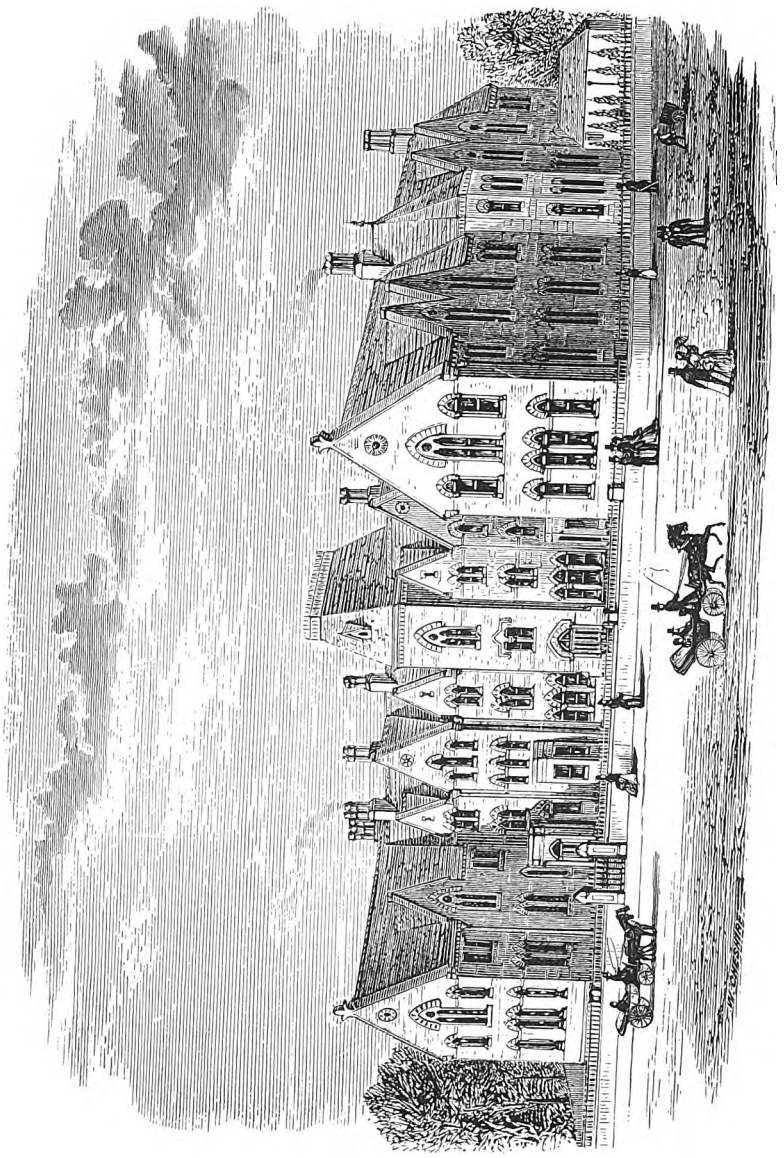

THE TRAINING COLLEGE, DARLINGTON.

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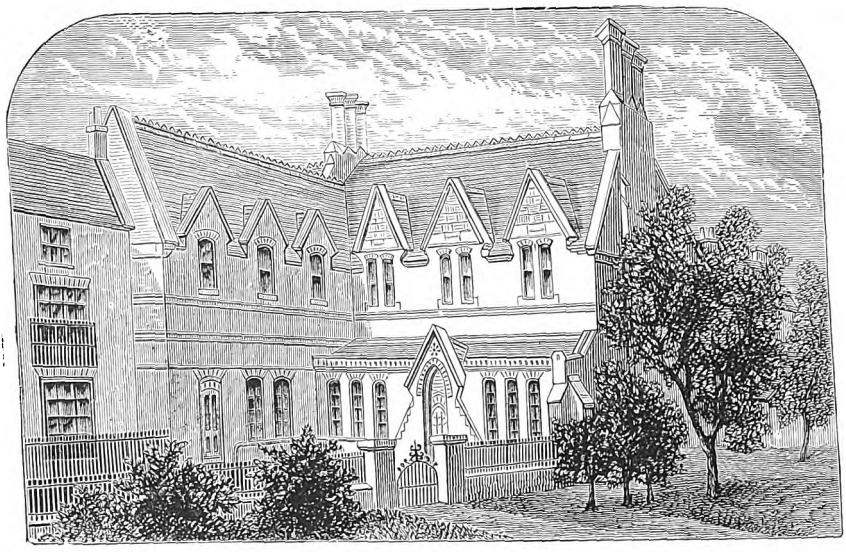


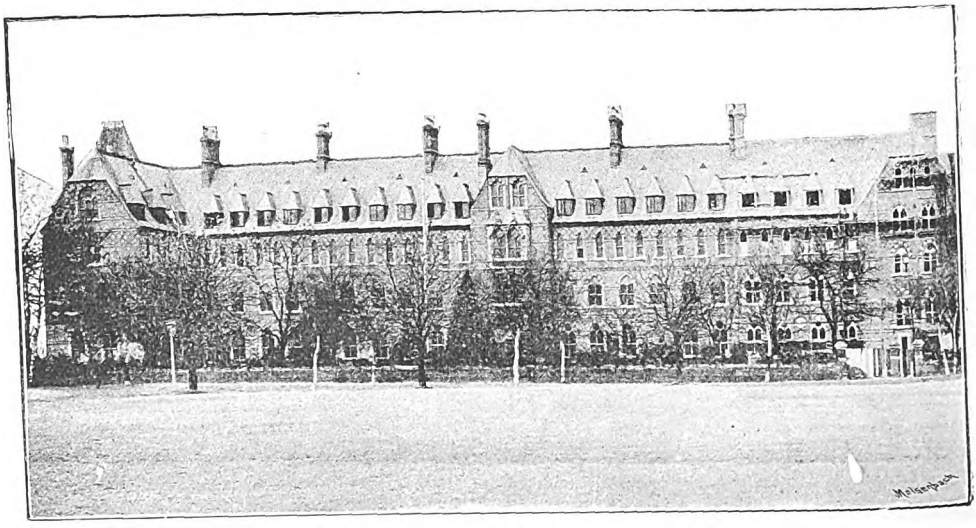
THE TRAINING COLLEGE, SWANSEA.

Darlington and Swansea.....	1872
Chichester and Oxford.....	1873
Wandsworth	1874
Tottenham	1878
Saffron Walden	1884
Edge Hill	1885

The broad distinction between them is between those which, like the Established Church, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan, study the interests of one denomination and others which are undenominational, yet religious, and still others that are secular, in the sense of not giving religious instruction.

This classification gives the following results :—

I. C. OF E.—Bangor (N. Wales), Battersea, Bishop's Stortford, Brighton, Carmarthen, Chelsea, Cheltenham, (2), Chester, Chichester, Culham, Derby, Durham (2), Exeter, Fishponds (Bristol), Gray's Inn Road, Lincoln, King's (London), Norwich, Oxford, (Diocesan), Peterborough, Ripon, Salisbury, Saltley, Tottenham, Truro,



"BORO' ROAD" COLLEGE, ISLEWORTH.

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THE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR MISTRESSES, STOCKWELL.

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Warrington, Whitelands, Winchester, and York. 31 Colleges; 2,527 students.

R. C.—Hammersmith, Liverpool, Wand Wandsworth. 3 Colleges; 272 students.

WES. — Southlands, Westminster. 2 Colleges; 232 students.

II. UNDENOMINATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS —Bangor, Darlington, Edge Hill, Isleworth, Homerton, Saffron Walden, Stockwell, Swansea. 8 Colleges; 851 students.

UNDENOMINATIONAL AND SECULAR.—Aberyswtith, Bangor, Birmingham, Bristol Cambridge, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, (Univ.), Sheffield. 13 Colleges; 909 students.

A word or two about some of the largest of these Colleges :—

Having "passed" the Scholarship Examination, the successful students inundate the Principals of these institutions with letters and telegrams of application for admission, one Principal actually confessing to the receipt of one hundred such telegrams in a day. Having selected one of the forty-three "Residential" Colleges, and obtained admission, the candidate becomes a student in or about September by paying (if a male) £20 to £25, and if a female £12 to £20. This payment covers the whole cost of the two years residence in nearly all the Colleges, no other charge being made for board, lodging, washing, medical attendance, or tuition, while books necessary for study, are supplied at half-price.

One of the largest colleges for men is that of "Borough Road," at Isleworth, so called because originally the institution was in the Borough Road, Southwark, before the present site was chosen. The grounds, which now surround the College afford ample scope for that high road to ruddy health—physical training, and the result of its constant use in football and cricket, rowing and tennis, fives, swimming and gymnastics shews in three months on the new students, by a marked increase of weight and chest measurements. The lecture halls of the building are most favourably built for the observance of experiments by a very large number of students at the same time, a feature in which, according to one of the Government inspectors, some of the other colleges would do well to imitate it. "What," he asks, "would be thought of an operating theatre at a hospital in which a great number of the medical students found the operations or experiments well nigh invisible?" "Borough Road" is one of the eight religious, but undenominational Colleges, and is one of the six which carry on the admirable work of the British and Foreign School Society, a society which is getting white with age, yet is positively juvenile in its energy. Its operations began with the labours of JOSEPH LANCASTER for its foundation, and the work it has done for the cause of education cannot be over-estimated. The main feature of the Society's work, is the combination of Biblical study, with the recognition of the right of each teacher and student to hold his own religious views, *and to practice what they teach.* A third of the students in its colleges are Episcopalian, a fifth Congregationalist, about a fifth Methodist, about a seventh Baptist, a fourteenth Prestbyterian, and a twentieth belong to other denominations.

One of the Training Colleges most conspicuous amongst the rest for its striking and picturesque exterior, and its adaptation in its internal arrangements to the work for which it was designed, is Cheltenham College for masters. Each of the students enjoys the privacy of a separate cubicle, an arrangement adopted also in some of the other colleges, and a splendid antidote to the evils of the barrack system. It may not be good for man to be alone, but it is an equal evil that he should not ever be alone.

Charming as Chelteuham "Mens" looks from the front, the effect, when viewed from behind, is even more pleasing, and there are also added to the buildings very fine laboratories, and a practising school, the last being most essential if the students are to be something more than "book-larned" in the science of teaching. Attached to the same college is another for mistresses, known as St. Mary's Hall, which is contained in a building every whit as venerable in appearance as the other. It has a provision for 120 girl students, and the aim of the Lady Superintendent is to render the place as homelike as possible, and to make the hours not spent at the mental drill of lectures, practice, and "prep" eminently recreative. Even that man of learning, the inspector, who is there on occasion to examine into their mental culture, feels constrained to go off at a tangent to express

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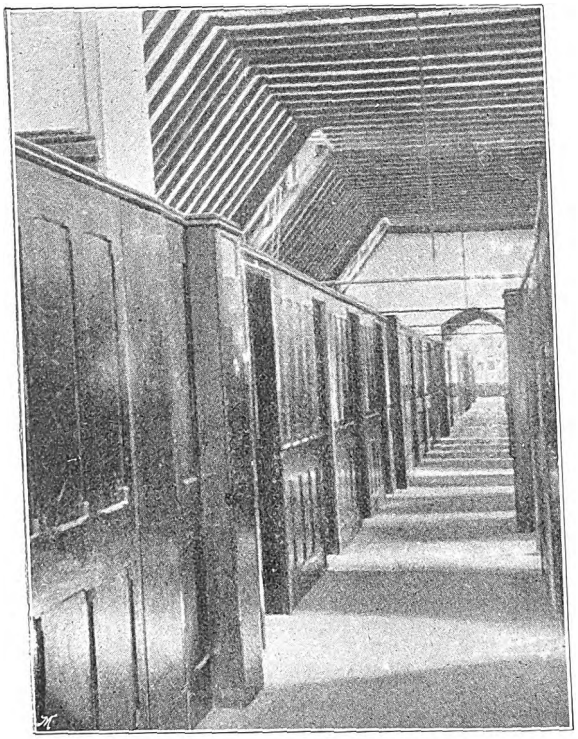
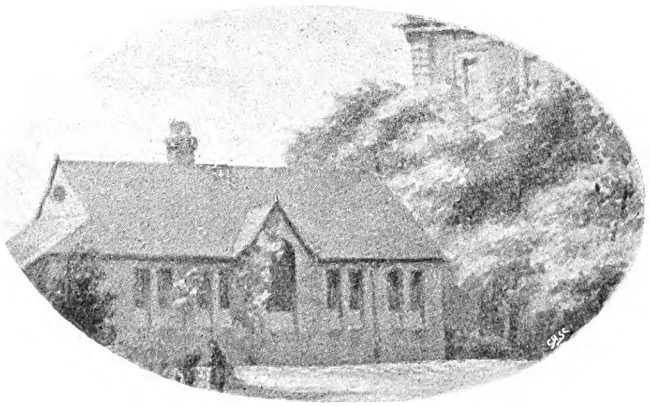


MEN'S DORMITORY, CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

his admiration for their splendid recreation ground.

The great change that has come over the restrictions and discipline of our colleges, since the masters and mistresses, who instructed our fathers, were themselves trained, is very marked. Then, rules fettered the students, and the aim of all was discipline. Some Wesleyan-trained students will understand the *double entendre* of the word when I say that college life then was rigourous. I have seen a picture of the students at work in the old days at Salisbury Diocesan Training College, when students wore caps. Even servants object now, but these meek-school-marms perforce had to submit. This very place is now replete with comfort, and the atmosphere is one of freedom, perhaps with the one exception of the rule, which necessitatcs daily attendance at the Salisbury Cathedral, taking an hour and a half, (as His Majesty's Inspector pointed out in his remonstrance) from that part of the day best suited for work. There is something wonderfully attractive about this college, with the old-time touch clinging to its ancient buildings, one of the most striking features of which is in the picturesque entrance to what is known as "The King's Hostel."

The comfort of the colleges is thoroughly studied, and none who has looked at the



JUNIOR PRACTISING SCHOOL, STOCKWELL.

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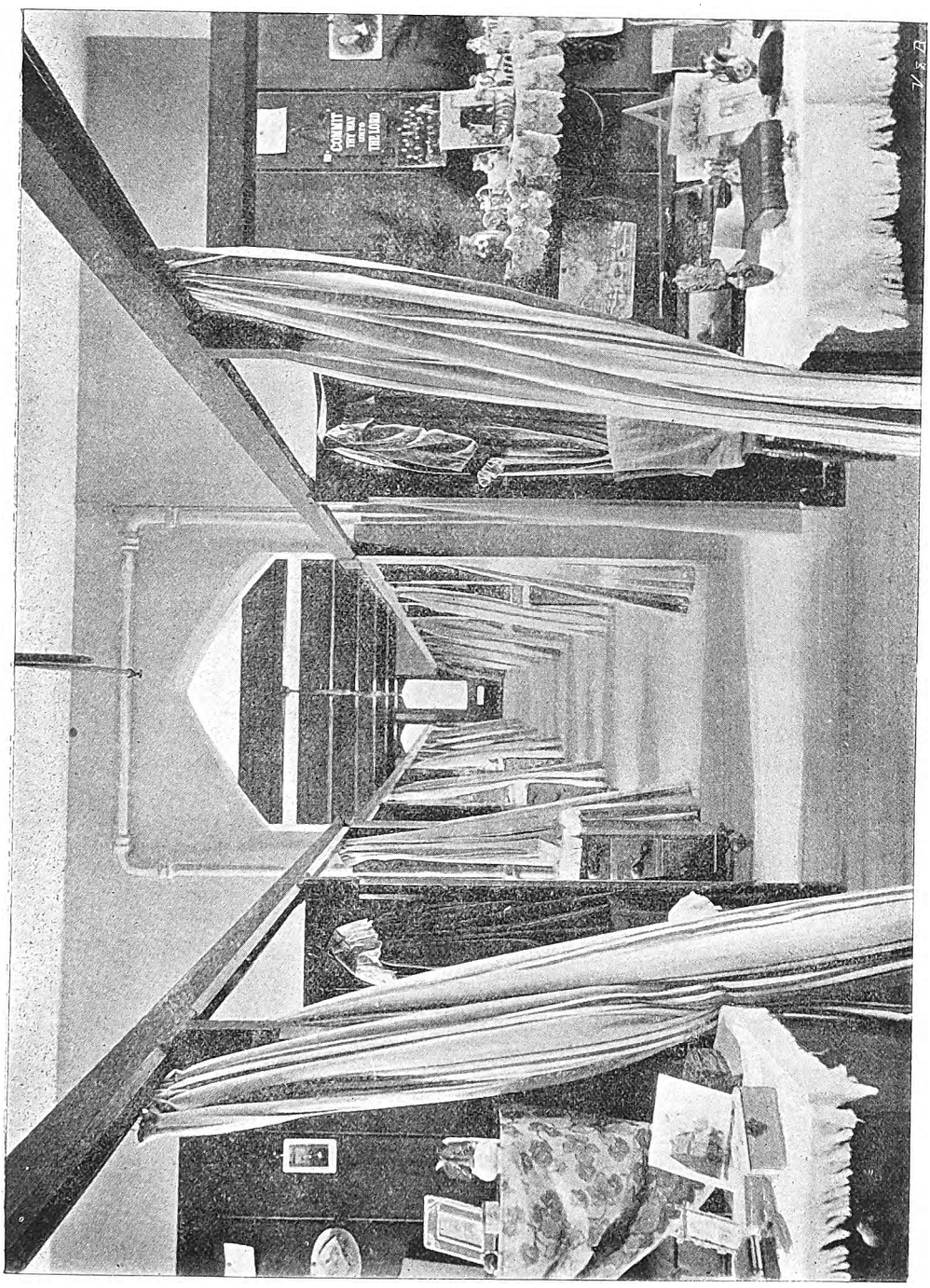

THE DORMITORY, LADIES' TRAINING COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM.

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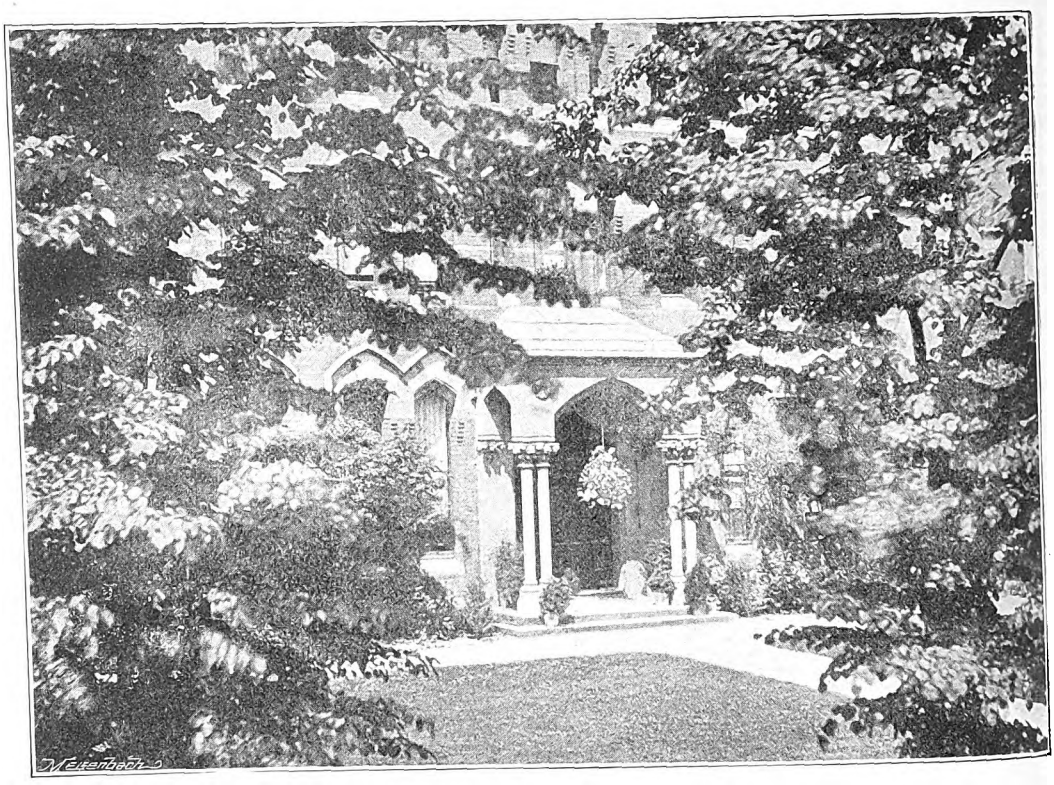
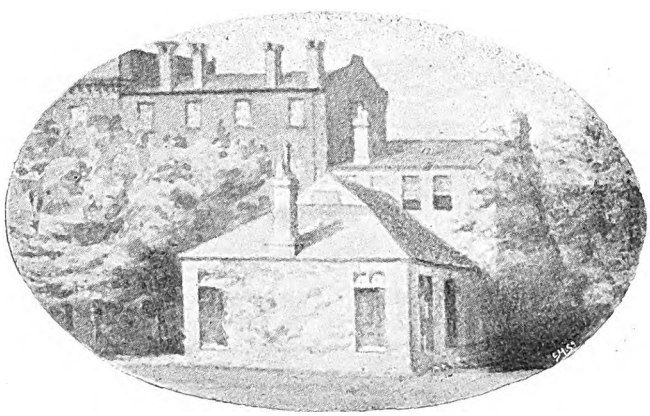


THE PORCH, LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM.

appointments of the Common Rooms and Drawing Rooms of Ripon and Wakefield Diocesan Training College, or of Aberystwyth Ladies' College, could wish better surroundings for their daughters during training. Make the best of your time young men and maidens! Two years will soon pass, and though the drill of classes at "Coll" will be over, there is the yearly anxiety of the Inspector's pass, when you go out as assistants; there are Boards to please and your own ideals to reach, and they will succeed best who while at college lay the foundation of character by never playing at working, and never working at play.

It is high time that the Free Churches took up the matter of provision of colleges for their own teachers *con amore*. The Church of England leads the way in this, and while the Free Churchmen cry aloud against the injustice of their own successful candidates finding nowhere to go, it is a fault easily remedied, and managed on a sufficiently economic basis, every college should have no difficulty in paying its own way.

THE EDITOR.



BACK VIEW OF STOCKWELL COLLEGE.

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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. Before the burial of the woman a stranger appears in the neighbourhood, and out of curiosity asks to see the coffin, and pays the undertaker handsomely to let it be a good one. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called 'Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel." The child grows up, and as soon as he is any age worth speaking of the farmer ruthlessly sets the child at work. He is treated in a heartrending way for a long time by the farmer, and idolised by his wife. Immanuel betrays a great desire to find out who is his father, and with child-like simplicity absorbs the idea that God is his Father, and wanders off to find him. In his rambles he meets a little girl named Hilda, who takes him home to her granny, but during a pause in their conversation he runs away again.

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CHAPTER VIII.

OL' MOSE.

THE infrequent traveller on what was commonly known as "the back hillroad from Turner's Cross Roads" invariably paused to water his team at the trough in front of "Ol' Mose" Armitage's red barn. Here a generous spring, decoyed from its source in the hillside, gushed into the great log hollowed out to receive it; then hurried joyously away in guise of an eager little brook to join its parent stream under the shadow of the bridge.

Opposite the barn, across the narrow track of the road, bordered on either side by dense masses of snowy mayweed, stood a farmhouse, its pinewalls innocent of paint, toned to a dull purplish grey by uncounted storms. Closely drawn curtains defended the front windows of the house from curious eyes, while a tangle of up-pruned lilac bushes, overrun by a vagrant vine of wild clematis, opposed a rampart of greenery to the petulant assaults of the west wind. Below the house the land dropped suddenly away toward the deep valley, which stretched east and west in smiling richness, folded in from the world by the vaporous blue of distant hills.

"A sightly spot, but turible lonesome," was a frequent comment of guests at the hospitable watering trough. If Ol' Mose Armitage shared that opinion, he at least made no effort to enliven his solitude. He was seldom to be seen about his house or barn on those rare occasions when he might have exchanged a word with his fellows. Still more rarely did he visit the village. It was known that he owned his land free from encumbrances, and that he paid his taxes regularly. Twice each year he presented his bronzed face, framed in a tangle of snowy hair and beard, before the window of the village post-office. But

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once only in the memory of the present postmaster had he received a letter.

His manner on this occasion had not differed a wit from its usual slow gentleness. He pocketed the letter without apparent surprise or interest, climbed into his shabby waggon, and drove away. It was then that Mr. Al Parsons, the postmaster and proprietor of the general store in one corner of which he conducted the leisurely business of the Government, perceived the single token of agitation displayed by Ol' Mose. "He's fergot his coffee!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Armitage displayed no undue haste to acquaint himself with the contents of the legal-looking envelope, which he had bestowed in his most inaccessible pocket. He drove briskly until he had reached the confines of the village and had left the last house behind him. Left to himself on the stony road, Ol' Mose plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out the letter. He stared at it long and earnestly, then bestowed it, still unopened, in another and more remote pocket, shaking his head with a pucker of his frosty brows.

"I don't like the feel of it," he remarked, aloud. "Strange how dumb paper becomes saturated with thought like a sponge But if there is only one substance——" Then he drove rapidly along the long slope plunging into a belt of dark woods at its foot, to emerge on another hilly steep, rougher and stonier than the first. At the top of the hill the mare stood still, greeting with a joyous whinny the grizzled collie, who rushed out with tumultuous barking to welcome his master.

It was quite dark by the time Moses Armitage made his way from the barn through the pungent tangle of mayweed to his own gate. The collie ran confidently ahead; then paused with a doubtful growl under the shelter of the porch. The keen eyes of the master had already detected a small, huddled shape, lying prone against the door, He stooped, and laid a large, investigating hand upon it, something soft, and heaving with warm life it was. The quick spurt of a lighted match revealed it—a sleeping child with rosy cheek pillowed upon brown dimpled hands.

It was characteristic of the man that he manifested no surprise at this unexpected sight. A humourous smile played about his bearded lips as he cautiously made his way past the sleeper into the dark room beyond. "Another message from the world," he murmured, as he kindled a light: "you needn't drawn in your head like a box-turtle, you old hermit, you!"

Then he tiptoed back to the door, and with a warning word to the collie who was poking a cold curious nose into the face of the sleeper, he lifted the child and laid him carefully on a cushioned settle. The little bare limbs stretched themselves luxuriously, a sigh of content breathed from the parted lips; then the curly head turned away from the disquieting light, and the small shoulders once more heaved with the long, regular breathing of unbroken slumber.

The child opened his eyes upon white walls flooded with the pink light of morning, shot through with golden gleams, and seemingly taking its rise in a lovely greenish shadow whence it crept in tiny ripples inch by inch toward the ceiling. The small body still trancded in sleep lay motionless, the while unwinking eyes lulled the half-awakened brain with the unimagined splendour.

After a little he began to remember vaguely — a dream perhaps. His lids drooped with the effort to recall the vanished pictures. The sombre room, the black shape heaped with ghostly flowers; the meadow sweet with riotous red clover; the fluling of the love-sick larks, the yellowe-haired child, the small stout figure of the old woman, all trooped confusedly past him. A narrow road filled with hard, round stones, where he bruised his naked feet and wept large tears, next lengthened interminably before him, merging at last with night, with solemn, winking stars, and a cold wind moaning sadly in black tree-tops. Then the familiar outline of a barn—a house, against whose closed door he huddled, and forget the rest.

Betwixt the cold darkness and the pink dawn, stretched the long white bridge of sleep; Immanuel, having traversed that bridge, found himself in a new country. Realising the fact, with a start he sat up and looked about him at the wide expanse of an unknown bed; then growing bolder, he let himself cautiously down to a painted floor, and trotted noiselessly toward an open door. Here he paused to peep out. He beheld a window through which sunshine streamed in an unbroken flood. and just beyond its yellow square a table

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spread with a white cloth. Upon the table were a number of objects which instantly riveted the explorer's pleased attention; there was a bowl filled with milk, a plate containing several thick slices of brown bread, and a honeycomb in a pink saucer. In the centre of the table a great, handled dish of blue and white held masses of wild roses.

The child crept nearer to this inviting table by slow degrees, casting bright eyes of enquiry at the panelled cupboard, whose glass doors revealed other curious dishes of blue and white; at the great empty armchair, standing in the full blaze of the sunshine; at the deep leathern couch with its single pillow of vivid scarlet; at the moon-faced clock ticking solemnly in its long carved case; at the rows upon rows of books, which filled the spaces above the mantel, over and beneath the windows and between the doors from floor to ceiling.

Having approached near enough to catch the honest smell of the brown bread mingled with the sweet, creamy odour of new milk, and the subtler fragrance of honey and wild roses, the small adventurer drew a long breath. Then he reached out a cautious forefinger and touched the white cloth. A silver spoon presented its handle in convenient proximity; Immanuel seized it; his eyes sparkled. He was suddenly sure that here was his breakfast spread out before him. He also remembered the object of his journey. As he tranquilly ate the bread and milk he fixed expectant eyes on the open door.

He had finished the last drop of milk in the bowl, when "Ol' Mose" Armitage, who had been watching the scene with keenest satisfaction from the cover afforded by the lilacs, slowly crossed the narrow strip of green grass and stood in the doorway. His tall, broad figure cast a huge shadow across the yellow floor; his ruddy face beamed through the cloudy masses of snow-white hair and beard like another morning sun; his deep eyes full of dancing light questioned the brown eyes lifted to meet them.

Immanuel laid down his spoon, his innocent face shining with satisfaction, but he did not speak.

"Ol' Mose" stepped across the threshold and sat down in the armchair; he held out his hand. Obedient to the tacit command the child came and stood at his knee. He looked up into the penetrating eyes which were bent upon his face and smiled his bewitching smile.

"Where did you come from, my child?"

"I came a long way, my father," answered Immanuel in his sweet, clear voice. As he spoke his little brown hand stole into the man's broad palm.

"But how did you come?"

"I walked—all the way. It was a long, long way. I cried in the dark. But I'm glad now." He evidenced the sincerity of his words by a joyous little trill of laughter.

"Can you tell me what your name is, little one?"

"My name is 'Manuel; don't you remember?"

"'Manuel—Immanuel: which is it?"

"Immanuel," said the boy delightedly. "It's your name, too, mummy says."

"Ah!" said Ol' Mose, interrogatively, "when did your mother tell you that?"

"A long time ago—more'n a year, I guess. But she did tell me," asserted the child.

"Where is your mother, my boy?"

"She's at the fun'ral. I cried; I don't like fun'rals; do you?"

"No."

Immanuel felt himself suddenly lifted in strong arms. He leaned back against the broad breast happily. "I love you," he murmured in the sweetest of childish voices. "I shall stay with you always."

"But how about your mother, little one?—wouldn't you like to see her?" asked the man.

"Is my mother here?" said the child, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Oh! yes, let us find her. She is beautiful; I love her too. But you love me more'n mother does, more'n munny does, more'n anybody else! you found me in the dark, didn't you?"

"I found you asleep—right out here on the porch." Ol' Mose set the child on his feet and led him to the door. "Right here," he repeated. "I brought you in and put you in my bed."

Kind and hospitable as the old man was, his conscience would not allow him to keep the child if he belonged elsewhere. He therefore proceeded to question 'Manuel again, though the boy was quite content with the situation as it stood.

"Can you remember which way you came, child?" asked the old man.

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anxiously. "Mother will want to see you."

The boy shook his head. "Mother's up in heaven; she sees me all the time," he said softly. "She'll be glad."

"Well, then, father will be looking for his boy; we must let him know you are safe."

"But you did find me—last night," said the child, wonderingly. "I want to stay with you all the time. Mayn't I stay with you all the tme? You won't send me back to him? No, no! I can't go back to him!" He clung close to the kind fingers with a sob, his dark eyes wide with fear. Old Mose lifted the little figure once more in his arms. "If there is any great hue and cry after the boy, somebody will be here in the course of a day or two," he said to himself, "and somebody deserves a good scare for offending one of 'Christ's little ones.'" He sat down once more in his great easy chair, and looked more narrowly at his find. There were half-healed blisters in the small hands, over which he frowned and shook his head. The clean, carefully made garments, with tokens of mother love in every cunning stitch, told another story. "Let them look," he muttered, drawing the boy closer to his broad chest. "We'll give these blisters a chance to disappear." He touched the largest of them gently. "How was it?" he asked.

"Working," answered 'Manuel bravely. "I can work," he added, looking up wistfully into the face which bent down to him. "I can hoe, and weed, and do chores." He sighed deeply.

"Do you like to play with the little boys?"

"I don't know."

"There were boys in the school, eh?"

"I didn't go to school. I can read, though—a little. Will you teach me?"

"Why, yes, of course I will," cried Old Mose, his eyes twinkling, "but we'll play first. Come, there are five kittens out in the barn, and two puppies."

'Manuel wound his arms about the old man's neck. "I'm so glad I found you, father," he said.

The life story of Moses Armitage was not a singular one. Briefly, he was the son of a man who was wont to describe himself as a "plain, practical, hard-headed business man." The particular kind of business in which Moses Armitage senior, displayed his plain, practical, hard-headed qualities was primarily the manufacture and sale of pickles, of which the New England people have always been inordinately fond, and with which they ccontinue to set the teeth of unborn generations on edge, both literally and metaphorically. Late in life this worthy gentleman married a woman who was neither practical nor hard-headed, and who hated pickles. Finding herself grievously unhappy with her loud-spoken burly, red-faced husband, Marion Armitage seized an early opportunity of undoing her mistake by slipping away through the first narrow door which offered escape—it chanced to be pneumonia. She left behind her two sons, little fellows, with round, ruddy faces, scarce a hand's breadth apart in size.

The bereaved father, having passed through that stage of paternal indifference wherein his boys appeared to him very much in the light of a brace of healthy puppies, to be endured, fondled occasionally, but for the most part relegated to hired keepers, discovered in the course of time that the ruddy faces and stout-legged active bodies of his sons represented totally different propositions. The elder son, Moses, who should along with his big body have inherited his father's plain, practical, hard-headed characteristics, was found to have taken after his mother; while Jonas, with his mother's small and less robust physique, quickly developed a keen instinct for money-getting and money saving, which delighted this progenitor.

When Moses Armitage, senior, slapping his broad knee with his broad palm, a comprehensive frown on his broad face, declared, "Jonas is my sort; but Mose is the sort of fellow I haven't any use for"—why, all was said. Later, the chasm widened betwixt the three, leaving Moses Armitage with his second son and the pickle factory on the one side, and the first-born on the other. There had been a stormy scene in the private office before this cataclysm took place, during which the head of the house had raised his voice to such a pitch that the clerks in the outer office grinned at each other over their ledgers.

"College? Bah! Travel? Stuff and nonsense!" replied Moses Armitage, senior, to his elder son, who did not wish to spend his life in their pickle factory.

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"You've proved yourself an idle wool-gathering ne'er-do-weel, not worth your salt. Now, here's my last word to you: you'll settle down to business with your brother Jonas here, or you take the half of your mother's money and go. I'll have no more nonsense."

Young Moses took the half of his mother's money and went. But whither, his father and brother, snug behind their big desks in the private office of the pickle factory, neither knew nor cared. In the course of years, marked newspapers, mailed from widely different localities, informed them of the marriage of Moses Armitage to Ruth Carlton, and of the death of Carlton Armitage, their only son, aged six years.

Jonas Armitage sat alone in the private office when he read the last-mentioned item, dressed in black clothes, at which he glanced with a curious expression on his thin, sallow face. "I might return the compliment," he muttered, "only I'm sure the fellow hasn't a sixpence to his name by this time. He'd try to break the will, like as not."

Mr. Jonas Armitage was wrong in certain of his conclusions. A large share of the maternal fortune had indeed found its way through the careless fingers of the wanderer; but in late middle life the primal desire to possess earth, rocks, and trees had taken hold on him. "I will go," he said to the city real estate agent, "to the place where my money will buy the greatest number of acres." And so it was that Moses Armitage brought his wife to the weather beaten little house on the hill-road between Turner's Crossroads and Tacitus Four Corners. They were very poor, for the land yielded little but beauty. After a time, Ruth Armitage shut her tired brown eyes on the misty valley, and was laid to rest beside her six-year-old son in the desolate graveyard behind the Crossroads' church.

Moses Armitage lived on alone in the grey old house, and the silent years brought him resignation with white hairs. And after resignation a kind of tranquil happiness, which grew apace till life's barren landscape turned to gold under calm evening skies. There was happiness in the long winter evenings when the red logs turned to silver ash in the old stone fireplace, and the lamp cast a mellow light on pages beloved as familiar faces. There was happiness in the dark, sweet-smelling pine woods on a spring day, when the sombre isles framed bright pictures of sky and field. There was happiness in the first faint gurgle of bluebirds singing in pink, frosty dawns. There was happiness,—nay, there was ecstasy,—under broad apple boughs loaded with odourous bloom, in the earliest white violet pouring out its soul under vivid blue skies of May.

A stray passer-by once came upon Moses Armitage as he knelt in the grass gazing at a clump of late dandelions, which flaunted all the bravery of spring suns in the face of winter. He went away and told of it in the bar-room of the village tavern, amid the loud empty braying of fool's laughter.

"The old man looked like he was actually a-praying to them weeds,—hee, hee!" declared the astute observer. "He's as crazy as a loon, he is, and ought by rights to be occupying a room at the county asylum. His land is going to waste!"

CHAPTER X.

MOSES AND 'MANUEL.

As the days passed and no anxious father no breathless, wild-eyed mother, appeared to claim the child, Moses Armitage began to hope that this human birdling, which had somehow fluttered away from its nest, might be his. The eternal Kindness had never seemed so imminent, the infinite Love so near and warm, as when he looked into the clear shining depths of the child's eyes. Words spoken long ago by the one Man who was aware of his origin, came to him with a new meaning: "He that receiveth one such little child receiveth Me."

The child had slipped into this solitary life as noiselessly and as cheerfully as a sunbeam which finds its way through shuttered windows. Nothing was changed. Two now sat at the round table, and the divided bread became a feast; two wandered over upland meadows and gathered flowers and berries in fragrant solitudes, while the cruel blisters healed apace in the little hands; two sat in the great chair in the tranquil evenings, till the child slumbered happily on the man's breast.

Moses Armitage was a poet, though he wrote no rhymes; so it did not occur to him, as to a more practical man, to proclaim his new-found treasure. Strange dreams began to weave their misty cob-

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webs in his brain. This child, who had come to him out of the dark (he thought) and who had called him father, was his own blessedly restored to him by the mercies of Omnipotent Love. This fancy was strengthened by the wonderful likeness which the boy, 'Manuel, bore to his own dead son—a likeness which went deeper than the mere curve of an olive cheek or the trick of a drooped eyelash. It looked out from the serious eyes, sounded in the sweet, penetrating voice, found expression in a thousand attitudes and gestures. This was the dimmed picture of his vanished joy flashed once more into vivid life; his beloved son, come back to him across the empty chasm of time and night, newly named by the angels 'Manuel! As for the child, he believed that he had found in this man his Eternal Father. In his happy eyes the tranquil little house was heaven.

Moses Armitage, wrapped in his poet's dream, did not discover this till the two had lived together while the moon grew from its slender crescent to the full. They stood at the verge of the hill, while the great orb swung slowly aloft into mid-heaven.

"Did you make it, father?" asked the child, pointing his finger at the silver disc, "or did it grow?"

"I certainly did not make it," said Moses Armitage, gravely. "Yes, I think it grew."

"But munny told me that you made everything pretty that I liked—everything pretty an'—an' me."

The man shook his head with a troubled look. "What do you think I am, little one?" The question died on his lips. When a mystery is sweet like the heart of a rose, why tear it apart with rude fingers?

"Who am I, child? Why do you love me?"

"I love ycu 'cause you—you arc—my father," faltered 'Manuel.

Moses Armitage lifted the small, trembling figure and held it fast. "We will go in now," he said cheerfully. "I have a story to tell you."

In the depths of the big arm-chair the two set themselves to understand the mystery of God in His world. Moses Armitage told the story that he had promised, slowly, and with thoughtful pauses. The child sat on his knee looking up with troubled face.

"Once upon a time," began the old man, smiling into the wistful brown eyes uplifted to his, "there was a little Child born. He slept all the time at first, and didn't seem to think about anything but His food, just as other babies do. But He grew very fast, and after awhile he began to have thoughts. Do you know what thoughts are?"

The child nodded. "The thing that goes all the time, except when I'm asleep."

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE BISHOPS COST THE UNITED KINGDOM ANNUALLY

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HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

By HERBERT FYFE.

THAT Frenchmen are by nature gay and careless, and that Paris is the most frivolous city in the world, is a belief that is cherished by many English people. However true this may be, it is quite certain that France can boast many famous men of science, and that the nation as a whole takes a very keen interest in the progress of science, invention, and discovery.

One of the most brilliant of the younger generation of French scientific men at the present day, is M. Dussaud, and it was with great pleasure that I availed myself during a recent visit to Paris, of an invitation to call upon the distinguished savant, and to hear some account of perhaps the most widely useful of his inventions—an apparatus for causing the deaf to hear.

M. Dussaud, who, with his charming wife, lives in the Boulevarde Pereise, Paris, was born on the 14th of April, 1872. Although but 30 years of age, he is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and has invented a loud speaking telephone, a recording telephone, an audiometric amplifier for the deaf, a cinematograph for the blind, a machine by means of which the blind can draw, calculate, and write.

In the present article I propose to confine myself to M. Dussaud's apparatus for enabling the deaf to hear. This I had the pleasure of seeing in operation at 98, Rue de Pechelien. Medical men from all over the world have visited this establishment, and can testify to the absolute genuineness of M. Dussaud's invention, and to the wonderfu results which he has achieved in making the deaf hear.

The case of deaf persons and deaf mutes is much lighter at the commencement of the Tiveshall, than it was at the beginning of the 19th century. Numerous institutions exist in all parts of the world, where sufferers from this terrible malady are received, cared for and educated. Those who are deaf may enjoy converse with others, either of lip-language, or the finger alphabet, and much has been done to enable deaf mutes to hear sounds, and thus arouse their dormant senses.

While numerous systems and inventions have been brought forward which promise, according to their promoters, the restoring of hearing and speech, there existed until quite recently, none which fulfilled the expectations of those who so enthusiastically brought them forward.

Since M. Dussaud has produced his "Amplificateur-Audiométrique" or Audiometric Amplifier, a new era in the treatment of the deaf has dawned.

Specialists have declared it to be the simplest and most effective instrument for the purpose yet invented, and it has already achieved results such as have never yet been attained by any other apparatus or any other method devised for enabling deaf persons to hear sounds, and for teaching deaf mutes to speak.

It has been said that the awakening of hearing is possible with 97 per cent. of deaf-mutes if only the patient will submit.

The reason why this method has not been capable of general application, is that both teacher and pupil become greatly fatigued, owing to the arduous nature of these exercises.

While the deaf-mute is undergoing the treatment (massage, gymnastics, etc.), the instructor is compel ed to shout at the top of his voice in order to accustom the ear little by little to the sound of the human voice.

In cases where acoustical cornets or transepts are used, while the strain on the teacher is less, the strain on the pupil increases.

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It is necessary that the extremity of the cornet tube be placed right inside the ear, and as a consequence the sound which impinges on the hearing organ is accompanied by a certain amount of breath. This gives rise to an abnormal pressure on the membrane of the tympanum and brings with it a cerebal fatigue, buzzing noises, a sense of heaviness, so that after a time the exercises to the nature become unbearable to those who should derive great benefit from them. All those who have had any experience of the education of deaf-mutes, or the system, will bear witness to the fact that in a short time pupils show a very marked aversion to all kinds of ear-tubes, cornets, etc. Yet, up till now, this has been the only method which could be relied upon to give really satisfactory results.

M. Dussaud's new instrument promises to revolutionise the treatment of the deaf and the deaf and dumb.

I need not remind my readers that in nearly every case the person who is born deaf, or who becomes deaf soon after birth, loses the power of speech, because as it hears nothing, it cannot imitate sounds, and thus the power of speech is lost.

Those who lose their hearing later, having once learnt to speak, to read, and to write, are still capable of speaking, reading, or writing, but unless special care and long training from an early age is employed, the deaf mutes would remain totally ignorant of these vital exercises. Into the systems now in use for the education of deaf-mutes, we do not propose to enter. Our concern here is with the Micro-phonograph.

THE DEAF MUTE HEARD DISTINCTLY THE FIRST TIME THE RECEIVERS WERE PLACED TO HIS EARS.

It was in the year 1896 that M. Dussaud first turned his attention to the problem of finding some means whereof sounds could be appreciated by deaf persons.

This subject had some years previously occupied his attention, but he had laid it aside in the press of other labours; it was the unfortunate condition of a deaf-mute girl which again turned his thoughts to this question. From this time onwards, he applied his efforts to the invention of a

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mechanism which should increase at will the intensity of sound. The result of his investigations was the invention of the "Micro-Phonograph," or as he now prefers to call it, the "Audio-Metric Amplifier."

The idea of utilising the phonograph to restore hearing to the deaf is not new of itself. Professor J. E. McKendrick, to Glasgow, has made experiments, which have met with some success, to see if deaf people could not be made to "feel" music as they could not hear it. A phonograph was employed, and the deaf person had to place his fingers to the cylinder, which had already received the impression of some piece of music.

Professor McKendrick thought it would be possible to educate the deaf to such a pitch that they would enjoy feeling music, and would be able to differentiate between different compositions. Dr. Bell, the inventor of the telephone was convinced that it would be possible to produce an appliance which would be to the ears what spectacles are to the eyes.

Just as glasses magnify images, so he thought, some device might be discovered whereof sounds might be so magnified that they would affect the deafest ear. Deaf persons do not generally hear the sounds emitted by the ordinary phonograph, but M. Dussaud hit on the idea of combining with the phonograph a "micro-phone," which would increase the sound and magnify the vibrations of the human voice.

The microphone is a wonderful instrument invented in the year 1878 by Prof. David E. Hughes, F.R.S. He found that when a piece of carbon was held loosely between two other pieces the whole would be affected by the slightest vibrations conveyed to it.

It was the discovery of the microphone that made the telephone possible.

A telephone transmitter is in reality a microphone, and so delicate is the instrument that a fly walking over the base will disturb the contacts enough to produce sonuds which may be heard miles away.

The Micro-phonograph of M. Dussaud, consists of a phonograph and microphone, electrical cells, receivers, and a regulator.

To such an extent is the sound of the phonograph increased, that it is heard even by those who are unable to hear anything less loud than the sound of a cannon.

Here there is a valuable appliance for the teaching of the deaf and dumb.

By continued exercise they will come to distinguish sounds, and to understand sentences; they will be able to imitate what they hear, and thus the power of speech will be restored to them.

Even if their sense of hearing is too far gone to allow of them receiving it, they will still be able—thanks to the micro-phonograph—to learn to speak.

As will be seen from the phonograph here reproduced, the patient applies to his ear a telephone receiver which is connected up to the instrument. By this means direct mechanical vibration is obtained inside the ear.

The indiarubber tube on an ordinary phonograph, on the contrary, transmits only an aerial wave quite insufficient to act upon an imperfect ear.

M. Dussaud's experiments with his first apparatus were made in the physiological laboratory of the Sorbonne, before a number of physicians, and the results were decidedly encouraging.

The degree to which sounds could be amplified astonished all the experts present. Experiments were made in their presence on several deaf mutes, and these were able to hear, for the very first time the sounds sent through the instrument.

On the next day the eminent D. J. V. Laborde, Director of the Laboratory of Physiology, presented to his colleagues of the Academy of Medicine, an account of his observations on the Micro-phonograph. M. Dussaud continued to carry out improvements to his apparatus, and in this he was aided by many of the most eminent *savants* of the day.

The Micro-Phonograph, or Audio-Metric Amplifier, is now perfected, and its future success is assured.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the cases in which deaf persons have been enabled to hear sounds, thanks to M. Dussaud's marvellous apparatus. One or two of the most striking may be mentioned.

A deaf-mute, 40 years old, who had never heard anyone's voice, however much it might have been raised, nor any note musical or otherwise, was distinctly conscious of sound, the first time that the receivers of M. Dussaud's instrument were placed to his ears.

In another case, two photographs show the surprising efficacy of the system.

The first represents a young deaf mute;

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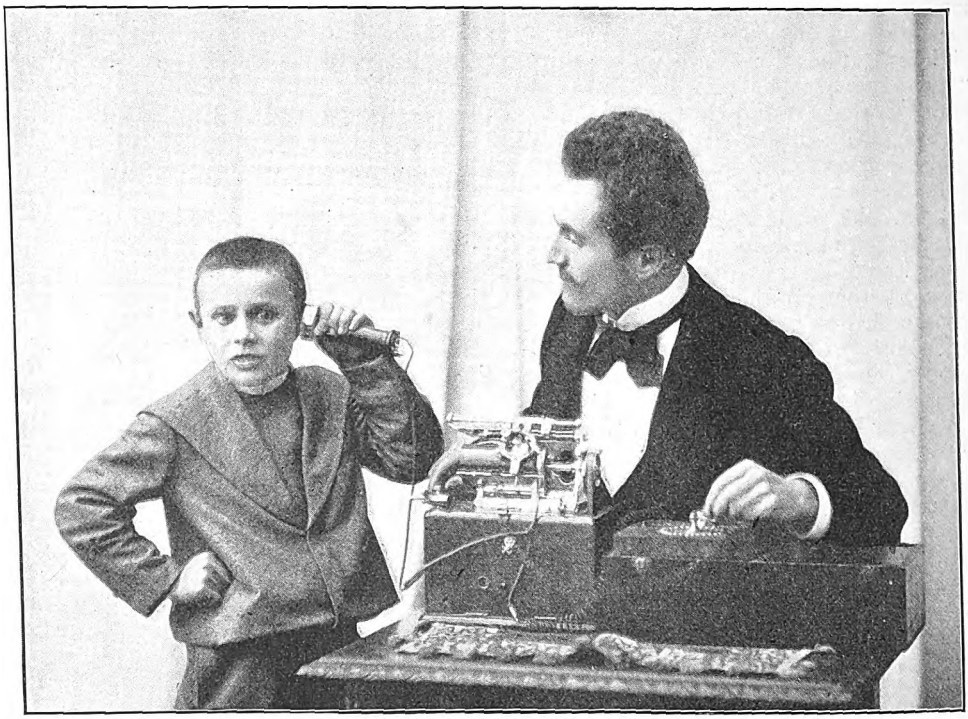

A JUVENILE DEAF-MUTE.

the apparatus is not working; the boy's countenance expresses his customary sadness.

The second represents the same boy while the Micro-Phonograph was reproducing the "Marseillaise."

Immediately," writes M. Dussaud, "his face relaxed, and he instinctively beat time to the tune. This lad, who was so deaf that a word shouted into his ears with all one's force was quite unheard, no sooner put his ear to the instrument than he showed evidence of gratification, and left it only with regret."

The Micro-Phonograph is being used at the present time in many places in the education of deaf and dumb mutes.

At the National Institution of Deaf Mutes in Paris, a class on the Dussaud system was opened some time ago.

By the use of the Micro-Phonograph the teacher has under his control an untiring automatic speaker, which has been described by the celebrated Doctor Gellé, Professor of Otology at the Salpétriére in Paris, as *the* instrument *par excellence*, for acoustic exercises.

For the pupils, too, the advantages are great. No breath accompanies the sound; no tubes are introduced into the ear, and thus none of the troubles consequent upon the use of tubes, etc., are experienced.

In a class of pupils, however large, only one instrument is required, and this may be made either to repeat the sounds at the same time as they are recorded, or else to reproduce the sounds which have been recorded on some previous occasion. The usual method is for the teacher to send simultaneously through all the telephones held by his pupils to their ears, the vowels, the words, or the sentences which he wishes to teach them, writing it at the same time on the blackboard. In this way all the pupils see and hear at the same time.

The system, in fact, combines for the first time, acoustic exercises with ocular demonstrations.

As there will be some pupils who are more deaf than others, each telephone can be suitably adapted to the hearing of the individual by means of easily arranged resistence coils.

The "Micro-Phonograph" says M. Dussaud, "not only commands the

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functional awakening of the 'perceptive organ' of sounds, up till now, drowsy or silent, but it also seeks to create by repetition, the memory of what is heard, a power which has always hither to been absent in the deaf.

By the reconstitution of the function, the organ itself is reconstituted, and thus the physical principle function makes the organ " is realised in practice.

When after a sufficient number of exercises (and in most cases this is never great) the memory of a vowel sound has been firmly fixed on the brain by means of the instrument, the teacher will only need to pronounce it with his voice raised, and the pupil will hear what he is saying.

For example, in the case of a little deaf mute treated by means of the Micro-Phonograph, was he able to recognise the vowel " i " (one of the most difficult) when it was spoken in a loud voice by the teacher.

Once the child has heard the sound it will do its best to imitate what it has heard, and thus speech will become possible.

In the case of a child of three years and a half, after the fourth lesson, it was able clearly to understand when it was being spoken to through the instrument, and could tell when the sounds ceased.

The word " papa "was sent through the instrument, and was repeated many times at different lessons, and in a short time the child was able to repeat the word when his mother pointed at the father, and thus, little by little, the sense of hearing, and of rational speech was restored.

If only the deaf are treated at a sufficiently early age, there is no reason why they should not hear, if their education on the Dussaud system is systematically carried on for several years.

Doctor Gellé—who has been cited above—gives it as his opinion, that no deaf-mute need be considered too hopeless a case for the Dussaud treatment. With patience and perseverance the sense of hearing can be awakened in almost all instances, to a certain extent at any rate, and if only the exercises are carried out on a definite plan, a wonderful change in the condition of the patient will be apparent.

M. E. Drouet, Professor at the National Institution of Deaf Mutes in Paris, has made the following statement, which we are allowed to publish, relating to the use of the Dussaud Micro-Phonograph in the Institution :—

" In the case of those who have not completely lost all sense of hearing (and these form 97 per cent. of all persons afflicted with deafness) it is possible to educate their ears by the production of sounds capable of affecting the diseased organ of hearing. In time, if the treatment be continued, for a sufficient period, they are enabled to hear much better, and not only so, but their speech becomes clearer, and more distinct, and loses that monotonous tone, which those people who are unable to hear possess.

The Dussaud Micro-Phonograph which amplifies sounds to considerable proportions, without rendering them less clear, possesses properties of a very special kind which render it of great value in the awakening of sound among deaf persons and deaf mutes.

" This new method of treatment by acoustical exercises has given the most conclusive results as one can judge trom the following facts :—

" During two whole years I have submitted a young male deaf mute to methodical acoustical exercises on the Dussaud system, and at the end of this time an extraordinary amelioration in his condition was apparent.

" At first the boy was only able to understand certain letters, which were shouted in to the Micro-Phonograph. Gradually he became capable of comprehending the meaning of whole phrases spoken one or two steps away from the apparatus, and at last he actually was enabled to *follow the ordinary scholastic teaching in the classes of the* lycée *!*

" Another wonderful case was that of a Russian who received his acoustical education in Germany, and who was in complete ignorance of his mother tongue, owing to his family having neglected to place him under proper treatment while he was in his own country still young.

" The patient in question was a keen student of the drama, but he could only enjoy the play with his eyes, being unable to follow the dialogue. He was persuaded to try the effect of the Micro-Phonograph, and after a six weeks' course of exercise, his hearing was so improved that he could follow the speech of the actors with perfect comfort."

Many other cases could be cited where deaf persons have had their hearing partially, or completely restored, and where deaf mutes have learnt to speak, thanks to the epoch-making invention of M. Dussaud.

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HOW SHE WON HER HUSBAND'S HEART.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a curious scene which was in progress during the evening of a Sunday in November, in one of the Royal bedchambers of Whitehall. King Charles II. and his Queen, Catharine, were present.

Near them stood the Duke of York and his girlish Italian wife, Beatrice of Modena. But the centre of the group was a young girl of little more than fifteen, by whose side stood a man of about twenty-seven years, slender to a fault, with a lofty brow, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle and with eyes which rivalled those of the eagle in brightness. Though he was but twenty-seven, he looked much older, and the younger girl standing there, every now and then cast a look of positive dislike at him. Against her will she was there to be married to this grave-looking man, who was none other than William Prince of Orange. It was a marriage dictated by the policy of Charles II. and was aimed at securing the friendship of the Prince of Orange for England.

Heartbroken at the fate in store for her, the bride of fifteen did nothing but weep, but, taking her hand, the Merry Monarch, Charles II., presented her to the Bishop of London, and the ceremony was soon over.

On the part of the Prince of Orange, the marriage was a bold bid for a near relationship to the throne of England. For Mary, his young wife, was the daughter of the only brother of the childless King, which brother would, therefore, succeed King Charles. Should this brother James have no children, it followed that Mary would inherit the throne.

Clouds settled upon the bridegroom's brow two days after his marriage, for then there came into the world a little son to James, the father of Mary, who appeared likely to live. In ill-humour at this event, the Prince vented it on his girl-wife, who was always in tears. And her dearly-loved sister, the Princess Ann, being confined to her bed with small-pox, she was cut off from the sympathy and company of the only being she loved.

So, gloomily and sorrowfully, opened the married life of Mary and William.

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Three weeks had passed, and the little Princess of Orange came to bid farewell to the Queen.

"Don't cry so, child!" exclaimed her aunt. "You are not the only one who has had to leave her native land. I remember the wrench when I left the sunny land of Portugal to come to Charles."

"Ah, but aunt!" sobbed the girl, "you were *coming* to England, —I am leaving it. There is nothing before me but the dull Court at the Hague, and if they are all like the Prince of Orange I know I shall be wretched. I wish I were dead!"

"Hush! child!" said the Queen soothingly, "it is the lot of those who are born to Royal positions to be moved about like pawns upon a chess-board. We are not supposed to have hearts." And she sighed, thinking of the infidelities of her own husband, Charles, and his neglect of her. "Go with your husband, Mary, and try to love him. If he does not love you, life will yet be endurable if you care for him."

Amidst a brilliant following who came to take farewell of them, the last good-byes were said, and with a bursting heart the girl bride saw the cliffs of her native land fade out of sight.

William, her husband, stood with folded arms regarding her sternly, with lines of dislike curving his lips as he saw her manifest sorrow. "Tears again!" he muttered impatiently, "she is a perpetual fountain."

And he turned away in great irritation to speak to one of her maids, Elizabeth Villiers.

She answered him, apparently flattered by his notice. Mary, looking up saw it, and with a quick instinct devined that she herself was unattractive in the eyes of her husband. She had seen too much of the licentious Court of her uncle, Charles II., not to know what that would mean. Her heart began to beat in wild tumult. The crowd of courtiers was around her, but she was alone in the crowd. No one understood her sorrow, no one sympathised with the natural shrinking of the timid girl from marriage in itself, let alone the form in which it had come to her, she was shut up to herself—and her thoughts were bitter. She went below to sob out her grief by herself. With hypocritical fervour, Elizabeth Villiers and Annie Villiers soon followed their royal mistress. "Can we assist your Highness?" said Elizabeth.

She turned on them with a petulent stamp of her foot—"I would be alone! Leave me!" and added, with the ingenuousness of fifteen—"Go back to the Prince! he doubtless prefers you!" This with a face white with sudden passion, the outbursting of an outraged heart. They curtseyed and left her. She fell on her knees sobbing bitterly.

"Ah, woe is me! Woe is me! I have lost my country, my home, and my father. I have gained nothing! Great God, help me to bear it; to be a woman and bear it. I am only fifteen! only fifteen!

And, somehow, in the midst of her loneliness came a sense of comfort. It did not spring from without. All was dark there, but within there was a new sense of peace.

The Prince of Orange came down presently, and she met him with a bright smile. He looked at her in amazement. Somewhat awkardly, as if to reassure her, he laid one hand almost caressingly upon her shoulder. He opened his mouth, as

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though about to speak, but he was a silent, reserved man, not given to expressing his thoughts, and the words died away unuttered. One word of tenderness might then have won the heart of his young wife. That word was unspoken, and he turned and left her.

But she had noticed the unusual gesture, and, with a woman's discernment—for her sorrow had made a woman of her—she saw that she might yet win her husband's love. This was the task she set herself. With tightened lips, the result of the determination within, she turned and gazed in the mirror.

"I am not beautiful," she murmured, "but there are worse faces than mine, and the Queen always said I had a good figure. I will win him yet. After all, he is my husband, and I will be a true wife to him. I will notice nothing. No man can be worse to me than my uncle, the King, is to my royal aunt. She bears patiently, and so will I."

But the patience was easier in thought than in practice. Day by day the Prince neglected her, and openly spent his time with her maid, Elizabeth. There were times when she could have screamed with fury, as she caught sight of little endearments passing between Elizabeth and the man who had been given to her "to have, and to hold, till death should them part," but a few days previously. She stifled her feelings, however, and by the time the vessels arrived at the Hague she was learning to bear.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed since Mary set foot in Holland. Only two years, yet to her they had seemed like twenty. She was thin and pale through the worry of her life. The voyage out had been but a sample of the daily life ever since. She was ignored, openly slighted, and roughly treated, and the slightest privileges were denied her.

It was the morning of the departure of her only friend, Bishop Ken, who had been appointed Chaplain at the Hague by King Charles II.

Ken was one of those truly sainted men whose stern adherence to principle, in a time when life around them is a seething mass of corruption, makes them stand out as marvellous exceptions to the rest. In his after life he sternly refused King Charles to find a lodging for Nell Gwynne in his episcopal palace, and now, with the same lofty courage, he had befriended this poor brow-beaten Princess of Orange.

"Your Highness!" he told the Prince, "is taking a strange line of conduct with the wife you vowed to love and cherish!"

William scowled, but the intrepid chaplain continued: "Sir, let me tell you, you have broken your vows, your love you have given to the Villiers women, and instead of cherishing, you have tryannised over your wife. There is not one girl in your Highness's dominions who is not happier than your wife!"

"This is plain speaking, sir. You, I think, magnify your office, and forget mine."

"No, your Highness, I do not forget. I remember that you are a man, as well as a monarch, and it is my plain duty to tell you that your behaviour is killing your wife. I remember her at Whitehall, the very life and soul of all her young friends, and now she is like a faded flower."

"What is it she wants, man, more than she has?" sternly asked the Prince.

"She is pining for home, for her father and her friends."

Perhaps it was owing to this that, at the invitation of the Prince of Orange, Mary's father and step-mother visited her. It was only just in time. A low fever had seized her, and she had no desire to live.

Her father's presence however, soon rallied her spirits, and she came back from the borderland, to play a part in her future history against that very father from which she would have recoiled in horror had she been told beforehand. Soon after her recovery her father departed, and Dr. Ken went with him. So at one stroke Mary was deprived of both father and friend.

One of the petty tyrannies of the Prince, had been to refuse Mary a separate chapel for the use of her chaplain. The girl, who had all the high spirit of the Stuarts, took issue against him here, and nothing daunted, gave up her own dining room as a chapel for the use of the Church of England. The sacrifice was all the greater, for she had to eat her meals as a result, in such a dingy room as perhaps she had never seen in England.

William responded by refusing her permission to go abroad from the palace at all, so in a state of virtual imprisonment the poor young Queen chafed and fretted. Dr. Hooper took the place of her friend, Dr. Ken, and in him also Mary found a constant and faithful adviser.

The Prince, however, was determined to break her spirit, so he gave instructions that in every way possible Dr. Hooper's life was to be made thoroughly uncomfortable. To his credit, the chaplain endured it for a long time, but at last, disgusted at William's insulting treatment, he left the place, and Dr. Covel took the position he resigned.

One day William perceived a man crossing the court-yard from the quarters of the Princess, carrying a letter in his hand. He stopped him and demanded the letter.

The man hesitated.

"Your Highness,' he said, "it is to the British Ambassador from Dr. Covel."

"I care not to whom or from whom. The letter, sir!" holding out his hand.

The man gave it him.

William rudely broke the seal, and muttered an oath when he discovered that it was written in a secret cipher.

But the Prince possessed the power to wait. He bided his time till Dr. Covel was in attendance upon his wife, and, entering the doctor's rooms ferreted out the key to the cypher. Thus he discovered the fact that the letter mentioned in detail the wretched condition of Princess Mary, and the infamous influence of the Sisters Villiers over himself.

William was beside himself with rage.

"I will teach these English to interfere. They shall go! Every solitary one shall be packed off this very day!" he exclaimed.

With a countenance like a thunder-cloud, he strode to the Princess's apartments, and, bursting into the room, cried, "So Madam, you and your precious chaplain would inform the British Court that you are a martyr, and I a tyrant. I will have no more of it!" stamping his foot. "Every one of your wretched English shall go this very night Do you hear? every one!"

"I hear," said Mary, sullenly. "But you will not dare."

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"You shall see!" exclaimed William, and, turning on his heel, he left the room.

That night the court-yard was filled with waggons and soldiers.

They proceeded without ceremony to bundle out of their quarters, Mrs. Langford, the Princess's old nurse, and a clergyman, her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the painters, who had been instructing the Princess in painting, Anne Trelawney, her maid, who had grown up with the Princess from the cradle, and Dr. Covel.

There was no help for it, they had to go, and Mary was left a stranger in a strange land, more alone than ever.

Some days after, it was the anniversary of the death of King Charles I. All the English Court had always kept this day as one of mourning and prayer. But early on the morning of that day the Prince of Orange entered his wife's apartments.

"Take off that!" he thundered, pointing to her mourning costume. "Then put on the gayest robe you have."

Against her will she obeyed him.

Weeping, she accompanied him to a public dinner. But never a single dish would she taste.

She remained quite silent during its progress, the Prince eyeing her sternly all the while. He saw that she was conquered, but not subdued. So as soon as dinner was over, and she was retiring, he bade her stay.

"You have to come with me to the theatre this evening," he said, "and see to it that you look your best. Think you I will have you keep a fast in memory of a tyrant whom my co-religionists justly put to death? My subjects would cry shame upon you, and I will not have it."

So step by step he thwarted her at every point. Her chapel was closed, her friends banished, she herself treated as a child, and flouted in public, but the haughty spirit, though tamed, was not yet broken.

Her father, as we have seen, was the heir to the throne, whenever the King should die. But the King had an illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, a great favourite with the people, who cast longing eyes upon the throne. Her father, on account of his leanings to the Roman Catholic religion, was simply hated by the people. So that Monmouth, the favourite, and James, the detested, were each other's natural enemies.

Monmouth came to the Court of the Prince of Orange, and William forced his wife to take steps which she knew would pain her father to the quick. By her husband's command, she skated day by day with him, and danced with him night by night. He brought with him, openly and shamelessly, his mistress, Harriet Wentworth. And Mary was compelled by her husband to receive her publicly.

Up till then she had made a plucky fight against her husband's tyranny. But now her womanhood was outraged, her very affections crushed, and her sense of delicacy trampled upon. The last spark of spirit was quenched, and henceforth she was to William as an obedient slave.

She never understood the cause of his dislike, but it was soon to become plain to her.

CHAPTER III.

The Prince and Princess of Orange were dining at a public festival at the Hague. Suddenly a servant approached from behind Mary's chair of state, and handed her a letter from England. Her face lighted up as she perceived her father's familiar hand-writing. But as she was about to open it, her husband rudely snatched it away and proceeded to read it himself.

It was an affectionate letter from the father to the daughter, announcing that, owing to the death of her uncle Charles II., he was now King James II. Not a solitary syllable in it referred even indirectly to her husband. Proud of the fact that his wife was now heiress-presumptive to the throne of England, for the little one had died, William read it aloud to all present.

Stung with the insult, and grieved at the death of her uncle, who had always been most affectionate to her, the Princess hastily rose and left the table.

William turned to one of the great officers near him and exclaimed:

"There goes a woman, scarcely fit to rule a house who will one day rule a kingdom."

The thought was a bitter one to him, for the great aim of his life was to humble the power of France. As Prince of Orange he had neither men nor means enough to accomplish it. His straitened position was the very thing which gnawed at his heart. If he could have some day mounted the throne of England instead of his wife, he saw that with English money and English soldiers he could crush his enemy. Instead of this, he well knew that English law would make her Queen, and leave him only the position of Prince Consort. It was a bitter pill to him, and the main cause of his brutal treatment to his wife was the desire to break her into complete acquiescence with his wishes before she should be able to rule over him.

Meanwhile, Mary had gone to her own private apartment, and was sitting brooding over the perpectual friction of her life.

"God help me!" she cried. "I have borne at this man's hands both the wrongs of a wife and the wrongs of a woman. I have been patient while he has been ill-tempered. I have given way to him all I could. I thought I was winning him over, and now this surpasses all. Even my own letters opened and publicly read."

Hearing a step she hastily took up a piece of embroidery, and as her lord and master strode in, appeared busy with it.

"Ah!" he said, "that is just what you are fitted for, needlework, playing the spinet, or handling the cards. But as for queening it, if you live long enough to try your hand, you'll make a sorry mess of it."

"My lord!" said the Princess, rising, "my father has just ascended the throne. It is early to speak of my succeeding him. From my heart I pray, 'God save the King!' And should it ever be my lot to be the Queen, which I hope will never happen, there are loyal, chivalrous men in dear old England who will rally round me as they did round Elizabeth. When the time comes, Heaven will send the power!" and she swept from the room.

Astonished at her outburst, the Prince, for the first time in his life, began to admire her.

"Stay!" he said gently. "The times in which we live are uncertain. The English will not put up with a Catholic King. Already I have been approached by would-be revolutionists. Should I have to fight as a Protestant Prince in favour of English liberties, what part would you play?"

She turned towards him startled. Such a thought had never occurred to her.

"I see!" he continued, for he was a skilled

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reader of countenances. "The thought is strange to you. But from the bottom of my heart, as I read the times, the day will come when you will have to choose between 'daughter' and 'wife!'"

"When that day comes, I cannot say what I should do! My father has ever been a tender father; while you,"—and she looked him straight in the face—"you have been a thorn in my side. I would have done anything for you. I loved you, and I love you still; but you have flung back my love as a thing of no importance, and there is no kitchen scullion who does not laugh at my misery. Let me pass!" And with a haughty gesture she left him.

"Not tamed yet!" he muttered. "But she was right. I have given her no cause to side with me I believe I have gone the wrong way to work."

After this scene, the lot of the Princess grew easier. The Prince strove to be more affable to her. The days flew by, and, as the stirring events in England occupied the attention of all men, the Prince of Orange as the champion of Protestant liberties grew in importance, and Mary became in his eyes of greater importance still. Her plucky endurance of his tyranny, as he pondered it, woke up some feeling of respect. Love he had none to give her. All that his icy nature could feel was bestowed upon Elizabeth Villiers. But she gained daily in his esteem.

The Princess noticed it and was more content She strove never to cross him in any way—watched his moods and respected his moody silences, and bit by bit it appeared as if these two, so long estranged, were drawing near to one another.

An opportunity soon arrived for her still further to win his esteem.

James II., annoyed at the laws which in Holland were even more stringent than in England against Catholics, sent an ambassador to the Prince of Orange to intimate that it was his intention to abolish the penal laws against them in England and solicited his sympathy.

"I would rather lose all the revenues, and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain," replied the Prince, "to which my wife is heiress, before one of those laws shall leave the statute book."

Mary stood by listening. Instantly she saw her chance. This was no case of wounding a father, or usurping his rights. It was a case of religion. Her thoughts flew back to the times of Queen Mary, and with the colour flaming in her cheeks, "Tell my father, Mr. Penn," she cried, "that if ever I have the power I will make the laws against Catholics worse than in Elizabeth's time."

William, in his heart, applauded the firmness with which she spoke, and when Penn had departed, turned to her and said, "Well spoken indeed. I see I shall not be the only champion of Protestantism." Her cheeks burned at his praise, and she turned away shyly. He looked at her magnificent height as she stood there, more than a head taller than himself, and began to feel the stirrings of a stronger feeling of affection for her than before.

"It is too late!" he muttered to himself—"I have been a fool," and hastily left the room. Could he have seen his wife's shining eyes as she looked after him, he would have known it was not too late, even yet. Poor, patient woman, tried as she had been, there was in her a heart ready to forgive, and a longing for a complete reconciliation with the only man she had ever loved.

CHAPTER IV.

King James II. was surrounded on all sides by enemies. His people simply hated him, and there was scarcely a courtier of whom he could be sure. But, blindly obstinate as to the true position of things, he kept pressing the claims of the Catholics upon the country.

Meanwhile, the nobility of the country began to look to the Prince of Orange as the natural head of their opposition. It did not seem so disloyal to conspire with the husband of the Queen who would naturally succeed James.

Immediately he discovered the part his son-in-law was playing, James retaliated by withholding Mary's annual pension of £48,000.

In vain Mary and William remonstrated.

"I need," wrote the King, "to be persuaded that her money will not be used against me before I send it."

Mary was indignant that just as she seemed to be about to win her husband back this fresh cause of enmity should arise, and in her heart were sown those seeds of enmity against her father which were afterwards to bring forth such bitter fruit for him.

"We are to expect a visit from your father's Court," said William. "It is Bishop Burnet, who comes with papers from the King."

Mary looked up with a smile. She had heard of Burnet from the many English refugees who now crowded the Hague to escape her father's tyranny.

He came, a bustling, inquisitive, talkative man. Before he had been there very long, he had completely won the heart of William, by his evident familiarity with the real feelings of all classes in England, and his readiness in imparting it.

Mary, who for a long period had had no ecclesiastical dignitary of the Church of England allowed near her, warmed to him at once.

Bustling about the Court, and using his prying eyes, and ever alert ears to some purpose, he soon found out the strained relations of the Prince and Princess, and the good-humoured meddler undertook to put the matter straight.

He watched for his opportunity, and at last it came.

At the Palace breakfast that morning, the Prince, who had had little sleep, owing to the many worries which were wearing him out, had been even more irritable than usual.

He roughly snubbed his wife, and, in the very midst of the repast, jumped up from the table to depart hunting.

With a cowed look upon her face, Mary retired to the royal apartments, and with free and easy license Burnet followed her.

As he expected, he found her in tears. She was thinking how hard the daily discipline of bearing with the Prince was becoming. With ready tact, Burnet drew her complaints from her. Only too glad to have someone in whom to confide, Mary poured out a long stream of grievances.

"The Prince hates me!" she said, stamping her foot. "When he first married me I believe he disliked me, because of my little brother being born. When he and the other children died I thought matters would have been better. And so they were. We had one open quarrel, and ever since he seemed kinder. But he still keeps the company of that Villiers woman, and whenever he is worried it is always on me he vents it."

"Madam!" said Burnet. "A man like your husband is in a position where temptations from

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the flattery of women simply surround him. They esteem that the honourable dignity of the ruler lends honour to a dishonourable act. 'The King' as they say, 'can do no wrong.' It is often the lot of unhappy Princesses, like your poor aunt, to share in sufferings like your own on this account, and owing to your own exalted position you cannot take steps to vindicate your wrongs. You can only bear."

"I have borne, and *that* for nine years," sobbed Mary.

"But if I may say it to your Highness," pursued Burnet, "this is not the only cause of the estrangement between you, surely?"

"No," answered Mary. "It is everything that is wrong. Why, I cannot understand. I believe the Prince even suspects *me* of underhand dealings with my father's Court."

"The suspicion is, of course, baseless?" queried Burnet.

"Baseless? why of course!" exclaimed Mary, startled out of herself at such a thought. "Why, what interest have I to make a common cause against the Prince with my father? My father never sends me my pension now, and I have quarrelled with him."

"But I did not say with your *father*, I meant was the suspicion baseless with regard to your Highness wishing for any connection with your father's enemies? The Prince might think you have every reason for it."

Mary opened her eyes widely at this suggestion.

"I cannot perceive what right I should have to interfere, or what would be my gain," she observed.

"You are the natural occupant of the throne if your father were deposed or died."

"But the Prince would reign with me. I could not Queen it by myself."

"That is not so under English law!" said the Bishop. "You alone occupy the throne, and your husband would be your subject."

With eager looks and parted lips Mary listened in surprise to this statement. Like many women of her time, she had been imperfectly educated, and as a result knew nothing of the Constitution of England.

"If I mistake not," added Burnet, "it is just this knowledge which frets the spirit of the Prince of Orange. He cannot brook the thought of not governing with you, or, still worse, being inferior to you in power."

"He need not! He need not!" exclaimed the Princess—"If this you say is what you really think you must undeceive my husband for me. He *is* my husband, and I will never put upon my head a coronet he cannot wear, or fill a throne he cannot share. If ever I come to the throne of England, he shall be outwardly my equal, if law can make it so, and, in reality, my lord. Sooner than lose his confidence, I will lose the crown. So now, go!" clasping her hands in feverish impatience, "and tell him so! I begin to see the light breaking. I have through all these years thought he hated me, when perhaps it was the Queen, not the woman he disliked. Go, I tell you!"

The Bishop skipped off, rubbing his hands in genuine satisfaction, but at the door he paused, and returning said: "Your Royal Highness should take time to consider how you abandon your queenly prerogative. It is a resolution, once announced, which cannot be retracted."

"I need no time to consider," answered Mary. "It is enough; I have an opportunity of winning the regard of the Prince. Tell him what I say, and bring him to me that he may hear it from my own lips."

Off went the Bishop, but William did not return that day from stag-hunting. Next day the Prince met the Princess in the presence of Burnet.

"I have brought the Prince to hear your royal Highness confirm what I have already informed him of," said the Bishop.

Turning to the Prince Mary exclaimed:

"I did not know till yesterday that there was such a difference between the laws of God, and the laws of England. But I promise you now that you shall always bear rule, and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall keep the command which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which tells them to love their wives and not to be bitter against them."

Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. Though many sorrows and cares came between them, there was always absolute confidence and entire friendship from this very day till the day, years after, when death sundered them.

* * * * * * * *

The great stress was put upon her affection soon after, when she had to sink the part of daughter in that of the wife of the Prince. In open rebellion the people rose against her father, who fled the country, and the Prince of Orange, who had landed previously with armed men, had a triumphal progress through England.

He was soon after crowned as joint ruler of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and as their united reign is known as that of William and Mary, not Mary and William, it is clear that she kept her promise to the letter, and as she never interfered with any of William's projects, it is clear also that she kept it in the spirit.

[THE END.]

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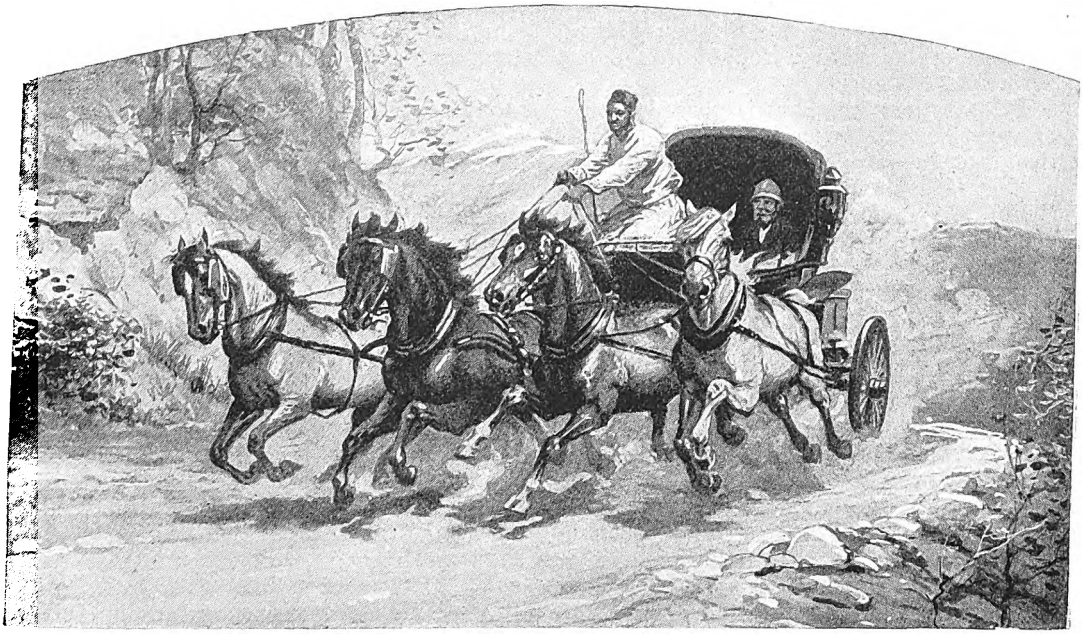
THE STORY OF ARMENIA.

ARMENIA is a name which has often been upon our lips, and feelings have been powerfully stirred to sympathy, by the recital of the wrongs endured by its suffering people. Yet, to many of ui, Armenia is only a name. Of its historymany people know little, and even of its position many have only a dim idea.

Armenia itself is a small district situated in Asia Minor, its borders touching three States—Turkey, Russia, and Persia, which are antagonistic in religion, in politics, and in every other way. Yet it it is neither Mohammedan like the Turk, nor Greek church like the Russian, nor Parsee or Mohammedan like the Persian. It is alone in its religion, its customs, and its language—alone in the midst of enemies, and to this fact it owes a great deal of its discomfort.

Very little is known of its early history—beyond that it was the seat of the ancient civilisation, which after the Deluge naturally arose and spread around Mount Ararat. It is a wonderful country, with citles occupying the sites of dried-up lakes, lakes covering spots where populous cities stood when the human race was young; towns which for parts of the year are turned into islands by the sea; rocks covered with quaint inscriptions, to which none have found the key as yet; and slabs of stone on which are placed in arrow-headed characters, the boasts of Durino the Mede; columns and obelisks, whose history and purpose are unknown. The centre of this country is Vaw, situated on a lake of bitter salt water. To the east rise snow-capped mountains, and on the north the identical mountain where Noah was said to have rested. Armenia possesses as



PASSING THE BASE OF MOUNT ARARAT.

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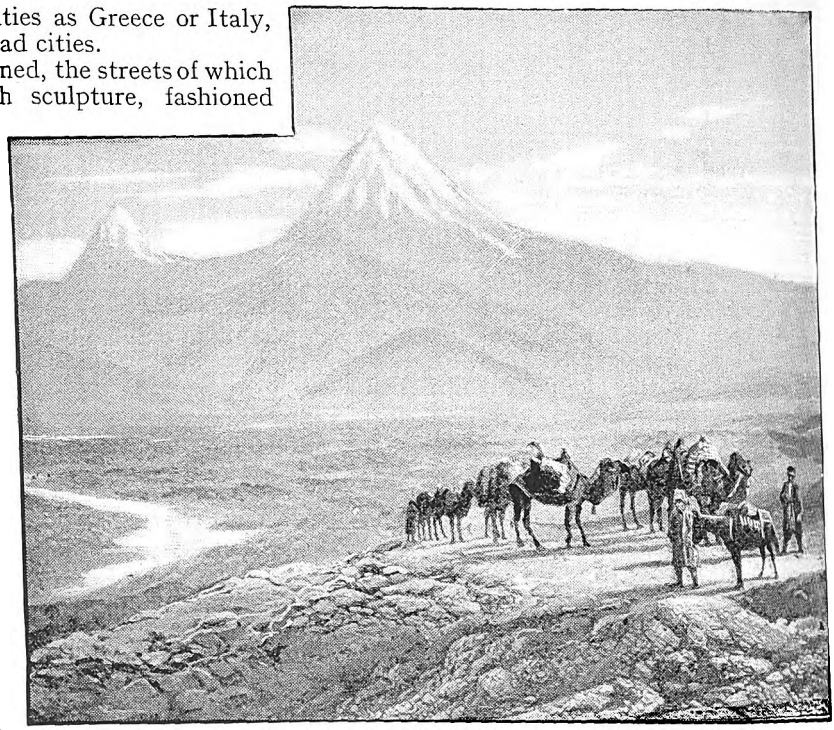
many famous cities as Greece or Italy, but they are dead cities.

There is Bayaned, the streets of which are paved with sculpture, fashioned when Moses was a boy. There is Ani, a city of colossal ruins; Armavir, formerly the residence of the Armenian kings, Vaghar Sabad, said to have been built 600 years B.C. and where is now found the large monastery of Etchmiadnin, in which the Patriarch of all Armenia resides.



GREAT AND LITTLE MOUNT ARARAT.

So far as we know it, the Armenians a glorious history. They struggled with Darino and afterwards furnished some of the most famous of his warriors, and in the first century B.C. one of their kings, Tigranes, ruled with a rod of iron over Syria and Phoencia.

To-day, their kingdom is parcelled out between Russia, Turkey, and Persia, and the lot of this people is worse than that of a dog. Soon after their adoption of Christianity, which doubtless permeated the country through the indirect effect of Paul's journeys into Asia Minor, they were per ecuted by the Persian king to make them become Parsees. But with one accord they rode and shook Persia to its foundations. In like manner a few years ago, the Russian Government ordered them to change the constitution of their church in its dominions, but they preferred the mines of Siberia. It is not alone at the hands of Turkey that Armenia suffers, but at the hands of Russia also. Russia which can tolerate any vice but the vice of thinking and worshipping freely.

That then is their position. Governed on one hand by Greek Church Russia, on the other by Mohammedan Turkey, and on the other by what is virtually Mohammedan Persia. A Christian church, one of the earliest to be founded, whose first bishop was the sainted Gregory, and which still keeps its form of worship pure as that of the simplest Protestant church amongst ourselves. Romanism has not corrupted them; the image worship of the Greek church has not leavened them, the rise of the Mohammedan power has not stamped out their life. There they are a small people—a living protest against the corruption of one, the idolatry of the other, and the vicious polygamy of the third.

The population of London is fairly representative of the Armenians, who number four millions, with their headquarters in their own state, but spreading abroad through Turkey, Russia, and Persia. They are one of the keenest, most money-making people on earth—flourishing where others would fail, with a spirit as clannish as the Scotch, and as patriotic as the English, with Colonies in India, and throughout Europe, with a Church, civilisation, and literature of their own, possessing some of the finest educational

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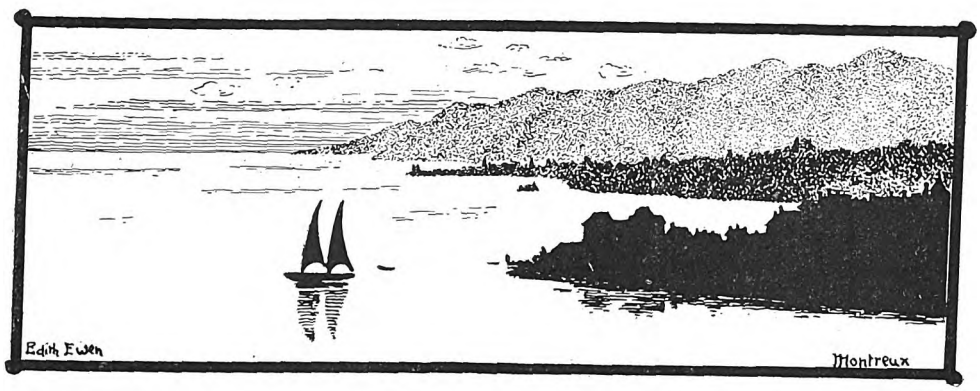
institutions in Asia, and actually making a fifth of the whole population of Constantinople.

These are the people whose fate now trembles in the balance, and it is our anxiety that the might of God may so be cast on their side that they may yet be free to worship according to their conscience, and to develop according to their genius.

Just a word as to their persecution. A little to the south of Armenia lies the land of Kurdistan, and as the ivy flourishes at the expense of the tree on which it fastens, so these Kurds flourish on the life of the Armenians. The Armenians sow their fields—the Kurds reap them. The Armenians raise cattle—the Kurds drive them off. The Armenians rear families with devoted love, and the Kurds ravish them. There is no tie which is respected, no rights of property which are valued by these ruthless robbers. The peaceful agricultural people are as much at the mercy of these armed bands of Kurds as you would be if a regiment of soldiers marched down upon you, reaped your harvests, drove away your cattle, fired your houses, and outraged your women. Why does not the Turkish Government protect them? The reason is plain: the Kurd is Mohammedan, the Armenian is Christian and the Sultan's sympathies are with his co-religionists. Some years back the Archbishop of Canterbury started the mission amongst the Armenian peasants, and the Patriarch and his simple people expected great things from the protective presence amongst them of the British clergymen. But when they saw their disappointment they said: "How can we listen to such teaching when we have no rest? How can we believe in God when He lets these things happen to us? The Almighty is deaf, and we cease to pray. Can we hear teaching when the wolf is on us night and day? If we let go the cross, then we might be rich and safe. Night by night we ask, shall we see morning, for they get fiercer daily.

"If we let go the cross, we might be rich and safe."—There is the key to the whole position. And it has been the key to the position of Christians the world over. If we let go, we should be let go. It seems to the writer that at such times as the present, which is facing Armenia, we get a clearer idea of what Christianity expects from its followers.



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BIBLE BEAMS.

A FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT.

During the early ages of Christianity the Greeks and Romans were in the habit of writing their most precious books in letters of gold and silver on purple-stained vellum, that colour being the distinguishing sign of royalty and greatness. Purple was only worn by princes, and in this manner of distinguishing the Scriptures was shown the high degree of reverence in which they were held. Manuscript entirely composed of leaves of purple vellum are of the greatest rarity, and many are described by palæographers as purple-stained when they are only partially so. The age of a manuscript may sometimes be determined (among its other characteristics) by the fineness and whiteness of the vellum, and sometimes by its purple colour. The Codex Aureus or Golden Gospels is written throughout in gold letters upon vellum, with the exception of the first lines of chapters in the Gospels, and the first lines of the subsidiary articles, which are in red. The paintings of the four Evangelists are extremely interesting, and the title-pages are stained purple. It is described by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson as French, of the time of Charlemagne, and we may add that its position in the Harleian may be compared to that of the Durham Book of the Cottonian Library.

CURIOUS BIBLES.

We have the Breeches Bible, which is indebted for its strange sobriquet to the translation "Adam and Eve made themselves breeches," etc. For this edition, which first appeared in 1560, in quarto form, we are indebted to the English reformers exiled at Geneva. During the reign of Elizabeth, it served as the regular Family Bible, its popularity being mainly due to the Calvanistic comments, which appeared freely on the margin. Then we have an edition, printed in 1717, at the Clarendon Press, known as the Vinegar Bible, because the parable of the Vineyard in the title to St. Luke xx. is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." Matthew's Bible, printed in London, in 1551, was nicknamed the Bug Bible, from Psalm xci. 5, being translated, "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any Bugges by nighte." The original idea of the word—terror—is still to be traced in bugbear, bugaboo. The Wicked Bible was printed in London in 1631, and was so called from the fact that the negation was omitted in certain of the Commandments, the result being that the edition was suppressed, and the printer fined £300 by Archbishop Laud, the money being, it is said, devoted to the purchase of a supply of Greek type for the use of the University of Oxford. The Whig, or Place-maker's Bible, obtained its name from an error occurring in St. Matthew v. 9, where "Blessed are the placemakers" is substituted for "peacemakers." The Treacle Bible has the passage in Jeremiah: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" rendered, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" And the Douay (R.C.) version has been described as the Rosin Bible, because the same passage has the word rosin instead of treacle. Many years ago there existed in the Stowe library the Book of Gospels, on which the English kings down to Edward IV. took the coronation oath, with a huge brazen crucifix, which the monarchs kissed on its cover. The binding was of ponderous oak boards an inch or so in thickness, fastened by huge leather thongs. The Printers' Bible makes David pathetically complain that printers, in place of princes, have "persecuted him without a cause."

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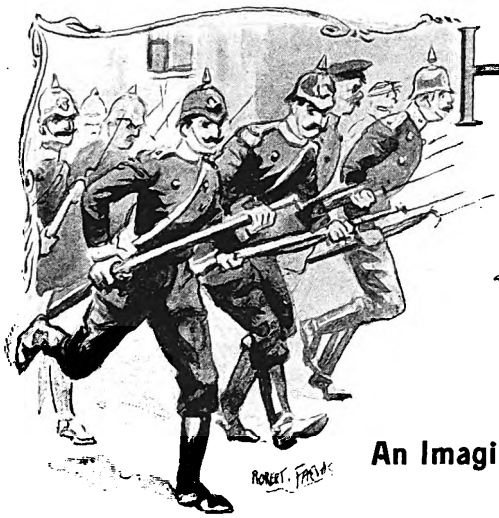

How the GERMANS took LONDON

An Imaginative Sketch that might be Realistic.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS EVENTS.

Great Britain is at war with the State of Uliska, and it appears that Germany intends to have some say in the settlement of terms offered by us to Uliska. Yet, in spite of this, no one suspects that an order issued by Germany to German residents in London to return home means anything, but on one Sunday evening, the very Sunday they all leave from Fenchurch Street and other stations, the German Ambassador declares war. England is found to be isolated, her communication with the outside world cut off, her fleets called away by fraudulent use of a stolen cypher book. Operations are then carried on on the Sunday in the district around Burnham and Creeksea Ferry. The telegraph wires are cut, and the fort at Shoebury surprised and captured. Then Southend is reached from Shoebury early in the morning. Meanwhile on the water the commander of the German ironclad, lying off Sheerness, invites the officers in charge of the forts at Sheerness and the naval officers in the ships to a banquet. While there a fire breaks out at the docks, to which the German commander sends a large number of men ostensibly to put out the flames, and after they have gone he tells the remaining guests that war has broken out. He then, by shewing them how much is involved in the matter, in the impending destruction of human lives, and by demonstrating the position of the Germans on land and sea, induces them to sign an armistice for 24 hours, and this was despatched to the forts and batteries ashore, and meanwhile the Germans trained their guns on the river and secured absolute control of the shipping. Tilbury Fort was captured by a ruse, as was also Shoebury, and the line from Southend to Ilford was also seized and patrolled by the army composed of the civilian German clerks, who were supposed to have left London.

Harwich.

READERS who have carefully followed the plan of campaign carried out elsewhere will not be surprised to see practically the same methods adopted here. It will be remembered that some German officers were staying at the G.E.R. Hotel. A German cruiser with a couple of torpedo boats had arrived on the Friday afternoon, and a farewell dinner had been arranged by the officers before referred to, to which the officers from an English guard ship and one or two torpedo boats were invited, the English officers in charge of the forts there, and a few local celebrities, including the Mayor, who had been showing hospitality to their Teutonic visitors.

Unfortunately this dinner was not given on shore, but, as more of a novelty (so they were led to suppose) to their civilian guests the invitations were issued from the German cruiser, to which all the guests made

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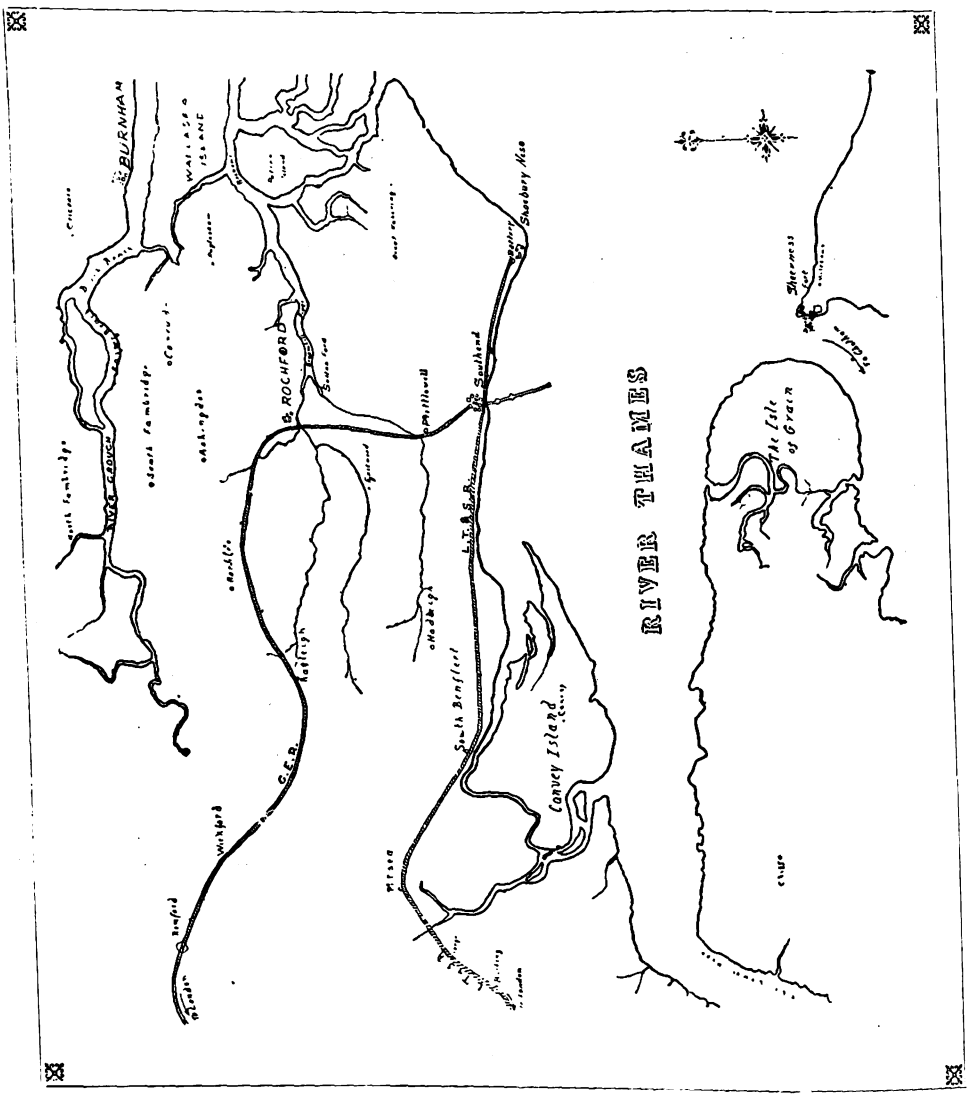

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their way on this now very eventful Saturday evening. It is hardly worth while to take up the reader's time by recapitulating a series of events that were practically identical with the programme carried out so successfully at Sheerness. The same set of circumstances lent themselves to the carrying out of this programme, and arriving at the desired end.

The wires were of course under control by twelve o'clock, and no warning message could be flashed from London after the formal declaration of war had been handed to the English Minister. The Mayor as chief magistrate and his own civilian friends were sent on shore before morning broke, but not until the necessary "truce document" was extracted from the English officers. In this case they were at a better advantage than their Sheerness friends, because naturally the Mayor and other civilians were opposed to any immediate outbreak of hostilities under their then defenceless circumstances, and they were unanimous in urging a temporary suspension of the contemplated hostilities (possibly this had been foreseen by their astute hosts), so in due course the Mayor and his townsfolk were put on shore to convey the astounding intelligence of the outbreak of war between England and Germany. They were duly supplied with a bundle of the notices now familiar to the reader; and they fully expected to be the first to break the dreadful news. But we can now deal with events that happened in their absence.

It will, of course, be suspected that the usual fire opened the ball. Well, such was the case. A convenient site, and sufficiently adapted for the purpose, had been selected several days beforehand, and the fullest preparations had been made for carrying out the insidious work. About eleven o'clock flames issued from a row of buildings in the "slum" part of the town, and in close proximity to other far more valuable property.

The fire raged fiercely and spread rapidly, as it was meant to do, and soon got out of hand as far as local endeavour was of use, and assistance was solicited from other sources. Naturally, the naval and military were thought of, because of their training and discipline, and it now became evident that properly organised aid was necessary to combat the flames. This, of course, had been duly anticipated and prepared for, and eventually with the expected result.

It may here be stated that permission had been obtained to land a small force of German sailors to assist in maintaining order on the arrival of the Germans from London. It was given out that some 20,000 men were expected to embark from Harwich, and therefore it was natural to suppose that some little disorder might arise, and the crowd get out of hand if assistance was not available. The bait took. No number was specified, so advantage was taken to land some 500 sailors, who were lined up on the quay ready for any eventualities later on. What with the excitement of the fire, and the now shortly expected "first arrivals," no comment was made on the number of men landed, or notice taken of the fact that these men were fully equipped as far as arms were concerned. Most of the residents who were out of doors for the purpose of either watching the fire (now fires) or awaiting the embarkation of the Germans from London, were too busy to notice the stir on the vessels off the quay. Hundreds of boats were being launched. Even had they been noticed, it would have been supposed that they were coming ashore for the "clerks." Some of the larger vessels were apparently shifting their anchorage.

The meaning of this was that the German naval officers were gradually drawing their hired transports—including some of their own steamers—close in shore, at the same time so arranging them that they shielded the German vessels of war from any gun fire from the forts. Boats of all sorts were being quietly lowered, and only the signals decided upon were necessary to fill them with armed men, and rush them ashore. Soon after one this signal was given (we know the result of the deliberations after the dinner), and in the next few minutes scores of boats, launches, and cutters were approaching the quay; and this continued to the end. Dozens of other steamers came in from the sea. These had no doubt been cruising out of sight, and only awaiting the proper signal to come in with their living freights. For the next twelve hours a continued disembarkation took place, quietly and leisurely carried out, as they knew they would be undisturbed, at least by any force of warships that would be aware of what was going on. It was an easy matter to torpedo an unsuspecting vessel

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if she approached for the purpose of anchoring, and did not yield at once after being told of the outbreak of war.

It was not long before some 150,000 men were ashore. (It must here be noted that after the preliminary operations at the mouth of the Thames had resulted so successfully, more off-lying transports had been signalled to approach, and a further body of men put on shore at Southend, so that by mid-day on Sunday some 200,000 men were safely landed in England and were well on their way to London and in full possession of the City.)

The two forts "Redoubt" and "Angel Gate Battery" had been quietly captured by the same ruse adopted at Tilbury, the small number of men now on garrison duty rendering these proceedings ridiculously easy. Landguard Fort was silenced for the time being by the "armistice" arrangement, and they had expected to have very little difficulty in knocking her into further silence on the Monday, if she opened fire, as the German warships with the three captured English vessels were so close at hand that it would only have been a matter of minutes, bearing in mind that the enemy's (German) vessels were perfectly screened by the intervening transports.

Curiosity will no doubt be excited to know how Colchester and Warley were faring all this while. As at Colchester, with its one regiment of regulars, two battalions of militia, and one regiment of Dragoons, and Warley with a garrison of less than 1,000 men—Regulars and Militia all told—if it came to fighting, they were expected to be easily disposed of. However, the enemy were desirous of minimising every risk as much as possible, and so had prepared a carefully laid trap for some of the Colchester men.

About one o'clock a telegram was dispatched to the Commanding Officer at Colchester in the name of the Mayor (of Harwich), which ran as follows :—

"Very serious fire raging in town ; assistance from forts not sufficient ; fear complications when large number of Germans arrive from London. Please send all possible aid ; special train coming for you."

As to the fire, it was easy enough to get confirmation of this by looking in the direction of Harwich. Consequently some thousand men were aroused (this was done quietly, not by bugle, so as not to alarm the town) and marched down to the station. The officers in charge had not considered it necessary to send the men fully accoutred, so they only had their side arms. They were quickly entrained, and started on their way, actually passing *en route* the first heavy train load of German troops destined to "mask" Colchester. On their arrival at Harwich (bystanders expected the first arrivals from the City, so were considerably astonished at what followed) they bustled out on to the platform to find themselves facing a solid body of armed men. Both platforms were of course occupied to receive the new arrivals and take careful charge of them. Both officers and men could simply stare in utter astonishment. A German officer presently stepped forward, and, speaking in good English, explained that as war had been declared at midnight between Germany and England, this was simply a little *ruse de guerre* to facilitate an early advance on London. The officers were invited to take up their quarters at the hotel, on parole. The men were then marched off under guard for distribution aboard the German vessels. Later, the whole situation was discussed, and the English officers—dumbfounded at finding the place so fully and strongly occupied—were given the opportunity of returning to Colchester by one of the now frequently departing trains, with the object of telling their comrades—now at that moment entirely surrounded by German troops—how matters stood, advising them as to the utter uselessness of making any resistance, and causing loss of life that would be of no avail, or serious damage to private property that might just as well be avoided under the circumstances. They were further instructed to say that if the remainder of the garrison would undertake to confine themselves to the barracks, no steps would be taken to secure them or make them prisoners of war, and that the townspeople would not be molested in any way, and were at liberty to proceed with their business as usual, with the exception of using the wires or railway for the time being.

Such courteous treatment naturally met with its own reward. The authorities quickly realised the situation on its being pointed out to them that about 1,000 of their men had been quietly trapped in the night. The required undertaking was given by the garrison officials, and so Colchester

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was comfortably "fixed up," and no one appeared much the worse for the change, except that there was a general sense of chagrin, but everyone had been pretty well dosed with this during the early days of the Uliska campaign. On the other hand, everyone could not but express great admiration for the enemy. Their successful strategy was, beyond question, and more than one made the remark that no wonder we could not beat the Boers.

Warley.

It has been pointed out that there were less than a thousand men in training here (an actual fact), so one of the first trains passed on with the German regulars, after Colchester had been safely bottled up, was stopped at Brentwood, and some 800 men detrained and marched up the hill into Warley, quickly deploying, so as to shut in the barrack buildings. After getting up the officers and giving them the same explanation made to others earlier in the night, they were made prisoners on parole. The men marched out under guard and entrained for Harwich, and now the course was clear for a rapid invasion of London.

Soon after four o'clock trains were passing through in rapid succession, and it was a fact that what with the men sent up from Harwich, Southend, and Tilbury, by midday on Sunday over 100,000 German soldiers of the regular army, with any number of light field guns, Maxims, and other quick firers, were firmly established in the City without—so far as it was known—the loss of a single life to either the invaders or invaded. All the afternoon more arrivals took place, till by night-fall 150,000 men were occupying the heart of London, some thirty odd thousand (soldiers in civilian dress) guarding the lines of communication and another 50,000 in large and small bodies, as the case required, were occupying Shoeburyness, Southend, Tilbury, Harwich, Colchester, Chelmsford, and Brentwood, with some 2,000 guarding the lines of communication at Burnham-on-Crouch, and 500 at Rochford, just to keep in touch with both rivers. In addition, Sheerness was held up; the Thames and Medway were blocked most effectually; while as regards Harwich, it mattered very little what happened there now. The English fleet might sink every German warship, and for the matter of that, they might have done the same off Southend, but the effort would have been too late. Once the German armies were in the heart of London (and the City is the heart of London, and the Empire) they could exact their own terms of peace in a very short time.

The more material damage dealt out to them, the greater would be the toll exacted. We may perhaps go back to the doings of Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street after midnight on Saturday.

At a proper time the outside crowds were to be informed of the outbreak of war, then rapidly and openly armed, formed into detachments, and marched to seize and hold certain important approaches to the City until the regulars could arrive. In due course the time arrived, and words fail me to describe the scenes that took place. Frantic cheering, loud "Hochs" for the Emperor, a rushing here and a rushing there; the police puzzled, and later on more than a little surprised to see lines of men gradually fronting them on the outskirts of the crowd, each armed with rifle and bayonet. The Germans, seeing how completely nonplussed the police were, were enjoying the fun, chaffing the poor fellows unmercifully, and candidly telling them of the true state of affairs. This, of course, the "Bobbies" only treated as a joke, but by degrees the crowd assumed well-defined ranks of armed men, and our "men in blue" could but look and stare at the transformation scene taking place before their eyes. A terrible feeling of suspicion began to creep upon them, with a sense of their utter helplessness should these men attempt to take any liberties. Their fears were soon to be realised. Presently more frantic cheering arose within the precincts of the station, and soon after (now between three and four a.m.) hoarse cries of command arose, a crash of music, and then appeared a long line of fine martial-looking men, breasting the rising ground into Liverpool Street, amidst a perfect storm of cheering. The German Guards were recognised by their exiled countrymen; and this was the first regiment of foreign soldiers to set foot within the sacred precincts of the City in less than twelve hours after the declaration of war. Swinging to the left, and again to the right, they marched straight for the Mansion House. This was significant. In ten minutes they were deploying past the Mansion House in two columns, one

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passing up Queen Victoria Street as far as Blackfriars Bridge, where they quickly took up positions facing the embankment and the bridge over the river, placing well to the front some half a dozen Maxims to show their preparedness for eventualities. The other column had passed up Cheapside telling off two companies to face the Post Office buildings at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The others took up their position at Holborn Viaduct, more Maxims being in evidence here. Further troops were now arriving quickly at each station, the Fenchurch Street detachments being told off to look after the riverside and East End approaches, the Tower Bridge, etc., and others from Liverpool Street were now rapidly securing every approach into the City from the north and west The civilians (now in orderly battalions) were surrounding the Bank of England with a double guard. The Mansion House and Royal Exchange were treated in the same way, and soon regiments of German regulars were passing north, south, east, and west in a steady unchecked stream.

The City and Police arrangement were, of course, completely broken up on the arrival of the first Regiment of Guards. They had been told to clear off and make themselves as happy and comfortable as possible under the circumstances. They were supplied with an unlimited number of the printed notices prepared for the occasion, and asked to announce that business might be carried on as usual by the ordinary shopkeepers and restaurants, but that all the vehicular traffic would be entirely stopped within the confines of the City until further notice. They were also to announce that passenger traffic on the District Railways would have to cease at all stations on the City side of Charing Cross and King's Cross; empty trains might run between those points to avoid complete stoppage of traffic. Other Railway Companies were warned not to book passengers for the City until further notice. By mid-day on Sunday batteries of field-guns began to arrive, and these were placed in positions at all the most important strategical points. By Monday evening all German troops destined for the occupation of London were in position, and *what a position*—the Bank of England, with its untold millions of Government and Public Funds entirely in the hands of the enemy; its insignificant guard could be shot down to a man or blown to pieces inside half-an-hour; all other Banks with their millions of coin and securities were equally at the mercy of the German officers, only controlling their men until the time should come when the word to be passed round was to signify a bloodless and brilliant victory with glorious terms of peace, or a fight to the bitter end with fire and sword in the heart of the proudest city in the world, coupled with the sacking of the Mansion House, its glorious traditions tarnished for the first time in a thousand years; the plundering of the banks of millions that alone could be worth the campaign, the looting of shops that would satisfy the greed of twice 200,000 Germans, and the destruction of private property that would ruin millions of English subjects; but the invaders knew full well that they held the winning card.

The terms of peace were not so onerous as to drive a proud, defiant nation, to lose its last man, and spend its last shilling before bending its knee before the conqueror. No, the crafty German Chancellor knew just how far to go. They were playing for high stakes, but the guiding hands knew what the ultimate issue must be if once a certain position was assured to them, and how matters had gone in this direction we have now seen.

The German Military Staff had foreseen that could they but effect a lodgment in the City on Sunday in sufficient force they would be in a position to submit their terms of peace to Lord Salisbury early on Monday, almost before it became generally known that war had been declared. They further anticipated that by Monday afternoon so much pressure would have been brought to bear on the Cabinet by City business men, who would have had time to realise the utter helplessness of the situation, and being practical men, could come to no other conclusion than that it was best to pay out "the man in possession" as quickly as possible, and such proved to be exactly the case.

The Cabinet had been sitting all day long on Sunday, deeply engaged in organising the best means of *defence*. Means of offence were out of the question until further communication could be fully established with the fleets. Those vessels in home waters were quickly ordered, by means of despatch boats, to rendezvous for defence of home ports. During the

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evening an intimation was conveyed that the German Commander would be prepared to submit terms of peace in the course of Monday.

Mansion House.

Early on Monday morning the German officer, with his aide-de-camp, called upon the Lord Mayor and begged him to take any steps he might consider necessary under the circumstances for the preservation of law and order, as the City police would still be under his entire control.

Naturally, his Lordship expressed his great gratitude for this considerate treatment, but it was not long before he realised the true significance of the position of affairs, and, after conferring with the Aldermen and Common Council, he decided to call a meeting at the Mansion House of all the leading men in the City (it must be noted that all banks were placed under guard and ordered to remain closed), including some directors of the Bank of England, the representatives of the many other banks, insurance offices, leading members of the Stock Exchange and chief business houses in the City. Messengers were immediately sent out to the various offices with an urgent request for the immediate attendance at the Mansion House of all the gentlemen found occupying official capacities in the banks, &c., before referred to.

After a lengthy conference it was determined to form a deputation to proceed that afternoon to interview the members of the Cabinet known to be still sitting. Only one result could be arrived at. It was perfectly evident as the Germans were in full occupation of the City, that it was only a question of making the best possible terms as soon as possible. In due course the deputation arrived at Lord Salisbury's and set forth their views for a speedy settlement of the terms of peace. It seemed that the members of the Cabinet were one and all greatly relieved at having such a representative gathering of City men bent on urging a capitulation, and compliance with any reasonable terms.

Word was therefore soon afterwards sent to the German Commander-in-Chief to the effect that her Majesty's Government were willing to discuss terms of peace. At six o'clock the draft of peace proposals came to hand. It was as follows, viz. :—

From Count Herbert von Krieg, commanding the Imperial German troops in London.

I am directed by His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor to express his great personal regret that the exigencies of diplomacy compelled him to resort to a declaration of war to ensure the fulfilling of a compact entered into by the English Government, and which compact it became evident to him the English nation did not intend should be kept, but having in mind and always at heart the interests of the great German Empire, and future welfare of his subjects, it became of the utmost necessity—having regard to the future development of German Colonies—to secure the continued independence of the State of Uliska.

It was by his express desire that every endeavour was to be made by us to minimise loss of life, and destruction of private property; and, my Lord, I believe you will be the first to admit that we have most carefully observed his Majesty's instructions. I am also commanded to say that his Majesty rejoices to find that the fortune of war has so quickly enabled him to offer terms of peace, and it is his intention that these terms of peace shall be such that even the proud and mighty nation represented, my Lord, by you, shall not hesitate to accept forthwith. The terms are so simple and so reasonable, my Lord, that I trust to hear, ere the dawn of another day, that I may advise my Imperial Master of their acceptance.

Terms of Peace.

1. The entire fulfilment of the Uliska compact, as originally agreed upon between our respective Governments.
2. A money payment of Ten Millions to cover the cost of the campaign.
3. A treaty of peace for twenty-one years.
4. All vessels, viz., ships of war, prizes, &c., now in our hands to be returned.
5. All fortifications now in our possession to be evacuated within the week.
6. All prisoners of war to be released forthwith.
7. The German troops now on English soil to be re-embarked within the week.

My Lord, it is our earnest desire that you and your countrymen will view matters in their proper light. It is far from our

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intention to create an undying feeling of enmity between the English and German nations. There are many and great reasons why they should continue to live in friendship, with a mutual respect and regard for the talents of each, recognising that both empires must continue to grow and expand, that both must enter into friendly rivalry and competition in the industries of the world. His Imperial Majesty expressly maintains that the last clause must under all circumstances be agreed to, and for the following reasons.

No one more fully recognises the enormous wealth and resources of the mighty English Empire, and his Majesty rightly conjectures that the English will now never cease their efforts until the whole nation has armed to the teeth, and made every preparation for future offence or defence, so that, in the interests of the world, peace should be declared for this period of time, by the expiration of which his Majesty feels assured that all unpleasant memories will have faded away, and the rising generations learned to forget and forgive.

I have the honour to remain, &c.,

HERBERT VON KRIEG.

Commander-in-Chief of his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor's Troops in London.

On learning the contents of this despatch the members of the Cabinet were beyond measure surprised, and for the first moment they were incredulous as to the authenticity of the document, but this was clearly beyond dispute, and then the general expressions of relief told how terrible had been the strain. The reaction was great indeed. Murmurs of gratitude arose on all hands. A copy of the terms of peace was ordered to be at once despatched to the Mansion House for exhibition in the City, and a notification that they had been at once accepted, and that the formal treaty would be signed the following day.

In drafting the terms of peace the greatest care had been taken not to give umbrage, or go too far towards humiliating the English. At the same time the Germans did not intend to abate one jot from their demands, although they did not expect the slightest difficulty, because a gentle hint had been given that if the terms of peace were quickly agreed to, the English would at once be able to turn their attention towards checking the movements of France and Russia, who were doubtless at that moment taking steps to benefit by this sudden invasion of England. Thus Germany was in the delightful position of having been first in and safely out again, with a satisfactory Treaty of Peace in her pocket, and feeling sure that by this time both France and Russia would have so far committed themselves that war with England would be bound to follow, but that they in their turn would be caught "napping" and their fleets knocked to pieces by the English when it was expected that they were about to pay particular attention to Germany, so that having secured a Treaty of Peace with England for 21 years, and fairly landed the French and Russians in a hole, they might reasonably expect to emerge at the end of the 21 years with an army sufficient for all defensive purposes, a navy almost on a par with the English, a mercantile marine that was gradually conquering all markets, the empire now fully conscious of its strength, and bent on asserting its position in the world, and the rising generation being trained to the highest pitch of excellence for maintaining the markets so hardly won in the face of all and every competition.

[THE END.]

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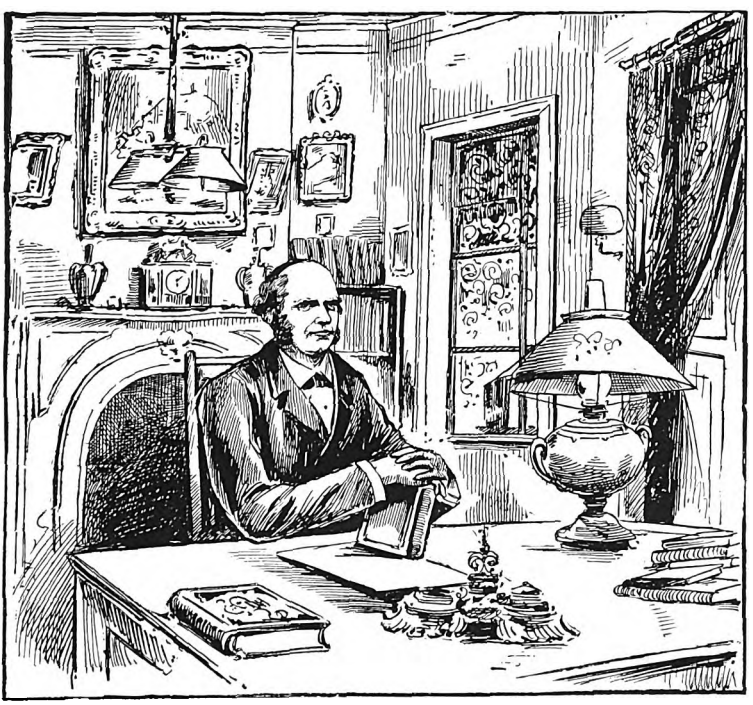
A World-Famous Preacher.

By W. PERCY HICKS.

UNDER this title Mr. Percy Hicks has prepared an ably-edited book with an introduction by Rev. Gregory Mantle, which provides the reader, for a shilling, with an extended account of the making and shaping of one of the greatest pulpit orators that land of pulpit eloquence, America, has ever known. His early memories, reminiscences of boyhood, and beginnings as a youth are sketched to us in pleasant, chatty fashion; and then we are introduced to the labours of the minister, and learn a great deal of his methods, his business habits, his love of sensation, his struggles with a church so often literally fired, thus saddling him with the responsibility of building three successive tabernacles. The whole tale reads like a romance, and perhaps his gigantic achievement in raising £70,000 for the starving Russians, stands out pre-eminently from the many tasks he undertook, and his interview with the present Czar is of the greatest human interest.

"I found the present Emperor strong and well" (wrote Dr. Talmage), "and looking not a day older than when I met him eight years ago. He said: 'I was twenty-four when you were here the other time; I am now thirty-two.' The cares of empire have not put one wrinkle on his face, although he has passed since I saw him, from Crown Prince to the throne. He is all animation, perfectly natural and without any assumption of manner. Kindness and good cheer are dominant in his bearing. The Emperor is the imper



DR. TALMAGE IN HIS STUDY.

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sonation of the principles of the Peace Congress, adopted at his suggestion at the Hague. He does not consider that Congress a failure, but thinks, as most of us do, that the good results of that Convention will yet be felt. He said to me, 'How many important things have happened since we last met. My father, whom you saw on the throne, is gone. My mother has passed through three great sorrows since you were here: the loss of my father, the loss of my brother, and during the last year, the loss of her mother the Queen of Denmark. But she endures all and is well, and wishes to see you, but in her own palace. Since we met, the Spanish-American War has occurred.' He laughed heartily at the fact that in one battle the only loss of life was that of a mule. When I remarked that the American war with Spain had raised a new crop of heroes, he replied, 'Yes.' And then he easily called over the names of some of those who, on sea and on land, distinguished themselves in that conflict. Speaking of the shiploads of breadstuffs sent for the alleviation of the famine in Russia in 1892, he said, 'How kind that was in you Americans to send that help at a time when many of my poor countrymen so sorely needed it. It was a great mercy and we can never forget it.'"

For the many good things in the book, we must refer our readers to its pages.

MRS. TALMAGE.

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HER CHOICE.

SIR NORMAN HALDANE was listening. There was no doubt about that. But it was with the crouching air of an antagonist anxious rather to destroy his opponent's arguments than to receive them in a spirit of meekness. Perhaps it was only natural, for it was his wife who was speaking.

The subject of discussion was the ever-vexed question of education.

"Yes, that school is all very well," she said (mentioning the name of a well-known Nonconformist establishment), but I want Vivien to get a better tone than she will get there."

"You forget that she must be brought up in our principles as the daughter of a staunch supporter of Dissent," expostulated her husband.

"We can see to that at home," she replied—"or rather *you* can. But it's my bounden duty to look after her social interests."

Sir Norman groaned. He felt in every way the heavy handicap of his Nonconformity, but, true to his convictions, he had quietly held on his course, and was now in the habit of attending the thoughtful ministry of the Rev. Ernest Brain. Sir Norman himself was renowned amongst his fellow-townsmen as a leader in every forward movement, and regarded as a shining light amongst Dissenters. What more natural than that he should try to guard his girl from being drawn over to the Church?

It was no good arguing, however. The lady generally managed to gain her own way in these matters. So to St. Ethelred's High School at Oxford Vivien went.

Vivien was a girl who combined in herself the thoughtfulness of her father, and the dogged determination of her mother. There was also a vein of poetry in her nature, which at once laid her open to the æsthetic influences of her Oxford surroundings. When she returned for her first vacation the result of the first service she attended at home showed her father only too plainly that the poison (as he considered it) was already beginning to work. She expressed her sense of the barrenness of the service. She had missed the Church prayers, the sweet singing of the highly-trained choristers, and, above all, the grand old edifice in which she had been worshipping for the past few months. In fact, environment proved too strong for her; and at the close of her school and college training Sir Norman bore uncomplainingly, first, with her neglect of the chapel, and last of all with her desertion to the favourite Established Church of the place.

The church which Vivien attended was of the most advanced type. Father Graham, the incumbent, held his large and fashionable clergy with a spell of priestly pretensions and a mesmeric presence. He was simply worshipped by the female element of the church, and being a man of fine intellectual powers, he also drew around him a number of thoughtful men. Many years ago he had determined to yield his whole life to the service of the Church he loved, and, so far, his devotion to her interests had kept him from the formation of any more mundane tie. But this man of iron will met his fate at last at the hands of Vivien Haldane.

He struggled hard, wrestling with the new power which had entered his life, but love would have its way. On one of the afternoon services in connection with the Dedication Festival of his church, Vivien was hindered by an unexpected shower from departing homewards. And in the

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porch of the church he discovered her, and eagerly offered her a share of his umbrella.

Sudden fierce gusts of wind made it almost impossible for him to steady the frail covering, and he invited her to take his arm.

The slight pressure of her hand thrilled him, and before he had power to recall the words, he had exclaimed, tenderly: "I wish we could brave all storms together thus, Vivien!" There, it was out; and he was not the man to draw back now.

"Shall we. Vivien?" he continued, "Tell me, my darling!"

Vivien was startled.

He had never betrayed himself by look or word as yet. She stole a glance at him.

Somehow her mind misgave her as she looked at the stern lines round his lips. "I thought you never intended to marry," she said.

"Yes, and if it were not for my love for you," he replied, bitterly, "I *should* have kept true to my wish to devote myself entirely to the Church."

"Perhaps you might yet regret it?" she answered, "and I know that would kill me, if you found it out when it was too late. I think, perhaps, you had better wait a little until you are quite sure."

"But do you love me, Vivien? Tell me that."

"I have never thought of you in that way," she said. "You always seemed to me on a different level to other men."

Father Graham sighed. It was very annoying to find the reverence for his priestly position which he had diligently cultivated become his stumbling block now. Nothing would move her, however, so he had perforce to submit.

"Will you not come in?" she asked, as they reached the door.

"Not now, thank you. But if I may, I will come in this evening after service."

Father Graham had often called at Sir Norman Haldane's before, and the Nonconformist was courteousness itself to the high-bred clergyman whenever they had met, and thus far had found him a delightful companion. As for Lady Haldane, she looked upon Father Graham and the rest of the society Vivien gathered about her now as decided acquisitions. Over and over again she congratulated herself on her foresight in sending Vivien to a Church school!

Vivien went up to her room with very mixed feelings. She cast a glance at her face in the glass, and her eyes twinkled roguishly at what she saw. She could not help enjoying the thought that somehow she had been the cause of vanquishing Father Graham's resolution.

On entering the drawing-room she found there a young man in earnest conversation with her father who always greatly interested her. Young Robert Lachlan was an instance of a similar reaction to that which had driven Vivien to the Church, only in his case it had driven him from it. The son of a wealthy manufacturer, he had been intended by his father for Holy Orders, but his sojourn at Cambridge had furnished him with what the good old Puritan writers would have called, "Certain good and substantial reasons against accepting the Thirty-nine Articles." Returning home, he had insisted on entering the business, and much to his father's disgust settled down as a regular attendant of Mr. Brain's ministry, in whose church he had met Sir Norman. He rose with alacrity to meet Vivien, who had quite unconsciously exerted her powers of fascination over him too. His dearest wish in life was to make her his wife. With the lynx-eyes of a lover, he had penetrated Father Graham's secret, and trembled for the result. Many a keen fight had he waged with the priest, who calmly accepted positions which he could not criticise. And Sir Norman sat and smilingly enjoyed it. Long since he had come to see that the only faiths worth holding were those which held us. All else was, perhaps, matter for opinion, but not for conviction. That very evening Robert Lachlan and Father Graham had a tough battle, in which the rationalism of the young man provoked the other beyond endurance. Shaking his forefinger at him, the priest exclaimed:

"I warn you, Mr. Lachlan, you have embarked upon a perilous voyage. Newman was content to accept the authority of the Church as the final appeal of his restless soul, and if you will not do that you will never find peace. You must submit your proud mind."

The young man coloured at the dogmatism of the other. Sir Norman Haldane looked vexed, and even Vivien felt the tone of the remark jar upon her nerves.

"I do not think Mr. Lachlan is *proud*," she made haste to say. "He only wants

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to know why; scarcely an unreasonable wish!" laughing lightly.

"It is the root of all modern doubt," Father Graham returned, doggedly, and soon after he took his leave.

There was a softness in Vivien's manner to Mr. Lachlan that night which sent him home with a brighter hope than he had felt for long. But in the heart of the priest there was a gloomy foreboding of failure.

"She comes of a bad stock," he muttered to himself; "the poison of rationalism is never worked out of the blood."

* * * * * *

Three months had now gone by, and, carried away by the intensity of his pleadings, Vivien had accepted the priest, and their engagement was public property. In rage and disappointment, young Lachlan accepted a commission to see after some business in America for his father, and departed without saying farewell. The priest was as tender a lover as a girl could wish. His long slumbering affections now found their outlet and rioted in idolatry, and arrangements for their speedy wedding were pushed on, Vivien quietly acquiescing. Meanwhile, the priest determined to make a bold attempt to win even Vivien's father over to the Church.

He laid siege to Lady Haldane first. He played upon her social ambitions, inducing many people to call upon her who took no trouble to hide from her how they pitied her as one of their element. The mood to which these remarks gave rise was soon visited upon her husband. Perhaps her continued peevish representations on this score might have had some effect towards the required result, but in the midst of it all Sir Norman fell sick with an illness which terminated fatally. Father Graham was very much in evidence at the house, and did his utmost to keep the sick man and his pastor away from one another. In this he was seconded by Sir Norman's wife, for Lady Haldane had never loved the minister. But Father Graham was unremitting in his attentions.

Patiently he visited the sufferer as, for several weeks he fought a losing battle with his physical weakness, and in his time of utter prostration was assailed by many a doubt. Again and again Father Graham pressed him to receive the Sacrament at his hands, only to be refused; but on the last day of his life he gave way, too weak to keep up his opposition. Vivien would not have had him worried, but quite sternly the priest bade her remember that the Sacrament which she was in the habit of receiving herself she could not deny to her dying father, and she consented to its administration. As the dying man felt the sacred cup leave his lips, he murmured:

"The Way! the Truth! the Life!" and fell back dead.

"Yes," said the priest, with solemn dignity. "The Sacraments of the Church are indeed the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Vivien started. She knew her father had not meant that, but in her grief she was silent.

* * * * * *

The Sunday following the funeral Father Graham was in his study, preparing for the evening service. It was a room which was at once characteristic of the man and his beliefs. The light stole from without through richly coloured windows, and fell in varied hues on row after row of artistically bound books. In a curtained recess hung a large crucifix, and the priest was kneeling before it with an agonised expression. "I must do it!" he exclaimed. "I must do it! It will do more good to the Church than many sermons. I *will* do it! Vivien may not like it, but the Church must be first! First!"

He had heard to his indignation, that at the Congregational Chapel they had had a memorial service that morning which had been crowded by the townspeople, so he had determined to refer to the dead man that night himself, and calculated that he would produce a profound impression. He was not disappointed. It was deeper than he intended. In a hush of wonder the congregation were listening to the story of how even a sturdy Nonconformist relied for aid at last upon the Sacraments of the Church, when there was a sudden rustle as of someone moving, and, to their amazement, the congregation saw the well-known figure of Miss Haldane standing erect in the aisle, and in clear-cut tones, saying: "It is not true. He died trusting to the Saviour, and not to the Sacraments!" and turning she left the church.

All the finer feelings of her sensitive nature were outraged, and the hot, indignant tears fell fast as she hastened home and hurriedly dashed off a note to Father

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Graham at the vestry, and dispatched it by a servant, cancelling their engagement on the spot.

On receiving this he wasted no time, but made his way at once to her house.

Coldly she advanced to meet him "How *could* you do it? How could you?" she exclaimed insistently.

"It was for the sake of the Church," he said; "and in a great measure what I said about him was true."

"Was it *fair* to take the feelings of a weak man as a guide to what he really felt?" she proceeded in calm wrath, her voice quivering in its intensity. "Was it *honourable* to read a meaning into his last words which *he* would never have given them? Was it gentlemanly to ignore what we, what I, might feel in the matter? I saw through you at once. All the heart you have to give is given to that abstraction you call 'The Church,' and for the sake of it you would ride roughshod over any human feelings. In your so-called humility you bow your intellect to be fettered, but in your pride of office you exalt your claims over all. Oh, I hate you, I hate you!"

With varying feelings he had listened to this attack. But before she had finished he was once more master of himself. In spite of the pain which was gnawing at his heart; in spite of his hurt pride, the *man* felt less grief at his loss than the *priest* felt indignation at the heresy she was talking.

"Hush, child!" he cried, authoritatively. "You do not know what you say! Leave these ecclesiastical matters and come back to things more within your comprehension. Why did you——"

But she interrupted him by holding out her hand, saying: "I have said all I can say. With you I cannot argue, but nothing can alter my decision. Good-bye." He took the outstretched hand coldly; then suddenly his face glowed with a passion of love.

"Good-bye, my own darling!" he cried. "It is better that we should part. We look at things from too opposite a standpoint ever to have agreed, and an unhappy marriage must be hell on earth. I shall always remember you, Vivien, not as you have treated me now, but as the wife I had longed for. Life will hold for me no other earthly tie! I have done your father no wrong, only an *honour*; but we cannot see this thing alike, so let it be! Think no more about it! It will pass out of my life as I shall pass out of yours. Good bye!"—and reverently he kissed her forehead, and was gone

* * * * * *

Three months had passed, and Robert Lachlan, entering his home on his return from America, found a letter awaiting him from Father Graham, inscribed outside, "To be handed to Mr. Robert Lachlan on his arrival."

"You will not have heard as yet that all is over between Vivien Haldane and myself. There has been some mistake, and we have discovered we were not suited to one another. I fancy that her thoughts might have turned to you if we had discovered this earlier. Forgive the hint."

Robert was thunderstruck; but that he acted on the hint given him was clear, as a year later Vivien might have been seen, with the prettiest of blushes, entering for the first time the charming home he had built for her, his wife of a month old.

Entering their room he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder, and said gently: "There is one matter must be mentioned between us on this the first day in our own home, darling: I can never have divided interest in my home, and I cannot go to church. How is it to be Vivien?"

A moment she hesitated, then in old-time language replied, "Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people!"

No one felt very much surprised when sometime after the secession of Father Graham to Rome was announced. He found his rightful home there; but in all his labours amongst the Catholic poor he was a tenderer, more sympathetic man for having had that one softening episode of love for Vivien Haldane.

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LOVE, THE CONQUEROR

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Two persons, an old woman and a young one, who were apparently, from their resemblance to each other, mother and daughter, walked into this story, and walked out of it again, without consciousness upon their part. Their road wound down the steep slope of Blue-bell Hill, directly past the Board School which has been erected in that overcrowded district, wherein children have taken the place of those simple wild-flowers for which the neighbourhood was formerly famous.

The younger of the two, after gazing upon the handsome, solid structure of red bricks, said reflectively, "I sometimes fancy that if the Lord Jesus were to visit Nottingham, the schools would be His favourite resorts."

"I suppose, Adelaide, you mean because of His love for the children?" the elder woman made answer. "Perhaps you are right. He would undoubtedly go anywhere in this godless city, if only it were possible for Him to take a little child and set such an one in the midst of us as an object lesson in humility. But I best love to think of Him as coming into the family."

"He does that, anyway; He has come into mine," the younger one said with a catch in her throat, as if a chord of sorrow had been rudely touched so that it jangled.

"Ah, Adelaide, I understand, but my thoughts were not of you. Do not let us forget that neither is our little home the world, nor are our griefs the only blots on a fair sky. I was thinking of those who live, not of the happier ones who have been taken from the evil to come. Look at those schools, and then see the public-house opposite to them. Those two are illustrations of the unwisdom of our rulers, who place teachers and temptation one on either side of our children. Christ would condemn that. Our councillors and legislators ought to safeguard the little ones of the people as they do the younger members of their own families."

"It would be a difficult task," remarked the woman who had been called "Adelaide."

"It is a necessary one," the other responded in a tone of lofty enthusiasm. "The duties of the family are on a broader scale than the duties of the nation. The children of a nation are its dearest, its best, its most inestimable treasures. Not its coal, not its commerce, not its lace, nor its gold, not its armies, not its history, not even its freedom, but its children, constitute its choicest wealth. For its children are its hope; its children are its future; its babies of to-day are the trustees of its prosperity. The children who now are placed between the teachers and the tavern will be the men and women of England in those dark and perplexing days which seem to lie before us, when we shall be mouldering in our own forgotten graves. Its children, they are the wings of its highest aspirations; its children, they are the arrows in its giant hands. And not the children of the well-to-do and the respectable only, but also the poor little children—those waifs and strays of our courts and slums, whom too long we have suffered to grow up breathing, without care or protection, the blighting atmosphere of blasphemy and gin." By this time the women had walked past the school, and, to slightly alter the well-known words of good John Bunyan, they went on their way and were neither seen nor heard more.

Alice Maythorne, the headmistress of Blue-bell Hill girls' school, sat upon a rustic seat beside the school-house door. She was inhaling the delicate scent of sweet-briar, a spray of which had straggled down from the wall behind and touched her hair. Also, unconsciously, as a matter of habit, she was watching the behaviour of her youthful charges. The city, with its warehouses, factories, and the winding silvery Trent, with Colwick Wood in the distance, lay spread out as a lovely panorama before the pensive schoolmistress but she observed none of those things.

The best of books lay open in her lap, and she was reading, "Behold My servant whom I uphold, Mine elect in whom My soul delighteth; I have put My Spirit upon Him: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench; He shall bring forth judgment with truth. He shall not fail nor

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be discouraged till He has set judgment in the earth ; and the isles shall wait for His law "

Alice Maythorne needed consolation, for she was feeling the heart-sickness of a newly-caged bird. The girl, country born and bred, sighed for green fields, the scent of clover hay, and the rambling old farm-house in which she had been brought up. Town life was a trial, a wearisomeness of the flesh ; but her duty lay in the noisy city ; and she did it bravely, unflinchingly. Instead of lambs, she had children to care for ; many of whom, it must be acknowledged, were more wolf than lamblike in disposition. A heavier footfall than those of the scholars crunched upon the gravel, and the schoolmistress looked up from her book.

Mr. Anderson, one of the managers of the school, had approached her unnoticed. He was a tall, clean-limbed man, a well-known lace manufacturer, but with a student's pallor of clear-cut face, a slight stoop in the shoulders, a mass of dark brown curls clustering over a broad square forehead, and eyes which looked steadfast and truthful. He wore a bowler hat, which he had a pleasant habit of pushing back so that his hair fell over his brows, after a fashion which women generally consider becoming. George Anderson, however, heeded not what women thought, or said, or did ; for he was trysted to trade, that most exacting of all mistresses, and the spare time at his disposal was devoted to philanthropy.

" Ha ! you are worrying and watching as usual, Miss Maythorne ! " he said pleasantly, laughing at his unintentional alliteration.

" Say, rather, dreaming, and attempting to read at the same time, and not succeeding in doing either satisfactorily, Mr. Anderson," the mistress replied, closing the volume, and rising to give the visitor her undivided attention.

His eyes rested upon the book, and a smile brightened his face. " Soul-food ! more profitable than any mere mental storage ; sweeter than honey, and the honeycomb ; and, for you, most helpful. One may say of God's Word, as David said of Goliath's sword, There is none like that.' But, excuse me, Miss Maythorne, I don't see the Barnes' girls here this morning," he continued, glancing about him as if searching for faces that he knew.

" No, those girls have not attended school all this week," the mistress said, adding, "Here is a note which was brought this morning, requesting me to call round and see them in the afternoon, but that will be difficult, for it is the teachers' monthly meeting."

" You need not trouble, Miss Maythorne. Allow me to visit them as your substitute. The note suggests trouble." The genial school-manager proved as good as his word. Directly he left the school he walked briskly off towards Narrow Marsh, the wretched district in which the Barnes' children lived. Some half-dozen windings up a dirty, dingy staircase led him to the attic of a lodging-house.

An elderly female of respectable appearance, hearing footsteps, approached, showed herself at the door, and in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, with a significant shake of the head, said, " You are too late, doctor ; it is all over. The poor thing has gone." Both tone and action hinted at the presence of death, and George Anderson perceived that he was mistaken for a medical man. He hastened to undeceive the woman, saying that he had come round from the school on Miss Maythorne's behalf.

" H'm ! If you be one of those gentlemen as what looks after the school attendance, it'll be the two little weans, Sarah and Annie, as who you wants to see. They are downstairs in my room. You see, the poor mites fretted so when their mother died, that I got 'em out of the way. Emily, that is their elder sister, and I are just tidying up the place and making the corpse decent. But come you down along with me, sir."

" You give me painful intelligence. I am sorry to hear that the children's mother is dead. Was it sudden ? " George Anderson spoke lamely; he knew not what to say to the woman.

" Well, yes and no, so to say," the woman answered. She was a kind-hearted body, willing to do a good turn for her neighbours ; but, like too many of her class, an inveterate gossip. The school-manager had unknowingly turned on the tap of her verbosity, and the stream flowed steadily. He could not check it. She meandered on, as does a brook through a water-meadow. " We didn't think her so near her end, though she'd had the influenza, and kept her bed for a week, or it might be two. But this morning she was seized with a faintness, and just turned her face to the wall. When we looked at her, she was gone. 'Twas like snuffing a candle, sir, so it was. Emily had sent for the doctor, and, if only he had come, something might have been done ; but, lawks, sir, the likes of them don't hurry up for the likes of us poor folks !

" If only the poor dear creature, as was really a lady, though she was so poor, could have got up again, even if she hadn't been able to sit at the clipping and scalloping, she would have been a great blessing and comfort to them little maids. You say you know them, sir. Well, they were always so obedient and affectionate to their mother, that it gladdened one's heart to see and hear them. And as for studying, I believe they know the Bible by heart. Many is the time when I've been a trifle upset through John—John is my husband, sir,—coming home the worse for drink—which I wish there wasn't a public-house in the Marsh,—Sarah, that's the elder one, has said to me, 'Jesus says, Mrs. Chatterley "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." ' I mind them words, and it isn't likely I would forget them; for what with John and my work, I be main tired at times.

" Yes, they be good bairns, and I always tell my little granddaughter,—she is with them now,—that I wish she would take a lesson from them. Then, there is Emily. It is a real pleasure to help that girl, though my heart misgives me about her. She is a good-

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featured lass, and it is dangerous for a poor girl to be a beauty. Nottingham is a God-forsaken city, and there are plenty, especially among the factory people, who would not hesitate to take advantage of a handsome friendless lassie.

"I am of opinion that Mrs. Barnes was afraid for Emily, for since she did that big job of clipping and scalloping for the Wears, which wore her down so dreadfully, I've often heard her talk about the girl, and as if she herself felt that she was going home, and afraid to leave her. You see, the dear heart pined when she came to this hole. That would be about six months ago. She had just then received news of the death of her only son, who died of fever in one of them hospitals. She used to declare he had gone away to seek his fortune. Fortune! it is a parlous word. There's many a one who leaves home to make a few pounds, to support their mothers and sisters with, who pines away and dies. And then, again, there are those who make their pile, as it is called, but they are mostly those who don't need it. That seems to be the way of the world: clouds and storms for the many of us, summer and flowers for a few. Providence is very mysterious in its workings."

The woman at length paused for breath, and George Anderson, availing himself of the opportunity, although they were still standing in an angle of the stairs, interspersed with a double-barrelled question: "Do you know where the Barneses came from, and whether those Wears, whom you mentioned, were friends or relatives?" he asked her.

"I don't rightly know where they came from; for Mrs. Barnes was close about her past life, and it wasn't for me to catechise the bairns," Mrs. Chatterley answered with an assumption of severe virtue "But I have understood that her husband was in some business and failed, as the best of men may do when they have hard luck, before he died, and it seems they knew the Wears in those days. Mr. Wear was an hotel-keeper, a publican I should call him, who made a pot of money out of fools' pence. When he retired, he came to Nottingham, bought a big house in the Park, and invested in shares in a lace factory.

"Tales gather like snowballs, about moneyed folks. Mrs. Barnes heard tell of the Wears' coming, and ventured to call upon them to revive old acquaintanceship and tell them all about her troubles. But I guess they were not very pleased to see her. They did not receive her kindly, but sent her down to the kitchen. However, Mr Wear promised to see what could be done, and the result was that he sent up a bundle of lace work for her to do. The poor woman and Emily sat up clipping and scalloping at that stuff, night and day. When it was finished she took it to the warehouse, where she was told that it was not their business, but a private affair of Mr. Wear's, and that he was away out of town."

Mr. Anderson was aware that such things were done every day in the transaction of business, but the heartlessness of it disgusted him. He warmly exclaimed, "Do I understand you to imply that this man Wear knew how poor these people were, and yet went away without either paying them or arranging that they should be paid?"

"That is about the ticket of it, sir. So Mrs. Barnes was disappointed, and distressed at not getting the money when she had done the work, and trouble brought on the influenza.

"Those people who be so rich, sir, and, as you may say, rolls in money, never seem to take into consideration the hardships of poor folks, but thinks the widder can live happily with nothing in hand, as they themselves can with their fine houses and their cheque-books. But excuse me, sir; here I am a-keeping you in the draught and dirt all this time. However, you will be wishing to hear about the bairns before you see them, the dear little souls! They are the most industrious kiddies I ever heard tell of; why, ever since they moved in here, those two mites have been earning money, besides going to school regular. They have never wanted to go out and play in the kennel like other nippers, where they would see and hear no good, excepting badness. I often tell 'Liza—she is my granddaughter—that I wish she would take a leaf out of those little lassies' book, and not for ever be running off round the corner the minute she is out of school,—I often tell her that more work and less play would be better for her."

"'The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof'!" George Anderson said softly But a sigh escaped him as he thought of Narrow Marsh, with its foul surroundings, and reflected that the cooped-up children had gained more than they lost by their abstention from amusement. "You say you are ignorant of whether this woman had any relatives?" he said inquiringly.

"Why, no, she had not—no near ones, that is. At least, I have never heard of any; and if she had, she would have lost sight of them, or they of her, in this shanty. People with friends to help them do not come down into Narrow Marsh. It is not when folks get poor, and cannot hold up their heads above water, that they are sought for by their old friends. I know it myself, sir, for I was a good old-fashioned tradesman's daughter, though you might not think so. It was the drink that pushed us downhill. But you ought to see Emily and the children now."

Thankful for the prospect of an escape from the infliction of Mrs. Chatterley's loosely-swung tongue, although he had been too courteous to check her verbosity, George Anderson followed the rough but good-natured woman into her own room, which was both kitchen and sleeping-room where, seated upon a low stool, was a young woman whose singular beauty even gloom and sordid garments could not hide. He divined that she was Emily Barnes. Her face pale and sad, her large dark eyes dry and tearless, her attitude that of one bowed with grief, Emily Barnes moved not upon their entrance, for sorrow absorbed her. The two younger girls were sitting upon the floor on either

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side of their sister; their faces were hidden in their pinafores, and they were weeping silently—weeping in the play-time of other and happier children. Oh for the presence of the One who could say, "Weep not!" So George Anderson thought, and, considering himself the Saviour's almoner, resolved to do what lay within his power to lighten their burden of grief and care. His words were only few, for, in the presence of death, silence is the sweetest consoler. After a little while he rose to go, and as Emily diffidently offered him her hand at parting, while she thanked him in broken words, he adroitly slipped a coin into it.

"No, sir, I cannot take that!" she exclaimed. "Poor as we are, we have never accepted charity. She—my dear mother—would not have permitted it." As the girl said this, her white face flushed, and for the first time that day tears came into her eyes.

"Please accept it for the children's sake," he said. "And—and you are so alone here. I beg to be permitted to arrange for the funeral of your mother. I will request Miss Maythorne, your sister's schoolmistress, to come up and carry out all that is necessary. Some mourning will, of course, be required."

The delicate thoughtfulness appealed straight to Emily Barnes' heart. She comprehended that in her visitor's voice and manner which forbade her to refuse his generous offer. It was long since she had experienced any kindness from men. She could only sob, "How shall I ever repay you, sir?"

"By allowing me to have my own way," he said gently, venturing to place his hand upon her glossy head. And when she objected that they were strangers to him, and inconsequently murmured something which suggested that she would work her fingers to the bone, he said with a half smile, "Hush, my child! you must not talk of work yet; your first business is to get strong. As to your being a stranger, these two," pointing to the children, "are quite old friends of mine. Even if they were not, my Master will not allow me to be the loser."

His master Emily gazed at him with surprise. Surely that noble-looking, well-groomed gentleman was

AN ELDERLY FEMALE APPEARED, AND, SHAKING HER HEAD, SAID, "YOU ARE TOO LATE, DOCTOR; IT IS ALL OVER."

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not a servant. If he were, appearances belied him Then a wild fancy flashed across her dazed brain. Perhaps he had come from Mr. Wear, and was that cruel man's cashier, or manager.

George Anderson must have noticed her astonishment and guessed its cause, for he said, with a graceful dignity that solemnised the poverty-stricken apartment into a God's house not made with hands, "I mean my Master the Lord Jesus, your Master also, I trust, who said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

CHAPTER II.

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

Those who are really generous do nothing by halves. That which their hand findeth to do, they do with their might. George Anderson belonged to this class, and having commenced a work of mercy, he resolved to carry it through as a labour of love. Consequently, the following morning found him again in Narrow Marsh, where both the undertaker and Miss Maythorne had been before-hand with him, and faithfully carried out his instructions.

"The corse was streekit, and the mourners' brows
All clouded o'er."

The corpse of the dead woman had been placed in a plain coffin, around which were grouped the three girls who had lost their all in this world. No more would that mother either share their simple pleasures or comfort them in their troubles. They were bereaved, and alone in a hard, careless world. Yet they were not alone, for One was an unseen visitor in that dingy room of a wretched lodging-house, who had said, "Leave thy fatherless children: I will preserve them alive." And where He is, there can be no utter loneliness.

In order to become a real comforter a person must possess profound sympathy. George Anderson felt keenly, and because his emotions were under control, they agitated him the more. The spectacle of that pearl-faced girl bending over the coffin touched him to the quick; he longed to take her in his arms and weep with her, but he conquered the folly. Drawing the youngest child between his knees, he said, "Remember, I shall expect to see you at school again next week, little one; and you must bring your sister with you."

The child looked up into his grave face with wonder in her red-rimmed eyes, and gravely shook her curly head before replying, "I am sorry, sir, but I am not going to school any more, neither is my sister. Yes, I am sorry," with a decided nod, "because I like the girls, and Miss Maythorne—I do like Miss Maythorne, for she is always kind. It would have been nicer to keep on attending your school."

The listener was astonished at this new phase of difficulty. "Why cannot you attend school—my school, as you call it?" he asked at length.

"Why, no, sir. I cannot go to your school, because we are not going to live here any more. We shall have to go away, ever so far!" the mite replied with a little shudder of dismay at the prospect of removal, although she had no cause to love Narrow Marsh.

The school-manager would have applied to the elder sister for an explanation, but he perceived that she was absorbed, and not listening, so he continued talking to the child. "You are not going away, surely? What has put such an idea into your head?"

"I am not afraid of you, sir, but Sarah and I won't have any home here, now that mother is dead." The recollection of her loss, thus recalled, caused the child's tears to flow afresh. The Good Samaritan heart of George Anderson was touched. This poor little feeble waif — a piece of helpless flotsam upon the tide-way of poverty—was early become acquainted with the stony-hearted indifference of the world; and was, in some purblind fashion known only to herself, preparing to encounter it. He repeated her words, "Won't have any home here, now that mother is dead," and asked, "What makes you think so, my child?"

Her answer was an unexpected but natural one. He felt it so. "Why, because sister Emily won't be able to keep house for us. The rent of this room is ever so much. It is more than two shillings a week." Two shillings weekly for rent! To the unsophisticated mind of the child Annie Barnes, two shillings appeared to be an enormous sum of money. She remembered how her mother had scraped and saved penny by penny so that she might be ready for the surly rent-collector when he called, as he did every Monday. It would not be possible for Emily so to contrive and save, to meet a regularly-recurring emergency of that kind, and also provide bread wherewith to fill three mouths. So they must go out somewhere, anywhere, trusting to the mercy and guidance of the God who provides and cares for the sparrows.

"Has your sister said that she will not be able to support you?" he asked, the first suspicion of a frown appearing upon his face.

"No, sir, indeed she has not; Emily has not said anything, But I don't see how she can. She is not like mother!" little Annie answered quickly, resenting the question, which she conceived reflected upon her elder sister, whom she dearly loved.

Mr. Anderson had learned sufficient, and thought it was time for him to give his attention to the elder sister. So, turning towards her, he asked her abruptly, "Have you been trained for any business or profession, Miss Barnes? I ask, because I assume that you have only taken up this lace work recently, and as a temporary expedient, and not with any desire to interfere in your private affairs."

The girl glanced at him while he was speaking, and the faintest possible flush mounted to her brow, but she saw that the question was asked in a kindly spirit, and nerved herself to answer it. "No," she said, "while our father lived, I was away at school, where I acquired the usual accomplishments, at least a smattering of them. You see, it was never expected that we should

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sink so low as this. I daresay, if it were not for the children, I might obtain a situation as mother's help, if there were only someone to recommend me; but I know of no one, and such places are very difficult to obtain. However, it is of no use to think of that; I have to do my duty towards my young sisters."

"My dear child, you must learn to cast your care upon One who careth for you. Remember that thy Maker is thy Helper, and He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," was the solemnly-uttered reply.

Emily answered him as gravely and seriously. "I have learned that lesson, and believe that in all our afflictions He is afflicted. That thought was mother's comfort, too, but it has been a hard trial."

"I am convinced of it; but God has promised to be with us in six troubles, and in seven He will not forsake us."

Emily went on to say, "You are so kind that I ought to tell you about ourselves. My father was a shipowner at Northwood. For several years all went well with him, and he was considered to be a prosperous man. Then freights fell, and the ships scarcely paid for themselves. Lengthy calms, too, delayed voyages, and expenses were going on all the time. Then, one dreadful winter there were numerous wrecks, among them two of our ships, which were only partially insured. That was the last blow; my father was ruined. He never held his head up afterwards, but just faded away until he died. After his death we removed from one place to another, always drifting and sinking lower, until we came here." She glanced around her with a shudder of shame and loathing.

"I understood that you had a brother."

"Yes, my brother Fred. He was in an accountant's office at Canterbury, but when we removed to Nottingham he threw up his situation and took a clerkship in a hosiery warehouse, so that he might be near us. It was a fatal mistake on his part, poor lad, although generously done."

The girl continued: "The work was only poorly paid, and then the strike came on, and Fred was thrown out of his employment. He would never have left us if it had not been for that. He went to London, where he caught the fever, and died. My mother never looked up afterwards; it broke her heart, for she loved Fred more than any of us." The tears gathered in her eyes.

"It was very sad, but now we must speak of yourself. Consider whether you do not possess some talent which might be turned to a useful purpose."

"No, none, unless it might be music. I believe I am a more than average executionist, and I thoroughly understand the theory and harmony of music. But that is out of the question. My poverty bars the way." It was indeed strange to hear her even mention the divine art of harmony, in Narrow Marsh, where the only musician ever heard was some itinerant organ-grinder.

Mr. Anderson quietly answered, "That is not for us to decide. Now, Miss Barnes, there are one or two matters which require attending to, and, although what I am about to say is of a somewhat painful nature, kindly favour me with your attention for a moment. You will, of course, remain here until after the funeral, which has been arranged for to-morrow; there is no occasion for delay. Your health is of more importance than sentiment, however tender. A cab will be sent here for you and your sisters; if you will permit me, I will also follow the body of your lamented mother."

"You are very generous, sir! We have done nothing to deserve this from you," was the girl's faintly-murmured reply. If only her mother could have heard, and spoken her gratitude! But the coffined dead was mute.

"All the kindness in the world would not compensate you for the loss you have sustained; your bereavement is irreparable, for one only has a mother once. But really it is only right that I should show that trifling mark of respect, for the sake of our little scholars." And George Anderson was sincere. It was because of little Sarah and Annie that he was doing it all. The cream-pearl face of Emily appealed to him, it is true, but only to his sympathy; it neither threw him off his mental balance nor stirred his heart.

Emily was weeping, the tears streamed down her cheeks. It was Nature's effort to relieve the strain. She wept not for herself, but for the loss that she had sustained—for her mother. Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. He translated her tears, the noblest language of the eye, and continued, "After to-morrow we must endeavour to find more suitable apartments for you. I presume you will not wish to leave the city if you can obtain some suitable employment." This was his sermonette on Annie's text.

She answered, "I should not, indeed, sir. If we can sometimes visit our mother's grave, it will be a consolation."

"Then, with your permission, we will consider that matter as settled. And now I really must go, and leave you and these children to the care and protection of the ever-gracious Lord, who hath said promisingly, 'I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you.'" He went out, and the chamber of death grew dark again. But Emily Barnes felt in her heart that she was no longer left alone to fight life's battle single-handed. As she looked out after the retreating form of generous George Anderson, she said as if in prayer, "The Lord bless him and keep him. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon him, and be gracious unto him, and give him peace." Then she went back into the room, and caressed the two innocent orphans to whom she was henceforth to be as a mother.

The day wore on. Mrs. Chatterley came and went; the children grew hungry, and ate the coarse food which grief prevented Emily from partaking of; and, when night fell, the undertaker looked in to cheer them, as he said—certainly a singular error of judgment on his part—and to fix the exact time for the funeral. And so the day of darkness closed in sombre night. From below there came sounds of ribald revelry, blasphemy, and

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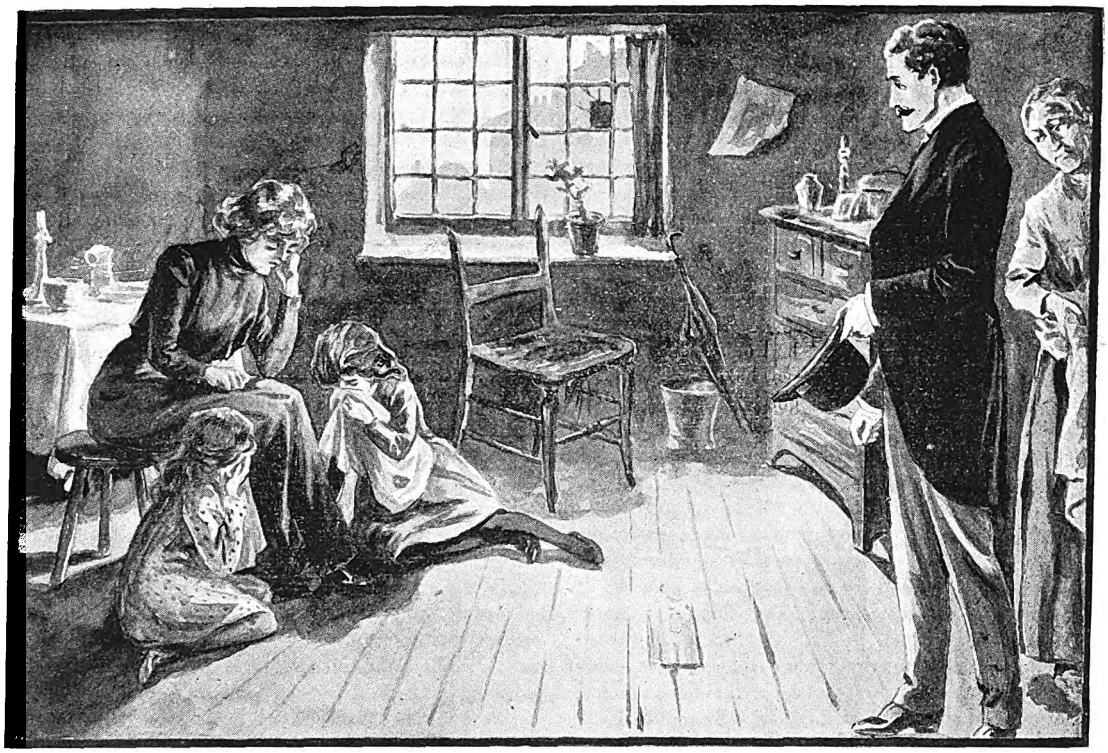

THE TWO YOUNGER GIRLS WERE SITTING UPON THE FLOOR ON EITHER SIDE OF THEIR SISTER, THEIR FACES HIDDEN IN THEIR PINAFORES, AND THEY WERE WEEPING SILENTLY.

drunken mirth in which was no heart. Within, silence: for the children, troubled sleep; and for Emily, weary, wakeful watchfulness beside the dead.

CHAPTER III.

OUT OF THE SLUMS.

It was summer—the queenly season of the year, with its rich luxuriant verdure and springing flowers; the time when the Almighty Father, with boundless beneficence, scatters His choicest blessings over the thankful earth.

The grave had closed over the mortal remains of the long and sorely tried woman; and the orphans were back again in their dreary room. The world outside abounded in beauty, and the declining sun, rolling down a cloudless sky, shed a halo of loveliness over town and country. But this charming aspect of nature, which was so thoroughly in harmony with everything that was good and pleasant to the eye, and therefore to be desired, fell harshly and discordantly upon the grieved spirits and stricken hearts of the youthful mourners. Narrow Marsh seemed almost a relief to them after the incongruous brightness of the cemetery.

Narrow Marsh, oblivious of all things except its own immediate affairs, was settling down to its nightly round of door-step gossip and tavern-loafing, sniffing the odours of fried fish, hearkening to costermongers' cries and the outbursts of drunken orgies, when it was aroused out of itself by the unexpected appearance of a carriage. Word at once passed from mouth to mouth that the carriage in question belonged "to the swell cove who had so taken up with them Barneses," and malice and envy immediately began to shed their pestiferous poison into the air.

"S'help me, I only wish it had been us. Here are me and my youngsters, wi' nought to eat,—fairly clemmed we are; wivout a brown to buy a drop of beer wiv, an' there isn't a landlord in the blessed Marsh who'll let us go on strap. We may starve now that our Bill's away, and nobody comes along to offer us a 'elping 'and. Some folks was borned wiv a silver spoon i' their mouths, an' some of us wiv a iron one!" a stout, red-faced woman exclaimed complainingly to her neighbours.

"Where is Bill hanging out now, Sophy?" an urchin asked mischievously. He was thoroughly conversant with the history of the grumbler, and with her ways. In those sad haunts of vice and misery, few secrets are hidden from the denizens, yet are mouths, closed tightly as rat-traps if either the law or decency appears.

"What do the like o' yer want to arsk for? You know that the poor fellow's up yonner at Bagthorpe

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[the county gaol.] It's all of a piece with yer imperance. Skip! or I'll make yer." The savage outburst was greeted with a mocking laugh, for the hag's husband was a notorious bully, and even Narrow Marsh was quieter when he was secure under a warder's key. "See, here they come, the three of them. My, aren't we fine in our new gowns and bonnets? And that's he, close behind 'em; why, he couldn't open that carriage door more careful if they was ladies!"

"Aye," snapped a gaudy, over-dressed young woman, "it's easy to see which way the wind blows. That 'ere gal's what some would call 'andsome, though I don't 'old with them ashy complexions. Give me a bit of colour. If that gent had only got a pair of eyes in his head, he would never ha' looked twice at that whey-faced bit of faded goods, with me so near him."

However, innuendoes and honest championship were alike purposeless. The carriage was rapidly driven away, and both the girl and her benefactor continued in happy ignorance of the comments made upon them by the unwashed denizens of Narrow Marsh. George Anderson took the otherwise friendless orphans to his own hospitable home, Malta Lodge, in the Alexandra Park.

Mrs. Anderson, a grey-haired, comely matron, had been prepared by her son for the arrival of the humble visitors, and met them at the door. George had very largely inherited his generous instincts from his mother, who was at all times ready and eager to second him in any work of charity and mercy. She was one of those exalted Christians who never think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but confessed that of herself she could do nothing. Whenever she beheld a victim of misery or crime, she would gratefully exclaim, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Elizabeth Anderson."

The motherly woman at once took the children into her arms, and gave Emily an affectionate kiss, as she welcomed them to her house. Then, turning to her son, she said with a winning smile, "They are my charges now, so you must leave them to me." To the orphans, "Poor darlings, you must be hungry; come along, and have something to eat." Not a word did the wise old lady utter respecting their bereavement. This was not thoughtlessness, but sympathy. Mrs. Anderson considered that their wound was too recent a one to be probed, however slightly, and so set herself with kindly geniality to make them feel that they were at home.

The unusual sight of a well-spread table at once won the hearts of Sarah and Annie, who forgot their grief in the satisfaction of their healthy appetites The Lord had spread a table for them in the wilderness, and they simply revelled in the feast. So soon does childhood forget its troubles. But it was different with Emily, who ate little or nothing, but sat quietly looking, wondering, and replying when she was spoken to—no more. The tears stood in her big brown eyes. Yet she was neither sullen nor ungrateful. A glance into her throbbing heart would have revealed the fact that she was overpowered with the reflection that the Lord was good to her. It was a great change from the slum of Narrow Marsh to the comfort and luxury of Malta Lodge. But for the time her mother's grave loomed largely and blackly in the foreground of memory. So they sat, the rich and the poor together, in the presence of the Lord who was the Maker of them all.

But it was not for long. As soon as the meal was concluded, Mrs. Anderson conducted her new friends upstairs to a room on the uppermost floor of the house of refuge—for such it was to them. "This, my dears," she said, "is yours, for so long as you remain with us, which for your own sakes will, I trust, be only for a short time; and this," pointing to a door opposite, "is Susan Jennings' room. Susan is an old and valued servant, who will see that you have whatever is required. I shall put you under her care now, for I have duties which must be attended to."

The room was neatly but plainly furnished. It contained everything necessary for comfort, but not a single superfluous article. It was really a sort of servants' sitting-room, with a cosy bed-chamber opening out of it; but it was as beautiful as a palace to the girls, who had for so long a time been imprisoned in a lodging-house. Emily's first thought and act in these new surroundings was prayer. When she arose from her knees Susan Jennings stood waiting. The confidential servant had a sympathy which was all her own for the rescued waifs. She also had lost a mother when she was little more than a girl, and had been left alone in the world.

The bereaved ones early retired to rest, and arose in the morning to inhale the pure air of the lofty Mapperley hills, and to gaze out over the city before the smoke of factory chimneys obscured its charms. Emily was marvelling whether she should be privileged to see the man who had done so much for them, when the door was opened and he came in, ready dressed to go down to the warehouse. He gave them a cheerful greeting, kissing the two little ones, who showed no fear of him. Addressing Emily, he intimated his intention to visit Narrow Marsh in the course of the day, and suggested that the furniture in the lodgings should be given to Mrs. Chatterley, as some reward for her services. "You will understand," he said emphatically, "that when you make another home, I shall furnish it suitably for you."

The bewildered girl, while agreeing with his suggestion that Mrs. Chatterley should have the furniture, was about to demur to his offer; but when he went on to remark that she could repay him at some future period, when she should be earning an income, her mind was more at ease. So, reverting to the first clause of his proposition, she requested that a small chest, which contained articles which had belonged to her parents and to her brother, should be reserved from the chattels handed over to Mrs. Chatterley. "And, if you please, sir, I should like to have my fuchsia. It will only pine

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and wither in that horrid house, now that I am not there to water it," little Annie said with pleading childish earnestness.

"The fuchsia shall be attended to, pussy!" George Anderson said, with a laugh that was pleasanter to the embryo florist than many flowers. "And now go down to my mother, and sit for a while with her. Then you may take a stroll in the park. You all of you require the fresh air," he said as he hurried off to business, having done a good day's work before it occurred to him that he had even commenced operations. And when he departed, he left lighter hearts behind him. Even to Emily Barnes the world lost some of its greyness.

CHAPTER IV.

IN CLIFTON GROVE.

Several days passed quietly, during which time Emily Barnes and her sisters remained as members of the happy household at Malta Lodge, nothing being said as to their future movements. The children thoroughly enjoyed the change in their circumstances. They were already attending school again, and, in the friendly sympathy of Miss Maythorne, found ample compensation for the confinement and restraint incidental to class work and the compulsory routine of study. Besides, Mr. Anderson frequently visited the school in his capacity as manager, and they saw him, even if he did not speak to them, which he usually did with a marked display of interest. Then there were the daily walks in company with Emily when school was ended, and occasional interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, not to mention dainties dear to childhood, to which they had been absolute strangers in Narrow Marsh. The interviews with their benefactors were only occasional, for Mrs. Anderson had from the first resolved not to take the orphans out of their place, and so unfit them for the burdens which they must carry. Although the girls were the daughters of a shipowner, as has been seen, they had gone down in the swirl of fortune, and were utterly prospectless. Yet Mrs. Anderson, although she left her guests much to themselves, did not behave towards them as if they were socially her inferiors. In her Bible this passage was marked with thick double lines, "If there be among you a poor man of any of thy brethren within any of thy gates, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother. But thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shalt not be grieved when thou givest unto him, because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works. . . Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy." That passage of Scripture was broad enough to include orphaned girls. The hands of the generous are like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, flowers, and herbage, and the mistress of Malta Lodge was a truly generous-hearted woman.

Emily, however, was not only older than her sisters, she was thoughtful beyond her years, and could not endure to drift along in uncertainty, as the younger girls would have been content to do. The sense of propriety and self-respect warned her that sorrow must not much longer be indulged in, but that steps must be taken towards the winning of bread. She was considering how the subject might be broached, when an opportunity for usefulness presented itself through Susan Jennings, who inquired whether she were handy with her needle, and could do plain sewing. She eagerly answered in the affirmative, and when Susan set piles of work before her, she began to feel less of a pauper.

"It must be finished off quickly," Susan said, pointing to the mass of material, "as the mistress is in a hurry to send it out to Mr. William."

"Mr. William?" Emily exclaimed. She had not heard of him, and did not know that any such person existed. In her simplicity she supposed that the Anderson family consisted only of the mother and son to whom she was so greatly indebted.

"Yes, Mr. William," was the ready reply. "He is younger than our Mr. Anderson; they are brothers, you know."

Emily did not know it. But her knowledge or ignorance of the family was no concern of Susan's, who continued, "Mr. William is a fine, well-set-up, free-spoken young gentleman, and is as generous as our Mr. Anderson. It would do you good to see and hear him, though it is not likely you will, for he is away in France, where he represents the firm."

Although Emily listened, she was not inclined to gossip with a servant, although that servant was trustworthy Susan Jennings; but the prospect of employment gladdened her heart. Filled with a hope which a spirit of independence incites, the girl, diverted from gloomy thoughts, entered upon her new duties.

Before the sewing for Mr. William was completed, that gentleman unexpectedly returned home. His home-coming was as sudden and unlooked-for as may have been the visits of proscribed David to his mother at Bethlehem, before the homestead of Jesse was broken up by the orders of half-demented Saul. Emily in her room heard the sounds of confusion, mingled with outbursts of welcome, and the music of a strange voice, and was puzzled to account for them. Presently, when Susan Jennings appeared, she asked the cause of the commotion, and Susan, between laughing and crying, answered, "It is only that Mr. William has come home, taking us all by surprise."

This was sufficient explanation for Emily, who thought of her lost brother, and of the pleasure with which, when he was living, they had welcomed him. She said not a word, but her breast filled almost to bursting. As quickly as might be, she retired with her sisters, not to sleep, but to weep. Consequently, she did not see William Anderson that night, neither did she on the following morning.

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Even when the work of sewing was at its busiest, Emily had leisure, for Mrs. Anderson allowed her to do nothing after the tea hour, but insisted that she should walk and take out-door exercise. A favourite resort of the sisters, because it was outside the city and yet not far away in the country, was Clifton Grove, the praises of which have been sung by the gifted poet Kirke White. This is a charmingly-wooded height, sloping sharply down to the Trent, a favourite haunt of nightingales in early summer. Here, secluded by the trees and bosky undergrowth, Emily found pleasure in sitting with her sisters, and thinking of her beloved lost ones, and pondering over the dark, threatening future.

They had gone thither as usual, on the evening which followed upon William Anderson's return from France, and were sitting engrossed in thought, when the splashing of oars startled them from their reverie, and a boat approached the bank. The occupant of this boat was a young gentleman of not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, tall and handsome, his fair complexion slightly bronzed as if by the touch of warmer suns than those of England. Both he and the girls were, to use a local phrase, taken aback—they because they had thought that the sylvan glade was deserted by all living creatures except birds and rabbits, together with hosts of sportive squirrels; he, to discover a vision of such exquisite female loveliness, framed by branches and green leaves.

The oarsman appeared to hesitate whether to push off and beat a hasty retreat, or to land, advance, and apologise for his intrusion; his indecision deepened the flush with which exertion had mantled his cheeks. Emily, on her part, was equally at a loss whether to retire with her sisters, or to concentrate, with simple womanly wile, her attention upon a book which lay open in her lap, but which she had not been reading. The ways of women are mysterious, as are also the stars of heaven. A swift rush of thought, and the confused girl was beginning to rise to her feet, when the stranger suddenly leaped on to the bank, and raising his broad-brimmed straw hat, apologised for his involuntary intrusion, and requested that she would not allow him to have an occasion to reproach himself with having been a cause of disturbance or annoyance to her.

His voice was low and musical, his manner deferential without meanness, and Emily yielded to the charm. "It is of no consequence, sir," she answered quickly, although with a palpitating heart. She had scarcely ventured to glance at the stranger, yet with womanly intuition she concluded that he was handsome, and, less logically, that his face was an index of honour. When she spoke, he again raised his hat, re-entered the boat, and rowed away.

Emily sat for a few minutes silent and contemplative. Then, rising, she took her sisters by the hand and retraced her steps city-wards, returning to Malta Lodge. Not since the death of her brother had Emily realised her exclusion from all interchange of thought and sentiment with others so much as now. One swallow does not make a summer. She had been addressed as a lady, by a gentleman who was quite ignorant of her dependent position and her poverty; had been spoken to as she had not been spoken to since the country had been left for Nottingham, and the bright rift showed the clouds all the darker. Never before, not even in Narrow Marsh, had she experienced with so much bitterness her isolation from respectable life and its social amenities, and her mind dwelt feverishly upon the sweet memories which this chance encounter with the unknown oarsman revived.

The two children had been equally impressed by the unknown navigator of the Trent, although after a different fashion. They would have talked about him all the way home, and all through the long evening, if Emily had not restrained their tongues. When they were in bed the restraint of silence was removed, and Sarah asked Emily whether she did not think that the gentleman was a very handsome man.

"Hush, child! you ought not to ask such silly questions. I—I don't know," was the reply, begun bravely, and only feebly concluded. It was succeeded by a strict schooling of the lips, which had so barefacedly belied the statements of the beating heart.

Presently, Annie timidly asked, "Is that gentleman a good man, or one who would steal little children, if children were all alone?" And the small face blanched white upon the snowy sheet.

"He is a good man! His eyes said as much, and the eyes never lie. You have no need to be afraid, Annie," was the emphatic reply. From which it may be inferred that Emily Barnes had noticed the oarsman more minutely than she had either appeared to do or would have cared to acknowledge.

CHAPTER V.

AN ENGLISH OARSMAN.

It was at the breakfast-table the following morning that little Annie, whose brains and tongue were both of them uncommonly quick, as children's often are, incurred her elder sister's displeasure by inquiring of Susan Jennings, who had taken to the child, as women on the shady side of thirty will frequently do to motherless weans, where Mr. William Anderson was. "Be quiet, Annie, and eat your breakfast; it is very rude of you to ask questions!" Emily exclaimed, her brows meeting in a warning frown.

But Susan only laughed, as she explained to the child that the young master was preparing to go into the city, to the warehouse.

"I want to look at him, to see whether he is like our own Mr. Anderson!" Annie said simply.

Susan pacified the importunate one with a promise that she should see the gentleman in due course, and the children shortly afterwards betook themselves off to school, while Emily went to her work in the sewing-room.

The morning was bright and sunny; the flower-beds

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that clothed the smoothly-kept green lawn, resembling so many clusters of gems upon a queen's mantle, were fresh and lustrous, glittering with the dew upon them; and the light breeze wafted their pleasant fragrance in through the open windows. The birds sang merrily, the doves hovered over their nest; Nature, so wayward and capricious, was in one of her most charming moods. The brightness continued all through the day, and the Maker of summer graciously infused some small portion of happiness into the heart of the seamstress. Her needle moved swiftly in and out of the cambrics and fine linen, and a placid calm rested upon her fresh young face, as of sobered sunlight upon a mirrored lake. Once she even commenced a few bars of a well-known tune, but checked herself, considering it an act of mockery to sing when her mother was only so short a time dead. "Woe is me for a feckless, thoughtless lassie!" she said reprovingly to herself; and for half-an-hour afterwards the silence was only broken by the light swish of her busy needle.

Emily had declared that she would go no more to Clifton Grove, and at the time she meant what she said, but the pleadings of the children overbore her scruples, which, reason as she would, seemed to rest upon no solid foundation. The strange man might never visit the spot again; if he did, they would meet as strangers. But he would not presume to do so—it would be impertinence; and she would not, for such would be folly. These thoughts had occurred to her, as she fought with shadows; the shadows vanished, and the children prevailed. To the speculations of the happy sprites, whether they would see the gentleman in the boat, she quickly replied that it was very unlikely; and she hoped they would not see him, for that their pleasure lay in solitude, and his presence would be a disturbing element in their lot of simple joy. Yet she also wondered, and, to her own shame, her heart sank when she reflected that his appearance had only been the result of a chance visit, and that probably she would never see him again.

If only Emily had known, the oarsman's thoughts were not unlike her own. He also had his fancies and daydreams. That chance meeting had stirred him deeply. He desired to behold that fairy-like form again; to gaze into the startled eyes; to see the changing colour come and go upon her cheeks, and to hear her speak again. He laughed a hundred times at his own folly. He argued with himself that, if it were possible, he would see her again. She would certainly return to that quiet rustic resting-place, and he would be there waiting, so that she would be unable to avoid him without rudeness. So, when the sun began to wester, he tore himself away from business, dismissed the interesting subject of stocks and the money market, donned his flannels—which, so it must be admitted, admirably became his athletic figure—and, entering the boat, pulled with long, swift strokes down towards the Grove.

The rude seat was unoccupied, and the plotting boatman immediately took possession of it. Opening a package of periodicals, he began to read, or made a pretence of doing so.

"Pshaw! I am a fool, and have had my labour for my pains. Well, I deserve it," he was saying ruefully, when the rippling voices of children were borne towards him. He sat still, and waited in patience. They came nearer, and at their approach a consciousness of his folly overcame him, and he was ashamed "I am a boor!" he murmured, and got up, intending to withdraw. His prudent resolution had been formed too late. As he arose and stretched himself, after the manner of a dog that has lain over-long basking in the scorching sun, Emily Barnes appeared before him, and hastily drew back, as if she were offended. "No, young ladies, don't go; there is no need for you to go away. I was just about to launch ship," he said hastily. "You will please to understand," apologetically, "that this spot was always a favourite lounge of mine; and I come here whenever I am at home, which is not often."

"It is of no consequence; we are returning; we only came for the walk!" Emily hesitatingly replied.

"Forgive me, young lady; it is I who must retire," he said with ready courtesy.

"No, no; I will not hear of it. I—I am only a poor girl, and have no business here," she answered, simply because it seemed right to say something.

Her voice, so soft and gentle, yet so clear and bell-like, thrilled him, and it sounded strangely familiar. He had heard it before in the same sylvan glade, but had he not also heard it elsewhere? Ah, he remembered now. It was strange he had not fathomed the mystery earlier. So he said inquiringly, "Have I the honour of addressing Miss Barnes? If so, permit me to introduce myself; and if I am mistaken, please forgive the question."

"I am Emily Barnes," the agitated girl replied, wondering secretly how this gentlemanly stranger could have guessed at her name.

"I was convinced of it. I heard you speaking last night—not here, but at Malta Lodge," he hastened to add,—"and was certain that I recognised the voice again. I am William Anderson. You will no doubt have heard my name from my mother. We meet under unlooked-for circumstances, but I entreat of you to excuse the informality of this introduction, and allow me to offer my respects." So small Annie's desire was gratified. She saw Mr. William, who stood before them.

Emily regarded her benefactor's brother attentively, and then she glanced downward at the children who clung to her skirts. The three girls made a charming picture, the loveliness of which was enhanced by the shading and background of verdure. William Anderson easily persuaded himself that he had never beheld a lovelier one. As Emily stood there she might well have been mistaken for an angel, robed in anticipatory mourning for the flowers that were so soon to die. Her face became white and wan, with a piti-

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fully pleading expression, as she said with trepidation, "If you recognise us, sir, you will be aware that we are poor, homeless creatures, dependent upon the bounty of your house, and, therefore, have no claim to be treated with the consideration you show us. It was wrong of me to intrude upon your privacy, and I have been greatly to blame; but it was done in ignorance, and will not occur again."

"No, sir, sister Emily is not at all to blame; it was I who wanted to come here. Sister Emily was——," Annie was beginning to say, when Emily took both the girls by their hands and turned to go. She was unable to endure more. In her confusion she would have walked into a thorn-bush, if Mr. William Anderson had not interposed. Laying his hand upon her arm, so firmly that her feeble effort to shake it off proved ludicrously ineffectual, he led her back to the seat. When she sat down, he said with an assumption of firmness which he was far from feeling, "Excuse me; I claim to represent my brother; and I am sure it would be his wish that you should remain. Now I will leave you, and row back to the bridge. It will be first-rate exercise; one gets a little out of practice over in France." So for the second time Emily Barnes drove William Anderson away from his leafy retreat in Clifton Grove.

CHAPTER VI.

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Long did the sorely-tried girl commune with her own heart; earnestly did she pray for direction and guidance in this new and terrible crisis of her life. She was no longer a girl; she was a woman who had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and the newly-born experience terrified her. Yet she was glad in herself; she had seen him whom, for the sake of her own peace, she must never behold again; he had spoken to her, had touched her hand. How the hand burned!—it had never done so when her brother clasped it.

As the girl strove, doing mental battle with herself, painfully seeking for the right path, she observed only one course open for her to pursue. Her judgment was persuaded that it was no longer possible for them to remain as inmates of Malta Lodge. Frequently during that awful struggle would the closely-connected questions, "What shall I do?" "What can I do?" arise, giving birth to vague plans, which were discarded as soon as conceived. Then she tortured herself with an imagination that they had already outstayed their welcome, and that Mr. Anderson, although he was too generous to hint at such a thing, was impatiently waiting for her to make some proposal. She remembered that his invitation had been only for a few days, and these had more than expired. So, after a tedious and painful conflict, the wretched girl came to a settled determination that she would seek an immediate interview with Mr. George Anderson, and arrive at an understanding with him. She was, however, spared that unpleasant task, for the gentleman sought an interview with her.

"Miss Barnes," he commenced, when she answered his summons to the library, and was seated, "I have delayed to speak to you concerning your intentions for the future, as it seemed to be desirable that you should have a complete rest before you undertook any duties But," and he smiled assuringly, "I suppose you are desirous to do something for yourself and your sisters."

Emily inwardly thanked God that the way was thus prepared, and answered, "Sir, I have been desirous to consult with you upon that subject, for it irks me to eat the bread of idleness." She had so completely nerved herself for this interview, that all the bitterness of it was already overpast.

George Anderson half smiled at her impetuosity, while he remarked, "If I recollect rightly, you informed me that you possessed considerable musical talent. Acting upon that information, I have obtained for you an appointment as junior music-teacher at a ladies' school in Laburnam Road, where the mistress, who is a friend of my mother's, will render your duties pleasant and agreeable. Your mornings will be occupied at the school, and I trust you will be able to obtain private pupils, so as to fill up your spare time." Emily began to thank him. How good and gracious God had been, thus to open up a way for her in her perplexity! She was unable to say much, but her great gratitude was expressed in her face. "There is one other matter," George Anderson said, resuming, "I have taken the liberty of thinking that you would prefer to have a home of your own, although my mother would be pleased for you to remain under our roof; so I have ventured to furnish a small house, in which you will find necessary comforts, no more. You will be my tenant, and we will arrange the rent when you see how you stand. No, no thanks; I have only acted as I would be done unto. If you can be ready in the afternoon, my mother will be delighted to take you to your new home."

Uncontrollable emotion prevented the utterance of Emily's grateful assent to the generous proposal: and her eloquent silence was a fuller reward to George Anderson for all that he had done than any uttered thanks would have been.

The departure from Malta Lodge was both pleasant and painful. It was pleasing, in that she was to enter upon the performance of duties which ensured an honourable life of independent respectability; mingled with regret at leaving friends, and, on the part of the children, the leaving of Susan Jennings. The new home, to which Mrs. Anderson drove them in her own carriage, proved to be a snug little cottage—merely a dolls' house in comparison with Malta Lodge, but large enough for their limited requirements. It overlooked the extensive Hunger Hill gardens, from which was wafted the odour of newly-blossomed roses, flowers for which those gardens are deservedly celebrated throughout the Midlands; so they would get a sniff of

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the country. The two children ran up and down stairs in high glee; they peeped into corners and cupboards, and played at hide-and-seek in the various rooms, all of which, as Mrs. Anderson pointed out to Emily, were plainly but suitably furnished. Nothing that could conduce to their happiness had been forgotten; all was cheerful and homelike.

As soon as Mrs. Anderson drove away, and they were left to themselves, Emily took her sisters, as a hen gathereth her chickens, and conducted them into the bedroom—her own, for theirs was adjoining; and kneeling down, with her head bowed over the relic chest, wept out her gratitude in an offering of unselfish tears unto the Lord. So the new home was consecrated. Then they had tea, all by themselves, and to themselves, with Emily presiding as if she were mother at the head of the table. And what a sumptuous tea it was! with rich, fragrant congou, thick, luscious cream, the sweetest of sugar, with bread of the whitest, and delicious conserves that melted in the mouth, all of which had been provided by Mrs. Anderson.

Then the question arose how the evening should be spent, and, happily for Emily, the children had formed different plans. Annie pleaded that they should go to Clifton Grove just once more, but the hour was late. Sarah desired to visit the Castle, and see the museum and the pictures, of which she had heard even the grimy urchins in Narrow Marsh speak with rapture. Sarah possessed an artistic nature, and craved for the beautiful, of which in her lifetime she had seen so little. Her pictures had only been the theatrical bills on hoardings, which she diligently scrutinised on her way to and from school. There are worse schools of art. When the two eager tongues had exhausted themselves in debate, Emily, dissenting from both the disputants, expressed her intention to go to the cemetery to their mother's grave. When they opened the door, a tiny half-starved kitten was sitting on the threshold. On perceiving them, it mewed a woeful little complaint of hunger and wretchedness. It was black, coally black, without a single white hair in its ruffled, harsh fur. Emily, at the sight of the miserable little creature, recalled the saying that "a black cat which comes to a house of its own accord, brings good luck," and then laughed at herself for the folly of putting even partia faith in old wives' fables.

"Oh, here is a pussy! May I have it, Emily, for my very own?" Annie exclaimed, catching the kitten up in her arms, and nearly smothering the animal with kisses. Emily had not the heart to turn the creature away. If it had not been for the generosity of others, they themselves might now have been homeless. She took the kitten into the scullery, and set down a saucer of milk, which it lapped greedily, and having eaten it, contentedly rolled itself up into a ball on the mat, where they left it to sleep.

In the cemetery they found their mother's grave, —not a rough hillock of earth, as were many of those around, but neatly trimmed and cared for. Flowers planted by some kindly hand—they understood by whose orders—were already beginning to grow upon it and they watered them with their tears. For nearly an hour the three stood reverently around the hallowed mound, while Emily talked to the sobered children of the mother who had loved them so devotedly, and who was now an angel with God; of the grave father whom they did not so well remember; and of the beloved brother whose grave none of them had seen. Not until the gloom of night settled down upon the earth did they leave the cemetery, that scene of sacred sadness, where everything suggested the shadow of death, but also the glory of the life that is to come.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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GEMS.

The Bird With the Broken Wing.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where the sweet thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a youth, life-broken,
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But a soul with a broken pinion,
Never soars as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There were healings for each pain;
But a bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

The Moment.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of good and evil, on the good and evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, proffering the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt the darkness and the light.
Hast thou chosen, oh, my people, in which party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against thy land?

In the Moonlight.

See how beneath the moonbeams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity.

MOORE.

Come Unto Me.

I sat one day at my window,
And my heart was heavy with care,
For I thought that God had left me,
And there seemed no use in prayer.

Till o'er my troubled spirit
There fell a gentle calm,
And words came to my memory,
Filled with a healing balm.

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
Ye sin-laden ones, come,
And I will bear thee upward
Unto the eternal home."

So, come unto the Saviour,
Lay thy head upon His breast,
Oh, cast thy burden on Him,
And He will give you rest.

NINA.

An Uninvited Guest.

Go not forth to call Dame Sorrow
From the dim fields of To-morrow
Let her roam there all unheeded.
She will come when she is needed;
Then when she draws near thy door,
She will find God there before.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE famous Mother Stewart, of Springfield, was well known in the days of her prime as "The Wendell Phillips in Petticoats," and was the immediate cause of the term "Temperance Crusade," which clung to the early stages of the movement of the women for "God and Home and Native Land."

There was one saloon in Springfield just opposite the leading churches, and from the house where Mother Stewart was living she could see the throng of men coming, in defiance of the law. The preacher could stand in his pulpit and see the people passing into the saloon during his sermon, and yet none of the men took hold of the matter to get evidence against the saloon-keeper and make him obey the law. The incident that stirred Mother Stewart up to act for herself was the sight of a man carrying a sweet-looking little baby in his arms with him into the saloon on Sunday morning to get his dram.

"MOTHER STEWART."

"If I had a disguise I would go in there," she exclaimed, and asked her landlady to furnish her with one. She thought a moment, and said, "Yes, I can"; and brought her a large waterproof circular that enveloped her to her feet. She took off her glasses, put back her hair, and donned the outfit. She then appeared as a very respectable old Irishwoman. As she passed out she turned to the lady and her daughter, and said, "Oh! now pray for me as you never prayed before in your lives!"

Mother Stewart says she was not thinking of danger, but felt buoyed up, as if she were treading on air. She passed the third door before reaching the saloon where the drinking was going on. There were young men standing at the counter drinking, and some older men sitting about the place. She desired to make two cases at the same time against the saloon-keeper, one for selling distilled liquors by the glass to be drunk on the premises, under the State law, and the other for selling on Sunday, under the city ordinance. But she was afraid to ask for whisky or brandy lest she might be suspected as a spy. She asked the bar-tender if she could have something to drink. He asked what she

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wanted. At a venture she asked if he had any sherry wine. He set a bottle and two small glasses on the counter, one having a little water in it. She did not understand what the water meant; still, she picked up the bottle and started to pour out the wine, but as her hand trembled, she requested him to pour it out for her, remarking that she felt rather badly. So he poured it out, and having asked the price she laid it down, and, picking up the glass, walked out.

On the Tuesday evening following that Sunday morning Mother Stewart spoke in the church opposite the saloon to an audience that packed it to the doors, and, taking her glass of wine, she exhibited it to the audience and told the story, "How I bought my first glass of liquor."

That was the beginning of the Temperance Crusade in the city of Springfield, which reached large proportions, and did a great amount of good.

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CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN TEXAS.

THE group of portraits given here represent some well-known Christian workers in Houston, Texas—Rev. Mr. Bradburn, Mr. Tomey, Mr. McNabb, and Miss Bradburn. They are foremost in good work of all kinds, and especially made themselves distinguished in the district by the way in which they worked to help during the disaster that wrecked Houston, when it was visited by a cyclone two years ago.

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MR. R. BAYLIS, widely known as the author of many works on Music and the Voice, has developed and perfected a mode of "silent" vocal practice, comparable to the lines of the "Virgil Practice Clavier," a toneless instrument with clicks to gauge and insures good finger action for the pianoforte. Mr. Baylis' discovery enables students to "check" scale musical figures, turns, trills, etc., and all this is found to be of much value in attaining parallel ends vocally to that of the above named instrument for the fingers, and with like convenience in many ways and saving of time. Over and above this is the fact that the exercises do not fail to strengthen and improve the quality of the voice, and are capable of averting fatigue and hoarseness after lengthly speaking or singing, and of developing compass as well as power to a remarkable degree. It has been said by a leading musical contemporary that these original lines of study place Mr. Baylis to the forefront of his profession, and the same authority predicts a career of great usefulness for Mr. Baylis, given the necessary condition upon which all things human depend. Mr. Baylis is the author of "The Often Mis-Used Voice," "Mind and Voice," with which is incorporated "Mind the Voice," "How to be Clearly Understood in Singing," &c.

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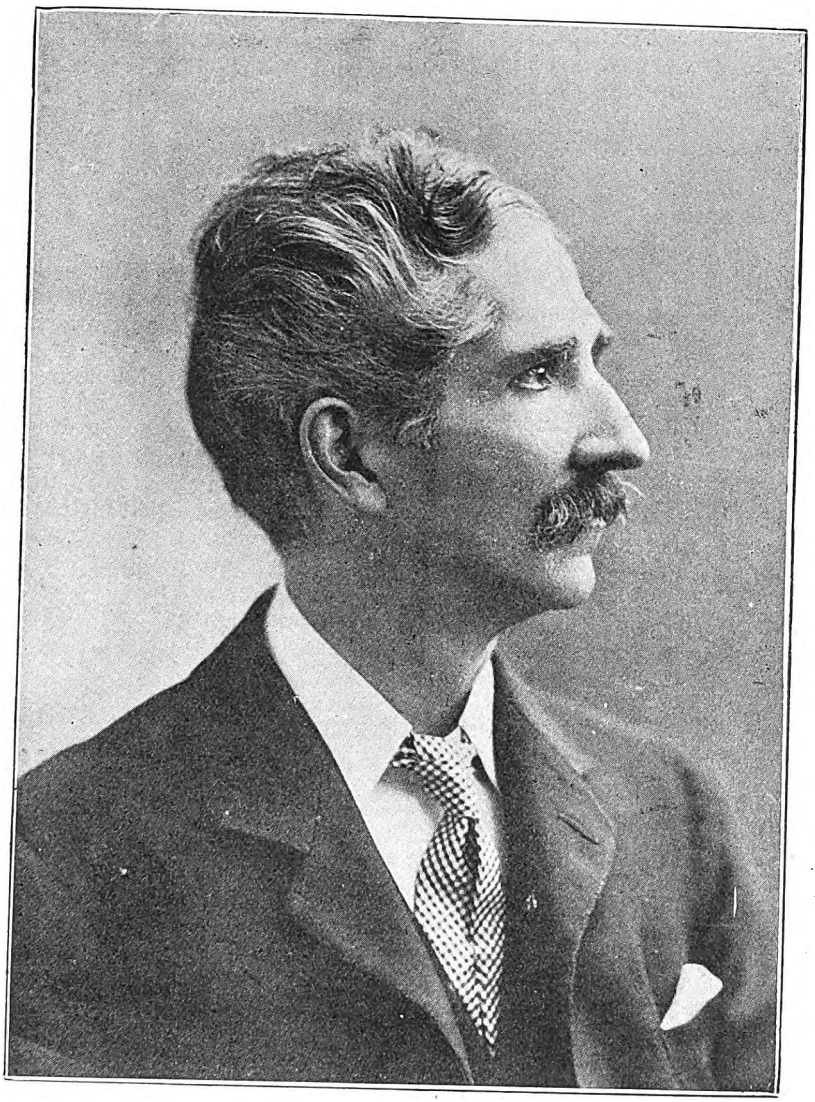

MR. BARNARD BAYLIS,

WHOSE METHODS ARE REVOLUTIONIZING VOICE-TRAINING.

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Faithfully Yours,
Beth Bannester

MISS BETH BANNESTER, B.A., whose name is well-known to the readers of this magazine, as a writer of fiction, and some charming parables that have recently appeared in our pages, is the Lady Principal of the Alexandra College, Westcliffe-on-Sea. Her life-story is an exemplification of what pluck and perseverance can do; for although she was only a girl in the obscure country village of Barling, in Essex, without any educational advantages, she made up her mind to secure her degree, and won it at London University by self-tuition. She is an educational enthusiast, and the girls under her care at Westcliffe-on-Sea have the benefit of a rational, healthy out-of-door existence, and a happy home-life, while the educational advantages of her training are seen in the successes won by her pupils. She is also known as a lecturer of no mean order, and her services have been in frequent demand. This, of course, is no infrequent thing, but in her case it meant many years of hard toiling. Nothing, perhaps, seemed further off from the village girl than that she would be able to realise her ambition, and become both an accredited scholar, a writer, and the proprietor of a large and successful college.

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THE present editor of this magazine is the Congregational minister of Rochford, Essex, and a writer for many of the religious magazines and newspapers of the day, under the nom-de-plume of "Wolfe Street." He is also the Hon. Sec. of the Cancer Society, and until very recently Secretary of the British Chantauqua, a religious-educational society with a summer school-meeting annually, and now in session at Aberystwith. He is also the author of "Wherefore O God?" and "Marchester Stories."

REV. CHAS. HERBERT, THE EDITOR.

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IN PAYMENT OF DEBT.

ELLA! Ella! where are you?" cried a young girl, dashing into a small sitting-room where her sister was at needlework.

"What a tomboy you are, Mabel!" replied Ella. "Why don't you move more quietly?"

"Oh, never mind my manners, Miss date! Guess my news!"

"I'm not good at guessing. I'll give it up."

"Well, it's all over between you and Frank!"

"Whatever do you mean. Mabel?"

"'Lend me your ears,' as Antony said to the Romans," said the girl dramatically. "I was sitting in the library window-seat with the curtains drawn round me, when papa came in with a gentleman. He was a stranger to me, but papa evidently knew him very well. They were talking *so* earnestly, and the subject was no other than your own sweet self!"

"Myself!" said Ella. "Whatever could they have to say about me?"

"Oh, only that this man wanted to marry you; and papa actually *promised!*" —and the mischievous elf hugged herself with glee.

"Mabel—Mabel! you are letting your tongue run away with you! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly well, my dear. O, Ella!" she went on, seriously, "what will you do? I am so sorry for you. It seems papa owes this man some money and he has nothing to pay with. So the fine gentleman (?) has kindly consented to accept Miss Ella Nugent instead. I heard him mention a town house, diamonds, etc. Allow me to congratulate you on your very brilliant prospects! You'll give me a season in town, won't you?" laughingly.

"But what if I don't consent?" said Ella, her face ablaze with indignation.

"Oh, then we are to be sold up, I believe But, certainly papa doesn't think you will refuse."

"How dare he?" gasped Ella. "How can he, presuming on the fact that he is my father, think he can sell *me* to pay his debts, as he would sell his land? He would never have done it if our mother had been alive."

Mabel looked at her sister in amazement. "Then what will you do, Ella?" she inquired.

"Not marry that man, at any rate! I will never marry anyone but Frank Hamilton! I have told him so."

When Ella was left alone, she felt for a moment overwhelmed at her father's acting in this way. But she did not give in to her grief for long. "This," she told herself, "is a time for action, not for weeping. First of all she must see Frank Hamilton, the young doctor to whom she had been engaged for the last three months. She would be faithful to him, whatever happened; but she must get his consent to her scheme."

Mr. Nugent had never given his sanction to the engagement. Indeed, whenever it was mentioned he had always managed to laugh it off; but Ella and Frank had never anticipated any opposition from him in the end.

During the day Mr. Nugent told Ella that he had a Mr. Boyne coming to dinner that evening; and he added: "Put on your smartest gown. I want you to look very charming, so that you may do your old father credit."

"Very well, papa," was the quiet reply.

That afternoon Ella received a visit from her lover.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, when she saw him. "I *am* so glad to see you!"

"I am delighted to hear it, darling," he replied, as he saluted her in a very lover-like fashion.

"Ah! but wait and hear what I have to say." And she proceeded to tell him all that she had heard that morning.

Frank's face grew dark as he listened, but Ella would not give him a chance to say a

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word, until she had told him what she wanted to do. Then he said:

"Yes, that is all very well; but what part am I to play in this little comedy?"

"That of a looker-on," said Ella, lightly.

wish you would marry me at once," said Frank.

"No dear, I could not do that. You must not wreck all your future by a hasty marriage. We must wait."

"Well, I don't like it," grumbled Frank. "Mind you don't give that fellow any of my privileges."

"Trust me," answered Ella. "It won't be for long."

At dinner that evening Mr. John Boyne was presented to the girls. The sight of him filled Ella with disgust. Everything about him was coarse and vulgar.

"Fancy being the wife of that man!" she said to her sister, when they met later.

"Well, at any rate, he brought some fine specimens of his diamonds to dazzle you with. Did you see his rings?"

After that evening Mr. Boyne became a constant visitor at the Nugents' house, and the girls were always called upon to entertain him with their music and singing.

Mabel stood by her sister faithfully, and never once was Mr. Boyne able to get a word alone with Ella.

"Have you thought what it will mean, Mabel?" said Ella, one day. "We shall have to leave home, you know. You could go to Mrs. Graham, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Mabel. "I often wonder what makes my godmother so fond of me. She is always asking me to go and live with her. But what will *you* do, Ella?"

"I shall have to do something. Frank and I can't marry until he gets a practice. I think I shall try to get into a hospital. I have often thought a doctor's wife should be a trained nurse. I shall ask Frank about it. He has a great many friends and some influence, although he has little money."

Mr. Boyne was not gifted with much patience, and he began to get very angry that he could not settle things with Ella.

Certainly the girls were very entertaining but he wished they were not quite so fond of each other. When he married Ella he should take care that the other one should not come to his house much. She even now seemed as though she made fun of him. He would speak to Nugent, and tell him the thing must be settled at once. He must have the girl or the money.

Accordingly, on the occasion of his next visit, he asked Mr. Nugent to make known his wishes to Ella, and he would call the next day for his answer.

That evening, as the sisters were sitting together, the servant brought the message that her master wished to speak to Miss Nugent in the library.

"I will come at once," said Ella, calmly, though she went deathly pale and trembled from head to foot. "Oh, Mab, it has come at last," she said, tuning to her sister. "What shall I do?"

"Courage, Ella," replied Mabel. "Don't faint now. Old John will want a speedy marriage, so you won't have to act long. The farce will soon be over."

"Yes," replied Ella, "I mean to go through." So with a determined shake she pulled herself together and went in search of her father.

She found that gentleman standing before the fire, wearing a very important looking air.

"You wish to speak to me, I think, papa," she said.

"I do, dear," he replied. "There is a little matter I wish settled with you to-night."

"Why, what can it be, papa?" she asked innocently.

"I wish to tell you that you have succeedeed so admirably in charming my friend, Mr. Boyne, that he now does you the honour to ask you to be his wife."

"Papa!" she exclaimed, "how can I? You know I am engaged to Mr. Hamilton!"

"Indeed!" was the reply. "I know nothing of the kind. When did I sanction any engagement? Please to consider all that boy and girl nonsense at an end! As the wife of Mr. Boyne you will be mistress of a first-class establishment, and have everything you could wish for."

"Oh, papa!" she murmured. Poor Frank!"

"Silence, girl!" he roared. "In this house remember my will is law. You are to consider yourself engaged to Mr. John Boyne. He will be here to-morrow to see you himself, and I hope you will receive him in a becoming spirit as your affianced husband. That is all. You may go!"

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Ella gladly accepted her dismissal, and went. She found Mabel just outside the door, bursting with laughter. Quickly they hurried to their room. Ella soon caught the infection, and the laugh did her good.

"Oh, Ella," began Mabel, "I was obliged to come, too. I thought perhaps you might want same cold water. I had it ready. Do practise that 'becoming spirit.' You know he is coming to-morrow."

\- - -

"Well, Nugent," said Mr. Boyne the next day, "is it all right? Are you to be my father-in-law?"

"Yes," he replied, "my daughter is quite willing. I believe she is in the drawing-room."

"I hope she is alone. She seems uncommonly fond of her sister."

"Certainly, you will see her alone."

The girls sitting in the drawing-room heard him coming.

"See," said Mabel, "I will slip in here."

"Don't leave me long," implored Ella.

Mabel had just time to disappear—she took the precaution to leave the door ajar, and she stood very close to it—when Mr. Boyne entered the room.

"Ah, Miss Nugent! How do you do? It is not often I have the privilege of seeing you alone."

"No," she replied. "You see, Mabel is all I have."

"Very nice, I am sure, but that will be altered now. *Mabel* will not be *all* you have. I have been talking to your father Miss Nugent, and he tells me you will do me the honour to become my wife. Is that so?"

"Yes, if you wish it," said Ella.

"Thank you. You have made me a very happy man. I hope it will not be long before you will allow me to place you at the head of my establishment"—pompously.

He bent forward as though he would kiss her, but just at that moment Ella felt the kitten pulling at her dress, and she bent down to pick it up, consequently his lips met nothing more tangible than the air.

This was too much for Mabel behind the door, and unable to control herself longer, she dashed into the room

"O, Ella!" she began, laughingly, "such a thing has happened!" and then stopped short.

"My Boyne, Mabel, said Ella.

"How do you do, Miss Mabel?" said Mr. Boyne. "So you are to be my little sister. Miss Ella has just promised to be my wife."

"You will be a very old brother," was Mabel's outspoken rejoinder. "I should think you must nearly be as old as papa."

Ella bit her lip to keep back a smile, while Mr. Boyne muttered something about being "better able to take care of Ella."

"When we were little girls, Mabel, you used to wish we had a big brother," said Ella, smilingly.

Mr. Boyne soon after took his departure, for Mabel would not leave Ella, and he did not at all enjoy the quizzing air with which she surveyed him; but he left more than ever determined that he would not wait long for his wife.

Soon after Mr. Boyne's proposal, Mabel wrote to her godmother, Mrs. Graham, begging her to visit them, so that they might talk over things, with that lady did very soon, for, never having had a daughter, she had always been very anxious to have Mabel.

The girls speedily won her over to their side. She had been delighted to hear of the engagement between Ella and Frank, for she liked the young doctor, and thought him in every way worthy of the girl. Consequently, she was all the more indignant at Mr. Nugent's conduct. She would have liked to settle the matter by taking Ella to live with her, too, but this Ella would not hear of.

"No—no," she said. "It is enough to saddle you with one girl. You know I have a little money of my own, and Frank knows of a vacancy in a hospital, so that I can hold out until he is ready,"

Mr. Boyne did not seem to make much headway with his wooing. Ella always treated him with stiffness and reserve. If he ever attempted to caress her in any way she drew back instantly, and Mabel was always sure to spring from somewhere. He vowed to himself that he would teach both the little minxes a lesson when he had

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them in his power, which would be very soon now, for he had arranged with Mr. Nugent that the wedding should take place within six weeks. When he announced this fact to Ella, she demurred, saying she did not think she could be ready.

"Oh, hang it!" he replicd. "You need not get anything ready. I do not want a wife all furs and furbelows. I will buy all you need when we are married." To which speech Ella said nothing, but *felt*, as she told Mabel afterwards, that she would have liked to shake him.

It wanted one week to the wedding. It was to be a very quiet affair.

Mr. Boyne would get a special lisence, and they were to be married in London.

Mabel and Ella went out early in the morning, saying they would be gone all day, as they had shopping and other business in town, but before the evening they were safely housed with Mrs. Graham, where Ella had arranged to stay for a week with her sister. before taking up her duties in the hospital.

The next morning, Mr. Nugent received the following letter from Ella:

"My dear Father,—I am very sorry that for once I cannot bend to your authority. It would be impossible for me to marry a man like Mr. Boyne, and I should have thought that, knowing me as you do, you would have understood this. But you did not give me a chance to say a word. It seems that I was to be sold to pay a debt. How I found this out, does not matter. I am staying with Mrs. Graham for the present. I am still, my dear father,

"Your loving daughter,
"ELLA.

"P.S.—Nothing can alter my decision."

Mr. Nugent was almost beside himeslf with rage and consternation. What should he do now? How could he tell Boyne? Any necessity for instant decision, however, was removed by the receipt of a message from that genlteman, that he had sprained his ankle, but hoped that it would not be severe enough to interfere with their arrangements.

"Thank Heaven for that!" he growled. "Something may yet turn up."

* * * * *

That afternoon Ella was sitting by herself, when the servant brought the message that "Sir Frank Hamilton" was in the drawing-room.

Ella went down quickly and exclaimed, when she could free herself from Frank's embrace:

"Oh, Frank, how can you joke? I don't feel like joking now at all."

"I am not joking, darling. I was never so serious in my life."

"But the servant said 'Sir Frank'?"

"That is my name now. My kinsman, Sir Lionel Hamilton died last week, and it seems I am the next of kin. I had never seen the old gentleman. I believe he was very much afflicted, so it would be silly for me to say I am sorry. Now, sit down darling. I want to make a proposition. Is there any just cause or impediment why this wedding shouldn't take place, only instead of becoming Mrs. Boyne, you will have to be Lady Hamilton?"

"But, Frank, if I marry now, papa will be ruined. His debt will have to be met."

"When we are married *we* will help your father *together*," herepl ied. Then, seeing her about to speak, he exclaimed: "Not another word and you love me. I must run away now, but I shall be back to-night."

When he had gone, Mrs. Graham came into the room.

"I know all!" she cried, gaily. "Frank has told me. Let me give you my wedding present," and she put a cheque into the girl's hand, kissing her warmly. "It is for your dear mother's sake," she said, as the girl looked in astonishment at the cheque, which far more than covered her father's debts.

So the wedding came off after all, which was a delightful solution of a troublseome problem to all concerned, except Mr. Boyne, who found no comfort except for the thought that at any rate he had regained his money without the expense of a wife.

MINIE HERBERT.

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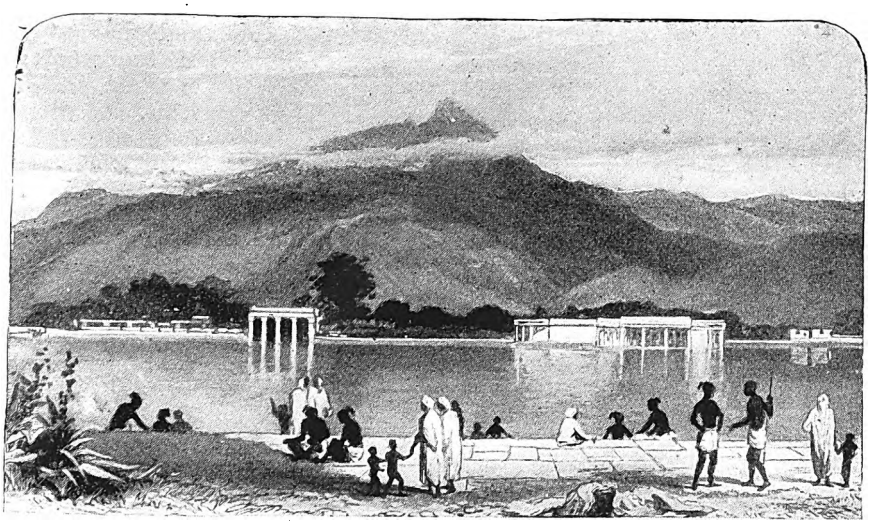
RANDOM RAMBLES.

OUR illustration presents a view of one of the famous "sacred bathing-places," the great tank of Strivilliputter, in the district of Tinnevelly, South India.



SACRED BATHING PLACE, S. INDIA.

This tank has sometimes been called "The Sea of Milk." Granite steps lead down to the water's edge, and in the early morning hundreds of men and women gather to bathe and to worship the sun. The water is stagnant and dirty, though it is esteemed as specially holy. Here the people wash not only themselees, but also their clothes. Even the Brahmins, who regard the touch of a person of low caste as pollution, bathe in the same tank, thongh they have a special sectiou set apart for their use. The cost of building these bathing places is immense, yet the people erect them in many parts of India because they think that, at any cost, provision should be made for the removal of. sin.

Russia's Peasant Homes.

IT would be difficult to find anywhere a more monotonous life than that of the peasantry of Russia. Both in city and country the hours are long; indeed it is a common thing for the workers in towns to begin at earliest daylight and to continue till long after dusk, or until tired nature gives out and rest becomes imperative. One would naturally suppose that to endure such protracted labour the workers would need an abundance of nourishing food; yet the usual fare of the Russian peasant is the simplest imaginable.

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RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN.

There is a national proverb which says that course bread, tea, and cabbage-soup are the three best friends of the nation, and this probably still holds good in very many country districts; yet, in spite of pinching poverty and wretched fare, the people have a hardy look, and are capable of great endurance.

On the banks of the river Neva, near Schlusselberg, are peasant villages, consisting of long lines of wooden cottages, weather-worn and guiltless of paint. The dwellers are agriculturalists mainly although some are engaged in lumbering in the extensive forests. Their wives — whose lot is probably even harder than that of the men—cook at home, and, in the season, work afield as well.

Buddhist Priests.

This is a scene frequently to be met with in Japan, the priests abounding. But the missionary movement is making great strides, though owing to the opposition and suspicion of the official class, it is very difficult to make headway.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS BEGGING IN KIOTO, JAPAN.

Raisin Farm.

On the opposite page we show a raisin farm, and the group of men in the photograph are engaged in drying the fruit, which, after being exposed in the sun for a sufficient time, will be pressed, boxed, and sent to market.

Many of the fruit farms of Southern California are model establishments. There are the great white-walled

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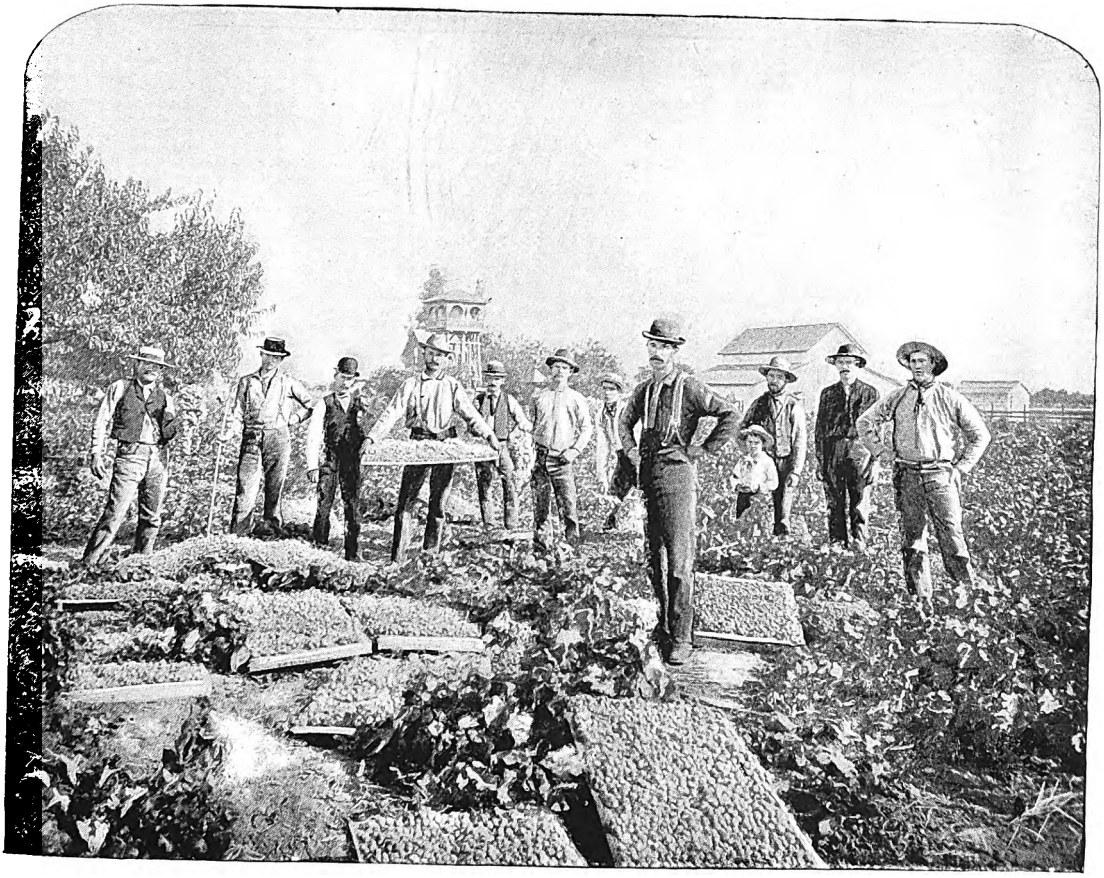
JAPANESE MEMORIAL TEMPLE.

dwellings, the spacious barn and stables, the neatly set-out orchards or vineries, and the acres on acres of small fruits, all as prettily kept as could be imagined. There is no slovenliness, no land going to waste within the farm boundaries, and no lack of scientific methods to produce the best results.



ON A RAISIN FARM, S CALIFORNIA.

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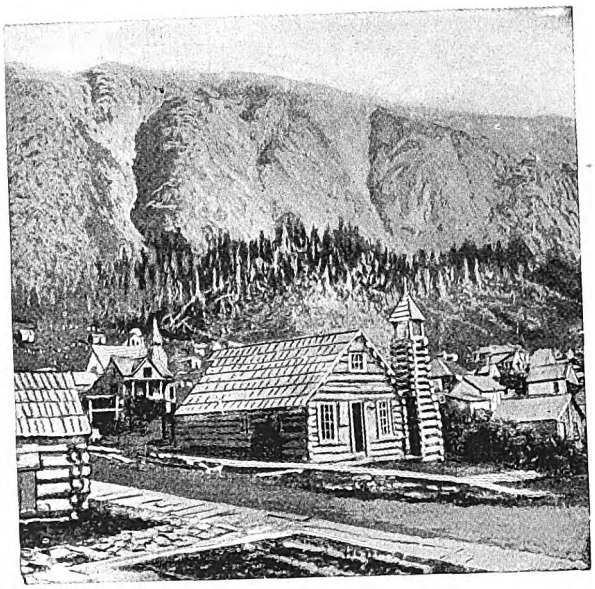
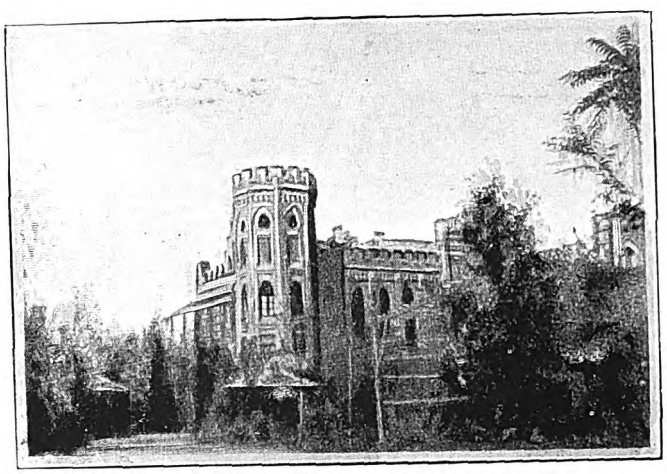


A PIONEER CHURCH AT SEAGWAY, ALASKA.

Pioneer Log Church.

We give here a picture of a typical pioneer log church, as built in Alaska. In the Cape Norme district there is a mad rush for gold, and to get there many appalling hardships must be braved, and even the very fringe of civilization left very far behind. Among the miners worship is practically abandoned, and it is very much further south than Cape Norme that the particular church in our photograph is to be seen. The service that is rendered by such a church in keeping alive the spiritual life that otherwise would die in those neglected districts is as valuable as it is difficult.



THE TOWN HALL, TIENTSIN.

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—"**Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us.**"

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food**, rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System**, Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS. and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus.**"

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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PLAIN. SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.; and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's Preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations 4/6

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Orders may be sent with the Coupon after the expiration of date, provided we are then issuing these Trial Bottle Coupons, and if we are not the money will be returned,

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REV. DR. COCKREM, London Orphan Asylum, Watford.
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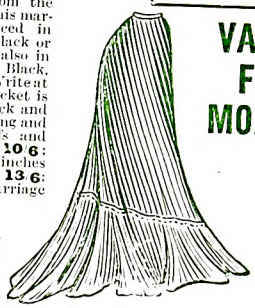

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Vol. 6. OCTOBER, 1902. No 13.

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(3) To develop the Girls' Institute at Colwyn Bay.

(4) To provide for the scores of applicants who continually seek admission into the Boys' Institute.

(5) To pay for the freehold property including present Institute buildings and land.

(6) To publish 3,000 more copies of a Dualla Hymn Book for the native Christians at Cameroons; 2,000 have already been sent out.

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KOKO FOR THE HAIR

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, or the Editor cannot promise their return. The Editor will be obliged if, before sending any manuscript, a letter is sent him describing the purport of the article or enclosing a precis of the story. They must be addressed to THE MANUSCRIPT EDITOR, "THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE," 6A, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

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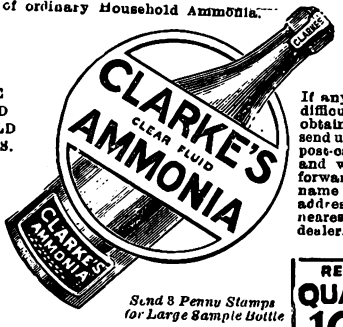

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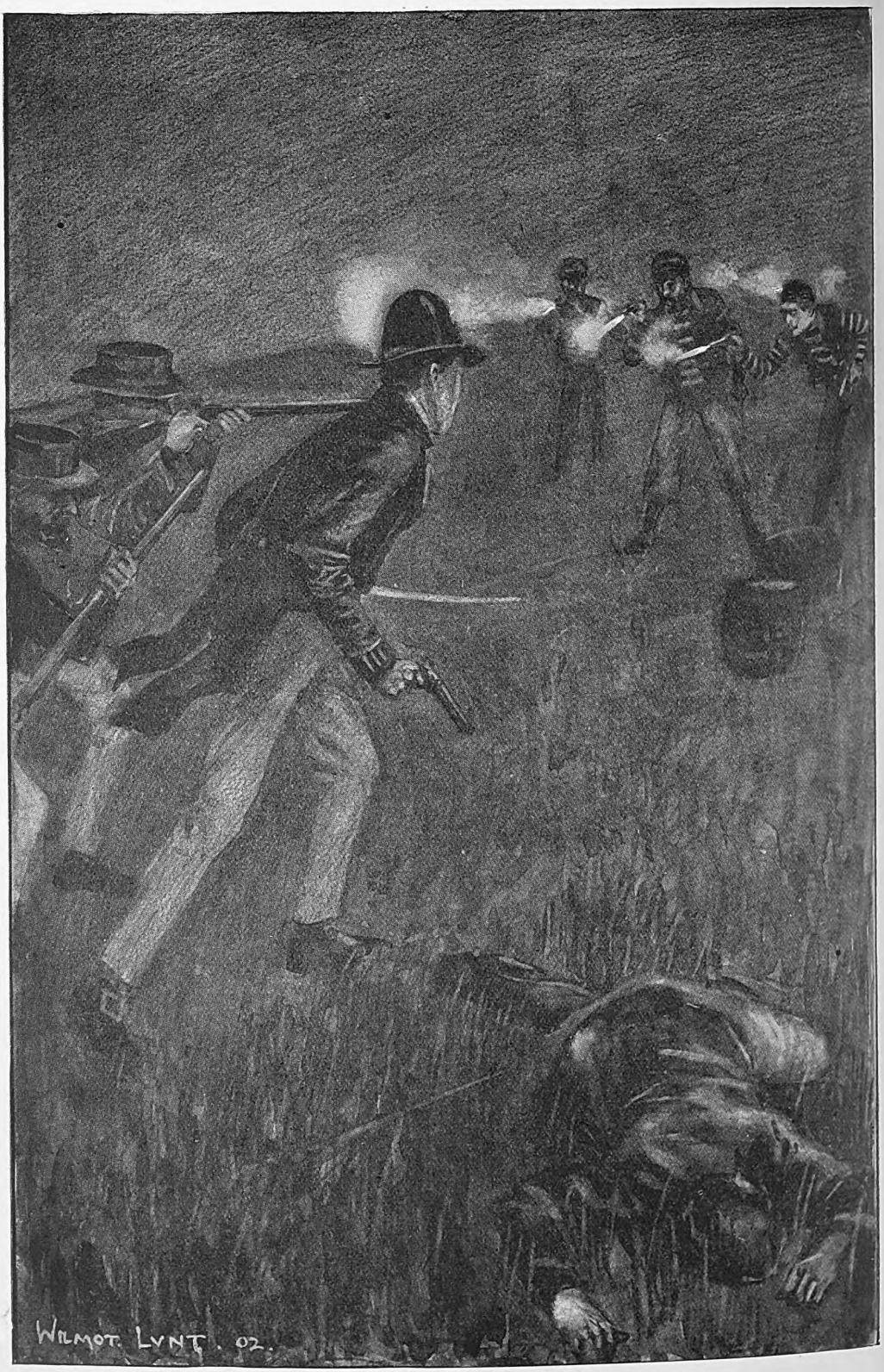

"THEY FIRED A PISTOL VOLLEY."

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These Stories, which are from the Journal of Lieutenant Warneford, R.N., are no mere fancy pictures of the high-souled, dashing smuggler, but comprise some of the exciting adventures of a preventive officer in the wild days of the early part of the present century, when smuggling was carried on with a boldness and daring now almost incredible.

THE BLUE-EYED MAID.

A COMPLETE STORY.

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative in the Revenue Service, it will be necessary for me to give a brief account of my earlier history.

I was born at Itchen, a village distant about a mile and a half from Southampton, where my father, Arthur Warneford, a retired Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, had settled many years—my sister Jane and myself being the only members of his numerous family who had survived their childhood. At the warrior-age of sixteen I was despatched to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not very long after joining my ship I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of re-visiting home; and it was with a beating as well as a joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. Jane welcomed me home with tears of love and happiness; but before long certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short.

The inhabitants of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers, and among the former was a certain Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about three years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners. She was, it may be

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supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers. But they all vanished in a twinkling, awe-struck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, fell deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not have been—which thus entranced me; for she seldom spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables. But she listened divinely; and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with enchanting eloquence in my face as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time.

But one fine September evening my silly day-dreams were rudely dispelled. We were sitting in the churchyard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, where, it used commonly to be said, Gray had composed his famous "Elegy." It was just the hour of "parting day." The sun-tipped spires of the Southampton churches faded gradually into indistinctness, and the earlier stars looked forth. The curfew, mellowed by distance into music, came to us upon the light air which gently stirred fair Ellen's glossy ringlets, as she, with her bonnet in her hand—for our walk had tired her—looked with her dove-innocent, transparent eyes in mine while I repeated Gray's melodious lines. The Elegy was just concluded, and I was rapturising even more vehemently than was my wont, when, whack! I received a blow on my shoulder, which sent us both off the rail on which we were sitting. I turned fiercely round, only to encounter the angry, sardonic countenance of my father.

"I'll have no more of this nonsense, Bob!" he gruffly exclaimed. "Be off home with you, and to-morrow I'll see you safe on board your ship, depend upon it. As for this pretty minx," he continued, addressing Ellen, who so trembled with confusion and dismay that she could scarcely tie her bonnet strings, "I should think she would be better employed in mending her father's shirts, or darning her brother's stockings, than in gossiping her time away with a brainless young lubber like you."

LIEUTENANT WARNEFORD, R.N.,
COMMANDING THE REVENUE CUTTER "ROSE."

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Though greatly incensed, I knew present resistance was useless; and, after contriving to exchange a mute gesture with Ellen of eternal love, constancy, and despair, we took our several ways homewards. Before twelve o'clock the next day I was posting to Gosport, accompanied by my father, but not till after I had obtained, through the agency of my soft-hearted sister, a farewell interview with Ellen, when we of course made fervent vows of mutual fidelity—affirmed and consecrated, at Ellen's suggestion, by the mystical ceremony of breaking a crooked sixpence in halves, a half to be worn by each of us about our necks.

This boyish fancy faded slowly and lingeringly away with the busy and tumultuous years which passed over my head, till the peace of 1815 cast me an almost useless sea-waif upon the land, to take root and vegetate there as I best might upon a Lieutenant's half-pay. My father had died about two years before, and the hundred a-year he left us was scarcely more than sufficient for the support of my sister. I had never heard directly from Ellen Dible, although during the first months of separation I had written to her many times, the reason of which was partially explained by a few lines in one of Jane's letters, announcing Ellen Dible's marriage—it seemed under some kind of moral compulsion—to a person of her own grade, and their removal from Itchen. This happened about six months after my last interview with her. I made no further inquiries; and Jane, thinking the subject might be a painful one, it happened that, by a kind of tacit understanding, it was never afterwards alluded to between us.

The utter weariness of an idle shore-life was beginning to get well nigh insupportable, when through the good offices of my old friend, Sir Joseph Yorke, I received an appointment to the command of the *Rose*, revenue cutter, my duties being to maintain a careful watch, in the interest of His Majesty's customs, over the shores of the Southampton river, the Solent, the Wight, and other contiguous portions of the seaboard of Hants and Dorset.

Little of interest occurred during the first three or four weeks of my novel command, except that, by the sharpened vigilance of our lookout, certain circumstances came to light, strongly indicating that a certain Barnaby Diaper, the owner of a cutter-rigged fishing-vessel of rather large burthen, living near Hamble Creek, was extensively engaged in the then profitable practice of "running moonshine," demurely and industriously as, when ashore, he appeared to be everlastingly mending his nets, or cobbling the bottom of the smack's boat. He was a hale, wiry fellow, this Barnaby—Old Barnaby, as he was familiarly called, surnames in those localities being seldom used—with a wooden stolidity of countenance which utterly defied scrutiny, if it did not silence suspicion. His son, who was a partner in the cutter, lived at Weston, a beautifully-situated hamlet between Itchen and Netley.

A vigilant watch was consequently kept upon the movements of the Barnabys, father, son, and grandson, by which family trio the suspicious *Blue-eyed Maid* was, with occasional assistance, manned and worked. Very rarely, indeed, was the smack observed to be engaged in his ostensible occupation. She would suddenly disappear, and as suddenly return, and always, we soon came to notice, on the nights when the *Rose* happened to be absent from the Southampton waters.

We had missed her for upwards of a week, when information reached us that a large lugger, we had chased without success a few nights previously, would attempt to run a cargo at a spot not far from Lymington, soon after midnight. I accordingly, as soon as darkness had fallen, ran down, and—within signal distance of the shore-men with whom I had communicated—stood off and on till dawn in vain expectation of the promised prize. I strongly suspected that we had been humbugged; and on rounding Calshot Castle on our return, I had no doubt of it; for there, sure enough, was the *Blue-eyed Maid* riding lightly at anchor off Hamble Creek, and, from her slight draught of water, it was quite evident that her cargo, whatever it might have consisted of, had been landed, or otherwise disposed of. They had been smart with their work; for the summer night and our absence had lasted only a few hours. I boarded her, and found Old Barnaby, whom I knew by sight, and his two descendants, whom I had not before seen, busily engaged in swabbing the cutter's deck, and getting matters generally into order and ship-

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shape. The son a good deal resembled the old man, except that his features wore a much more intelligent and good-humoured expression; and the boy was an active, bold-eyed, curly-haired youngster, whose countenance, but for a provoking sauciness of expression, apparently habitual to him, would have been quite handsome. I thought I had seen his face somewhere before, and he, I noticed, suddenly stopped from his work on hearing my name, and looked at me with a smiling but earnest curiosity. The morning's work had, I saw, been thoroughly performed; and being in no humour for a profitless game of cross-questions and crooked answers, and after exchanging one or two colloquial courtesies, in which I had by no means the advantage, I returned to the *Rose*, more than ever satisfied that this interesting family required, and would probably repay, the closest watchfulness and care.

On the evening of the same day the *Blue-eyed Maid* again vanished. A fortnight slipped by, and she had not reappeared; when the *Rose*, having slightly grazed her bottom in going over the shifting shingle at the north-west of the Wight, went into Portsmouth to be examined. Some of her copper was found to be stripped off; there were other trifling damages; and two or three days would elapse before she could be got ready for service. The interval I spent at Southampton, and on the second night, after paying a visit to the theatre, tempted by a glorious moonlit night which had succeeded a dark and squally evening, I strolled towards the platform battery.

The tide was at the full, and a faint breeze slightly rippled the magnificent expanse of water which glanced and sparkled in the bright moon and starlight of a cloudless autumn sky. But my attention was not long absorbed by the beauty of the scene, peerless as I deemed it; for, unless my eyes strangely deceived me, the *Blue-eyed Maid* had returned, and quietly anchored off Weston. She appeared to have just brought up; for the mainsail, three new patches in which chiefly enabled me to recognise her, was still flapping in the wind, and it appeared to me—though from the distance and the shadow of the dark background of woods in which she lay, it was difficult to speak with certainty—that she was deeply laden. There was not a moment to be lost. Fortunately, just in the nick of time, a boat with two watermen approached the platform steps. I tendered them a guinea to put me on board the smack off Weston—an offer which they eagerly accepted; and I was soon speeding over the waters to her. My uniform must have apprised the Barnabys of the nature of the visit about to be paid to them; for when we were within about a quarter of a mile of their vessel, two figures, which I easily recognised as Old Barnaby and his grandson, jumped into a boat that had been loading alongside, and rowed desperately for the shore, but a point considerably farther up the river, towards Itchen. There appeared to be no one left on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and the shore-confederates of the smugglers did not show themselves, conjecturing doubtless, as I had calculated they would, upon my having plenty of help within signal call. I therefore determined to capture the boat first, and return with her to the cutter. The watermen, excited by the chase, pulled with a will, and in about ten minutes we ran alongside the Barnabys' boat, jumped in, and found her loaded to the gunwale with brandy kegs.

"Fairly caught at last, old fellow!" I exclaimed, exultingly, in reply to the maledictions he showered on us. "And now pull the boat's head round, and make for the *Blue-eyed Maid*, or I'll run you through the body."

"Pull her round yourself," he sullenly rejoined, as he rose from the thrawt, and unshipped his oar. "It's bad enough to be robbed of one's hard 'arnings 'athout helping the thieves to do it!"

His refusal was of no consequence; the watermen's light skiff was made fast astern, and in a few moments we were pulling steadily towards the still motionless cutter. Old Barnaby was fumbling among the tubs in search, as he growled out, of his pea-jacket; his hopeful grandson was seated at the stern, whistling the then popular air of the "Woodpecker" with great energy and perfect coolness; and I was standing with my back towards them in the bow of the boat, when the stroke-oarsman suddenly exclaimed, "What are you at with the boat's painter, you young devil's cub?" He was answered by a mocking laugh from the boy, who shouted "Now, grandfer, now!"

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Old Barnaby sprang into the boat which the lad had brought close up to the stern, pushing her off as he did so with all his strength; and then the boy, holding in his hand the painter he had detached from the ring to which it had been fastened, immediately jumped over the side. In another instant he was hauled out of the water by Barnaby, and—before we had recovered from the surprise which the suddenness and completeness of the trick we had been played excited in us—both were seated and pulling lustily, and with exulting shouts, round in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*. We were, however, very speedily in vigorous chase; and as the wind, though favourable and evidently rising, was still light, we had little doubt of success, especially as some precious minutes must be lost to the smuggler in getting under weigh, neither jib nor stay foresail being as yet set. The watermen bent fiercely to their oars; and heavily-laden as the boat was, we were beginning to slip freely through the water, when an exclamation from one of the men announced another and more perilous trick the Barnabys had played us.

Old Barnaby, in pretending to fumble about for his jacket, had contrived to unship a large plug expressly contrived for the purpose of sinking the boat whenever the exigencies of their vocation might render such an operation advisable; and the water was coming in like a sluice. There was no help for it, and the boat's head was immediately turned towards the shore. Another vociferous shout rang in our ears as the full success of their scheme was observed by the Barnabys, replied to of course by the furious, but impotent execrations of the watermen. The boat sank rapidly; and we were still about a hundred yards from the shore, when we found ourselves splashing about in the water, which, fortunately, was not more than up to the arm-pits of the shortest of us, but so full of strong and tangled seaweed, that swimming was out of the question; and we had to wade slowly and painfully through it, a step on a spot of more than usually soft mud plumping us down every now and then over head and ears. After reaching the shore and shaking ourselves, we found leisure to look in the direction of the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her stood down the river, impelled by the fast freshening breeze, and towing the watermen's boat securely at her stern.

There were no means of pursuit; and after indulging in sundry energetic vocables hardly worth repeating, we retreated in savage discomforture towards Weston, plentifully sprinkling the grass and gravel as we slowly passed along. There, we knocked up the landlord of a public-house, and, turning in as soon as possible, happily exchanged our dripping attire for warm blankets and clean sheets, beneath the soothing influence of which I, for one, was soon fast asleep.

Day had hardly dawned when we were all three up, and overhauling the mud and weeds—the tide was quite gone out—for the captured boat and tubs. They had vanished entirely; the fairies about Weston had spirited them away while we slept, leaving no vestige whatever of the spoil, to which we had naturally looked as some trifling compensation for the night's mishap, and the loss of the watermen's boat, to say nothing of the sousing we had got. It was a miserable business certainly, and my promise to provide my helpmates with another boat, should their own not be recovered, soothed but very slightly their sadly-ruffled tempers. But lamentations were useless, and after the lugubrious expression of a dismal hope for better luck next time, we separated.

This pleasant incident did not in the least abate my anxiety to get once more within hailing distance of the Barnabys; but for a long time my efforts were entirely fruitless, and I had begun to think that the *Blue-eyed Maid* had been permanently transferred to another and less-vigilantly watched station, when a slight inkling of intelligence dispelled that fear. My plan was soon formed. I caused it to be carelessly given out on shore that the *Rose* had sprung her bowsprit in the gale a day or two before, and was going the next afternoon into Portsmouth to get another. In pursuance of this intention, the *Rose* soon after noon slipped her moorings, and sailed for that port; remained quietly there till about nine o'clock in the evening, and then came out under close-reefed storm canvas, for it was blowing great guns from the northward, and steered for the Southampton river.

The night was as black as pitch; and but for the continuous and vivid flashes of lightning, no object more than a

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hundred yards distant from the vessel could have been discerned. We ran up abeam of Hythe without perceiving the object of our search, then tacked, stood across to the other side, and then retraced our course. We were within a short distance of the Hamble River, when a prolonged flash threw a ghastly light upon the raging waters, and plainly revealed the *Blue-eyed Maid* lying-to under the lee of the north shore, and, it may be, about half-a-mile ahead of us. Unfortunately, she saw us at the same moment, and as soon as way could be got upon her she luffed sharply up, and a minute afterwards was flying through the water in the hope of yet escaping her unexpected enemy. By edging away to leeward I contrived to cut her off effectually from running into the Channel by the Needles passage; but, nothing daunted, she held boldly on without attempting to reduce an inch of canvas, although, from the press she carried, she was fairly buried in the sea. Right in the course she was steering, the *Donegal*, a huge eighty-gun ship, was riding at anchor off Spithead. Old Barnaby, who, I could discern by his streaming white hairs, was at the helm, in his anxiety to keep as well in as possible, determined to pass as closely as he prudently could under the stern of the line-of-battle ship. Unfortunately just as the little cutter was in the act of doing so, a furious blast of wind tore away her jib as if it had been cobweb; and, pressed by her large mainsail, the slight vessel flew up into the wind, meeting the *Donegal* as the huge ship drove back from a strain which had brought her halfway to her anchors. The crash was decisive, and caused the instant disappearance of the unfortunate smuggler. The cry

OLD BARNABY, SKIPPER OF THE "BLUE-EYED MAID."

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of the drowning men, if they had time to utter one, was lost amid the raging of the tempest; and although we threw overboard every loose spar we could lay hands on, it was with scarcely the slightest hope that such aid could avail them in the wild sea. I tacked as speedily as possible, and repassed the spot; but the white foam of the waves, as they leaped and dashed about the leviathan bulk of the *Donegal*, was all that could be perceived, eagerly as we peered over the surface of the angry waters. The *Rose* then stood on, and in little more than an hour afterwards was safely anchored off Hythe.

The boy Barnaby, I was glad to hear a day or two afterwards, had not accompanied his father and grandfather in their last trip, and had consequently escaped the fate which had so suddenly overtaken them, and for which it appeared that the smuggling community held me morally accountable. This was to be expected; but I had too often and too lately been familiar with death at sea in every shape, by the rage of man as well as that of the elements, to be more than slightly and temporarily affected by such an incident; so that all remembrance of it would probably have soon passed away but for an occurrence which took place about a month subsequently.

One of the officers of the shore force received information that two large luggers laden with brandy and tobacco from Guernsey were expected on the following night on some point of the coast between Hamble and Weston; and that, as the cargoes were very valuable, a desperate resistance to the coastguard, in the event of detection, had been organised. Our plan was soon arranged. The *Rose* was sent away with barely enough men to handle her, and with the remainder of the crew, I, as soon as night fell, took up a position a little above Netley Abbey. Two other detachments of the coast-guard were posted along the shore, at intervals of about a mile, all, of course, connected by signal-men not more than a hundred yards apart. There was a faint starlight, but the moon would not rise till near midnight; and from this circumstance, as well as the state of the tides, we could pretty well calculate when to expect our friends—should they come at all. It was not long before we were quite satisfied, from the stealthy movements of a number of persons about the spot, that the information we had received was correct. Just after eleven o'clock a low, peculiar whistle, taken up from distance to distance, was heard; and by placing our ears to the ground, the quick jerk of oars in the rowlocks was quite apparent. After about five minutes of eager restlessness, I gave the impatiently-expected order. We al emerged from our places of concealment. and with cautious but rapid steps advanced upon the, by this time, busy smugglers.

The two luggers were beached upon the soft sand or mud, and between forty and fifty men were each receiving two three-gallon kegs, with which they sped off to the carts in waiting at a little distance. There were also about twenty fellows ranged as a guard, all armed as efficiently as ourselves. I gave the word; but before we could close with the astonished desperadoes, they fired a pistol volley, by which one seaman, John Batley, a fine athletic young man, was killed, and two others seriously wounded. This done, the scoundrels fled in all directions, hotly pursued, of course. I was getting near one of them, when a lad, who was running by his side, suddenly turned, and raising a pistol, discharged it at my head. It fortunately missed its mark, though the whistle of the bullet was unpleasantly close. I closed with and caught the young rascal, who struggled desperately, and to my extreme surprise, I had almost written dismay, discovered that he was young Barnaby! It was not a time for words, and hastily consigning the boy to the custody of the nearest seaman, with a brief order to take care of him, I resumed the pursuit. A bootless one it proved. Favoured by their numbers, and their perfect acquaintance with the hedge-and-ditch neighbourhood, the contrabandists all contrived to escape. The carts also got off, and our only captures were the boy, the luggers, which there had been no time to get off, and their cargoes, with the exception of the few kegs that had reached the carts.

The hunt after the dispersed smugglers was continued by the different parties who came in subsequently to our brush with them, so that after the two wounded seamen had been carried off on litters, and a sufficient guard left in the captured boats, only two men remained with me. The

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body of poor Batley was deposited for the present in one of the luggers; and then the two sailors and myself moved forward to Itchen with the prisoner, where I intended to place him in custody for the night.

The face of the lad was deadly pale, and I noticed that he had been painfully affected by the sight of the corpse. But when I addressed him, his expressive features assumed a scornful, defiant look. First ordering the two men to drop astern out of hearing, I said: "You will be hanged for your share in this night's work, young man, depend upon it."

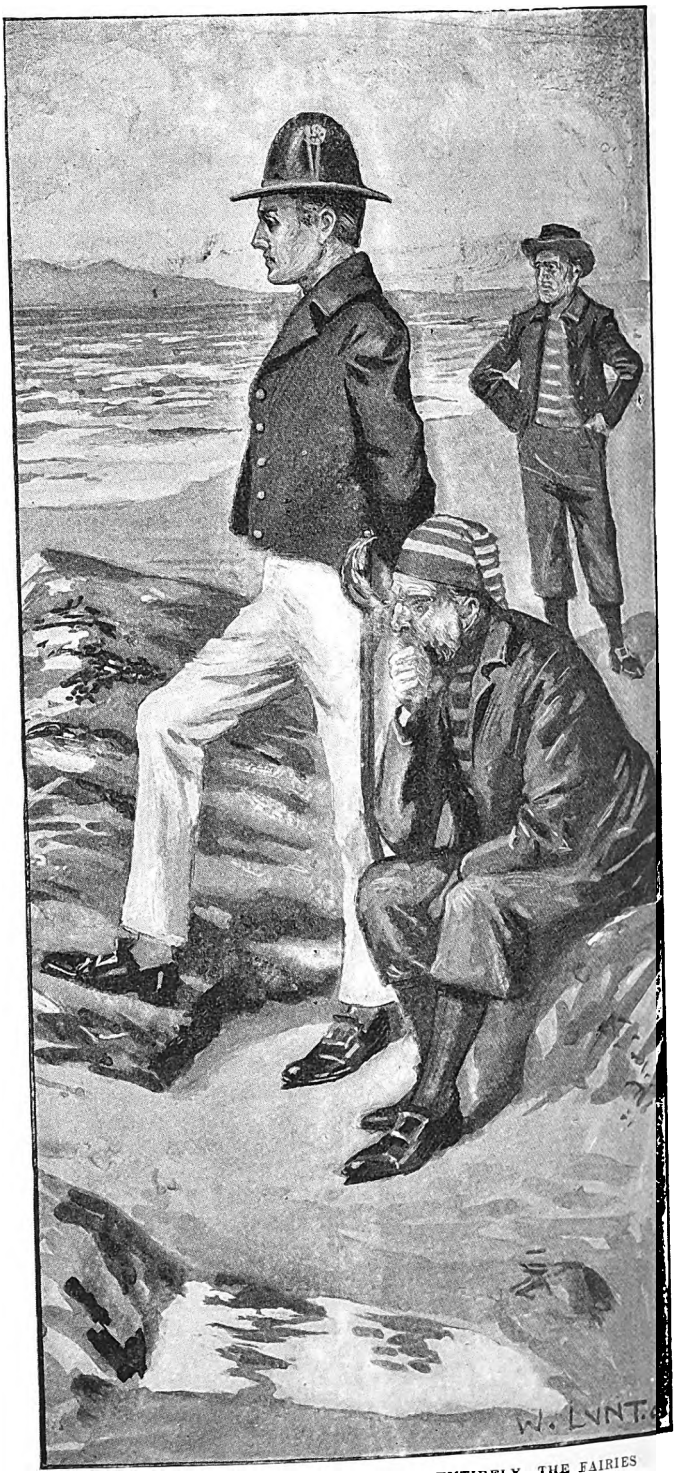
"Hanged!" he exclaimed in a quick, nervous tone; "hanged! You say that to frighten me! It was not I who shot the man! You know that; or perhaps," he added, with a kind of hysterical cry, "perhaps you want to kill me as you did father."

"I have no more inclination, my poor boy," I answered, "to injure you than I had to harm your father. Why, indeed, should I have borne him any ill-will?"

"Why should you? Oh, I know very well!"

"You know more than I do then; but enough of this folly, I wish, I hardly know why, to save you. It was not you, I am quite aware, that fired the fatal shot, but that makes no difference as to your legal guilt. But I think if you would put us on the track of your associates, you might yourself escape."

The lad's fine eyes



THE BOAT AND TUBS HAD VANISHED ENTIRELY, THE FAIRIES HAD SPIRITED THEM AWAY.

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perfectly lightened with scorn and indignation. "Turn informer!" he exclaimed. "Betray them that loved and trusted me! Never—if they could hang me a thousand times over!"

I made no answer, and nothing more was said till we had reached and were passing the Abbey ruins. The boy then abruptly stopped, and with quivering voice, whilst his eyes filled with tears said, "I should like to see my mother."

"See your mother! There can be no particular objection to that; but she lives further on at Weston, does she not?"

"No, we have sold off, and moved to Aunt Diaper's at Netley, up yonder. In a day or two we should have started for Hull, where my uncle lives, and I was to have been 'prenticed to the captain of a Greenlander. But now," he continued with an irrepressible outburst of grief and terror, "Jack Ketch will, you say, be my master, and I shall be only 'prenticed to the gallows."

"Why, if this be so, did your mother permit you to join the lawless desperadoes to whom you owe your present unhappy and degraded position?"

"Mother did not know of it; she thinks I am gone to Southampton to inquire about the day the vessel sails for Hull. Mother will die if I am hanged!" exclaimed the lad with a renewed burst of passionate grief; "and surely you will not kill *her*?"

"It is not very likely I should wish to do so, considering that I have never seen her"

"Oh yes—yes, you have!" he sharply rejoined. "Then perhaps you do not know? Untie or cut these cords," he added, approaching close to me and speaking in a low, quick whisper; "give me a chance: mother's girl's name was Ellen Dible!"

Had the lad's fettered arm been free, and he had suddenly dealt me a blow with a knife or dagger, the stroke could not have been more sharp or terrible than these words conveyed.

"God of mercy!" I exclaimed, as the momently-arrested blood again shot through my heart with reactive violence, "can this be true?"

"Yes, yes—true, quite true!" continued the boy, with the same earnest look, and low, hurried speech. "I saw, when your waistcoat flew open in the struggle just now, what was at the end of the black ribbon. You will give me a chance for mother's sake, won't you?"

A storm of grief, regret, remorse, was sweeping through my brain, and I could not for a while make any answer, though the lad's burning eyes continued with fevered anxiety upon my face.

At last I said, gasped rather: "I cannot release you—it is impossible; but all that can be done—all that can—can legally be done, shall be"—. The boy's countenance fell, and he was again deadly pale. "You shall see your mother," I added. "Tell Johnson where to seek her; he is acquainted with Netley." This was done, and the man walked briskly off upon his errand.

"Come this way," I said, after a few minutes' reflection, and directing my steps towards the old ruined fort by the shore, built, I suppose, for the abbey's defence against pirates. There was but one flight of steps to the summit, and no mode of egress save by the entrance from whence they led. "I will relieve you of those cords while your mother is with you. Go up to the top of the fort. You will be unobserved, and we can watch here against any foolish attempt at escape."

Ten minutes had not elapsed when the mother appeared, accompanied by Johnson and sobbing convulsively. Roberts hailed her, and after a brief explanation, she ascended the steps with tottering but hasty feet to embrace her son. A quarter of an hour, she had been told, would be allowed for the interview.

The allotted time had passed, and I was getting impatient, when a cry from the summit of the fort or tower, as if for help to someone at a distance, roused and startled us. As we stepped out of the gateway, and looked upwards to ascertain the meaning of the sudden cry, the lad dashed out and sped off with surprising speed. One of the men instantly snatched a pistol from his waistbelt, but at a gesture from me put it back. "He cannot escape," I said. "Follow me, but use no unnecessary violence." Finding that we gained rapidly upon him, the lad darted through a low, narrow gateway, into the interior of the abbey ruins, trusting, I imagined, to baffle us in the darkness and intricacy of the place. I just caught sight of him as he disappeared up a long flight of crumbling, winding steps, from

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which he issued through a narrow aperture upon a lofty wall, some five or six feet wide, and overgrown with grass and weeds. I followed in terrible anxiety, for I feared that in his desperation he would spring off and destroy himself. I shouted loudly to him for God's sake to stop. He did so within a few feet of the end of the wall. I ran quickly towards him, and as I neared him he threw away his hat, and revealed the face of—Ellen Dible!

I stopped, bewildered, dizzy, paralysed. Doubtless the mellowing radiance of the night softened or concealed the ravages which time must have imprinted on her features; for, as I gazed upon the spirit-beauty of her excited, beseeching countenance, the old time came back upon me with a power and intensity which an hour before I could not have believed possible. The men hailed repeatedly from below, but I was too bewildered, too excited, to answer. Their shouts, with the young mother's supplicating sobs—she seemed scarcely older than when I parted from her—sounded in my ears like the far-off cries and murmurs of a bewildering chaotic dream. She must have gathered hope and confidence from the emotion I doubtless exhibited; for, as soon as the confusion and ringing in my brain had partially subsided, I could hear her say: "You will save my boy—my only son; for my sake you will save him?"

Another shout from the men below demanded if I had got the prisoner. "Ay, Ay," I mechanically replied, and they immediately hastened to join us.

"Which way—which way is he gone?" I asked, as the seamen approached.

She instinctively caught my meaning: "By the shore to Weston," she hurriedly answered; he will find a boat there."

The men came up: "The chase has led us astray," I said: "look there."

"His mother, by jingo!" cried Johnson. "They must have changed clothes!"

"Yes; the boy's off—to—to Hamble, I have no doubt. You both follow in that direction. "I'll pursue by the Weston and Itchen road."

The men started off to obey this order, and as they did so, I heard her broken murmur of "Bless you, Robert— bless you!" I turned away, faint, reeling with excitement, muttered a hasty farewell, and with disordered steps and throbbing pulse hurried homewards.

The mother I never saw again. The son, at whose escape from justice I thus weakly, it may be criminally, connived, I met a few years ago in London. He is the captain of a first-class ship in the Australian trade, and a smarter sailor I think I never beheld.

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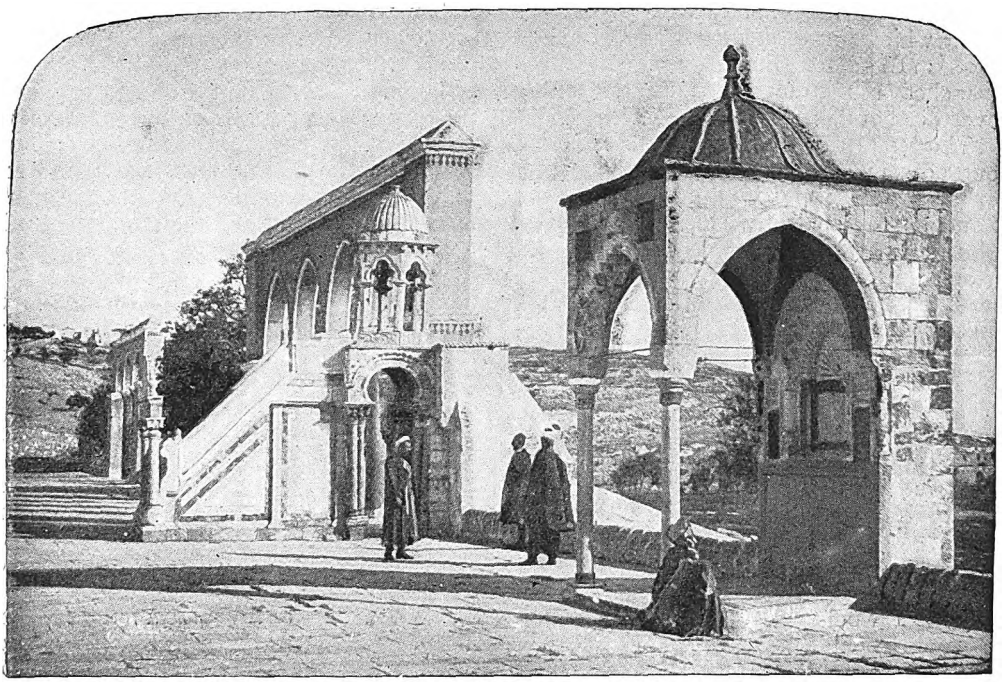

"THE PULPIT OF OMAR," JERUSALEM.

Costumes of the Holy Land.

DRESS or costume in the East is the badge or mark which infallibly indicates the social status of the wearer and the class to which he belongs. There are three different classes in Syria, with as many characteristic costumes. There are, first, the Belladeen or city people, the Fellaheen or country people, and the Bedouins, or sons of the desert.

The dress of a Bedouin, the same as that in which the Rev. N. C. Tams is represented in one of our pictures, is picturesque in the extreme. He wears a silk stripe robe, a cloth coat, and a kaaffeyah or turban, from which falls a square of cloth or silk upon his shoulders. He also wears a pair of red morocco boots, which, however, are not shown. His wife by his side is dressed in the ordinary costume of the middle-class women of Jerusalem. Very different would be the dress of a wife of a rich young man. The garments of such a one are fine and beautiful to behold. Over a dress or petticoat of pink silk she wears a fine cloth jacket, embroidered in gold thread, and a leathern girdle thickly massed with gold

IBRAHIM PASHA,
GOVERNOR OF JERUSALEM.

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embroideries. Upon her head is worn a moon-tire, consisting of a piece of silver shaped as the moon, and placed over a fez, from which hangs a long fringe of silken cord and golden threads, to which are attached numerous silver pieces, falling over her hand.

The festal dress of a village lady is rich and gorgeous, and consists of a jobehareer or silken robe, heavily embroidered by hand down the front, sides, and sleeves. She also wears a tasseled girdle of fine striped silk called mahzam. Over all this is worn a rich takseerah or jacket of red and brilliantly coloured silk. The Bethlehemite wears a saffah, or crown, composed of woollen cloth, gold pieces and blue beads. Over the festive saffah is thrown a ghatta or veil of different colours — sometimes white, and sometimes royal blue or purple. Attached to either ear, and falling under her chin, is a silver chain, having a large Turkish dollar as the centre-piece. The chain is thickly strewn with blue beads, supposed to defend her from the "Evil Eye," a superstition still current in the East.

REV. N. C. TAMS, OF ARIMATHEA, AND FAMILY.

An impressive figure is a Greek priest, especially as he stands robed for Divine service in the Greek churches. His dress is too elaborate, and mystical, and symbolical to attempt a description here. His robes, as well as their meanings, are very beautiful and suggestive. The square shield at his side is made of silver cloth, in the middle of which is a large raised cross. This shield is known as the saif or sword, and gives the priest authority or power to confess sins in the Greek Church. Attached to the shield or saif is a long silk cord in which are woven prayers. He wears from his neck a cloth on which are woven six crosses. This is called butrascheen, and indicates the priest's responsibility for the people's spiritual guidance and welfare. A girdle of white and silver cloth is worn to symbolise the love which "engirdles the people to his heart," and for whom he stands. The last and finishing robe is the great ephod of violet velvet, gold and silver threads, and rich embroideries.

A distinctive feature of a Bedouin woman's costume is the covering for the eyes. From three to four hundred old coins fall from the burko around the woman's face. She wears a blue cotton robe, bracelets, and a silver chain. A young citizen of Jerusalem looks very smart in his fez or tarboosh, and full orange trousers, several yards wide, and embroidered jacket, drawn in at his waist with a girdle. A lady attired to receive visitors in her home wears a silken conbaz, a pink silk satla or over-dress, with a linen girdle threaded with silver. A mandeal covers the hair, over which is thrown a tarha (veil or scarf) of thin silk gauze, ivory-white in colour. The out-door dress of a city lady is called an

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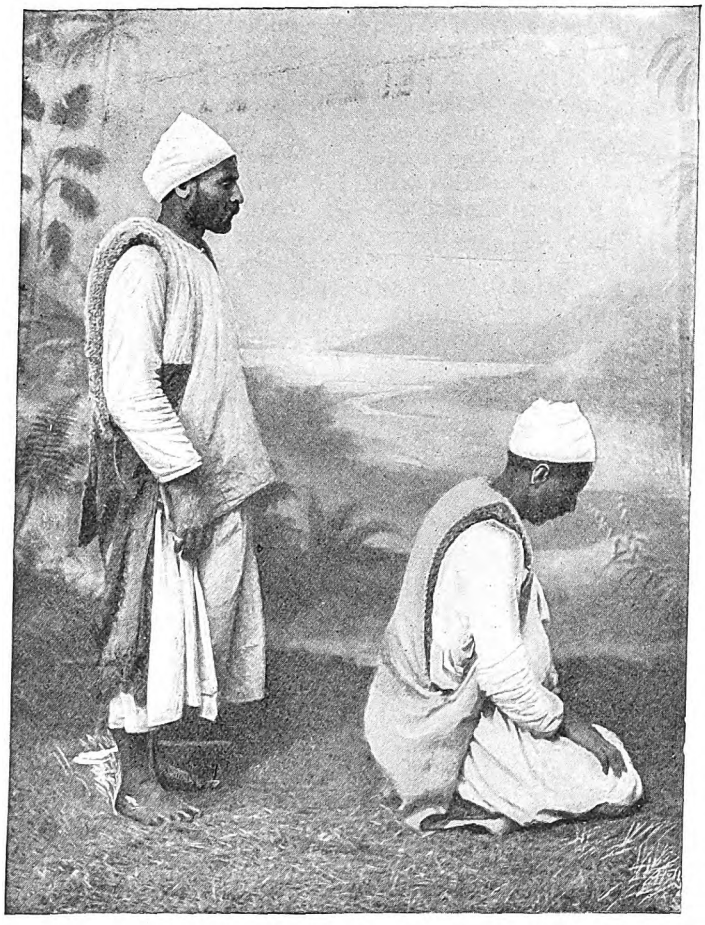

ORIENTIALS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

izzar. The izzar is of chocolate and gold coloured silk, and is used to envelop the woman of Jerusalem as she walks about. She also wears the mandeal, as the eyes, face, and hands of a majority of the women of Palestine must not be seen as they leave the privacy of their dwelling for the street. One of our pictures represents the costume of Mohammedan women fully veiled.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in his "History of Palestine," says: "On the way across the plain of Sharon we meet many veiled women. It is not respectable for them to be unveiled, and it is a veil that is so hung as to make them hideous. A man may not even see the face of his wife until after betrothal or engagement of marriage. Hence the awful mistakes, and the unhappy homes, for God has made the face an index of character, and honesty or dishonesty usually is demonstrated in the features. I do not see what God made a fair face for if it were not to be looked at. But here come the crowds of disfigured women down the road on their way to Joppa, bundles of sticks for firewood on their heads. They started at three in the morning. Whipped and beaten will some of them be if their bundle of sticks is too small. All that is required for divorcement is for a man to say to his wife, 'Be off; I don't want you any more.' Woman is a slave in all lands except those in which the Gospel of Christ makes her a queen. And yet in Christian countries there are women posing as sceptics, and men with families deriding the only religion that makes honourable the wife, mother, daughter and sister."

The ra-ee or shepherd.

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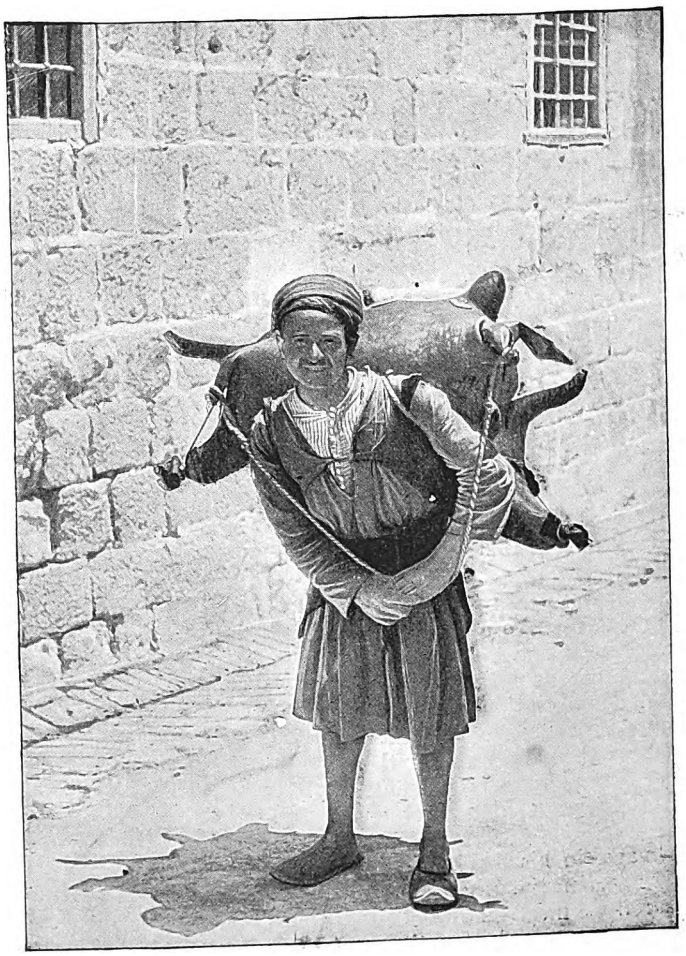
of the East dresses in a *farweh* or coat of sheep-skin, a leathern girdle encircles his waist, just as he might have appeared on the starry plains of Bethlehem when Christ lay cradled, a Divine Babe, in the manger and the stall. He carries a leathern bag for provisions, such as was worn in the time of John the Baptist, and a club or *naboot* for defence. He also carries a reed flute or *zumaira*, which likens him to the shepherd of David's Psalms, or to David himself, "singing to his flocks."

The country children are garbed just as the little ones probably were when Jesus went up and down the country paths of Palestine. The coat worn by some boys is like the "coat of many colours" worn by Joseph, while he bears upon his forehead what the Scriptures call "an ornament of the head." The girls wear garment of silk and linen, and girdles similar to, but simpler than, their mother's. A unique feature of a girl's head-dress is a triangle from which hangs, in imitation, the ten pieces of silver spoken of in the Bible.



ARAB WATER CARRIER.

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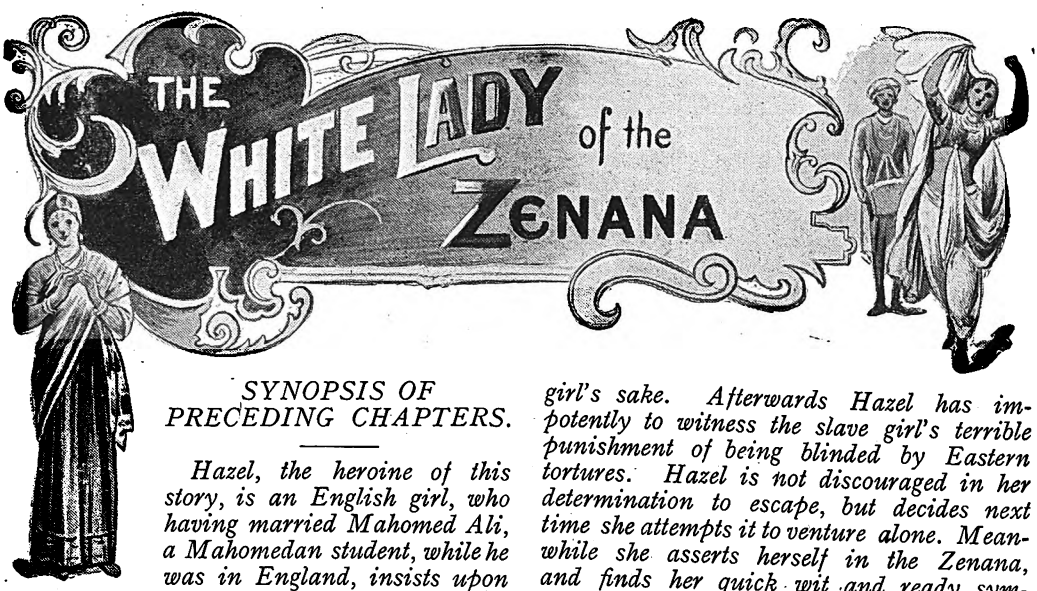

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahomedan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea —that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!" The plan when unfolded by the girl turns out to be a suggestion that as lady visitors come to see the Begum they are in the habit of bringing many strange servants with them, who, when they go away, are preceded by one crying "Gosha! Gosha!" and therefore it will be easy for Hazel, by dressing in servant's garb, provided by the girl, to mix in the servants' waiting-room and leave with them. This they try, but the slave girl herself is hindered and captured, and Hazel, who might have got away, returns for the girl's sake. Afterwards Hazel has impotently to witness the slave girl's terrible punishment of being blinded by Eastern tortures. Hazel is not discouraged in her determination to escape, but decides next time she attempts it to venture alone. Meanwhile she asserts herself in the Zenana, and finds her quick wit and ready sympathies easily win her a first place, both with the Nabob and the Begum. At last, overcome by the persistency of his father, Mahomed Ali takes a second wife, in spite of Hazel's strenuous objections, with the result that Hazel separates herself from him, and he submits. But meanwhile the new wife tries to ingratiate herself with Hazel, and after many attempts succeeds in meeting her in the garden, when there is an exciting scene. Soon after Mahomed Ali has an awful accident, that breaks his back, and Hazel, forgetting herself, endeavours to soothe his dying hours, but is thwarted by the rigid etiquette of the Zenana. Before Hazel's husband dies, he discloses to her a method of escape from the zenana by means of a secret subterranean passage leading from the garden to the banks of the River Coombe. One day, shortly afterwards, Hazel hints at going away, but immediately regrets her impulsive remark. Aziz Unissa is anxious to share Hazel's zenana, now their husband is dead, but the latter refuses, fearing she would interfere with her plans of escape.

CHAPTER X.

HAZEL sat alone on her terrace in deep and serious thought. It was not many days after the death of Mahomed Ali, but already there were changes in the Zenana. Aziz Unissa, disgusted with the dullness of her life in the little ante-room off the Begum's apartment, had gone in a fit of petulance

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to pay a visit to her own family. And already there were threatening rumours of a projected marriage for Mustapha Sahib, which would condemn Hazel to a stricter captivity, and render her ultimate escape well-nigh hopeless.

It behoved her now to lose no time in carrying out her plans, while Aziz Unissa was absent, with all her curious, prying women, who had nothing better to do than to watch all Hazel's movements and report on them for the amusement of their mistress, whose interest in everything that Hazel said and did and wore was unflagging.

All suspicion, as far as Hazel was concerned, had long ceased to trouble the mind of the Nabob; and she profited by this to obtain a larger measure of privacy for herself than she had ever had since she came to the zenana. She explained to her women, as she had done to Aziz Unissa, that it was the custom of the English for a widow to mourn in solitude, and that until her mourning was ended, she would not require their attendance in her room, neither were they any longer to sleep there. She desired them to bring her meals at certain stated intervals, and at all other times to refrain from intruding on her, unless they were summoned. Every day she sat or walked for a time in the garden, but when she did so she always called her women to bear her company.

The slave appointed to do that duty carried her books backwards and forwards to and from the library, in the old College Hall, as he had been accustomed to do during Mahomed Ali's lifetime. But there was no one now to turn over their pages, and see that nothing more was written on them than concerned the stories there related.

To-day Hazel sat thoughtfully composing the appeal she hoped would reach some kind soul fn the outer world, and move them to come to her assistance.

HAZEL SAT THOUGHTFULLY COMPOSING THE APPEAL.

On the fly-leaf at the beginning of the book, she wrote in pencil, in clear and plain handwriting, the carefully thought-out words of her letter:

"I entreat whoever sees this book to read and consider these words; they are absolutely true. I, who write, am an English woman, who married a Mahomedan gentleman in England. Since I came to this country, I have lived shut up in the zenana of his father's house. I have made several attempts to escape, the life here being insupportable for any white woman, but I have always been unsuccessful, and my attempts discovered. My husband is now dead; my position here is worse than

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ever. I desire most earnestly to return to my own country, but they will not let me go; I am here literally in prison. I implore you who read this to take pity on me, and help me to escape, or at least to give me some answer to this petition. I do not give my name and address; it would be useless, for no letter would ever be allowed to reach me; and any attempt to see me would only bring me into the most serious danger. O, reader, if you have mercy, write an answer to this on the fly-leaf of one of the books of this library, as I have done here. I shall send every second day for one of the twelve volumes of 'Hallam's Middle Ages.' To-day is the 2nd of September, on the 4th I shall send for the first volume. Write in one of these, and I shall get your answer.

"A DESPAIRING ENGLISHWOMAN."

In several places, on the margins of the pages, she wrote: "Pray read the note on the fly-leaf of this book."

This letter she copied into the three or four volumes of popular works of fiction of the day, which she had with her, works she thought most likely to be read by the English ladies in the place.

"Surely, surely," she said, "someone must see this, and someone will send an answer." Then she called one of her servants and gave her the books to send to the library.

For two days she thought of nothing, day or night, but the answer she was sure to find in the first volume of "Hallam's Middle Ages."

Two days later, when it lay on the table before her, she dared not open it. "I will go and see the Begum first," she said to herself, with some vague, unformulated idea of propitiating the powers that be, by a kindly duty fulfilled.

The Begum hardly ever now came out of her dreams to notice what went on in the world around her; but she always smiled and raised her hand in welcome when Hazel came to sit beside her charpoy. "She is killing herself very fast, poor soul," thought Hazel, looking at the shrunken emaciated form, "but I don't know that anyone could wish to stop her. If I thought it would matter much to her, I think I would put off my going."

When she opened the book, a little later, sitting alone in her own room, there was not a mark on the clear fly-leaf. With feverish haste she turned the pages, looking for some word or sign, but there was none. Her fair head drooped upon the book, and she wept tears of the keenest disappointment.

Day by day, as the books came with no message for her on their blank pages, her heart grew sick with hope deferred. Every second day, when the books were changed, she wrote in some new volume that appeal for help, from which she hoped so much, adding sometimes: "For God's sake, hear me!" But the answer never came.

The long September days dragged heavily past. October came, and Hazel, sitting on her terrace, watched the carriages drive past again down the distant road behind the paddy fields. The ladies were returning from the Hills. The season was beginning again in hospitable, gay Madras.

One day, by mistake, they sent her from the library a book she had already had; she turned to the fly-leaf idly, to look for her poor little letter. All the careful writing had been entirely erased by a conscientious native clerk, who could not read English, and who hated to see his books defaced.

"Can my father-in-law have done this?" Hazel asked, with a sudden cold fear clutching her heart.

She sent for some of the other books; on them all, the clerk's indiarubber had done its destroying work. On one of the inner pages, which had escaped his notice, below the sentence: "Pray read the note on the fly-leaf of this book," some wag had written: "The note on the fly-leaf appears to have flown away."

Then somebody had seen the book, at least that was some comfort; and Hazel was encouraged to try another method.

She abandoned the treacherous fly-leaf, and writing her letter in ink on a separate sheet of thick paper, she gummed it into the middle of the book. If that officious wiseacre of a clerk should see it he would perhaps take it for an integral part of the volume, a fac-simile of handwriting, or some such valuable document.

She set herself again to wait; and went on with her diligent study of "Hallam's Middle Ages."

Now in a pretty bungalow down by the

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beach, Captain Reginald Fletcher lived with his sister and her husband.

"Look here, Redge," said the sister one day, "there is such a funny letter stuck in this book, 'A Double Thread.'"

"You should never read other people's letters, it isn't honourable," said Redge.

I have lived shut up in the zenana of his father's house. I have made several attempts to escape, the life here being insupportable for any white woman, but I have always been unsuccessful, and my attempts discovered. My husband is now dead; my position here is worse than

HAZEL, SITTING ON HER TERRACE, WATCHED THE CARRIAGES DRIVE PAST AGAIN.

Eva began to read aloud: "I entreat whoever sees this book to read and consider these words; they are absolutely true. I, who write, am an Englishwoman who married a Mahomedan gentleman in England. Since I came to this country ever. I desire most earnestly to return to my own country, but they will not let me go. I am here literally in prison. I implore you who read this to take pity on me, and help me to escape, or at least to give me some answer to this petition.

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I do not give my name and address; it would be useless, for no letter would ever be allowed to reach me; and any attempt to see me would only bring me into the most serious danger. O, reader, if you have mercy, write an answer to this and fasten it into the book as I have done. I shall send every second day for one of the volumes of 'Alison's History of Europe.' To-day is the 6th of October; on the 8th I shall send for volume six, on the 10th for the seventh volume, and so on through them all. Write in one of these, and I shall get your answer.

"A DESPAIRING ENGLISHWOMAN."

"Now, what do you make of that?"

"A hoax most likely," said Redge. "Hand over the book and let me see."

She watched him lighting a fresh cigar; after dinner, presently, she said, a little timidly, "I think, Redge, even if it is a hoax, I should like to write an answer.

"Do as you like," he answered, "but I am ready to bet you anything you like the 'poor thing' is some racketty young fellow in a chummery who thinks it would be a great joke to get some tender-hearted young woman like Eva Dunstan to come with ropes and ladders, and dark lanterns, and what not, at midnight, to rescue him from a relentless father-in-law. That father-in-law is a happy touch, Eva. Much finer than the traditional old step-mother, or barbarous uncle."

"We should soon know if it was a chummery," said Eva practically. "We know all the houses where there are young men chumming together; and whoever it is will have to give their address sometime or other. I shall send for Alison's 'History of Europe' the first thing in the morning. To-day is the 8th. I see from what she says that the day after to-morrow she will be sending for the seventh volume. Well, it shall be ready for her.

"Seven volumes of Alison's 'History of Europe' are calculated to depress anyone," said the brother callously. "That is if she really began at the first volume. What in the world induced her to pick out a ponderous affair like that."

"I suppose she thought there were a good many volumes."

"There are," said Redge.

"And that they wouldn't be likely to be out. I don't think many people read them.'

"Not very many," said Redge.

"I shall ask all the girls at the club to-morrow evening whether they have seen this," said Eva.

"If you will be guided by me, my good girl, which I have no doubt you will not," said the Captain, "you will say nothing whatever to anyone about it. Admitting that the case is really as it is set forth there, if a lot of you women get chattering about it all over the place, before the servants, ten to one it will get to the ears of the old Bluebeard father-in-law, and then your young woman may look out for beans."

"You are right, my dear boy. I didn't think of that. I shall not say one word to anyone, except, of course, to George." George was her husband.

"George won't let you stir in the matter, you may be sure of that. You know what a funk all these civilians are always in of any shindy with the native community. Why, breaking a zenana would be one of the seven deadly sins to old George."

"Then you think I had better not mention it to him?" asked Eva doubtfully.

"Heaven forbid that I, a bachelor, should counsel secrecy between a husband and wife," said the Captain, "but you know George as well as I do, better I dare say."

"Well, do stop talking for a minute, while I think of what I shall say in my letter to-morrow."

The Captain went out and walked up and down the drive, while his sister thought out her answer for Alison in the morning.

"I have seen your letter," she wrote, "and I will do anything I can to help you. Write further particulars; and tell me what to do, in this same volume of Alison. I will answer in the next. Don't write in any more books, as it is better no one else should know what you are doing, and tear up this.—EVA."

In the morning Eva and her brother went up together to the library; and, while the Captain engaged the librarian in conversation, Eva looked over the new books and tore out quite a number of leaves with Hazel's letter written upon them. Then she carried off the seventh volume of Alison's 'History of Europe.'

And so it came to pass that Hazel, sitting sadly on the terrace, almost despairing of help, opened that seventh volume, and

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at last found her answer. She had been through all the volumes of "Hallam's Middle Ages," and she was afraid the librarian would notice, and think it trange if she began again at the beginning, so she had turned to the other, which was a longer work.

"God bless her, whoever she is!" she cried impulsively, reading those friendly words of Eva's.

A few days later there was another etter, which Eva read to her brother.

"I thank and bless my unknown friend, Eva. My name is Hazel; my husband was Mahomed Shere Ali Kahn, the eldest son of the Nabob of Tulipatam. I do not know the name of the road where his house is, but at the back it looks out over a waste place and paddy fields, and beyond the fields there is a road with an avenue of tulip trees. There is a high wall all round the garden at the back, and a ditch on the other side of the wall. It is possible you may know the house, as there was a marriage festival here some months ago, and many English people came to it. My room is at the back of the house, looking on to a terrace. Every night I will put three lamps in a row, a red, a white, and a blue one, on the balustrade of the terrace, which I think could be seen from the road beyond the paddy fields. When you have seen the lights will you drive slowly along that road, in the early morning, and wave a white handkerchief; I will wave mine in answer, and you will know that you have found the right house. If, indeed, you are willing to help me, I will tell you my plan, which was partly made for me by my dead husband. There is some danger in it, and he thought I should have some man to help me, in case we were discovered before we got quite away. Perhaps you have some man belonging to you who will be kind and merciful, and charitable enough to help me. If you

"GREAT SCOTT!" SAID THE CAPTAIN, VEHEMENTLY, WHEN EVA HAD FINISHED READING HAZEL'S LETTER.

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have not, I know not indeed what I shall do. There is a way out of here, but I dare not take it alone, and I cannot ask another woman to brave it with me. I have to wear the dress of the native women, and I have never been outside this house. I do not know my way about this place, and I should not know where to go, even if I got out safely by myself. They would find me, and bring me back here."

"Great Scott!" said the Captain vehemently, when Eva had finished. "Fancy my forgetting that! Of course, I remember now. There was a girl on board the steamer I came out in, Mrs. Alley they called her. I believe her name was Hazel. I remember thinking it was a pretty name, and suited her. 'Witch Hazel' some of them used to call her; an awfully pretty, jolly girl she was too. Some of the fellows said her husband was a Mahomedan. To think of her, all this time, shut up in one of their wretched zenanas! I wasn't coming on here at once, you know, and upon my word, when I went up country I forgot all about her. Well, it is a beastly shame! Look here, Eva, you just write at once and say you have a brother who knows her, and who'll have her out of that zenana or know the reason why."

"Don't do anything rash, dear," said Eva.

"Do you think I was born yesterday, my good girl? I haven't lived I don't know how many years in this interesting country without learning that you have to walk very warily indeed among snakes. A great man like that Nabob, too! There would be a precious shindy if anyone knew I was thinking of meddling with His High Mightiness' zenana. You had better not say anything about this business to George, Eva. Joking apart, it is rather a serious thing to attempt a rescue out of a Mahomedan nobleman's zenana. Of course, her being English, and her husband dead, and all that, makes a difference. And I have no doubt the old father-in-law will hold his tongue about it, when once we have got her safely away. I know the old fellow's shanty well enough. Do you remember that big house we went to a few months ago, when there was a great tomash for one of the daughters' wedding?"

"I remember," said Eva. "I saw the bride, and a most extraordinarily beautiful girl she was."

"Well, that's the house. To think that that unfortunate girl Witch Hazel must have been in the house all the time we were there! They must have kept her pretty close for none of you women to have seen her, eh, Eva? You went up to the old Turk's harem, didn't you?"

"Yes; they must have kept her hidden away somewhere, poor girl," said Eva. "There were crowds of women there, but of course, we didn't go into all the rooms. There won't really be any danger in your going there, will there, Redge? Because I can't have you going and getting into trouble, you know."

"Oh, I shall be all right. You see, this lady does not really belong to the 'native community.' I grant you, if I went roaming into some fellow's zenana to look after a lady love for myself, it might be a bit risky; but this is quite a different matter. Fellow-countrywoman, and all that, you know. As it is, I shall just take a stroll along a certain road this evening after dinner, and I think I know just where I shall see those red, white and blue lights. And you had better be ready to drive out with me early to-morrow morning in the pony cart, and bring a good big handkerchief along."

That night at nine o'clock, Hazel sat behind her red, white and blue lights, her heart beating high with hope that on the distant road friendly eyes would see and understand her signal.

In the morning, before the dawn, she was at her watch-tower looking for an answering signal.

Very early, before the other carriages began to drive along the road, a high pony cart came very slowly past. Tied to the whip, which the driver found occasion to flourish a good deal, was a large white handkerchief which waved merrily. With gratitude unspeakable, Hazel waved hers in return; assured now that her deliverance was nigh, her long captivity near its end.

That morning, too, came the message the Captain had sent her. "My brother, who says he met you on board the steamer coming out, asks me to say he is ready to help you in any plan you may suggest, and if you have no plan, he can very soon make one. He thinks he knows the house, but by the time you get this you will have seen our signal. He says, keep up your spirits and trust to him."

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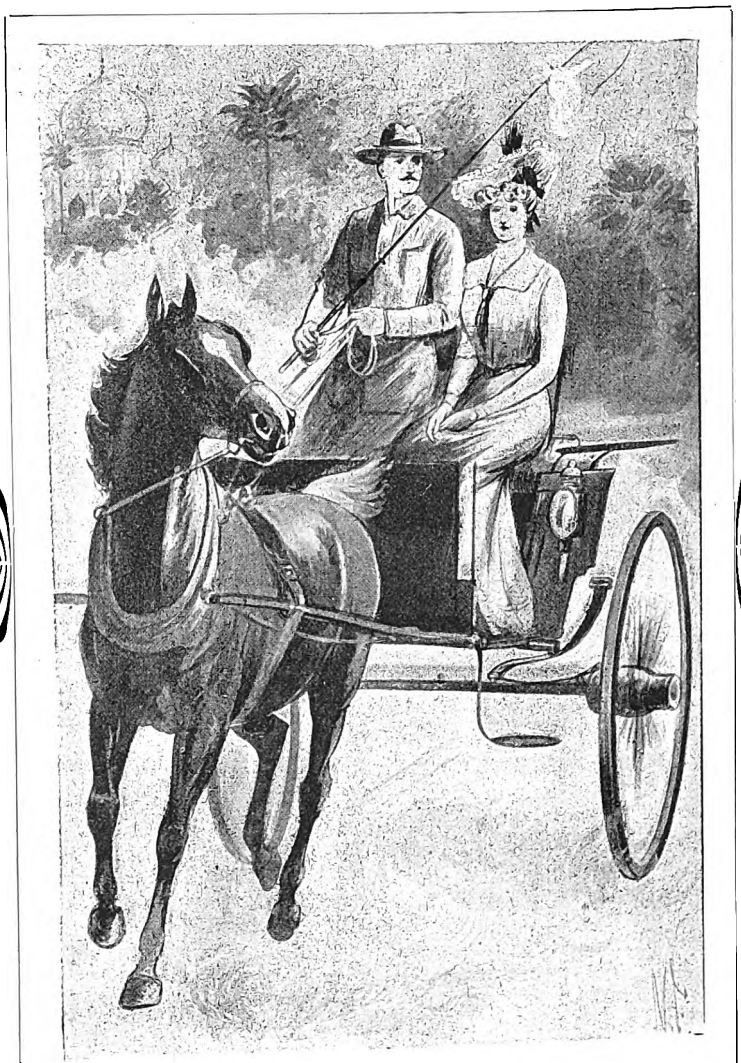
Two days later Eva sat reading Alison's "History of Europe" in the verandah.

"I should think you would know an awful lot of history, by the time you get through with that," said the Captain quizzically, as he came out with his brother-in-law.

"Yes," said George, settling himself in his long armchair, "I never knew Eva try to improve her mind before. I'm afraid she must be going to have some illness."

"She has had a touch of the sun, I think," said her brother. "I know nothing else that would make a woman want to addle her brains with history, when she hasn't got her living to get. You'll see, George, she will be running all over the place trying to bite us all, presently."

"There are some very interesting things in Alison," said Eva severely.



TIED TO THE WHIP WAS A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF WAVING MERRILY.

Her brother came and looked over her shoulder, reading with her:

"I have no words to express my gratitude to your noble brother. This is my plan: The zenana garden, which is at the back of the house, below my terrace, is surrounded by a high wall. He must get over this wall on the right hand side, as

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you face the house, at the corner nearest the house, where there is a big tamarind tree. I cannot tell you what is on the other side of the wall, but I think he will want a ladder. He must come at night, when there is moonlight. If he follows the wall of the house he will come to a little outside staircase which leads on to the terrace, where I shall be waiting for him. As I cannot tell what hour, or even what night, he will come, it is better I should not wait in the garden. He must choose his own time, when it is most convenient to him, and when he thinks it safest to enter the garden. Then I will lead him to an underground passage that goes from the garden out on to the banks of the Coombe. When we get there, will he bring me to you, my friend ? "

" Well, it seems very dull stuff," said the Captain with a yawn, turning to his own long armchair.

Having finished his cigar, George went away to his office. He was a civilian, whose affairs have no bearing on this story.

" So it is all settled, Redge ! " said Eva, excitedly. " Do you think you will be able to manage to get over that wall ? "

" With time and patience, and a ladder, perhaps," said the Captain, lazily.

" Doesn't it seem rather strange to you, that, with that passage just close at hand, Hazel should never have thought of running away by herself ? " said Eva.

" Oh, women hate underground passages in the dark, by themselves," said he. " And there may have been other reasons. You see the husband advised her not to try it by herself. And I think she said in her first letter that she had tried to escape several times, and they had always caught her."

" Poor Hazel ! " said Eva.

" I say, Eva, I wish you would come along with me, and have a look at the front of the old Turk's bungalow. Hazel's idea of my climbing that wall does not recommend itself to me. I am not at all sure I could get up by a rope, and a ladder, of course, is out of the question, unless the Johnny next door leaves one handy on his side of the wall."

" Do you mean to go now, at once, Redge ? "

" Yes, now. At this time of day every Mahomedan who respects himself will be taking his siesta. I don't believe the night is the best time, begging Hazel's pardon. It is always better to see what you are about. And I should like to have a look at the front of the fortress."

As they drove along together, having dispensed with a groom, he explained his idea. " I shall get out at the gate," he said, " and walk straight up to the house. If I see anyone about I shall ask if the Power Mem Sahib is at home, as you have come to call. Colonel Power lives somewhere down that road, I know. If no one appears, I shall simply go straight up on to the roof. There is always an outside staircase to these houses, and as, from Hazel's description, it does not appear to be at the back, it must be somewhere in front, or on one side. When I get out, you wait in the road ; if you see me speaking to anyone, wait till I come out and join you. If you see me mounting to the roof, drive off, and don't look behind you."

" What on earth will you do on the roof ? " she asked, frightened at the boldness of his plan, " you could never bring Hazel away at this hour of the day."

" I don't know exactly what I shall do until I get there," he answered coolly. " I have brought a good stout cord to let myself down on to Hazel's terrace ; it is round my waist at this moment, ruining the fit of my second best coat."

" Oh, dear, do be careful," she urged.

" You may expect me to walk in, with Hazel, any time to-night," he said cheerfully. " Now, don't be a goose, Eva, there is nothing for you to get into a panic about. It will be all right, you'll see, and as easy as eating your dinner."

All the front of the Nabob's house seemed sunk in profound slumber, as they drove up to it. The venetians were all closed, no living creature was in sight. Over all brooded the profound hush of the burning Eastern day.

" The old Turk and all his satraps are snoring away inside there at this very moment, like the seven sleepers of Ephesus," said the Captain, and he jumped down lightly out of the cart. " Now, don't forget, Eva, if I go up, you are to drive on at once."

He walked in a brisk, business-like manner up the drive, as one who had every right to be there, and went up the steps into the wide verandah. All the doors were closed, no one came out to

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speak to him or to ask him what he wanted. He stood waiting a moment; there was no staircase in sight. Presently he walked round to the side of the house, as though seeking some servant to admit him. There, at the side, was the staircase leading straight up to the flat roof. With one swift glance round on the deserted compound and sleeping house, he ran nimbly up the steep, stone steps to the roof; before he reached it, he heard the wheels of the pony cart as Eva drove away. Stooping behind the balustrade, he saw a servant come lazily out from the other side of the house, putting on his turban as he came. He stood looking stupidly after the vanishing pony-cart for a moment, and then went back to resume his interrupted siesta.

The Captain, on the roof, drew a long breath: "That was a near shave," he said. He crept softly along the side of the roof to the back. There, peeping between the columns of the balustrade he could look down, unobserved, into the garden beneath.

In a deep, green nook of coolest shade, he saw a fair lady sitting, clad in the graceful dress of a native lady, a dress of purest white, with wide borderings of pale violet embroidery, and light loose draperies that waved and fluttered like the wings of some soft white bird, as she rocked herself to and fro. Behind her, a woman stood fanning her, as she sat reading; another had brought her cool drinks and fruits upon a silver tray; a little further off, three or four more lay sleeping. Their bright dresses made a pretty group of colour and life in the deep green of the garden.

"And that, I suppose," said the Captain, "is Hazel."

———

CHAPTER XI.

Hazel leaned on her balcony in the moonlight. The moon had risen early, and was now declining to her setting, throwing long, mysterious shadows in the silent garden. The delicate odours of a thousand flowers came up to her sweetly; a thousand gentle sounds of timid-moving creatures of the night were in her ears; and in her soul was the peace of a great hope near its fulfilment. All the old impotent anger, the chafing and struggling and bitterness had died out of her heart. Her very pose, as she leaned idly there, was full of the restful patience of one who waits willingly.

"He cannot come to-night," she said, breathing the words down softly to her friends the trees in the garden. "He cannot come to-night. But some night he will surely come, and I shall go away with him to the happier life in my own land, across the seas."

And one, leaning on the roof above, heated and wearied, and sick with a long vigil in the pitiless sun, heard her.

"Hazel," he whispered softly. "Hazel, I am here."

She looked about her, bewildered.

"Look up," he said; "I am here on the roof."

And she, looking up, beheld the deliverer as one who had descended out of Heaven to help her.

"Are you alone?" he asked; "Can I come down?"

"Yes, I am alone," she answered, "but there is no way to come down."

But his cord was prepared; already he had fastened it to the balustrade, and made the knots and loops that should steady his feet in the descent. He dropped it over now noiselessly, and silently he slipped down it to Hazel on the terrace.

She stood waiting to receive him without embarrassment; a happy smile upon her lovely face, her slender hands stretched out to him in gladdest welcome.

He took the slender hands in his, a little moved by her gladness, a little touched to a sentiment he scorned, by the ethereal beauty of her golden head, rising like some bright star from the floating clouds of the white veil that lay about her neck.

"I am Eva's brother, you know," he said awkwardly.

"Yes I know," she answered, and looking at him more closely, she knew him, but his name she had forgotten. "I remember you," she said, "you were on the steamer. You were always kind to me, even there."

"And you have lived in this house, ever since?" he said, looking round him curiously.

"I have never left it, since my husband brought me to this house," she answered. "except once for a few hours; but I will tell you that afterwards."

She did not ask him how he came upon

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the roof; and he said nothing of his vigil, or his fast, though he had meant to ask her for food before they braved the dangers of the secret passage.

"Are you ready to come now?" he asked. "Are they all quiet in the house, or must we wait till later?"

"It is too early yet," she said, "my women will come presently to bring me food. When I have sent them away again, we will wait for a little while till the house sleeps, and then we can go."

"Don't send the food away!" he said hastily, "I am very hungry, and thirsty too. I have been up there nearly all day, ever since early in the afternoon."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, "but my women will be here directly. Will you go up again for a very little while, for they will set the table out here? When I have sent them away I will call you. What shall I call you?"

"Call me Reginald," he said.

He climbed back by his cord, and drew it up after him, and sat down to wait yet a little longer. Presently he heard the servants come chattering, and running backwards and forwards on the terrace, and he heard Hazel saying: "Put it on the table and leave it. I am not hungry yet. When I am ready I will eat it, but you need not stay, you can go."

In a little while all was quiet, and he heard her silvery voice calling: "Reginald, Reginald!"

She set the food before him, waiting on him with most willing service.

"You must not wait on me, dear," he said, "it is my place to serve you." He said the little tender word, unthinkingly, and it seemed so simply natural that neither noticed it.

"Let me," she said, "I love to wait on you."

When he had finished, he led her down into the garden.

"I saw you sitting here to-day," he said, leading her across the lawn into the deep shadows. "You looked very cool and peaceful."

"It is a lovely, lovely place," she said, sighing softly in her great content. She had always loved the garden, but it had not seemed to her so altogether lovely in the days when she was always seeking a means of escape from it.

They sat down together on the grass. "Are you sorry to leave it after all, dear child?" he asked.

"No, I am very, very glad," she answered, "they would not allow you to stay here, you know."

"You seemed very unhappy from your letters," he said, "and you were always so bright and happy on board the steamer. Were you disappointed with your life here? Was it different from what you expected?"

She told him of her home-coming with Mahomed Ali, and how from that day she had never been allowed to cross the threshold of that prison-house; she told how they had taken away her clothes, and made her dress like the native women.

"But the dress becomes you, infinitely, dear," he said, "you could not look more lovely or graceful in anything than you look now in these clinging, floating things."

"I am glad you like them," she said, smiling at him with her sweet eyes. She went on to tell him how she had tried to escape, and how she had been prevented. She told him, too, shuddering, how Taj Bee died, who had tried to help her. And this story showed him, as nothing had done yet, that he was engaged in a really serious undertaking, and not a pretty masquerade in a moonlit, scented garden.

"Don't you think we ought to be going soon, dear?" he said.

"Yes, it is time," she answered. "But I am so afraid of that dark passage."

"You must not be afraid of anything, with me, dear child," he said, laying his hand softly on her. "Do you think I cannot protect you?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

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CURIOUS PLACES OF WORSHIP.

By LESLIE GILLIAMS.

AMERICA has some strange and interesting places of worship. Religious services are held in an old election booth, a lighthouse, a stable, a flour and seed store, and in an old historical house which, way back in 1777, belonged to one of the most aristocratic families in the United States.

To this group of queer places where the Americans worship should be added a little church out in the western part of the United States. It is the edifice known as St. Peter's, located in Tacoma, Washington, and this church has the distinction of possessing the oldest as well as the strangest bell tower in the country.

The church is built beside a venerable fir-tree; the top of this tree was sawn off some time ago, at a distance of forty-eight feet from the ground, and the trunk which was left standing forms a unique tower from which an old bell calls the worshippers to service.

The tower is fully three hundred years old. Bishop Morris, of Oregon and Washington territory, at the time the top of the tree was cut off, counted the rings and found they numbered three hundred. The notches showed that three centuries of winter storms and summer sunshine had passed over the old monarch's head before it was claimed by the ministry and honoured by being made guardian of the bell, which was sent all the way from Philadelphia to Tacoma in 1874.

St. Peter's has an interesting history; it stands an appropriate memorial of the success achieved by perseverance, hopefulness and indomitable faith.

Back in the early seventies the Episcopalians of what was then known as Old Tacoma or Old Town, to distinguish it from the city of Tacoma proper, worshipped in a private residence. They were a little band of hard-working people, but they were religious enthusiasts, and they deeply felt the need of an edifice to consecrate to the Lord, where they could worship every Sunday and hold daily services.

This handful of people started a fund, and soon interested the Right Reverend Benjamin Wistar Morris, D.D., Bishop of Oregon and Washington, in their work.

Through his solicitations, a wealthy citizen of Washington donated a plot of ground large enough to erect a good-sized church upon.

With this encouragement the building fund grew rapidly, and in August of 1873, two years after the inception of the plan, work was commenced, on what was to be called St. Peter's P.E. Church, which proved to be the pride of the little congregation which gathered there every Sunday to worship.

It was not more than six months before the church debt was paid off, and the faithful few started a fund for a reading desk, a pulpit, and other improvements.

They had no bell, and it seemed an unwarranted piece of extravagance to buy one—still the little flock felt that it was a great lack not to be able to send forth merry wedding peals, solemn funeral notes, and reverent calls to service. When an offer came from the children of St. Peter's Church of Philadelphia to send the St. Peter's Church of Tacoma a bell, the pastor and people felt that their cup of happiness was brimming full.

Rev. Chas. R. Bonnell, a missionary, took charge of the church, and it was he who had the inspiration of using the old fir-tree which stood close to the chapel as a bell tower.

The bell arrived in Tacoma on October 12th, 1874, and on the 17th of that month it was placed in its unique resting place. It is now completely covered with English

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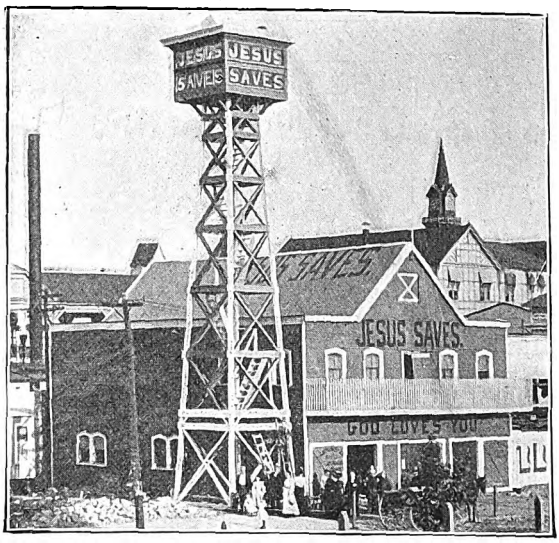


CONEY ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE AND CHURCH.

ivy, which gives it a wonderfully unique appearance. It is an object of great interest to tourists.

There is another feature about the whole thing which is very interesting—the ivy has crept through crevices into the church itself, thus forming a beaut'ful, natural and ever-green decoration. A ladder, extending from the peak of the roof to the tower, is used to reach the bell-rope, which can be gotten at at from that opening in the roof.

The church and tower stand on a hill, overlooking the beautiful waters of Puget Sound, in fact it is only a very short distance from there to the shore.

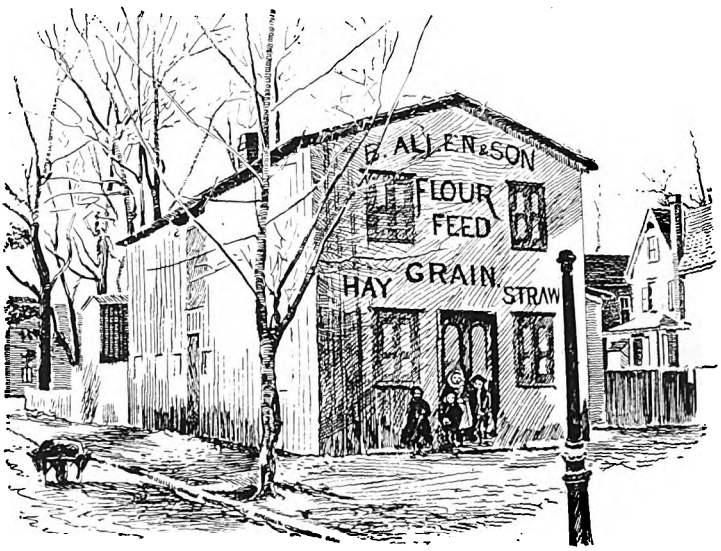
There is a town in New York State, or rather off the coast of New York State, generally thought of as a summer resort, and known by the name of Coney Island, which, in consequence of the life of gaiety common to the place, for years seemed decidedly set apart from everything religious.

For many years Coney Island was without a church, and great surprise was felt by all New Yorkers when recently it was announced that the Island was to have a religious edifice.

Not knowing just how well the new departure would be received, however, it was not thought advisable to construct a building to be used exclusively as a house of God. Consequently, the religious leaders consulted the fishermen of the place, and it was decided to erect a combined lighthouse and church.

Now, high above the Bacchanalian revels of Coney Island there arises this strange structure. It is not a Government building, nor does it belong to the city. It is the property of the reformers who determined to place a church in Coney Island.

The opening wedge has been driven, the church has successfully survived its first invasion into the wicked purlieus of Coney, and the time may yet come when the erstwhile evil island will become the preferred headquarters of the devout pleasure-seekers when they take their summer vacation. The church is attractive.



ONCE A FLOUR AND SEED STORE, NOW A CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

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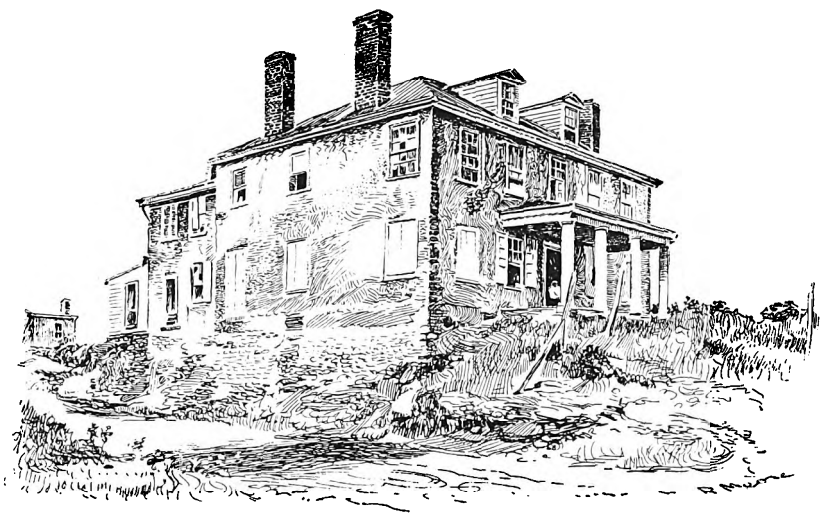
From all quarters of the island the steeple is discernible, and those two or three miles out at sea can read its inscription.

Upon its topmost boards shines during the day, in white letters, the text, "Jesus Saves," and at night the fierce white light of the arc shines through the transparent titles that spell "Jesus Saves." The light, an enormous electric affair, can be seen not only throughout the Island, but for miles beyond. It is eighty-five feet above the ground, and it turns slowly around the compass. It revolves from north to east, then to south and west, and finally back to north again. It has only been in position a short time, and was started without any prior warning. Consequently, when the glaring texts were first flashed out on the sky, many drunken revellers, staggering up and down Surf Avenue, were frightened almost into a condition of sobriety. Even yet the novelty of having a place of worship on the Island has not yet died out, and many of the older residents come daily to the quaint lighthouse church and curiously examine it. It is a genuine sensation to visitors, and since its opening, it has been consequently crowded with a strange assortment of all classes and conditions of people, the typical motley throng of a popular summer resort.

The church is located on Sea Beach Walk, in the very centre of the Island, near the Sea Beach Pavilion, where the trolley-cars stop. The lighthouse is less than 200 feet from the water's edge, and the electrician says that the message can be read two miles out at sea.

Probably the strangest of all the remarkable features of this unique church is the fact that no collections are taken, and no one is solicited to contribute to its support. It is maintained exclusively by voluntary donations, and has been so well managed that, despite the liberal expenditure in furnishing help to unfortunates, there is still in the treasury a balance to the good.

The church also differs from all other known places of sacred worship in the frequency of its services. Prayer meetings are held every day, afternoon and evening and on Sunday are maintained continuously until midnight, people coming and going as they like.



THE BALL-ROOM OF THIS HISTORICAL MANSION, IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW USED AS A CHURCH,

After years of neglect and abandonment, the famous old Roberts' Mansion of Philadelphia, a house around which are clustered memories of events connected with the earliest history of the United States, has again been reopened and rechristened. It is known to the coloured brethren who reside in the flourishing settlement, composed almost exclusively of coloured people, which has grown up around the old mansion, by the exceedingly imposing title of the "Sommerville Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church."

The picturesque and attractive old

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Colonial ball-room of the dwelling has been turned into a church. At one end of the room a platform has been erected for use as an altar, upon which has been built an imposing reading desk with an altar-cloth and other necessary church furnishings.

It is doubtful if the stately old mansion was more beloved and cherished by its wealthy owners in times long past than it is now. since it has taken upon itself the rights and ceremonies of a sacred edifice by the lowly worshippers who gather beneath its roof every Sunday morning.

Strangers in Philadelphia, passing an old election booth in the city on Sunday mornings, are amazed to hear music issuing from the place; old familiar hymns ring out rich and clear, and if the visitor goes near enough he will hear the solemn tones of the minister leading the congregation in prayer.

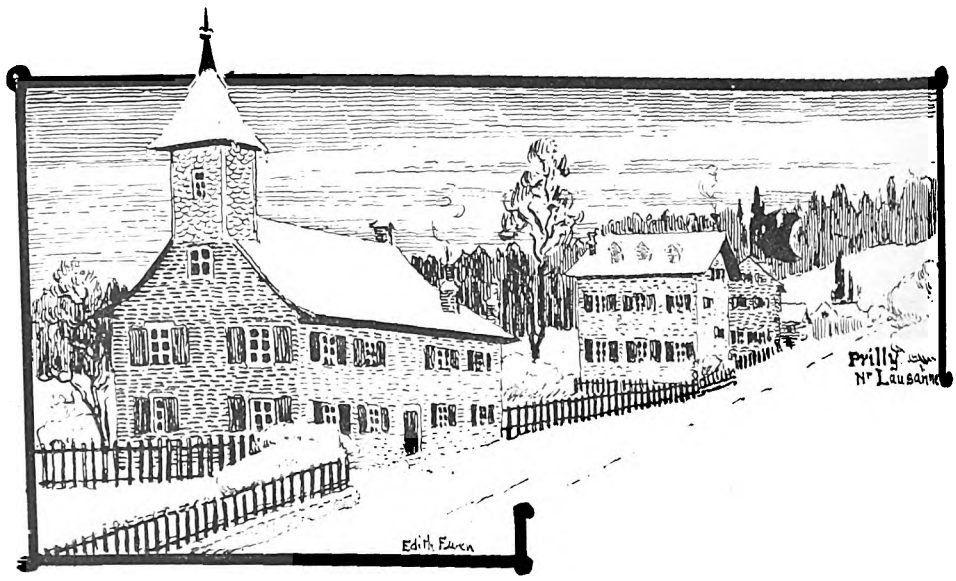
This old booth, after being discarded by the city, was presented, on request, to a Protestant Episcopal Church of Philadelphia, of which the congregation is a branch. The interior is a marvel of compactness and ingenuity. It seats exactly thirty-six people, eighteen on each side of the aisle.

Another strange house of worship is located in Gloucester, New Jersey. The denomination is Congregational, and the members worship in what was once a flour and seed store. This congregation is a notable example of this tendency to hold religious services in queer places. In the two years of its existence, this church has changed its meeting-place four times, the last move having just been made.

The congregation first held its meetings in an old building which was used as a gambling house during the palmy days of the Gloucester race track. When this place of worship was destroyed by fire, a saloon-keeper near by kindly offered a side room in his place to the pastor, who accepted the offer and conducted the church services in this saloon for three months.

Now the president of the Helping Hand Congregational Church has leased an old flour and seed store. The advertising signs still remain upon the building, giving it a bizarre appearance for a church.

The members of the New Covenant Baptist Church of Philadelphia worship in a stable, or rather, what was once a stable. The exterior of the building has been very little altered, the big double doors still remain, and the people of the vicinity have not yet become accustomed to seeing a stream of men and women issue from the doors, from which horses used to be led.



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LOVE, THE CONQUEROR

By C. N. BARHAM.

SECOND PART.

. . . SYNOPSIS. . . .

Alice Maythorne, the headmistress of the Blue Bell Hill Girls' School, is resting during the children's play-hour, and is visited by Mr. Anderson, the manager of the school. Miss Maythorne tells him of two children of the name of Barnes who are away, and he promises to visit them for her. When he calls on the children he learns that their mother has just died. He makes acquaintance with Emily, their elder sister. After the funeral, which Mr. Anderson pays for, the orphans are taken to Malta Lodge, the home of his mother, where they stay for a time. While resting at Clifton Grove, by the Trent, one day, Emily makes acquaintance with Mr. Anderson's younger brother, William. Later on, Mr. Anderson finds Emily Barnes the post of teacher of music at a school, and also furnishes a little cottage for Emily and her sisters. Mrs. Anderson invites the Barnes' to a garden party, where they meet some relatives.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GARDEN-PARTY.

THE quiet, clever young music-teacher, in a soft black dress which never rustled, and with a voice that was never raised above its proper pitch, quickly gained the respect of the lady principal of the school in Laburnam Road and the love of her scholars. Nor did her success end there. Through the recommendation and interest of her zealous patrons, and her own talents, which she had not overrated, she was enabled to obtain several private pupils. Thus, when the holidays commenced, Emily Barnes found herself comparatively independent.

The cottage was an abode of bliss, for it was home. Perhaps the stray black cat had really brought good fortune. Sarah and Annie, who had regained their health and spirits, were as happy as birds on a summer's day.

During the holidays Mrs. Anderson gave a garden-party, and the Barneses were invited to it. This party was a grand affair, worthy of the mother of a provincial merchant prince. Upon the lawn, bright toilettes flashed and shimmered, paling the hues of the flowers, while a continued ripple of light laughter, mingled with the chatter of ladies' voices, put bird music to the blush. Emily Barnes was standing beside Mrs. Anderson, who was in a sense chaperoning her, when she heard an exclamation, "Here are the Wears!" She trembled, and would have retired, for that name recalled some of the most painful memories of her life, but Mrs. Anderson gave her an encouraging glance.

Mrs. Wear leaned upon the arm of her husband, a stout, florid, pompous man, who walked with a strut which he mistook for dignity. They were closely followed by a well-dressed, fashionably *blase* young man of five-and-twenty, their son, Reuben, who led his sister Laura, a girl of twenty, and by Miss Blanche, who was sweet seventeen, and boasted openly of her age. Mrs. Wear at once recognised Emily, and was rendered almost speechless at beholding her in that brilliant company.

However, Mrs. Wear took but little notice of Emily, for which the young lady was grateful; but presently, when Mr. William came forward, and led Emily off to look at the flowers in the new greenhouse, she positively

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glared after them with envy and hatred in her heart. She had secretly designed for Mr. William Anderson to fall a victim to Laura's scanty charms and plethoric purse. It was preposterous, shameful, positively indecent, she fumed—inwardly, of course—that that beggarly brat of a bankrupt, Edward Barnes, should have the impudence to throw herself in that gentleman's way!

Mrs. Wear lived two lives: one in public, and the other, which was more vinegary, in private. Just at the present she was in public, and therefore was upon her best behaviour. The envious glance was as brief as the passing of a fleecy cloud over the sun, and she was instantly all smiles and honeyed words. Many ladies who have a marriageable daughter upon their hands are reckless. Mrs. Wear was prudent, and unscrupulous.

The grounds were large, and there was no overflow of visitors into the greenhouse, where Mr. William Anderson pointed out his favourite plants, and chatted on about floriculture in his usual cheery, genial manner. Emily imagined the house as deserted except by themselves, and in her modesty was beginning to wish that someone would appear, when she heard Mr. Anderson saying, "This is the lotus tree, a plant which suggests rest, happiness, and all that kind of thing, you know --pleasures which seldom fall to the lot of us hard-worked mortals."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," a lady replied—Emily recognised the voice as Miss Maythorne's,—"but I prefer the wild ling, and the scented wood-bine, to any of these plants so rich and rare. But, then, I am a simple country-woman who has her livelihood to earn, and make no pretensions to taste."

Emily was unhappy. It was one thing for William Anderson to take generous notice of her, to display the little attentions which every gentleman is always ready to give to a lady; it was another for her to play the part of an eavesdropper, which she was unintentionally doing. She experienced a relief when her sisters came running up, but their first words aroused in her a desire to shake them. Both exclaimed together, "Ah! we have found you at last, Mr. William! It was too bad of you to run away with our sister, Emily; we have been searching everywhere for her. Emily, Mrs. Anderson sent us to look for you."

William Anderson frowned; then he smiled, and said, "My brother seems more highly favoured than I do, Miss Barnes. I must take you to my mother. Well, she is the best of mothers, and I will not complain, although she might have dispensed with your attendance for a little time longer. It is very pleasant in here; nice even than the river." The speech was pointed and meaningful; he intended it to be so. Emily did not comprehend its full significance, she was too guileless and pure; but there was a something in it which caused her cheeks to burn, and she felt thankful their *tete-a-tete* was disturbed. Mrs. Anderson monopolised Emily's services for the remainder of the afternoon, and the poor girl did not know whether to be more thankful or sorry therefor. Yet she was rejoiced in heart for having been summoned from the conservatory.

Mrs. Wear had been cautious and careful, keeping as far as it was possible for her to do from Emily Barnes, and pointedly refraining from speaking about her to the hostess, who, she was shrewd enough to discern, had taken the objectionable young person up as a *protege*. It was not until the ex-hotel-keeper's wife, or, as she would have styled herself, lady, was again seated in her own carriage that she felt she might safely relax prudence. It is probable that she would not have done so even then, if her son, Reuben, had not forced her hand by inquiring, "Who was that very pretty girl in black, mater?"

The young man was unfortunate in his selection of terms. "I saw no such person, and am quite at a loss to understand whom you can mean!" Laura said with a sneer, answering for her mother.

"Then you must have been blind, sister mine. Let me assure you that I distinctly saw her, and manœuvred for an introduction, but old Mother Anderson was one too many for me. It looks as if she were designing the beauty for one of her sons!" was the *blase* gentleman's refined reply.

"You are not only incomprehensible, Reuben, but you are also horridly vulgar. I declare——," Laura was beginning to say, when her mother tartly snapped, "Be quiet, Laura: your brother must mean that odious Barnes girl!"

"Barnes! Never heard of her, but what's in a name! Her face is her fortune!" and the amorous Reuben complacently twisted his flaxen moustache.

"You may not have met the girl before, my dear boy, for she never was in our set; we were always a cut above her people. She is a daughter of old Edward Barnes, the bankrupt Northwood shipowner." The over-dressed woman reverted to her lowly-born type in this angry speech. It was true, however, that the Barneses had not been in the Wears' set; for they were abstainers, and the Wear fortune had been built up in an hotel.

"Anyway, she's an uncommonly attractive-looking piece of goods. It would be interesting to learn how she came down this way." Reuben was importunate in his quest for information.

"She is passable, but she has neither Laura's figure nor Blanche's face!" the fond mother answered, looking admiringly at her two daughters, who were both cross and peevish.

"You haven't told a fellow how she came here," Reuben exclaimed, returning to the attack.

"Oh, I suppose the family was ashamed of the disgrace. Anyway, they came and hid themselves away in the slums, where your father found them and helped them; but paupers are an ungrateful tribe. I believe the girl teaches music, or something of the kind. It is to her credit that she has the grace to do something for

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a living; though it appears she sponges upon those Andersons, who, as everybody says, are easily imposed upon. But that is only what might be expected from such a mushroom family. Old Anderson, the grandfather, was only a common twist hand, who worked for a weekly wage." Mrs. Wear was justified in her scorn; for her own grandfather had certainly not been a twist hand, but a drayman.

"Whatever the old buffer was, they have managed to make their pile. I say, you girls might do worse than set your caps at those two stuck-up young fools, the old girl's sons. They have the cash, if they haven't manners." The height of fashionable manhood, according to Reuben Wear's limited standard of manners, was to play billiards at The Griffin, and to frequent the grand-stand at Colwick Park in the racing season.

"For shame, my son! As if the dear girls would be guilty of even thinking of such unmaidenly folly! I am thankful that your father's money renders it unnecessary for them to set their caps at anybody!" Mrs. Wear said sharply.

The youth accepted the maternal reproof with a prolonged whistle, and his mother, wrapping herself in silence, gazed gloomily out of the window. Nothing more was said until the staring red-brick building which they called home was reached.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALSE FRIENDS.

Within a week the Wear family, Mr. Wear only excepted, called again at Malta Lodge. Of course, the carriage was ordered, and they drove. The Wears were not a walking family, and a carriage was of no use in the coach-house. Reuben showed himself unusually amiable during the drive, even denying himself the solace of a cigar. He was cherishing a purpose of his own.

As they ascended the steps, he casually remarked, "I suppose it would be good business to inquire after that Barnes girl, mater? You see her people were old acquaintances of ours, and we are not stuck-up."

The suggestion was as gall and wormwood to the purse-proud, vulgar woman, but she seldom thwarted her darling son, and, not suspecting that he had any ulterior motive, she decided that there could be no harm in making the inquiry. "And, mater," Reuben added more boldly, "don't forget that it is a long time since I saw any of the family. So, if we should happen to meet them here, especially that bewitching little girl in black, give me an introduction, if you please. That girl is a perfect sylph."

A queer little smile, which resolved itself into a sneer, flitted across Laura's face. Laura was plain-featured, that could not be denied, but she was not by any means a fool. She read her shallow-pated brother as if he had been an open book. "Sylph! You must be rather far gone, Reuben; your association with barmaids has vitiated your taste. To a woman's eye the girl was a perfect frump!" she said sarcastically.

Reuben flushed up to his eye-brows; he was about to make an angry reply, but thought better of it, and laughed uneasily. Fortunately for their own peace of mind, the Wears were accustomed to give but small heed to Laura's caustic speeches. She was a chartered libertine of acerbity, and a past-mistress in the art of saying unpleasant things in a shrewish manner.

The fates, those vagrant sprites that so make or mar life, were apparently disposed to favour the plans of Reuben Wear, for Emily Barnes was at Malta Lodge.

The meeting between Mrs. Anderson and her visitors was not a cordial one, but it was conventionally polite. Reuben was not slow to display symptoms of impatience, and his mother, perceiving this, remembered her promise to him. Assuming her most gracious manner, she asked, "And how is Miss Barnes, dear Mrs. Anderson? I was so surprised and delighted to meet her at your garden-party. You know, we knew her slightly, very slightly, some years ago." And this was the woman who had turned her back upon the distressed widow and orphans, leaving them either to live or die, as best they might!

The mine was sprung under Mrs. Anderson's feet, and she was unprepared. It had all happened so unexpectedly. "Why, Emily is here in the house now: how fortunate——," she began to say, and paused. She could have bitten her lips with vexation for having literally given the poor girl away.

The admission had been made, and was immediately fastened upon. "Oh, then, please do allow us to see her. It will be so nice! I am sure the dear girl will be pleased to meet us for the sake of old times. Dear girl, you remember how often we have talked of her!" Mrs. Wear exclaimed with too much effusiveness for sincerity.

Mrs. Anderson, regretting her error, could not refuse, so she sent for Emily, who, however, returned a message respectfully declining an interview.

But the Wears, having entered upon a woman-hunt, were not easily rebuffed. "Do insist that the dear creature shall come in, Mrs. Anderson. She is only nervous: girls in her position are always *gauche* and *distraite*," Mrs. Wear urged, and Reuben, plucking at his moustache, seconded his mother's plea. So Mrs. Anderson, considering that an ill deed done were better quickly done, herself sought the recalcitrant one.

"I cannot do so; indeed I cannot. If you understood all, you would not ask me to meet those people," Emily cried, with tears in her eyes.

"I do understand, and sympathise with you, my child; but it will be wise for you to meet them, especially as they desire it. These people have a certain amount of influence, and you must not make enemies unnecessarily, if you wish to succeed."

Emily was by nature amiable and yielding, where principle was not involved, and upon reflection saw the propriety of acquiescing with her patroness's reasonable request; so, drying her eyes, she arose, and timidly accompanied that lady down and into the drawing-room, where, when they were alone, the Wears had been

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indulging in sundry spiteful remarks. But when Emily entered, they were at once all smiles and falsity.

The triumph of feminine diplomacy was in the highest degree gratifying to the self-satisfied Reuben, who, to do him justice, had controlled his tongue under the temptation of the women's bitter speeches. He immediately secured the coveted introduction through his crafty mother, who imprinted a Judas kiss upon the girl's pale cheek; while Laura and Blanche, dispensing with oscular salutations, so rising superior to hypocrisy, each proffered a fish-like hand, which Emily slightly touched. This was Reuben's day, his opportunity, and, with a prudence which few persons would have suspected him to possess, he boldly exerted himself to be agreeable to the elder lady, so that, through her, he might arouse the interest of the younger one.

The entrance of William Anderson changed the conversation, directing it into other channels, and soon afternoon tea was brought in. "I would rather have a wine, if it is agreeable!" Reuben remarked *sotto voce* to William, as the two young men stood at the window.

"I regret to be unable to offer it. I thought you were aware that we all belong to the cold-water army!" was William's reply, made in the same low tone.

"Milksop!" the hopeful youth growled audibly; but his companion appeared not to hear him, or, if he did so, treated the ejaculation with contempt.

As Mrs. Wear complacently sipped her tea, she watched William Anderson with eager interest; the intensity of her gaze, however, being broken by frequent glances at her two daughters, her desire being that they should appear at their best to eclipse that forward minx from the slums, but it was often directed back again to William Anderson, who was happily unconscious that he was the object of her observation, and the intended victim of her match-making designs.

Mr. Anderson was absent, but that was rather an advantage than a misfortune in the eyes of the scheming woman, for he was not regarded as a marrying man. With his brother William it was different; he was young, and young men are supposed to be susceptible to feminine charms. If only Laura were wise enough to play her cards discreetly, she might win him, and the fond mother believed that her daughter held the winning card. For, although the Andersons were reputed wealthy, Laura was an heiress, and a rich bride was not to be despised, for hard cash is always a useful commodity in colossal businesses. Mrs. Wear quietly drank tea, and schemed while she watched, saying within herself, "Reuben shall invite this young man to our house; then we will ask him to dine with us, and Laura, dear girl, shall wear my diamonds."

When the crafty, unscrupulous woman arose to go, followed by her undutiful brood, it was with the prospective melody of wedding bells, more tuneful than her own had been, ringing in her ears. Mrs. Wear was a wise woman, but the wisdom of this world is foolishness when it is pitted against the designs of Providence.

CHAPTER IX.

PLANS THAT FAILED.

Mrs. Wear was not a woman who allowed the grass to grow under her feet when she had an object in view. With the instinctive craft and pertinacity of a weasel, when she had marked her prey she hunted it to the death. She had marked William Anderson down, and was resolved that by hook or by crook he should be induced to propose to her daughter Laura. There was only that odious girl Emily Barnes, a by-product of Narrow Marsh, who stood in the way, threatening the miscarriage of her cherished project. Mrs. Wear entertained a shrewd suspicion that the music-teacher's pretty face had attracted the gentleman's attention, and that she would prove to be a formidable rival to her own plainer-featured child. Judging others by her own questionable standard, she believed that Emily, who had nothing to lose, and so much to gain, would throw herself in his way, and leave no stone unturned to win so desirable a prize in the matrimonial market.

Poor Emily! how bitterly she was misjudged. Such a thought was far from her mind. If it had occurred to her, she would have put it away with self-contempt and loathing, as an act of treachery to her generous benefactors. She would have hidden herself to struggle with the monstrous ingratitude until she conquered it, and have gone no more to Malta Lodge. To state that William Anderson was unattractive in her eyes, or that she was indifferent to his manly bearing, would be untruthful. She respected and looked up to him from an almost immeasurable distance. His chivalrous bearing towards his mother, together with his unwearying courtesy to herself, impressed her favourably; she would have been more or less than a woman if they had not done so, for women invariably admire and esteem men who treat their sex with deference. But it never once occurred to her pure and simple mind that he regarded her other than merely sympathetically. She thought no more highly of herself than she ought to think, but was as innocent of forming cunning plans for her own advantage as a little child; as humble as when she had toiled with the scissors for a piece of bread in the lodging-house; and had no thoughts of marrying, or of being sought in marriage.

It was not long before cards of invitation to a grand dinner-party were issued by Mrs. Wear, and the projected brilliancy of the gathering was such that it created quite a sensation in local fashionable circles. The ex-hotel-keeper's wife had so dexterously spread her net that a couple of Members of Parliament, together with bankers, and other small celebrities, were caught in its meshes. It was also broadly hinted that the Andersons had accepted, and Mr. William Anderson's name was so constantly mentioned that some surmised he was the admirer, if not the accepted lover, of either Laura or Blanche. The gossip that followed was not discouraged by the family, nor was it displeasing to Laura, who persuaded herself that the irresponsible chatter must have originated from some declaration of regard covertly.

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made by the young merchant, and that he had a *penchant* for her.

The rumour reached Emily's ears, to her dismay. William Anderson was about to marry Laura Wear! The sentence rang in her dazed brain. Well, it was only natural, for she was rich. He was too noble to marry for money, but he would marry where money was. She hoped he would be happy in his love.

And then she timidly, yet with a Christian's boldness, closely scrutinised her every word and action from the day that he and she first met in Clifton Grove, to discover whether she had been so unmaidenly as to betray her weakness—the fostering of a sweet sentiment unbecoming to her dependent position. But no; sit in judgment upon herself as she would, she could not condemn herself of the guilt of over-forward behaviour.

The question to be answered was, What should she do? She would see him no more; she would not go again to Malta Lodge! But reflection came to her aid. Such conduct would be unjust towards Mrs. Anderson, who had uniformly treated her with consideration and implicitly trusted her. And, also, if she were to absent herself, she must explain the reason. That was quite impossible. In the end she tampered with her conscience, resolving that she would for the future only see William Anderson in his mother's presence.

And if only Emily, thus tossed upon the seas of doubt and fear, had known the truth, she was uppermost in the thoughts of the young man who was being made the apple of discord, as at that very time he was penning a polite note to Mrs. Wear, respectfully declining her invitation, upon the irrefutable plea that urgent business called him to London. What the business was he did not explain; it may have been invented, certainly it was convenient.

So the vulgar rich woman's carefully-planned dinner-party came on, and went off, with all the splendour, glitter, and display of its promise and performance. If either she or her daughters were disappointed in consequence of the absence of any of the invited guests, they did not wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to pick at, but bore the pain with Spartan heroism.

Laura was taken down to dinner by a prosy borough Member of Parliament, and the unsophisticated Blanche, entrusted to the care of a Major in the "Robin Hood Fire and Fall-backs," improved her opportunity by retailing the latest scandals to her polite but startled partner. William Anderson's name was not even mentioned. He was away in town, and therefore was not exposed to the wiles of the charmer; the pompous, verbose M.P. suffered in his stead. If Laura Wear had not gained, neither did she lose by his enforced absence, which she imagined he deplored as much as she did. Yet, if the self-complacent man-hunters had been aware, they would have been humiliated. William Anderson's business afforded him a legitimate excuse for declining the invitation to a gathering for which he had no taste. His mother, too, always straightforward, approved. She had no desire for a Wear as a daughter-in-law. Laura was already half washed out, and gave no promise of wearing well.

And Emily? She lived her daily life quietly, occupying herself with teaching, attending to the duties of the home, and training the children; so working out her salvation by the development of character. Notwithstanding her trust in God, and her confidence that He would cause all things to work for her good, her heart was heavy with sadness; yet no trace of grief showed itself upon her face, which remained calm and peaceful in its expression, although a trifle paler than it was wont to be.

Upon the day following the Wears' disappointing triumph, as Emily, who had returned from the school, was taking off her hat and cloak, Susan Jennings ran into the cottage, and exclaimed, breathlessly, "Oh, Miss Barnes, I am so glad to find you in, for Mrs. Anderson wished you to come round at once. She is so anxious, and I have run all the way."

Susan was generally a welcome visitor, but now a great fear took possession of the girl's heart. Her conscience was stirred, and fluttered like a sitting bird disturbed. Bang! with the report of a cannon, the question was fired at her from her heart's citadel by the inward monitor: What could she be wanted for? Surely her guilty secret had not been discovered! And how strangely the mills of God ground the corn of human intentions, and His hammers demolished their resolutions! Here was her determination broken down at a blow. Mrs. Anderson had sent for her; that lady's request could not be refused; she must go and dree her weird. So, with a trembling dread of unknown consequences she prepared to accompany Susan.

Mrs. Anderson was sitting tranquil and composed, awaiting Emily's arrival. At the sight of that sweet, smiling face, all Emily's terror fled. And when the good old lady, with all the tenderness of a mother, drew down her head, and, smoothing the glossy locks of hair, kissed her on both cheeks, she forgot all except former kindnesses. Even the too-sensitive conscience forbore to upbraid her at that moment. So true in the light of a tried experience is it that perfect love casteth out fear, for it is fear that torments.

Mrs. Anderson, holding up her right hand, and showing a bandaged wrist, said with a gentle smile, "You wonder why I sent for you in such a hurry, but you won't regret coming to the assistance of a cripple."

"Oh, madam, I am so sorry! How did it happen?" was the excited, sympathetic inquiry. Suffering never appealed in vain to Emily of the tender heart.

"It is nothing," was the reply. "Only a slight sprain caused by my foolish attempt to save a falling flower-pot, which was broken after all. But I have a letter to write before post time, and, unfortunately, am unable to hold my pen." The girl, pleased to be of service, immediately volunteered to act as amanuensis. "I was sure you would do so, my child, or I would not have sent for you. We will commence at once. The letter is to my son William."

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"Oh, Mrs. Anderson, I cannot write the letter!" Emily wailed, recoiling from the davenport at which she was about to seat herself. The gulf had opened at her feet, and she felt that she was lost—hopelessly lost!

"Why not, child? why are you unable to write this letter?" Mrs. Anderson asked, a shade of annoyance flitting across her face.

"Because—because it is to a gentleman!" was the foolish reply. What other reason could the bewildered girl assign?

"Nonsense! The letter is to my son; and it is mine, not yours. If your discretion could not be trusted, you would not be requested to do me the favour. Let us get the letter written at once. Emily, I insist!"

Mrs. Anderson was evidently in earnest, and Emily could not refuse compliance with her request without betraying the secret of which she was so thoroughly ashamed. She sat down at the davenport, and with a trembling hand wrote from dictation, and when her clerical work was finished, sealed the letter. So, contrary to her inclination, the sorely-tried girl wrote to William Anderson, consoling herself with the unsatisfactory reflection that he was not acquainted with her handwriting.

When Emily reached home she mechanically opened her volume of George Herbert's poems and read;

"O, who will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes; come, clouds and rain;
My grief hath need of all these watery things
That Nature hath produced."

Leaning her weary head upon her hands, she sighed, "I can neither read nor sew, for I am walking in thick darkness. My Bible tells me to believe that God is still working for my best happiness, and that He has good reasons for permitting these trials. I pray to believe it; I try to drive out of my mind all hard thoughts of my Father in heaven; I say to myself that He is Love, but it does not comfort me as it ought to do. I cannot submit meekly, and trust in the dark. And then, to add to my anguish the fear creeps in that perhaps, after all, I am not a child of God, my faith having failed in the day of trial. Sometimes I cry out from the depths of my soul, 'Forsake me not, O my God.' If His love were quite extinguished in my heart, should I be so distressed? The sword pierces, and I bleed; my life withers!"

CHAPTER X.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

There has now to be recorded an important incident which led up to a change in the affairs of the family at Malta Lodge. Mr. Anderson had so long been a school-manager, and had taken such an interest in elementary education, that the oversight of the schools in his district had practically been left to him. And under his care the schools flourished. The teachers, always encouraged, worked thoroughly, and the scholars, well controlled, and ruled by love, responded so readily that the "Excellent" grant had been annually earned. The Government Inspector had been heard to declare that his inspections and examinations were more of a pleasure than a task to him.

All this was suddenly altered. Mr. Wear was appointed a school-manager, and he almost at once commenced a crusade against the old and tried methods which had worked so satisfactorily. He handled a new broom, and swept very clean. He systematically harassed and worried the teachers, endeavoured to to introduce new rules, and encouraged complaints by parents, which, as all who know anything about elementary schools are aware, a certain class of people are only too ready to make. The result of such meddlesome interference was that several teachers resigned, while those who held on to their posts were tried almost beyond endurance.

Upon no school did the harsh hand of the innovator fall more heavily than upon the one at Blue Bell Hill, where the best results had hitherto always been obtained. It appeared as if Mr. Wear entertained a feeling of personal spite against the mistress, Miss Maythorne. That lady bore all patiently as long as she could, and then the inevitable break-down occurred. A last straw broke the camel's back.

The crisis came on a Friday morning, when Mr. Anderson was present. He had gone through the school, examined the log-book, and expressed his satisfaction with all that he saw and heard. He made as if about to leave, and was drawing on his gloves, when Miss Maythorne quietly, but with a perceptible quaver in her voice, inquired whether he really were satisfied.

"Yes, certainly. I do not think you have ever known me to find fault, and there has never been any occasion to do so. You are quite a model teacher!" was his encouraging reply.

"I thank you," was the reply. "You are always appreciative and kind. I wish as much could be said of some of the other gentlemen. But I desire to consult you upon an important matter, if you will spare me a few minutes in my own room."

"Gladly. The more willingly because your request only anticipates one which I was about to make."

The school-mistress led the way to her own apartment, which was largely devoted to blackboards, maps, and a cupboard for school requisites, and, her courage failing her, stood waiting for the manager to speak.

Mr. Anderson was essentially a practical man. He went straight to the point which the mistress herself had raised. "Do I understand that some of my colleagues have been annoying you?" he asked, adding, "Go on doing your duty, and take no notice."

The tears gathered in Miss Maythorne's eyes as she remarked, "I cannot endure continual fault-finding any longer. It is all owing to Mr Wear; the school has not been the same since he became a manager. He was here only yesterday, and declared that the school is disgracefully conducted, that he is constantly receiving complaints from parents, that the lobbies are untidy and—and that the log-book is not correctly kept."

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"The latter charge is a very serious one," the manager said in a low, grave tone.

"It is, and an utterly untrue one."

"I am convinced of that, Miss Maythorne."

"Mr. Wear has expressed his intention to bring all these matters before the Board; and—and I am tired of all these complaints for which there is no foundation. It is my wish to resign."

A singular light gleamed in the listener's eyes as Miss Maythorne thus announced her decision, but he only remarked, "I am decidedly of the opinion that such will be your wisest course. It will end the difficulty."

The teacher showed her astonishment by the sudden pallor that overspread her countenance. Probably this was not what she had expected him to say. There are times when people only express a determination so that they may be persuaded out of it. She said sadly, "It seems to be my only remedy. There is no other way open. So I thought I would mention it to you, and ask if you will obtain for me a recommendation from the Board, for I shall require one in order to obtain another appointment."

"A recommendation! No, really you must not ask me to obtain that for you. It is the last thing I should care to do," he said while he fidgeted with his gloves. The remark fell upon her ears as the knell of hope. And she had always put her trust and confidence in this man, who had expressed unstinted approval of the way in which she had performed her duty! The blunt refusal stung her to the quick. The blood rushed torrentially from her heart and from her head, leaving her sick and faint, and, with a strange singing noise in her ears, she staggered, and nearly fell—would have fallen if he had not caught her in his strong arms.

"No, Miss Maythorne," he said, and there was a wealth of tenderness in his tone. "I cannot do so, for the reason that I do not wish you to take another appointment. You must relinquish this tedious, humdrum calling." She heard him, but made no answer. "Will you?" he asked her.

Still not understanding, she said, "There is nothing else that I am fitted for. You know the saying, 'Once a teacher, always a teacher.'"

"Yes, Miss Maythorne—Alice—there is. Listen! I want you; oh, so much! Alice, hear me! Do not say no. I have loved you so long; have you never guessed it?"

She sank backward into a chair. "I was quite mistaken. I fancied she cared for me, and now I have frightened her!" he exclaimed, and was about to summon assistance, when she rallied, and gazed upon him with wondering eyes. He saw, and caught her to his breast. "My Alice, my own sweet darling! Say that you really care for me a little bit!" he cried pleadingly between hope and fear.

"I have always cared for you," she sobbed in a whisper.

"Then, darling, promise that you will be my wife."

"If you really desire it. But, oh, do not mistake. I am poor, lowly born. Yet, if I lost your love now, I think I should die."

"Dearest Alice, we Andersons are self-made, and attach no importance to birth. For the rest, you are rich. Rich, my love, in beauty, in grace, and in goodness of character!" he exclaimed rapturously, as he kissed her upon the eyes, cheeks, and lips a hundred times. The strong self-reliant man became almost a boy in the ardour of his love. But in truth no mere boy can love with the intensity of a strong man's passion.

Alice Maythorne, overborne by vehemence, abandoned herself to the pleasure of being so caressed, but not for long. Reflection came to her assistance. She began to ask, "But your mother, Mr. Anderson?—what will she say to me?".

She was wise enough to comprehend that mothers like to exercise an influence over their sons' choice of wives.

"My mother already appreciates you for your work's sake. She will learn to love you for my sake, and for your own!" he said encouragingly.

"George!" she shyly whispered.

"Alice, my own little sweetheart!"

Again their lips met, while two hearts beat as one.

And all this time the under-teachers and the scholars were wondering what detained the headmistress. When Miss Maythorne returned to the desk, they all observed that she was unusually silent and thoughtful. She was so happy. The world had become bright again. Her heart had met its complement, had swung to its anchorage. The petty tyrant Wear, clothed in a little brief authority, had no longer the power to trouble her, for God had given to her weary life an answer of peace. Love was conqueror.

As for the arbitary ex-hotel-keeper, he was shortly to learn that his fangs were drawn. Mr. Anderson was on his way to his own counting-house, when he ran against no less a person than Mr. Wear, who blurted out, "Ah, Anderson, I am on my way to Blue-bell Hill."

"I have only now come from there, where I learn, to my regret, that you have expressed dissatisfaction with the teaching, and the arrangements generally," was the stiff reply. George Anderson was not a man to beat about the bush, he said plainly what he meant.

"Ah, yes, that is so. The fact is the school has got a little loose; the screws need tightening. The youngsters are out of hand, and the mistress requires overhauling."

"You need not interfere any further, sir; the lady is about to resign her appointment."

"Lady! Women are all ladies now-a-days. But resign,—whew!"

"I said 'lady.' Miss Maythorne has done me the honour to consent to become my wife. Our roads lie differently, I think, Mr. Wear. Permit me to wish you good day" And Mr. Anderson left the astonished man.

"His wife! By St. Boniface, that's a new move!

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What will the missus and the gals say? Well, they will make the most of it," Mr. Wear exclaimed ruefully wishing he had been more guarded in his speech and actions.

CHAPTER XI.

A DRUNKEN RUFFIAN.

As a stone, when rolling down a hill, constantly gathers speed, so events connected with this story hastened towards a *denouement*. All things come to the man who waits. William Anderson had waited patiently, admiring Emily Barnes from a distance, his love growing by what it feasted upon, but finding no opportunity to declare his attachment. Her prudence verged upon timidity, and he could never see her alone. He had called several times at the cottage, but she was always either out or in the company of her sisters, and he went away as he came, baffled and disappointed. But his chance came at length, and as is usually the case, unexpectedly.

It was the evening of the third and closing day of Colwick Park races. The city was thronged with the wastrels of the northern and midland counties, and the public-houses were crowded to overflowing with loafers and racecourse hangers-on. Drunken women as well as drunken men reeled through the streets, and the police were doubled. Respectable people, disgusted with the carnival of vice, kept themselves within doors, or, if they were compelled to be abroad, transacted their business as expeditiously as they could, and then hastened homeward.

Emily, when her day's work was ended, drew the children to her side to give them their customary evening Scripture lesson, a duty which was never neglected, however great her fatigue. The subject chosen was *Divine Protection*, and she read with them from the too-little-studied prophecy of Zephaniah, a book full of the honey of comforting words for burdened souls. "They shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid. . . The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, He hath cast out thine enemy; the King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee; thou shalt not see evil any more. . . . The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing. . . . I will undo all that afflict thee, and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out; and I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame."

"That is very similar to the text we had to learn for teacher last Sunday. Let me think—this was it: 'The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers. Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?'" little Annie said with twinkling eyes, pleased that she remembered her lesson.

"God has been good to us, dear ones; He has brought us up out of the valley of humiliation. When we were brought low, He helped us. If God had not raised up kind and generous friends for us when our dear mother was taken away, we might still have been in Narrow Marsh, or, worse, we might have been separated." Emily spoke tearfully, as she proceeded to give the Scripture a practical application to their altered circumstances. When the lesson was ended she gave the children their supper, and, ignorant that the whole city was in an uproar, went out for a ten minutes' stroll that she might think by herself. There is a part of the Woodborough Road, just where it rises abruptly towards the village of Mapperley, that is flanked by a long blank wall. There are large, imposing-looking villas behind this wall, but they stand far back from the road, which thereabouts is dark and lonely after nightfall.

Emily went up this stretch of road, meeting no one. All was quiet; the stars shone overhead, and a few gas-lamps barely rendered the darkness visible. It was the time and place for silent reverie, and suited the girl's meditative mood. Her heart was full of thanksgiving, for after a period of stress and storm the lines had fallen unto her in pleasant places. So, mentally reviewing the past, and absorbed in gratitude for present mercies, she walked onward further than she had intended to go, and was only recalled to herself by seeing the lights of the village in the distance. With a vague sensation of alarm, but anticipating no evil, she turned to retrace her steps, but had only gone a few yards when she was startled by the sound of hurrying, unsteady footsteps behind her. Emily might have run if she had dared; failing that, she quickened her pace, but, rapid walker though she was, the pursuer steadily gained, and before she was aware, was beside her.

A fierce, excited face, lit up with wild, burning eyes, peered into hers; the smell of strong drink and stale tobacco assailed her nostrils, and with a sense of overmastering terror she recognised in the man Reuben Wear. With tipsy effrontery, he attempted to put his arms around her waist, but she indignantly pushed him away with so much force that he reeled, recovering himself with difficulty. "Ha, my little sylph of the slums!" the intoxicated ruffian hiccoughed, "I had an idea it was you. You are abroad late, my dear; shame for such a fine girl to be out alone. Allow me to see you home. Don't be shy; I am quite a ladies' man."

"How dare you insult me, sir? Stand aside, if you please, and permit me to pass!" Emily exclaimed with simple dignity. She was resolved not to show the terror she felt.

"Not I, my little wild bird I have been waiting for an opportunity to lime you, but those dragons the Andersons are generally on the watch. The present chance is too good a one to be neglected."

Without deigning to reply to this rhapsody, she walked on, hoping to escape, but he was quickly again in front of her, barring the path, and she was compelled to stand.

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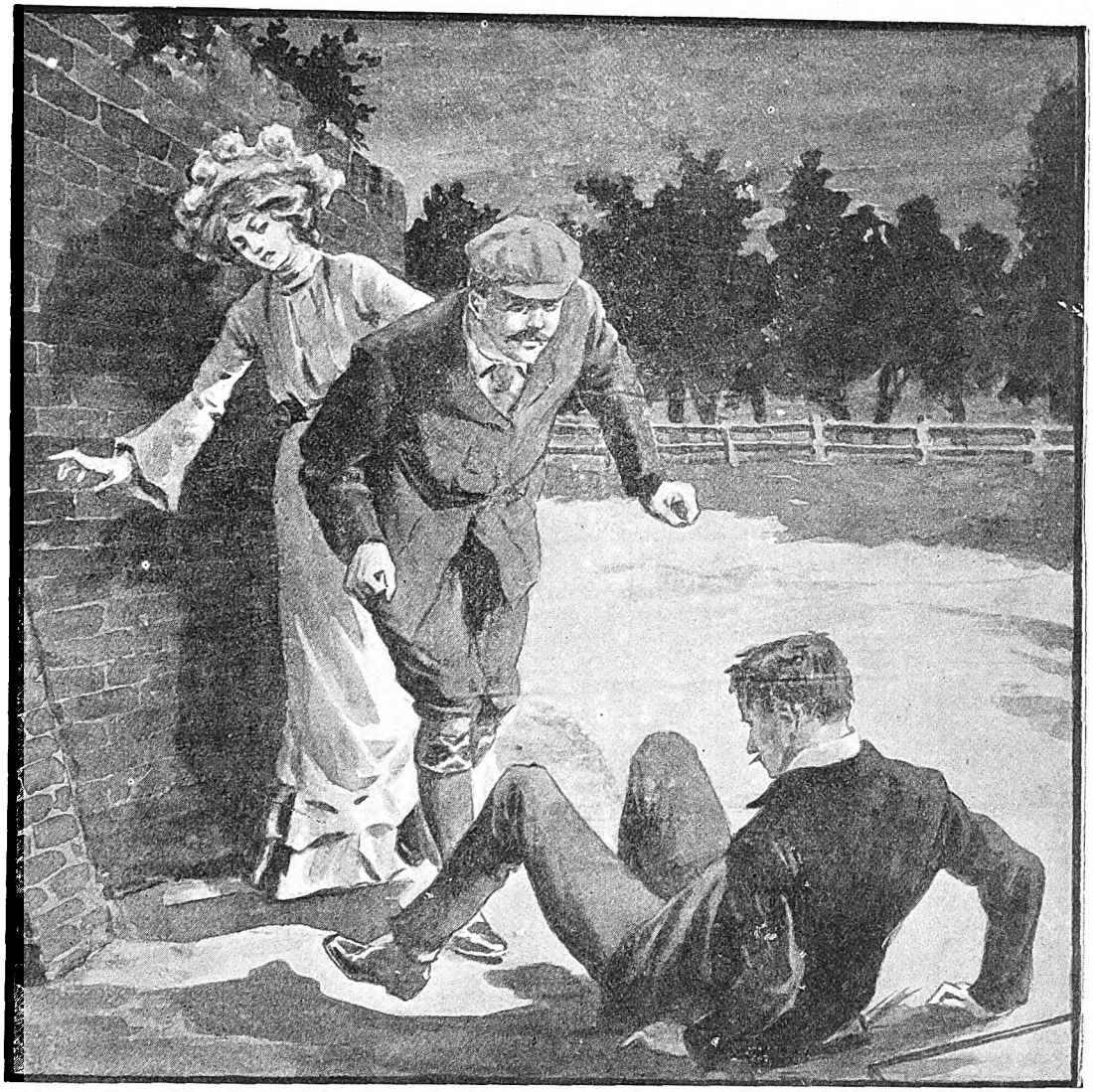

A POWERFUL HAND GRASPED HIS COLLAR, HE WAS SWUNG OFF HIS FEET AND HURLED INTO THE GUTTER.

"See here, Emily Barnes," he said with tipsy gravity, "you are not either blind or a fool. I am open to offer you a position which hundreds of girls in Nottingham would jump at. Now, just show your good sense, and be amiable; these tantrums don't suit your pretty face. Here am, I Reuben Wear, ready to offer you everything you can crave for, and you haven't even the grace to say 'Thank you'! Be wise, my dear, and don't throw away the gifts which the gods provide. I have plenty of cash, and we can go away to somewhere where we are not known, and enjoy life together."

"For shame, sir! and you call yourself a gentleman! I am astonished that you dare to mention either love or marriage to me, Mr. Wear. I loathe you, and all of your name. I would sooner marry the poorest man of honour who asked me to be his wife than you. You disgrace yourself and me by this impertinent proposal. That is my answer. Now let me pass!" she panted. Woman-like, much as she hated the well-dressed scoundrel, she despised herself more for having listened to a proposal which was an insult.

"Not so fast, my bonnie termagant," he hissed in her ear. "Who hinted anything about marriage? No, I am not so far gone as that. But as a friend. A cosy house in some country village, fine clothes, and——" The fellow proceeded no farther: with a desperate effort Emily thrust him aside, and started wildly to run homeward, with his cruel, blasting words ringing in her

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aching brain. The unprincipled villain was not to be so easily baulked of his intended victim. He caught up with her again, threw his arms around her palpitating form, and, laughing maliciously, exclaimed, "I have got you all alone here, my pretty maid, and intend to have a kiss." She felt his hot, foul, reeking breath on her cheek, and raised a frenzied cry for help up to her mother's God; for there seemed to be none other that would aid her in the dire extremity.

And even while she cried, someone out of the darkness exclaimed, "You unmanly dog, leave that lady alone!" Reuben Wear had neither time to loose his hold of Emily nor to look up. A man's powerful hand grasped his coat collar, he was swung off his unsteady feet and hurled backward into the gutter, which was muddy with rain that had fallen during the day.

"Miss Barnes, have no fear; it is I!" a well-remembered voice said, and the tall, athletic figure of William Anderson towered up between her and her persecutor.

"Thank God, sir, you came. It was awful!" she gasped. That was all. She was utterly unstrung.

Reuben Wear, who had scrambled to his feet, stood gazing upon them with a lowering brow. He was sober enough now, for the fall had shaken some sense into him. "How dare you interfere with my sport? The girl was willing!" he growled sullenly.

"Begone, you vile hound, or I will——" There was no need for William Anderson to complete the sentence, for Reuben Wear had shambled off, volubly swearing vengeance as he went. So the gentleman turned his whole attention to Emily, and, they being alone, he inquired what the outrage meant.

"I—I do not know. The beautiful evening tempted me out for a walk, and he—Mr. Wear—had just come up. I do not think he was sober," Emily replied. Not for worlds would she have mentioned his villainous proposal. She felt safe now, with this good man beside her, and began to wonder whether she might not have been too hard upon Reuben Wear. He had said that he loved her, or she fancied he said so, and to a man in love much should be forgiven. But then he had made an infamous suggestion. She shuddered as his heartless words recurred to her memory.

"You will allow me to accompany you home. It is not safe for you to be out alone. The town is full of strangers, and our own lambs are wolfish," he said with a masterful air, and she was unable to say him nay. What he said to her in that brief journey may be readily inferred from the words she falteringly uttered when they stood in the shadow of her own little porch.

"Mr. William, you do not understand what it is to be poor. I owe everything on earth to the generosity of your family. God sent your brother to us in our hour of greatest need, and I cannot, I will not, permit you to take any step towards me that would cause them pain. Forget all that you have said to me, and—I will endeavour not to remember it. Please to let me go indoors now. I am very tired."

"Of course, Miss Barnes. I am grateful to you for having listened to me so patiently, for it is more than I deserved. But forgive me for saying I am not daunted by a first refusal. We part as friends, I trust."

"Yes,—as friends!" she huskily exclaimed, and vanished.

William Anderson stood long in front of the cottage which sheltered the girl whom he honestly loved, and the expression upon his face was not that of a hopeless lover. "The Lord Almighty bless her, for she is one of a thousand! I will have a talk with my mother," he murmured. Then, reverently raising his hat, as an act of homage, apparently to the house, but really to Emily, he turned away.

Emily had gone upstairs, and after a struggle for composure, she walked to the window. The moon was shining; she could see over the gardens; on the housetops it was bright, and in the open street, but the houses cast great shadows. Presently something moved in the shadow of the opposite house, and she saw the figure of a man leaning and looking up at her window. Love has keen sight, and she recognised William Anderson. She crept closer to the casement, and whispered softly, "William, William!" There was no answer, and when the man wearied of watching he walked away. "Thank God, he has gone—he has gone quite out of my life! I am glad, for it is best!' So she said to herself, and then, with a singular inconsistency, she sat down and burst into passionate weeping.

CHAPTER XII.

'BE UNTO ME AS A DAUGHTER."

William Anderson, adhering to his manly resolution, held a long and serious interview with his mother that same night. His future happiness was at stake, and he concealed nothing. The mother from whom her sons have no secrets is to be envied. Before his mother had left him, for bed, his eyes were dim with tears. She parted his sunny hair with her hands, as she used to do when as a child he knelt by her side. She kissed the broad, open brow, free from the shadow of deceit, and said gently, "My bonnie boy, God will guide you aright. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. If thou acknowledgest Him in all thy ways, He will direct thy paths." Mrs. Anderson knew that her son's love was no sudden infatuation, but affection deeply rooted in his strong true heart; and that where his love was fixed, his heart was centred. All through the next morning she was unusually grave and thoughtful. In the afternoon she visited Emily Barnes.

Emily was alone in her cosy little sitting-room when the visitor entered. Her well-thumbed Bible lay open upon the table before her. She had been reading, "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither

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is weary ? There is no searching of His understanding." That Scripture was her strong rock and house of defence. She would wait upon the Lord. Yet such waiting is often wearisome.

As Mrs. Anderson entered the room, Emily rose to welcome her with that respectful deference which so beautifully suits the young, and which no well-brought-up person is even ashamed to show to an elder or superior. "You are alone, my dear. That is fortunate, for I have come to have a serious talk with you. There is something upon my mind, and I cannot rest until it is settled. So I have come to have it out, you see"

Emily was surprised at this unaccustomed greeting, but had no suspicion of the lady's real errand. It did not occur to her that William had made a confidante of his mother. She composed herself to listen. "My dear child," Mrs. Anderson said, placing her hands on the young girl's shoulders and looking her squarely in the face, "I have come to talk to you about my son William."

The girl's face flushed crimson, and then changed to a deathly pallor. She was no longer pearl-complexioned, but white, haggard, corpse-hued. She stood silent, transfixed. Her lips moved not, but in her soul she prayed, "O God, give me Thy strength. Judge me according to the integrity that is in me." Then broken words came, and she stammered, "Oh, madam, indeed I have not abused your confidence. If you know all, you are aware that I am not to blame. I am so sorry, but there has been nothing wrong. Forgive me for having been a cause of so much pain to you ; but I did not mean it ; I—I will go right away, and hide myself." Pallor may indicate either innocence or guilt, but there was a ring of conscious rectitude in that faltering utterance that went straight to the motherly lady's heart.

"My child," she said soothingly, "you are not to blame. It is my foolish boy who is at fault."

Emily could not hear the man who had offered her his heart and hand censured in his absence, even by his own mother. With a courage which she was far from feeling, she replied, "Madam, your son has committed no fault. He is true, upright, and an honourable gentleman—a noble man, and a son whom a mother should be justly proud of."

"That means that you are in love with him." There was a curious inflection in Mrs. Anderson's voice.

The distracted girl, thus cornered, could only answer, "Madam, whatever my feelings may be,—and feelings are beyond our control,—your son will never fathom them. I have too much respect both for myself and him. I have already assured you that it is my intention to leave Nottingham."

"Do you love my son so much that you could accept him as a husband, if there were no objections ?" The question admitted of no equivocal reply. Before Emily was aware of what she said, she faltered, "Ye—es."

"My dear, William loves you; he told me so last night. I have learned to look upon you as a daughter, be to me a daughter indeed. When my son asks you again, as he will do, answer him faithfully, and if you can make him happy, you will make an old woman happy also. A prudent wife is from the Lord. You have been a God-sent gift to me ; be the same to my boy. It is his mother who pleads for him."

And Emily humbly answered, "I will."

"Now kiss me, child, for I foresee that I must claim my share before that foolish lad monopolises them all," Mrs. Anderson said between tears and smiles.

"You are so good, Mrs. Anderson, that I cannot thank you enough. My cup is running over with blessings."

"Then do not attempt to thank me. Let us talk of something else." They made a pretence of conversation, but it was only a pretence, and they had relapsed into silence, when there came a disturbing aristocratic knock at the door. "A visitor !" Emily exclaimed, rising to answer the summons. She was vexed at the interruption to her perfect happiness.

"It is William, I expect. He was to call for me," Mrs. Anderson said calmly. It was he. As he entered, his mother said, "I am going out to look at your flowers, Emily. I daresay this boy will find something to chatter about. He is not taciturn, I assure you."

So the two were left alone. It was a trial for both of them. Emily turned to the fire, which apparently required her attention, and William Anderson regarded her anxiously. For the first time in his life he felt afraid, and it was a pretty girl who overawed him. But yet he was the first to speak.

"Miss Barnes—Emily—may I repeat what I said to you yesterday ?" he asked, with a pathetic plea in his voice, and a yearning gaze in his eyes.

"If you wish to. If you have not altered your mind," she replied almost whisperingly.

"My precious one !" he exclaimed joyously, straining her to his manly breast. "'Many women have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' May I——" It was a foolish question. Even as he put it he kissed her, and she timidly, blushing prettily the while, returned the loving salute.

"When you silly children have finished billing and cooing, I am ready to go home," Mrs. Anderson said, looking in at the door. "And, William, bring Emily up to tea. Mind you do not forget !" And, with a genial laugh at her own simple wit, the motherly woman withdrew, rejoicing that she had been the means of making two young people happy.

The lovers tarried behind a little longer. They were so happy in each other, for they had the blessing of God that maketh rich, and that addeth no sorrow thereto. Then William Anderson drew the gentle girl's arm within his own, and led her out into the sunlight, as

"To some enchanted land of rest,
Some youth-renewing morn."

[THE END.]

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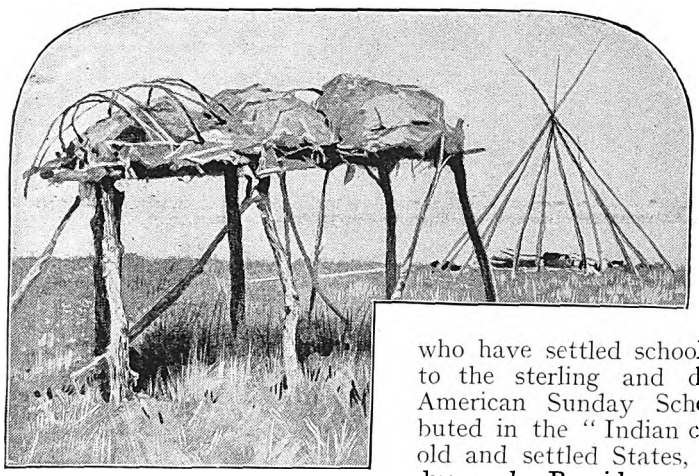

INDIAN PRAIRIE GRAVE.

and South-west, the red men are fairly under the beneficent sway of a Christian civilisation. To such noble workers as Sheldon Jackson, the founder of many schools and mission chapels among the Indians from Alaska to New Mexico; to the brave missionaries of the various Christian denominations who have settled schools in many localities, and to the sterling and devoted workers of the American Sunday School Union, widely distributed in the "Indian country," as well as in the old and settled States, these results are mainly due, under Providence. Nor should the splendid work of the Carlisle Indian School and the Hampton Institute be overlooked, for these institutions

TWO CHIEFS OF THE MESCULARIA APACHES.

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A UTE MOTHER AND PAPOOSE.

have trained and educated many hundreds of red men and women, and sent them out as living examples and teachers among their dusky kindred. For twenty-five years this transforming process has been steadily progressing at Hampton, and both there and at Carlisle the impetus afforded to Indian progress has made a very marked change in the prospects of the Indian race. Not only are many Indian youths of both sexes emancipated from the ignorance and slavish traditions of their ancestors, but a very large proportion have become sound Christians. Life in an Indian village has its picturesque side, but it has also many discomforts, even to the Indians themselves. Such villages, now becoming rarer every year, are giving place to the comfortable frame structures that are now to be found in many parts of the Indian country, affording abundant evidence of the steady progress of the race in civilisation.

A SHOSHONE SQUAW AND CHILD.

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The Needle's Eye

by

Florence M. Kingsley.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. Before the burial of the woman a stranger appears in the neighbourhood, and out of curiosity asks to see the coffin, and pays the undertaker handsomely to let it be a good one. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called 'Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel." The child grows up, and as soon as he is any age worth speaking of the farmer ruthlessly sets the child at work. He is treated in a heartrending way for a long time by the farmer, and idolised by his wife. Immanuel betrays a great desire to find out who is his father, and with child-like simplicity absorbs the idea that God is his Father, and wanders off to find him. In his rambles he meets a little girl named Hilda, who takes him home to her granny, but during a pause in their conversation he runs away again. Arriving at the homestead of "Ol' Mose" Armitage, 'Manuel thinks he has at last found his "Father," and is taken in and cared for by "Ol' Mose," a man who has lived alone for many years.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued*).

"Yes," said Moses Armitage, as he related to 'Manuel the story of Jesus, "This Child's thoughts were busy and constant, like a little fountain of pure sparkling water; and that is the most wonderful thing about this Boy, His thoughts were always beautiful and pleasant and true. As He went on thinking they grew more and more delightful. When He was quite a little child He understood clearly that the great God who made all things was His Father."

"He was just like me, wasn't He?" cried 'Manuel delightedly.

"Yes," said the old man smiling back into the sparkling face, "He was your Brother."

With rapt attention, Immanuel listened to the old sweet story, told in the old man's tender accents, which showed how deeply it had penetrated his own nature. How many have told that story to the children, each dwelling on the traits of character which most impressed the narrator, and each finding in it beauty and grace! Mr. Armitage saw that his little auditor was interested, and he went on to present the picture in richer colours:

"This Boy I am telling you of," he said, "was always thinking about His Father, and as He grew older, the people who knew Him wondered to see how much He knew about His Father's character. He used to talk as if He could hear His Father speaking with Him, and He could tell them things they had never understood before. As the Boy grew into a strong young man, He went about among the people and taught them something that was quite new to them."

"What was that?" the child asked.

"Well, you see, they had their own idea of God. They thought that after He had

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made the world and everything in it, that He went to live somewhere away off in the sky, and He sat in a high place watching people, and that when they did wrong He became very angry with them. At those times it was necessary to do something to please Him, and make Him kind again. They got the idea that He liked to see suffering, and in some places they would actually kill a child to please Him. This young Man told them that this was all wrong. He said God was their Father, and He loved them, and was very near to them all the time, and not a long way off. He was not pleased by having animals and children killed, but only wanted the people to be good, and was ready to forgive them if, after being naughty, they were sorry. Do you understand?"

Immanuel nodded, his large eyes shining like stars.

"This made a great change, and everyone wondered. Some of the poor and good people were very pleased to hear it, but the great men who had been teaching the old notion of God were angry, and they said, 'This young Man does not know. He is only a carpenter's son. How can He tell?' But the poor people loved Him more, and when they found that He could cure them when they were sick, and give them food if they were hungry, and that He loved little children, they began to follow this strong, beautiful, pleasant-spoken young Man around the country to hear what He had to say, and to see the very wonderful things which He did. Then those persons who supposed themselves to be so very wise and learned, began to be jealous and hate Him. They said, 'If this Man keeps on talking, nobody will pay any attention to us'; which was quite true, for they were very stupid indeed, as you will see when I show you some of the books they studied and wrote."

"What did they do?"

"The stupidest and cruelest thing they could think of, my child: they took this beautiful, gentle, loving Man, who was trying to make the world into heaven, and killed Him. That is, they tried to; they could only kill His body, you see, because the God in Him could not be killed."

"Didn't anyone love Him?"

"Yes, all the children loved Him, and a few of the grown-up people, who hadn't forgotten their child-thoughts altogether. Some of them wrote down a few of the things He said and did, soon after He left the earth. I will read to you out of their book some day. But there is another way besides reading books to know what He knew. Can you think what it is?"

The child looked down at his folded hand in silence for a moment; then he said slowly, "If I should have the God think in me, I should know, shouldn't I?"

"Yes, my boy, you would, and there isn't any better way. One time Jesus explained this very simply to His friends. 'The spirit of your Father in you,' He said, 'will teach you?'"

"But I thought you were my father; what are you?"

"I am your father, so far as God is in me. When I love you, I am truly a part of Him, just as a single letter on the page of this book is a part of the whole book. We are meant to read it all, my child; but we must begin with the letters."

The boy threw his arms about the old man's neck. "I am glad!" he cried, then was silent for so long a time that the other wondered. "I have a book," he said at last; "it tells about my Father; munny keeps it in the spare room, under the bolster of the bed. I should like to see munny, she loves me, too."

Moses Armitage drew the child a little closer. "Tell me about munny," he said; "when did she go away?"

"She didn't go away!" cried Immanuel in a tone of surprise. "She comed to the fun'ral with me. I cried, 'cause I didn't like fun'rals, an' munny told me to go out doors an' not to come back. Only some of the people can cry at fun'rals. I was a naughty boy to cry, munny said so. I should like to see munny," he added, in a subdued voice. "She loves me."

"But you told me mother was in heaven, my child."

"Not 'Liz'beth; 'Liz'beth has to make butter, an' feed the chickens; she hasn't got no time to fool away. My other mother—the beautiful lady—I only see her sometimes when I'm most asleep."

Moses Armitage sat for a long time in his great chair that night, holding the sleeping child. Again he scanned the still face feature by feature. "Have I forgotten?" he said aloud; "or have my eyes grown dim of late, so that I see what was, but is not."

Tenderly he laid the child in his bed and fell to searching among his papers,

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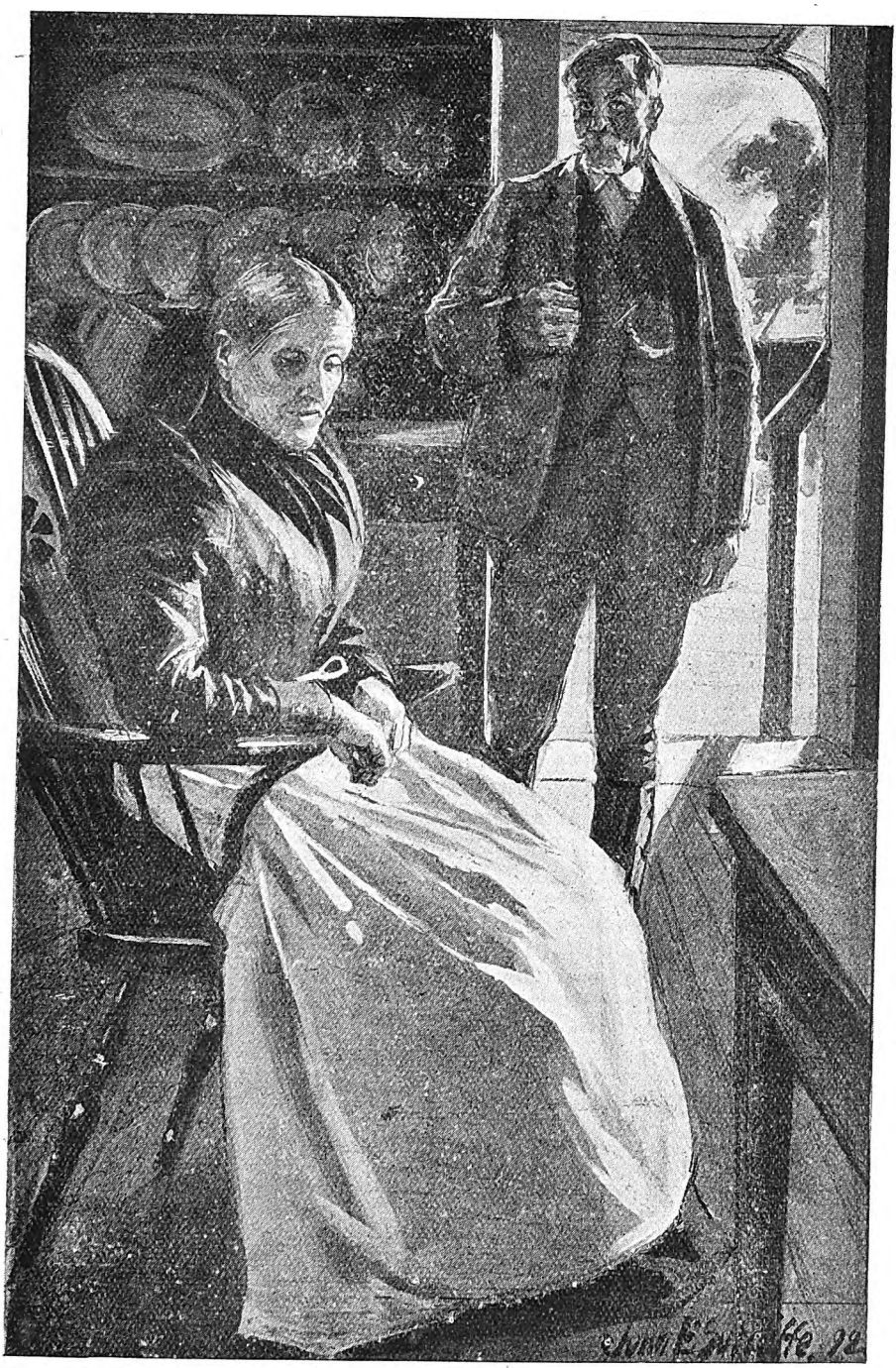

'I SAY, 'LIZ'BETH . . . . WE'LL GO 'AN LOOK FER THE BOY."

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presently bringing to light a tin-type, taken years before in a travelling car which had stopped at the hospitable spring by the barn. It was a picture of his own boy, Carlton, dead thirty years; but it might have served as a portrait of the child who slept. There was the same delicate oval face, shaded with short clustering curls, the same eager, dark eyes, the same bewitching smile. "No, I was not mistaken," murmured the man, shaking his white head with a troubled smile; "the boy is Carlton himself." As he thrust the picture away with a trembling hand, a legal-looking envelope fell from the disordered mass of papers, and lay, superscription up, on the lid of his desk. The seal was unbroken, and as Moses Armitage regarded it wonderingly, it occurred to him that it was curiously linked with the finding of the boy.

It was a short letter, type-written on a large sheet of bluish paper. He read it three times. Then he dropped heavily into his chair and wiped the moisture from his forehead. "So they are all dead!" he said aloud, "—all dead, and the money that bewitched them and benumbed them is left!"

CHAPTER XI

'LIZ'BETH.

By the time the hired "kerridge" nad left Erastus Winch at his own door, on the day of the funeral, he had formulated certain plans for his future course, which appeared to him very original and wise. "I'll let her know what's what, fust thing I do," he muttered, as he ascended the kitchen stoop with low, threatening tread. "Arter that, why, I'll tan that 'ar young-un's hide so't he won't never forgit who's boss here!"

He laid hold upon the latch with truculent fingers. "I'll show her 'at I ain't to be monkeyed with!" he growled; then his jaw dropped. "What in thunder? Humph! the critter ain't home yit. Hangin' round to gossip, I'll bet! I tol' her she wa'n't to go up to the cemetery. She'd ought to ha' been here long ago."

When, after an hour or more spent in aimless wandering about the silent house, in the course of which he lavished his entire vocabulary of drastic phrases upon the empty air, the quick beat of hoofs and the rattle of light wheels announced the return of Elizabeth, he merely grunted.

"Oh, 'Rastus!" faltered the woman, with a quick, fearful glance into the scowling face; "do tell if he's come home!"

"Who's come home? What ye talkin' 'bout? An' say what in creation d'ye mean by stayin' away like this? Here I've been a-hangin' 'round waitin' for ye sence four o'clock! No supper—nothin'! An' you with the key in yer pocket. Han' it out now, and git in the house, an' ten' to yer bizness lively! You kin bet you'll stay at home arter this!"

"I—I couldn't help it, 'Rastus. Oh, I'm mos' crazy! I let 'Manuel go out in the yard, an' when I come to look fer him after you was all gone to the cemetery, I couldn't fin' him nowheres! An' he ain't come home—I see he ain't! What shall I do? it's most dark a'ready!"

"You kin come in the house an' git supper an' stop yer gab, or by thunder I'll—I'll hit ye." Erastus Winch had never touched his wife save with the lash of his tongue; but now his face grew purple with suppressed rage; his great hands clenched themselves. "I've heerd 'bout yer low-down, sneakin' tricks," he yelled; "a-coaxin' Liph Dundor to stick his nose into my bizness. I wonder ye ain't 'shamed to look me in the face. When ye do fin' the brat you kin lay to one thing, Mis' Winch, he'll get his sneaking little hide tanned in a way he won't fergit, ner you neither."

Elizabeth climbed slowly down over the wagon wheel. She reeled slightly as she passed into the kitchen. "O God, I hope you've took him," she moaned, as her trembling hands fumbled aimlessly with her bonnet strings. "He'd be better off—better off."

She made no further mention of the lost child that day, nor the next. Then visions of his little figure wandering in dark stretches of woods, or lying white and cold in some neglected field urged her out and away. Day after day she thrust her duties from her with frantic hands to search and call, "'Manuel, 'Manuel! Oh, 'Manuel, where be you?"

Erastus Winch, having emptied the windy chambers of his wrath upon her bowed head, and discovering to his dismay that she cared not a whit for his bitterest fulminations, actually shook her one morning till the teeth chattered in her head. "I b'lieve you're a-goin' plumb crazy," he cried. "You look like it, by thunder

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Elizabeth stared at him with glassy eyes. "I want Manuel," was all she said.

Winch cast a glowering look about the disordered kitchen. "By thunder!" he repeated, "what in——" Then he stopped short, the thought crossing his mind of what his loss would be if 'Liz'beth really did go crazy. "Say, 'Liz'beth," he burst out, "ef you'll quit this stupid foolin', I'm blamed ef I won't let ye take the team an' look fer the young'un. Say, I'll go with ye. He's probably in some farm house up on the hill. Little rat, I wish I had him here this minit, I'd——"

The woman burst into frantic sobbing. "I hope he's dead," she wailed. "He'd be better dead." The dry sobs ceased as they had begun. "I hope he's dead," she repeated in the lifeless tone of settled anguish. Her worn fingers picked nervously at her apron strings. "I've tol' his mother 'at I hope she'll fin' him. I seen her las' night in the barn over by the hay-mow, but he wa'n't with her."

The man's hair bristled. "I—I say, 'Liz'beth," he began after a long silence, 'we—we'll go an' look fer the boy. Yes, you an' me, we'll both go. It's time to cut the oats, an' I ain't got a minit to fool away; but—but—. Why, you know, 'Liz'beth, we can't go on this way—eh?" He sidled a little nearer to the gray, impassive figure. "I—I. Mebbe I was a leetle ha'sh with the boy. I say, 'Liz'beth, I'll let you run him arter this, any way you want. I won't whip him no more, I swar I won't, ef you—ef you—"

There was no reply. The still face looked as if carved from granite. "I'm a-goin' out to hitch up the critters now," he went on, raising his voice. "You git on yer bunnit an' be ready when I come 'round—won't ye, 'Liz'beth?"

He turned and strode heavily out toward the barn, his rugged face working strangely. "What in all creation 'ud I do," he muttered, "ef 'Liz'beth—'Liz'beth—'Liz'beth—." His dim eyes fell upon a straggling bush of cinnamon rose, dusty and forlorn in the hot August weather, and visions long forgotten lifted above the seething surface of his thought. He beheld Elizabeth, a bride of twenty, roses blooming in her round cheeks and nodding above her hat-brim. He saw himself proud and awkward in his wedding clothes, stooping to gather a bunch of half-opened buds. "You're nigh as pink an' purty as the posies," he had said, and kissed the sweet curve of her smiling lips. How long—how long ago it was! "I guess I've been kind of ha'sh with 'Liz'beth," he groaned, his eyes still riveted on the withered thing at his feet. "But it was all that pesky young one; ef it hadn't ha' been fer him, we'd been all right."

To his immense relief Elizabeth stood on the stoop, bonneted and shawled, as he drove up. "I think I'm mighty good to ye, 'Liz'beth," he began in a complaining tone, his every-day self reasserting itself with sudden strength. "By rights I'd ought to be a-harvestin', an' you know it's well's I do. I tol' ye when you would keep that boy 'at you'd be sorry for it. I knew you would, well 'nough. You'd ought to ha' done as I said."

The two were driving briskly along the dusty road at this point in Mr. Winch's agreeable monologue. "Now, this 'ere's a fool job ef I ever heerd o' one," he continued, his gorge rising at sight of the ten-acre lot brimming over with ripened grain, "a stupid fool job, an' when it's done you'll remember, Mis' Winch, 'at you've 'greed to brace up an' quit yer nonsense. Ef we fin' the boy, well an' good; we'll fetch him home an' you kin send him to deestric' school, or anythin' you please; I wash my han's of him f'om now on. Ef we don't fin' him, I'll not'fy the overseer of the poor an' let him take the job in han'; but he don't come no more to my house, you bet. D' ye understan'?"

Elizabeth made no answer. She sat gripping the iron rail of the waggon-seat with both hands, as if to restrain herself from some desperate act. Her feverish eyes searched the tangled growths by the road-side.

Erastus Winch conducted his search for the lost child with his accustomed energy and thoroughness. He stopped every team on the road, and drew up at every farm-gate with the stereotyped inquiry: "You ain't seen anythin' of a stray boy 'round here hev you? 'Bout six years ol', big of his age, black hair an' eyes."

"His hair's brown, 'Rastus—kind of red-brown," whispered Elizabeth timidly, on one occasion.

"Shet up, will ye!" snapped the man, as he started up his horses with a stinging cut. "I'm runnin' this shebang!" He

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had grown increasingly morose as the day wore and his tardy investigations promised to end in failure. "Ef it wa'n't fer your blamed foolishness," he burst out, "we c'd quit an' go home. I've an awful good min' to turn smack 'round this minit! He's run away; 't ain't our fault. I don't see why you can't let him stay where he is!"

They had struck into the back hill-road to Turner's Crossroads an hour since, and the miles were lengthening slowly behind the jolting waggon; the noon sun beat fiercely on the sweating, toiling horses. Winch cast a look of veiled anxiety at the gray face beside him. "Say, ain't you had 'bout 'nough of this, 'Liz'beth?" he demanded roughly. "You kin bet I have, an' I don't know where we're goin' to git a bite to eat!"

The woman burst into a smothered scream. "Let me out! Oh, 'Rastus, let me out—I see somethin'!" An instant later she was sobbing over a little, sodden hat of straw, bound with a piteous blue ribbon, faded and discoloured. "It's his hat, 'Rastus—his Sunday hat! Oh, 'Manuel—'Manuel!"

"Why, consarn it all, woman! don't stop to take on!" cried Winch excitedly. "We're on the right track now! He can't be fur off! Come on, I say!"

"He's in the woods yonder," faltered Elizabeth, hugging the hat to her breast. "I'm awful 'fraid he's in the woods. I want to look fer him there."

"Come, dry up now and git in the wagon! He'd follow the road like a calf. Si Scott's place is jest 'round the bend; I'm goin' to inquire there."

A stout woman, mounted on a ladder, was picking berries in the deep, shaded door-yard of the next farm-house; a blonde child played with a kitten near the gate. "Seen a stray boy 'round here, sis; black eyes an' a little bigger 'n you be?" began Winch.

The child pushed the yellow hair out of her eyes. "He runned away," she said, pouting. "I cried."

Elizabeth was on the ground in an instant; she caught the child by the arm. "Was he here—when? Tell me quick!"

A stout, sun-bonneted figure moved slowly toward them across the grass. "A little boy?" she echoed, in response to Elizabeth's reiterated question. "Why, yes, there was a little boy—'bout two weeks ago, wa'n't it, Hildy? But come in, won't you, an' see mother; mother, she'll know."

The bright old lady looked fully able to justify her daughter's confidence in her wisdom as one "who would know what to do" in any given circumstances. She welcomed Erastus and Elizabeth warmly, feeling now that she would have the solution of a problem that had troubled her She reproached herself for letting that bright little boy go away by himself, and yet it was so clearly not her fault. He had slipped away so quickly and noiselessly. But the kind soul did blame herself, and she was anxious to disarm the annoyance of this couple, who might be disposed to blame her.

"Yes, yes; but do sit down and have a bit of dinner with us," she said hospitably. "I declare I've felt worried about that child. He slipped out like a shadow whilst me and Emmeline was busy with this naughty girl here. I says to father, 'You ought to hitch up the horse in the waggon and look for him.' But he would have it that his folks wasn't far away. So after a spell it kind of slipped my mind. And so you've found his hat? Well, well! I took notice that he didn't have no hat on, nor shoes and stockings neither."

"He had them on when he started," said Elizabeth, into whose ashen face a trace of colour had crept. "But he liked to go barefoot, 'Manuel did."

"He probably took them off," chirruped the old lady cheerfully. "I wouldn't worry a mite about him, if I was you."

"Wouldn't you worry if it was her?" asked Elizabeth, pointing to Hilda, who sat nursing her kitten on the doorstep.

"I suppose I would if it was Hildy," admitted Mrs. Scott. "She's such a little fidget. She's been with us since her ma died," she continued, lowering her voice confidentially. "Her pa's my oldest son by my first husband. He sets great store by Hildy. I tell him he'll spoil her if he don't look out."

Elizabeth had arisen, and was standing rigidly erect. "I guess we'd better be going," she said.

"Why, Mrs. Winch, you don't mean it. They've just took the horses out, and dinner'll be on the table in no time."

"I guess I'll be going, anyhow," repeated Elizabeth doggedly. "'Rastus

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ELIZABETH STOPPED SHORT AT THE NARROW ROAD.

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can stay to dinner; I'll go on, I couldn't eat till I find out. Maybe he's at the next house; and maybe he's lost."

The last words were spoken over her shoulder with a piteous smile. She was already half-way to the road. "You'll tell 'Rastus that I'm going," she said, as she laid her hand upon the gate. "I couldn't wait no how." She walked stiffly without turning her head, till a group of giant hickories hid the house, with the dismayed face of her hostess in the open door; then she gathered up her scanty skirts in both hands and broke into an awkward run.

She stopped where she saw standing back from the road an unpainted house, stained with weather, quiet and sad in the afternoon sunshine in the midst of its unpruned lilacs and syringas. Elizabeth stopped short in the narrow road fringed with the dusty white and gold of mayweed. Her breath came in great gasps; her bonnet hung grotesquely about her neck: wisps of grey hair straggled across her face. Presently she crept nearer. "If he was to see me this way, it would scare him," she muttered, and lifted her tremulous hands in a feeble attempt at readjustment. No one answered her timid knock at the front door. "I guess maybe she would be washing up the dinner dishes around back," she said to herself, as she stepped uncertainly on to the narrow worn path. "There's been folks living here, anyhow," she assured herself; "I can see a milk pail; and there's bees." Repeated knockings brought no response. Whoever had lived there had evidently gone away, but had left things behind as if coming back. An uncurtained window next tempted the anxious eyes.

Half-an-hour later, when Erastus Winch drew up with a loud "Whoa, there!" to his tired horses, he heard the sound of loud sobbing mingled with frantic knocking on a closed door.

"'Liz'beth! I say, 'Liz'beth!" he shouted. "What is the matter with you? There ain't nobody living here now; I hurried after you to tell you as soon as I had eaten my dinner!" He caught the frenzied figure by the shoulder. "Say, 'Liz'beth, listen to me, will you? Si Scott told me. An old man named Moses Armitage used to live here; but he sold out his stock to Si last week and went off."

"Look, 'Rastus! look in there!" moaned Elizabeth; "it's his little shirt a-hanging on a chair; don't you see it?"

"I don't see no shirt. Listen to reason, can't you: the old fellow has lived here alone for the last twenty years; I guess Si's folks know. Come, now, we've got to get home; it's nigh milking time, and we a good ten mile from the cows. We'll try it again some day, maybe."

Elizabeth clung obstinately to the latch. "I ain't a-going," she wailed. "I'm going to stay here till he gets back. I want 'Manuel!"

Winch muttered something under his breath; then almost tenderly he lifted the frail figure in his arms into the waggon "You're a-going home," he said.

This woman's intense love for the child resembles in a minor degree Christ's great love for us, causing Him to leave His home in heaven to suffer and die on the cross to redeem us from sin.

* * * * * *

A Lawyer's Story.

Mr. Caleb Smalley, of the law firm of Trent and Smalley, looked up from the document which he was inspecting with a deepening of his habitual frown. "I believe I said to you, Short, that I wished to be left uninterrupted to-day during the morning hours," he said, tightening his lips into a thousand austere puckers.

"Yes, sir; I had not forgotten," said the clerk, with anxious humility. "But Mr. Hicks, sir, thought you would wish to see——" He finished his sentence neatly by laying a visiting card on the desk before his employer. Mr. Smalley glanced at the card. Then he arose and straightened his spare figure. "Mr. Hicks was—ah—right," he said tentatively. "You may show the gentleman in at once."

The lawyer advanced to meet his visitor with interest, which deepened into an unpleasant feeling of surprise as his eyes rested upon the huge, picturesque figure, clad in rusty black, whose presence seemed to fill the small room to overflowing. "Mr. Moses Armitage, I believe?" he said sharply, referring with automatic precision to the visiting card. "I have not before had the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir; though my father—now retired—will remember you."

Moses Armitage sat down, looking ruddier and more imposing than his wont

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by virtue of contrast with the grey tints of his surroundings, which included the meagre figure of the solicitor. He made no haste to speak, but sat looking about with a troubled expression in his clear blue eyes. Mr. Smalley frowned judicially, and accosted his visitor a second time, with a touch of incisive keenness in his smooth tones. "We have not had an opportunity of informing you of the exact circumstances connected with your brother's death," he said. "We had hoped that your interest in the estate as possible—indeed, I may say as probable—heir might lead you to communicate with us promptly."

"I have no interest in the estate," said Moses Armitage, with deliberation. "I am not here as an heir, either possible or probable. I will not inherit my father's money under any circumstances."

Mr. Smalley fell to studying his visitor with his head very much on one side and his eyes half closed. "That's a very singular notion of yours, Mr. Armitage," he observed at length, with some amusement evident in his voice; "in view of the fact that the property is an exceedingly handsome one. However——"—"I have come," said the other, fixing his eyes with much earnestness upon the lawyer, "to find out if I have any kith or kin left alive."

"That," said Mr. Smalley, expanding his narrow chest, "is exactly what we cannot tell you. It is, in short, the point in question. You, I take it, have had very little communication with your family for some years?"

"I have heard nothing from them for more than forty years."

"Ah, I thought as much," exclaimed Mr. Smalley, with apparent satisfaction. "What was the last word you had from your father?"

Moses Armitage started forward in his chair; his eyes blazed. "I had the last word from my father in this very room," he said in a low, choked voice. "I was a boy of scarce twenty; I loved my father and my brother. They were all I had in the world. Your father sat where you are sitting now. He handed me an envelope; it contained a cheque—half my mother's money—and a letter. But, no, I will not tell you the words of that letter; they are best buried with the dead. Tell me what you know about the family, and be quick about it; the air of this place stifles me!" He leaned back and wiped his forehead with a trembling hand.

Mr. Smalley regarded him attentively. "Thank you," he said civilly; "some identification was necessary, you know." He then proceeded to adjust the fingertips of one hand against those of the other with the extremest nicety and precision, eyeing them with an attentive frown, as if they were so many legal instruments—which indeed, they were.

"When your esteemed father deceased, some fifteen years ago," he began, punctuating his clauses with a silent opening and closing of his two forefingers, "he left the property unreservedly to his second son, Jonas, and his heirs. Mr. Jonas Armitage was at that time the head of quite a flourishing family: to be exact, there was a young wife, two sons, and a daughter. It is with the subsequent history of this daughter that we must now concern ourselves, since death early removed the sons. Miss Armitage, at the age of twenty, became entangled in a love affair with a young man of neither means nor position. He was, in short, a clerk connected with the correspondence department of the concern. Mr. Armitage forbade his daughter to communicate with this person, whose name I will now mention, since it has become unfortunately linked with the Armitage estate. His name was Manuel Rossi."

Moses Armitage leaned forward in his chair. "Manuel Rossi," he repeated. "And they were married?"

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that Miss Margaret Armitage, with the sad perversity of her age and sex, married this—ah—person," acquiesced the lawyer, raising his eyebrows and pursing up his lips. "In view of the fact that Mr. Armitage had expressly forbidden further communication between the two, you will not be surprised to learn that he sent word—through ourselves—to Mrs. Rossi, on the morning of her marriage, to the effect that he considered the relations which had previously existed between them as completely nullified by the act. In a word, he disinherited the young woman."

"Cruel!"

"Ah, it may possibly seem so to you. For myself, I hold that obedience is the foundation of law. Disobedience merits punishment—or, as Holy Writ puts it more forcibly, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

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Mr. Smalley seemed so excessively pleased by his line of thought that at this juncture he readjusted his finger-tips one by one with smiling deliberation. "My story from this point is a perfectly logical illustration of the fact," he went on. "The foolish young people disappeared forthwith, young Rossi having received his discharge and a month's wages—the late Mr. Armitage was a just man, if somewhat rigid and unbending. A month's wages, I believe I said; well, from that day the unfortunate Mrs. Rossi was never again seen by any of her former acquaintances. She had made her bed, as the old saying has it, and presumably she died upon it. It is known that she endeavoured, at least on one occasion, to effect a reconciliation with her father. This deduction is derived from a communication bearing her signature, which we found among other papers of my late esteemed client.

"But, before I proceed further, let me explain what has no doubt been a matter of surprise to you—I refer to the fact that Mr. Armitage left no will. Quite naturally he had destroyed the original instrument which conveyed all the property to his daughter. Having done this, he found himself somewhat at a loss; by the terms of his father's will he was precluded from giving play to his—ah—very natural inclinations, which might have prompted him in favour of the next heir in succession. I refer to yourself, sir; I trust you will pardon the reference to the rather unpleasant relations which existed at the time mentioned."

"There was a letter, you said," Moses Armitage interrupted the lawyer Smalley, with some impatience. "Let me see the letter."

"All in good time, my dear sir; I am, in fact, coming to that directly. I was about to say that in justice to the very admirable qualities of my late client, I ought to inform you that just previous to his unlooked for demise he actually did make a will, but I took exception to certain clauses in it which he insisted on inserting. That made him hesitate; then he died without signing that will or making any other."

"Poor Jonas, I can understand his perplexity," said Mr. Armitage. "Well, what becomes of the money?"

"You, of course, are heir to the whole, unless the daughter of my esteemed client had a child, which is the question to settle. If she left a child, he or she would inherit; otherwise it falls to you as heir-at-law."

"Well," said Mr. Armitage, "that question may wait. Now let me see the letter that poor girl wrote to her hard-hearted father."

Mr. Smalley arose and tiptoed across the room. "The communication to which I have referred, bearing the signature of Margaret Armitage Rossi, is of very little value," he said, fixing his singular client with eyes of frosty disapproval; "but I preserved it as a matter of precaution. Here it is."

It was a short letter, written feebly, and blurred as if with the tears of the writer. It told in a few short, pathetic sentences of the death of the young husband and of the dire need of the desolate wife. "I am in great straits," ran the piteous appeal; "I have no money. Let me come home, dear father. For the love of my mother, do not close your heart against me!"

Moses Armitage's keen eyes were blurred as he lifted them to the face of the lawyer. "Well?" he said briefly.

"We have no reason to suppose that the communication was answered," said Mr. Smalley, regarding his finger-tips with narrowed lids. "My late client was not an emotional man."

"But why not search for her in the place from which this was written?" cried Moses, starting to his feet. "I will go at once."

"The letter is dated some seven years back, you will observe," said the lawyer, dryly. "I beg to inform you further, that upon the discovery of this piece of evidence we at once dispatched a trustworthy agent to the address mentioned. You may interview this person now."

In response to his summons, a lean, stoop-shouldered man entered the room. "Hicks," said Mr. Smalley, sharply, "you may tell this gentleman of your visit to B——."

"I found the tenement where the woman known as Mrs. Rossi had stopped," said Mr. Hicks. "I learned there, from a woman known as Bridget Kelly, that Mrs. Rossi, with a man said to be her husband, had lived in the house for three months. During that time the man, known as Manuel Rossi, died and was buried. Mrs. Rossi, after exhausting the means at her command, left the house."

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"Is that all?" cried Moses Armitage. "Why did you not make further enquiries?"

"I did," said the man, "and there was nothing more to be learned."

"You are now in possession of the facts, Mr. Armitage," said the lawyer, dismissing the witness with a practised wave of the hand. "I have only to add that we advertised in all the leading newspapers for the woman or proof of her death, with no result. I will also state that it was by the merest accident that we learned your own address; we wrote you, but received no reply, and had almost given up hearing from you, so long a time had elapsed since notifying you of the event,"

"I forgot to read the letter," said Moses Armitage, in a matter-of-fact tone. "There were other matters——." He stopped short and turned toward the door. "I shall search for her," he said decisively.

"Very good," acquiesced Mr. Smalley. "Very proper indeed. Of course, we hope that Mrs. Rossi's whereabouts may very speedily be discovered, or some clear evidence of her death, if she is dead. If there is anything we can do to assist you in the search, you will, of course, call upon us. An advance of some hundreds—say —would be——"—"I have not asked for money, sir," said the other, with unnecessary warmth, and shut the door behind him.

The boy 'Manuel was waiting in the lawyer's outer office, his short legs dangling uncomfortably from the high stool to which one of the clerks had lifted him. He greeted Mr. Armitage with sparkling eyes and a joyous sigh of relief.

"Are you tired, my child?" asked the old man, tenderly; "I was a long time in there—yes, a long weary time—and what a story!" He was speaking to himself now, unconsciously quickening his steps till the child at his side was forced into a run to keep up with the irregular strides.

"Where are we going now, my father?" said the boy, breathlessly, looking up into the ruddy face, where pain and anger struggled for the mastery.

Moses Armitage looked down at the questioner, and his eyes brightened. "Why, here I am running your little legs off, boy! Why didn't you pull me up, as I do Nelly when she has eaten too many oats? I'll tell you where we are going. We are going on a boat for a fine ride, but first we shall see what they can give us to eat in this pretty shop. I see some cakes in the window, which look as if they were made for a boy like you."

An hour later they were climbing a rickety staircase whereon endless processions of slatternly women, ragged children, and slouching men passed up and down. Loud, discordant voices filled the intervals between slamming doors. It was an abode of sin and misery, where Christ was unknown and unloved, where evil reigned instead of good.

"This isn't a nice house," said Manuel; "why do we come here?"

Moses Armitage regarded him with thoughtful eyes. "You see, there are children who stay here all the time," he said; "but you and I will go away very soon."

"It was Mrs. Bridget Kelly, she that had stopped nine years on the top floor, that could tell the gentleman what he wished to know, if anyone could"—so said a big woman with half-a-dozen children clinging to her ragged skirts. And up five flights of the dirty stairs, through dark, ill-smelling passages, they went, escorted by an ever-increasing swarm of pallid, eager-eyed children.

"It's the second door to your right, sir; the one with the hole in it," volunteered a small girl, who carried a big baby. "'Twas Mike Kelly what kicked it through when he was drunk last week."

"And you can be quiet, Kitty McGuire," cried a shrill voice from the door in question. "What are you doing on my landing? Get out, or I'll take the poker to you!" The speaker turned to her visitors with a broad smile of welcome. "You can walk in, sir," she said, apologetically; "they ain't no manners—the kids in this house."

When Moses Armitage had made known his errand, Mrs. Kelly heaved a reminiscent sigh. "Oh! yes," she said, "I mind it all as if it were yesterday. She and her man—a mere slip of a boy he was and sick-looking—she come to me and she says, 'We have not any furniture,' she says. 'and only a little money,'—she showed me what she had, poor dear!—'and could we board with you,' she says, 'till I gets a letter I'm expecting?' I had took boarders off and on, for I've always lived respectable, and in them days

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I had three rooms. So I took them. Her man couldn't get no work, try as he would: and after awhile she told me as how they would get their own victuals. But never a bit she cooked, though I offered the loan of my stove."

Mrs. Kelly paused to wipe her eyes with her apron. "I told this same to a bit of a spalpeen as was here three weeks gone," she said. "And for what do they want the poor thing? She was a lady, if ever I see one, and sure and I ought to know, for before my marriage to Mike Kelly I lived out with many a lady."

"I am Mrs. Rossi's uncle," said Moses Armitage.

"Oh, her uncle? Then you'll happen be the one she went to see after her man died. He was took sudden with fever and only lived five days. Poor young thing!—and she that delicate herself. We all done what we could to help her, and he was buried by the city; it could not be helped. The day of the funeral I says to her, 'What are you going to do when your own time comes, Mrs. Rossi?' I says. She hadn't paid me no money for the room in ten days, but I would not bring it up to her then. 'I don't know,' she says, and wrung her bits of white hands. 'If my letter would only come!' she says. 'Why don't I get my letter?' 'Well,' I says, 'Billy would give it to you in a minute if there was one,' I says. Billy McGuire, he was the postman, and an elegant, respectable man; I've knowed his wife these ten years. 'If there was one,' I says, 'Billy would surely give it to you, and so I guess there ain't none. That same day she slipped out, and when she comes in she had some money in her hand. I took notice that her wedding ring was gone. 'I'll pay you for the room now,' she says, 'then I'm going.' The next morning when I got up she was gone, and that was the last I saw of her."

"Did you ask her where she was going when she spoke of leaving the day before?" asked Moses Armitage, anxiously.

"I did that!" said Mrs. Kelly, nodding her head emphatically; "but it was not me that would let on to the man that was here before, for, to tell you the straight truth, I didn't like the look of him. But you being her uncle is different. I says to her, 'Where are you going, Mrs. Rossi, dear?'" I says; for as sure as I sit in this chair I was that sorry for the woman I meant to keep her till after her trouble. 'Don't go,' I says, 'till you're better.' 'I'm going to my uncle,' she says; 'I know he'll take me in. I know where he lives, too, for I heard father say.' 'In that case I says, 'you're a-doing sensible.' I was meaning to ask her more particular before she went; but, as I told you, she was gone come morning. I've never forgot the poor thing"

The woman's eyes had wandered often during the recital to the face of the child, who leaned shyly against the great shoulder of his guardian. "I suppose," she continued, again wiping her eyes, "that this is her baby; six—ain't he? And a fine, big boy of his age! I'd have knowed it without your telling, for he's the living image of her. I seen it when I first laid eyes on him! What's your name, little fellow?"

"My name's 'Manuel," answered the child, shyly.

"Of course it is, after his pa! Many's the time I heard her calling him that same!"

"But my good woman," said Moses Armitage, "I never saw my niece. I do not know that I am the uncle she referred to. She did not come to me."

"She never come to you?" echoed the woman shrilly. "And ain't this her baby, then?"

"No," said Moses Armitage. Then he sprang to his feet so suddenly as to upset the rickety chair upon which he had been sitting. A strange thought had flashed across his brain. He thrust a piece of money into the woman's hand. "I shall not forget your kindness to her,' said he. Taking the child in his arms, he made his way down the unsteady staircases in a fashion which called faces to doors and windows.

(*To be continued*).

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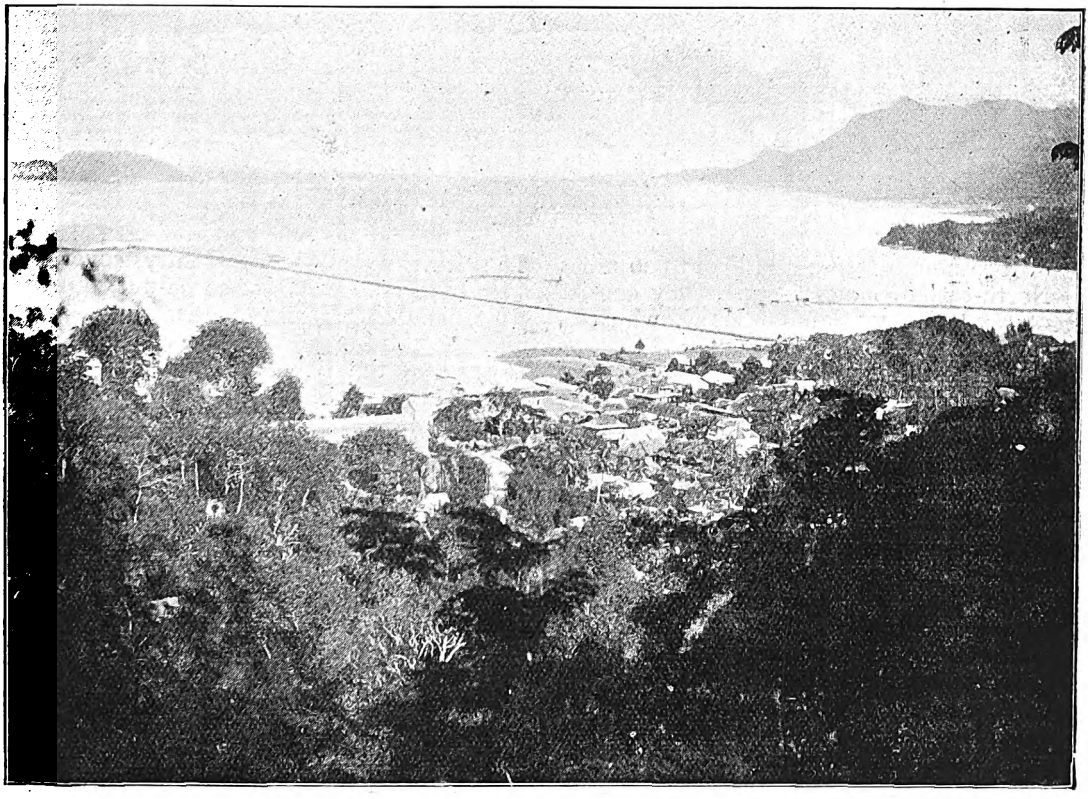
The Most Beautiful Island . . . . . in the World.

By the Rev. G. ERNEST WALTERS,

Formerly Colonial Chaplain of Seychelles.

HOW many readers know anything about the Seychelles? Many a time have I mentioned these islands, to be only met with the question, "Where are they?" Their comparative smallness, and isolated position makes them almost *terra incognita*. Yet they form by no means an unimportant part of our British Empire, and have been described as one of King Edward's brightest gems.

The Seychelles are almost in the middle



VICTORIA.

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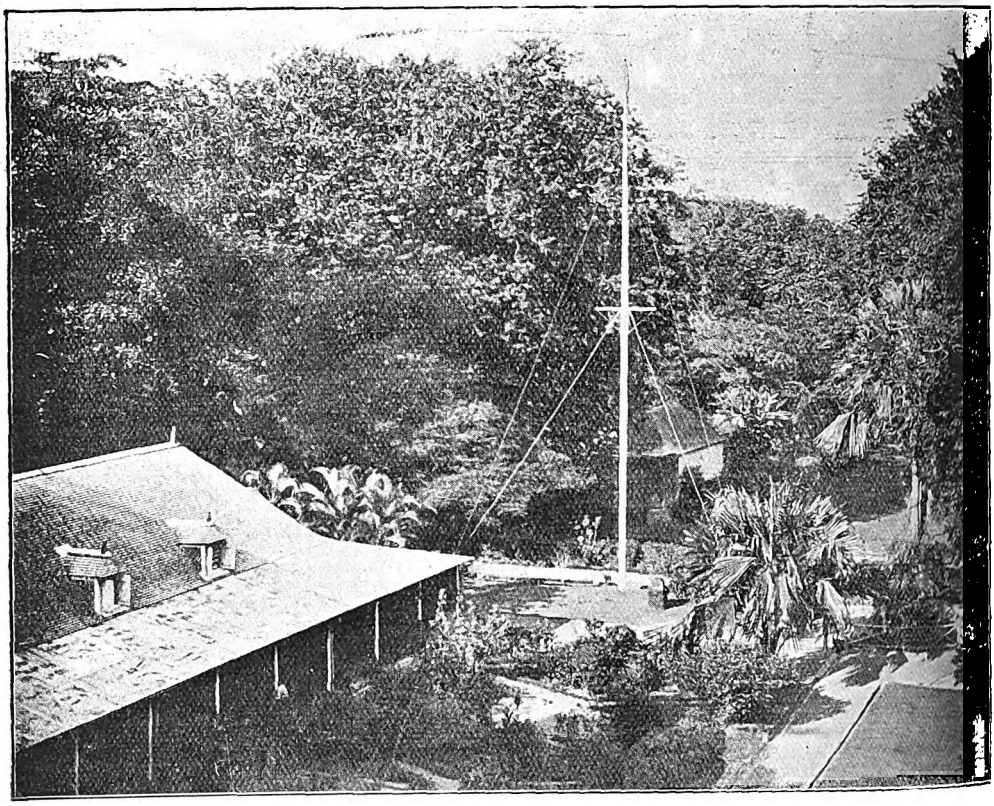

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA.

of the Indian Ocean, and about 600 miles North-east of Madagascar. They consist of some thirty islands. Mahé, which is seventeen miles broad by seven long, is the largest. They are supposed to have been discovered by the early Portugese navigators, and were first colonised by the French in 1792. In 1794 they were captured from the French by a British man-of-war. It is an interesting fact that as the English captain had no one to leave in charge, he appointed the French Governor *pro. tem.* to administer the islands for King George. It was indeed some years before an English Administrator arrived.

I have described these islands as the most beautiful in the world, and this is no exaggeration. Sailors, and others, who have been to all parts, testify that they have seen nothing to exceed their loveliness. As the Seychelles are almost on the equator, it is a perennial summer. The fruitful soil is constantly covered with luxuriant groves of cocoa-nut, bread fruit, banana, orange, and other fruit trees; and the foliage is ever green. The hills, clothed in the richest colours, rise to a height of some 3,000 feet, and slope down to the water's edge. The beach is of purest white sand, and fringed with palm trees. Walls of coral surround the islands, and inside the reef, the sea is calm and still.

General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, visited the islands in 1881, and was very much struck with their beauty. He told an English resident that when he had earned his pension, he would like to settle down there. Many of the present inhabitants have a vivid recollection of him. What struck them most was his sincere piety, and the great interest he took in the Mission work. Some readers will remember that Gordon had a theory that the Seychelles formed the site of the

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VANILLA GROWING.

Garden of Eden. He also believed the forbidden fruit to be the *cocoa de mer*, or double cocoa-nut, which is peculiar to the island.

The population in 1895 was 17,625. This is made up chiefly of Creoles and Africans. There are also a number of Indian and Chinese. The English are represented by a few Government officials, merchants and planters. Some of the old Africans are liberated slaves, and were rescued by British men-of-war from slave ships, which formerly traded in the Indian Ocean.

The chief and really only town is Victoria, which has a population of some 5,000. Here is Government House, the Residence of the Administrator, and also the Courts of Justice, Prison, and Post Office.

The natives, so called, *i.e.*, the Africans and Creoles are almost all Roman Catholics. There are only some 2,000 Protestants. There is a Roman Catholic Bishop and Cathedral at Victoria. The Priests are of the Carmelite Order; and very picturesque they look in their large straw hats, loose brown habits and sandals. On certain Festivals processions take place through the streets. These are much appreciated by the natives, who are particularly fond of any kind of show or display.

The Church of England is represented by a Colonial Chaplain, who has charge of St. Paul's Church, Victoria, a French clergyman who resides at the other end of Mahé, and a clergyman, a native of the West Indies, who has charge of a Mission at Prastin—a large island of the group about 25 miles from Mahé, with a population of some 1,200. The latter is a most interesting personality. In early years he was a sailor, and his ship was wrecked near the Seychelles. The crew took to the boats, and safely landed on the islands. The future clergyman then became an officer in the Police Force. Subsequently, he worked in the Protestant

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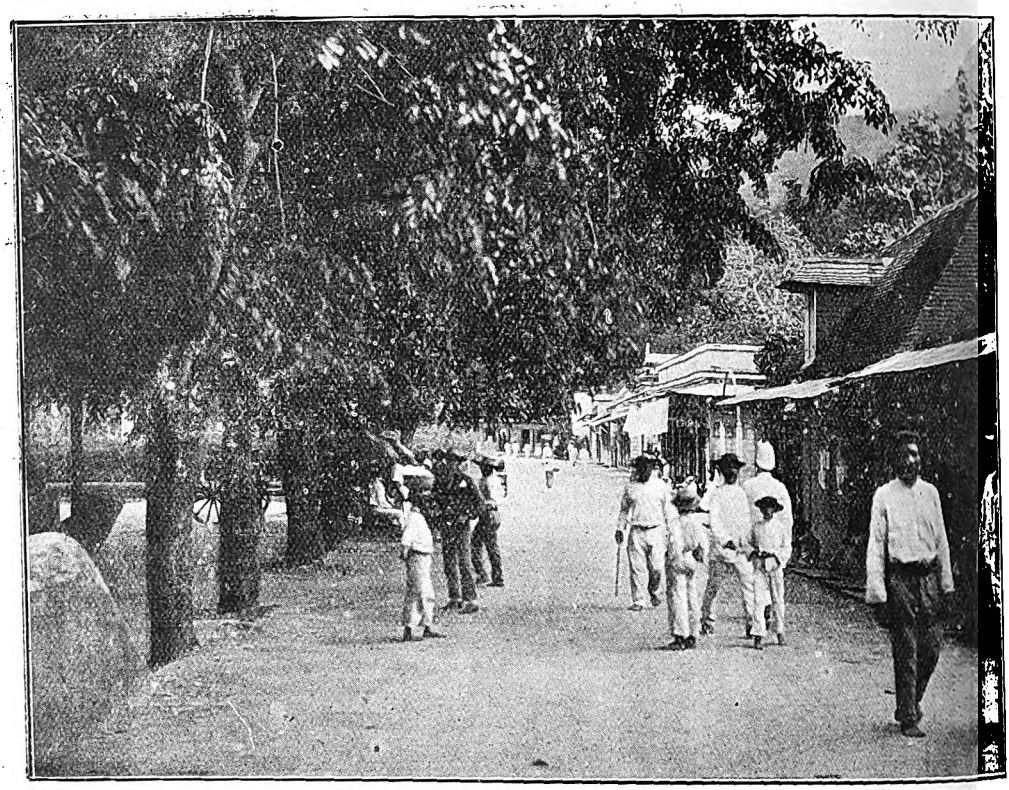

STREET IN VICTORIA.

Mission as a Catechist, and was eventually admitted to Holy Orders. He now, under the Divine blessing, does quite a remarkable evangelistic work among the natives of Prastin. He also ministers to the poor lepers, who are confined on a small adjacent island.

The chaplain at Victoria holds services in English and French. The latter are for the benefit of the natives who speak the French *patois*. They are most devoted to their church, and will walk miles to attend the services. Many may be seen on Sunday coming into the town in the morning early, carrying their Prayer-books, and perhaps, umbrellas, nicely balanced on their heads. And they will remain all day for the three services.

Some of the native religious customs are interesting. Whenever a Protestant is thought to be dying, not only the minister is invariably called, but also the friends and relatives, who sing hymns around the sick bed. When death ensues a number of candles are purchased for the illumination of the death chamber, and as many as possible of those in attendance remain till the morning. The interment, as in all tropical countries, has to take place the next day. At the graveside, not only the minister, but all the mourners, throw earth on the coffin at the words, "earth to earth."

The native weddings are somewhat striking. The happy bridegroom arrays himself, probably for the first time, in a grand black tail coat and felt hat, generally hired for the occasion. The bride is usually magnificent in a dress of pure white, with a very long train, also generally hired. Together they thus solemnly proceed through the streets, followed by an admiring crowd.

There are several Protestant day schools where the native children receive a rudimentary education, and are instructed in the Christian faith. The teachers also are careful to impress on them the fact that they are members of the great British

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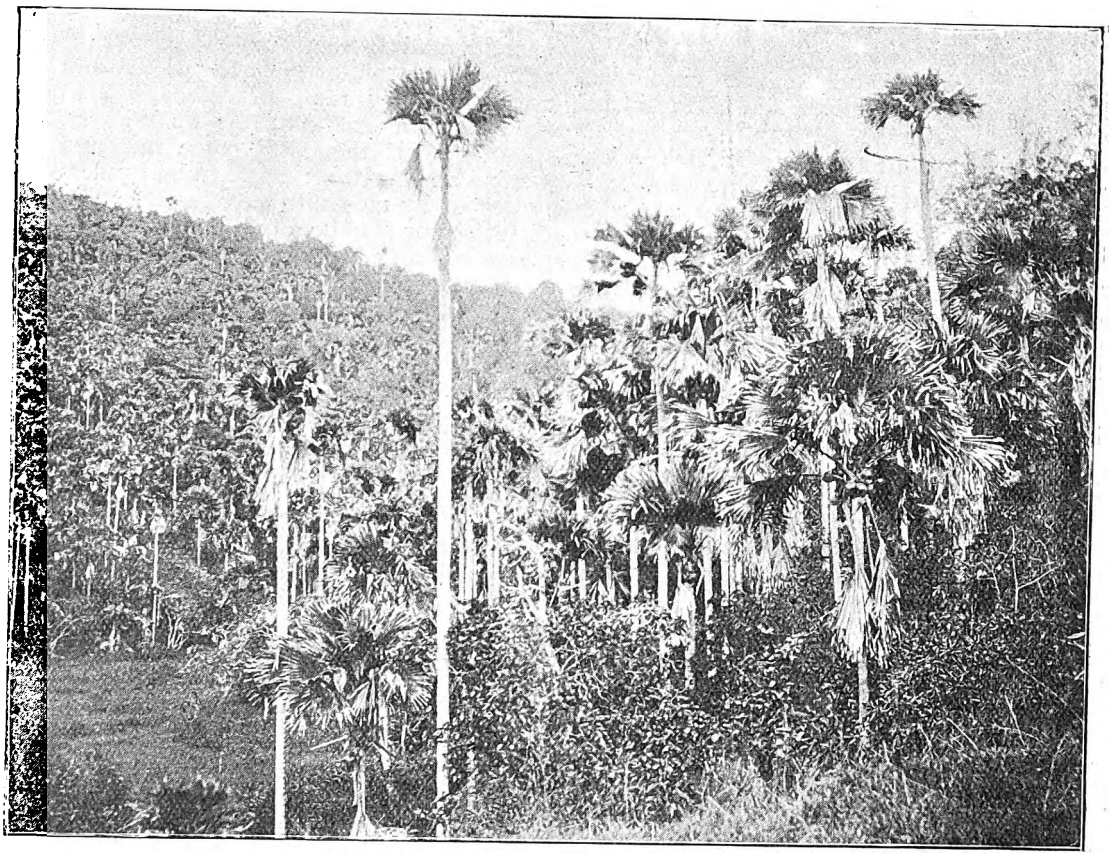

A PLANTATION IN VICTORIA.

Empire, and should honour their flag and king. One of the very first English compositions they learn is, "God Save the King." Visitors have been quite touched to hear in those far-off dominions of King Edward these little coloured children sing in their own quaint fashion the National Anthem.

The *patois*, to which reference has been made, is a very corrupt form of French, mixed with some African words. An Englishman, who had just arrived in Victoria, was sitting on his verandah, when some Creole visitors were announced. He addressed them in his best French, thinking they would understand him; but imagine his astonishment when they answered, "We do not understand English!" Indeed, the *patois* has very little resemblance to ordinary French.

As will be imagined, the islands on account of their isolated position are very much cut off from the world. There is a mail only once a month, and in the writer's time this was very uncertain. Once we were some seven weeks without letters. The arrival of the mail is always the cause of much excitement. On the day it is expected, a man is stationed on a hill to watch, and when the ship is in view he hoists a flag. There is fortunately a cable to Zanzibar, and daily a few of Reuter's telegrams are received, which give the chief items of news. These are printed and posted in the streets for general information. During the recent war, these telegrams were awaited with fevered interest, especially by the small English colony.

The monotony of the Seychelles is slightly relieved by visits from "men-of-war" of all nationalities, which call chiefly for coal. The writer has seen at different times, English, French, German, Austrian, Italian and Dutch ships in the harbour. Much excitement was caused.

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in 1899 when the Dutch man-of-war "Friesland" called *en route* for Delagoa Bay. It was thought at the time that perhaps this vessel would take ex-President Kruger to Europe.

The islands are used like St. Helena, as a place of banishment. Prempeh, formerly King of Ashanti, is now an exile at Mahé. He has been receiving instruction in the Christian faith, and was, a few months ago, a regular attendant at the English Church.

Unlike England, with its two or three climates a week, the climate of Seychelles is always very much the same. The temperature all the year round is from 80 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit. This is tempered by gentle sea breezes. The days and nights are almost the same in length. It is always dark about six p.m. and light at six a.m.

There are no wild animals in the ordinary sense of the word. Insects, in the form of centipedes, scorpions and mosquitoes abound, and there is quite a plague of rats. The latter swarm everywhere, and are remarkably tame in comparison to their English brethren. As one sits on the verandah they will come out and gambol at your feet; and at night unless protected by mosquito curtains they will disturb your slumbers by making a playground of your bed. In several islands of the group, large tortoises are to be found.

The products of the islands are chiefly cocoa-nut oil, coffee, tortoise shell, and vanilla. The latter is an important industry. More than one Englishman has made a small fortune by it.

Seychelles is now under the able administration of His Honour E. B. Sweet-Escott, C.M.G., who is untiring in his efforts to promote the welfare of the community. The islands were never so flourishing as they are at the present time.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE REV. A. B. SIMPSON is the founder of The Christian Alliance. Fifteen years ago it was a one-man movement, represented by himself, then a Presbyterian pastor residing in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

A though his ministry in that western city was fairly successful, Mr. Simpson felt that he had a distinct call to reach the masses—those countless multitudes who were outside of the churches, and who had no affiliation with any of the existing denominations. How best to do this troubled him greatly. Soon after he accepted for a time the pastorate of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church in New York; but even there, although he had larger opportunities, he still felt the irksome trammels of conventionalism, which made it impossible to give the full free measure of service he wished to render. He finally decided on a severance of all denominational relations, that he might be free to take up a work upon undenominational lines. His position at this juncture is thus described by one who knew him well:—

REV. A. B. SIMPSON,
FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.

"The work was commenced in a small hall, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, New York, where Mr. Simpson fully explained his plans. It was to be an undenominational work, to reach the people, neither antagonising nor competing with any other church, but under no ecclesiastical control. Any of the Lord's people who were moved to join in such a work would be welcome as volunteers. No one joining would be asked for a subscription. The pastor had determined to rely upon the Lord to send supplies for the needs of the work, and his own temporal support. It was to be throughout a work of faith, and so it has continued to this day. After a few months the little hall became too small to hold the crowds who attended the services. The Academy of Music, and subsequently, Steinway Hall and other large buildings, were hired for Sunday evenings, and large numbers were gathered there, and many conversions took place. A small church was organised on an evangelical basis, and a church home was started."

From that time forth the work progressed with rapidity. Larger buildings were secured, and congregations multiplied. The Gospel Tabernacle on Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street became a centre of aggressive evangelism. A Christian Alliance was formed with a

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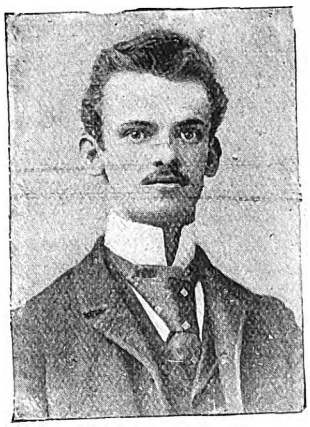
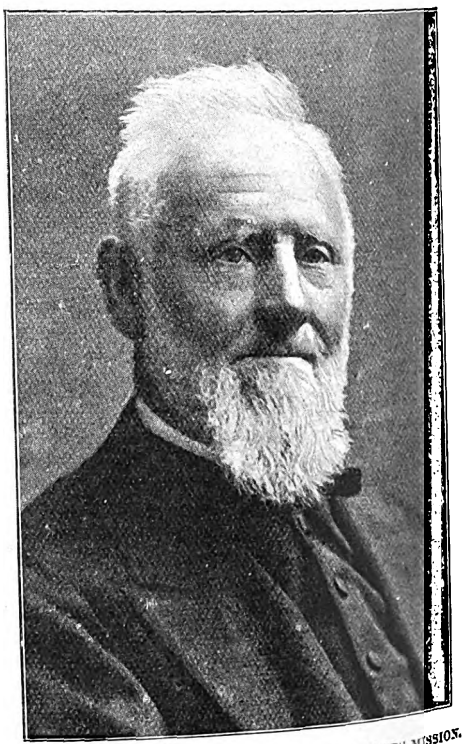


J. GORDON H. S. SIMPSON, ESQ., SECRETARY OF THE ALLIANCE.

widespread membership. A missionary institute was established, which has been the means of training a brave army of consecrated young men and women for home and foreign fields. There are now over 350 Alliance missionaries labouring in India, China, Japan, South America, the West Indies, Africa, and Palestine. An orphanage was opened, and various other branches of Christian work were begun. Conventions are now held every year in different parts of the Union for the accommodation of distant members of the Alliance. The Alliance is not an ecclesiastical body or denomination, but is simply a society uniting in fellowship Christians who are connected with various churches in many cities. These groups each hold a weekly meeting in some convenient place for the mutual help of the members by communion and prayer.

The test of Fellowship is their holding the doctrines of the four-fold Gospel. These are: Christ as Saviour, Christ as Sanctifier, Christ as Healer, and Christ as Coming Lord. Within the past year the Christian Alliance and International Missionary Alliance have been merged into the Christian and Missionary Alliance, of which Rev. Dr. Simpson is superintendent. He is assisted by a full board of workers of wide experience. His son, J. Gordon H. S. Simpson, secretary of the Alliance, has had entire charge of the construction of the institutional buildings and the development of the new Settlement. Rev. Stephen Merritt, whose work as preacher and philanthropist is well known, was the spiritual Columbus who "discovered" South Mountain, and first brought it before the Alliance as a fitting location for the new Settlement.

THE REV. STEPHEN MERRITT.



REV. J. J. KENDON, FOUNDER OF HOP-PICKERS MISSION.

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THIRTY-THREE years ago now the Hop Pickers' Mission was commenced with one missionary; today it employs twenty missionaries, dispersed over an area fifty miles in compass.

The founder, hon. director and treasurer is Rev. J. G. Kendon, pastor of the Baptist Church, Goudhurst, founded by him in 1862.

The original work of the Mission includes visiting the hop gardens, and the camps; the distribution of tens of thousands of tracts and small books; and the conducting of open-air services, amounting to hundreds in the course of the season. The results in conversions have been very encouraging, and vast improvements have been made for the comfort of the pickers, and in the manners and behaviour of the thousands who yearly flock into the district.

Last year two new departments were added: The Hop Pickers' Shelter and Medical Hall, where a duly qualified doctor attends daily, and a trained nurse takes charge of the patients under the doctor's superintendence.

The other department is a Bible Van, in which two missionaries traverse the surrounding villages, selling books and holding services in the summer months. Much good has been accomplished by God's blessing.

The chief centre of the Mission is Curtisden Green, Goudhurst, where Mr. Kendon resides. Letters should be sent to Bethany House as above. All the expenses are met by voluntary contributions.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER needs no introduction to our readers. He is one of our leading Empire builders, and a few of such men to render service in our Colonies would be the cement that would so effectually bind together the interests of the "Mother" country and her "Children," that another fifty years would see the great Anglo-Saxon Empire a fully consummated fact.

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A REMARKABLE DREAM.

A TRUE STORY.

DEAR Mrs. M——! How I loved her, and how she loved me! From the first time we met I felt drawn to her. We were both what is called "hard to get on with," and neither of us made friends easily, yet on that autumn day, seven years ago, when I called with a friend at her house, I felt that she was a kindred spirit. At the time, I was a girl of twenty, and she an old lady of nearly seventy—Spring and Autumn—yet, from that moment we were the greatest friends. This, however, is not the story. Five years had passed, and Mrs. M—— resolved to buy a house for her children, who, needless to say, were middle-aged. The house she built was a large double-fronted detached house, with a nice garden, the rooms of which were beautifully decorated, and all her friends congratulated her on the exceptional bargain she had made. For my part, I did not agree with them. The house struck me as uncanny from the moment I entered it first; I could not describe the reasons for my dislike, but I can only say that I could not have lived there. My poor friend, who was staying with relations close by, moved in on the completion of the repairs, and took up her abode in the room she had chosen overlooking the garden. The next day, I received a telegram stating that she had met with an accident, and asking me to go and see her. I went over at once, and was told that she had fallen down and injured her spine. When I went up to her room I was horrified to see the change in her in so short a time. She looked ten years older, and was evidently suffering considerable bodily pain.

"My dear Mrs. M——, I am so sorry to hear of your accident, and to find you like this. How did it happen?"

"My dear, it was no accident; it was the work of an unseen hand. I got out of bed early in the morning to see the time, as I had had a restless night, when I felt someone behind me, and the moment after someone caught my arm and pushed me violently down; I screamed for help, and then knew no more. When I was pushed down I was standing by my bed, but when my children found me I was close to the window, four or five yards off. They lifted me into the bed, and sent for the doctor, who states that my spine is injured, and that I shall never walk again."

After saying this she began to cry, and, putting her arms round my neck, she sobbed bitterly.

During the next six months I saw a good deal of her, but each time I came away feeling that my poor friend's case was indeed a hopeless one. A nurse had been engaged, who slept in her room every night, and she was not left unattended night or day.

Unfortunately, the nurse was taken ill, and had to leave suddenly, and my friend would not let anyone sit up with her during the night previous to the coming of the next nurse.

In the middle of the night the house was aroused by piercing shrieks proceeding from my friend's room. They rushed in, and found her gesticulating wildly with her arms, and evidently in a state of great terror, but she was speechless, and never spoke again. When I saw her she con-

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SHE SHRANK BACK WITH BOTH HANDS EXTENDED TOWARDS ME.

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"WHEN I CALLED WITH A FRIEND AT HER HOUSE."

veyed to me by signs that the same thing had happened again, and that she would never see me again. This was conveyed to me by my saying what I thought she meant, and by her nodding when I said the right thing, or shaking her head when I said the wrong. I took an affectionate farewell, as I felt powerfully that she was right, and that we should never meet again on earth.

A week later she passed away.

Four months elapsed, yet I had not recovered from the shock of my friend's accident and death, and one night I had a remarkable dream, which from its vividness, is worth relating.

It seemed to me that I was weak, and s nking out of myself, and then that I was supported by a presence through the air until I came to myself in a large shadowy place. There was no feeling of fear, only the dazed feeling one has when recovering from a faint, and I began to wonder where I was, and why, when my friend appeared before me, and began to speak. I wanted to rush forward and caress her, when she shrank back with both hands extended towards me, entreating me not to come any nearer, or touch her. If I did I should never be allowed to return to earth again, but we could talk, she said.

What impressed me most was that when I had known her on earth she was nearly bent double with age, and apparently little higher than four feet, yet here she was a tall, upright figure, of commanding appearance, but with an expression of unutterable sadness, which made me ask her the question, "Are you not happier here, my dear Mrs. M——? Do you not find this an inexpressible relief from the

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pain and suffering, the loss of use of your spine and physical powers, all of which you now seem to have regained ?"

"No," she replied, "I was far happier on earth, and there my life was more endurable, even with the suffering and pain, than it is here. Here, the awful monotony of existence is terrible and overwhelming. You do not know what I would not give to be back on earth !"

"Are there no others here that you can speak to ?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "We can only walk and pass each other; it is impossible to speak or touch."

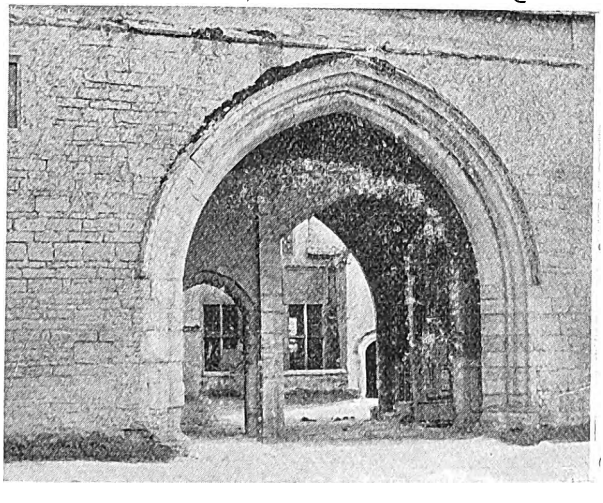
"But this cannot be for ever," I exclaimed.

She replied, "I can only tell you this, that we must stop here till 100 years has elapsed for the time of our birth on earth and then, that there will be a change. What that change will be we are not told."

She then told me that it was very merciful of God to allow her to see me again, and that I was to take very great care of my health, as she could see that I was sometimes hovering near her, which could only mean that I was in danger of losing hold on life. She entreated me again to be careful as it would be dreadful for a young person like myself, of only twenty-five years of age to die, and have to exist in that awful monotony for more than seventy years. I asked her whether she now knew the explanation of her mysterious accident, and she said "Yes." It was all clear, but that no good could result from her telling me. Feeling that I was leaving her, I again put out my hand to say good-bye, which she nearly grasped, but shrank back, saying, "Do not stay; go now, while you can, and vanish from my sight!"

I, too, had a feeling that if I stayed much longer I should lose all power to return to earth, and I suddenly woke up to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration, with a feeling of intense faintness. For several days after I did not feel myself, and the memory of my dream haunts me yet.

[*The foregoing narrative is published as contributed, and we do not hold ourselves responsible for the curious theory involved in it. We, however, fully believe that it is a true incident related as it actually occurred.* —EDITOR, "TEMPLE MAGAZINE."]



A FINE OLD GATEWAY.

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AMONGST THE KURKUS.

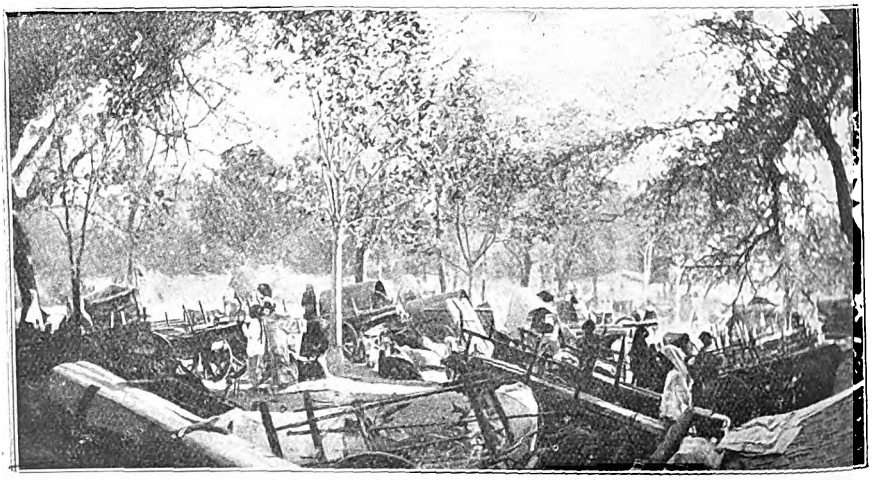
How the Kurku Mission Helped to Fight Famine.

By the Rev. ERIC LEWIS.

LONG will the terrible Famine of 1900 be remembered throughout India, and in the annals of its missionary history, as at once the most widespread, and the most severe, during the reign of our late beloved Queen, or indeed, from the commencement of British rule in India, if not throughout its entire history!

The great Berar plain is usually fertile and well watered, the home of thriving farmers, whose chief crops are cotton and jowari (or great millet), the grain which forms the staple food of the humbler folk. The farmer was beginning to recover from the famine of 1896-1897, when this more awful visitation fell upon him. So early and so completely did the rains of July to September, 1899, fail, that he quickly found himself short of fodder for his cattle, and the jowari instead of growing six or eight feet high, scarcely reached two feet, and dried up so completely, that it was almost useless even for fodder. Add to this that the cotton yield was practically *nil* over the vast busy plains of Berar, and the reader may form some slight conception of the situation, which the people and Government had to face in the autumn of 1899. Wells already shortening, no more rain to be expected save a few passing showers, until the coming June, and prices of all food stuffs rising, till before long they more than doubled the normal rate.

The Kurku in his hills, was, if possible, worse off still. At the best of times, his crops are scanty, and his fields ill-cultivated; and his chronic condition is that



KURKUS IN THE TIMBER BAZAAR, ELLICHPUR

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HOW A "KAMBAL" IS WORN.

of living from hand to mouth. His main support is derived from the teak-wood which he fells in his native jungles, and which his sturdy little hill oxen haul down in two-wheeled carts to the weekly bazaar, in the plains, and in return for which he obtains his food and a few necessaries.

Famine damaged, if it did not destroy, his market for timber, and at the same time the earning power of his few pence was reduced by half! Always shy to leave his village for Government relief work, it was often difficult for the forest officials, though most sympathetic and untiring in their efforts, to persuade him to leave his village for such work as they could give until he and his were already advancing towards starvation.

And his hills, usually dreaded by the people of the plain, were now invaded

WEAVING BLANKETS.

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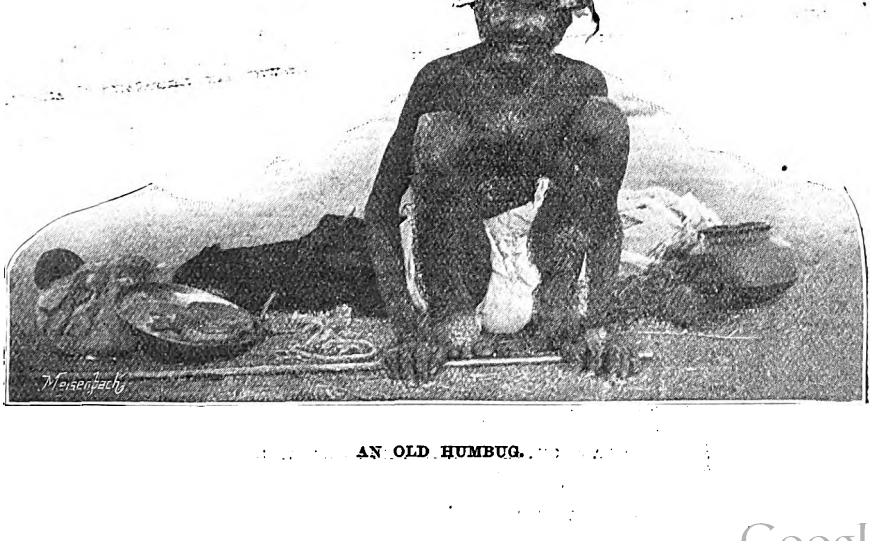
AN HONEST WORKER.

Official and native alike were astonished to see the rapidity with which the buildings went up in the *rains*, an un-heard of time for commencing such operations! The results may be seen in the beautiful photos kindly taken for us by Mr. T. Bailey, Secretary of the Leper Mission in India.

All this building, with the necessary tile and brick-making, afforded a splendid relief work for the many who were glad to find employment near their homes, giving occupation to several hundreds at once.

The site has received the new and appropriate name of Khudawandpur, or "the Lord's village." The total cost amounted to Rs21,757, (£1,450), of which Rs3,000 (£200) was spent upon unskilled famine labour. The number of famine relief workers employed by the Mission at Ellichpur, (including Kothara and Khudawandpur), reached a daily average of 664, during the four months when the famine was at its worst, *i.e.*, May to August, 1900; the highest daily average for one week being 830, in July. To obtain the total relieved daily, we must add



AN OLD HUMBUG.

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GRASS CARRIERS PASSING MR. JACKSON.

to these an average of perhaps 50 children, and those unfit for work who received food, bringing the total to nearly 900. It is cause for thankfulness to think what large numbers of those who thus received bodily help, also regularly heard the Word of God day by day, and to know that good seed was thus sown.

The industrial work of the Orphanage has, we rejoice to say, been most successful, and promises well for the future.

Begun in a small way in the Mission compound not long after the '97 famine, it has grown steadily but surely, while valuable experience was being gained for the future. At first, all the skilled work was done by native carpenters, the boys learning under them; and beginning by

GRASS CUTTERS CAMP NEAR GHATANG.

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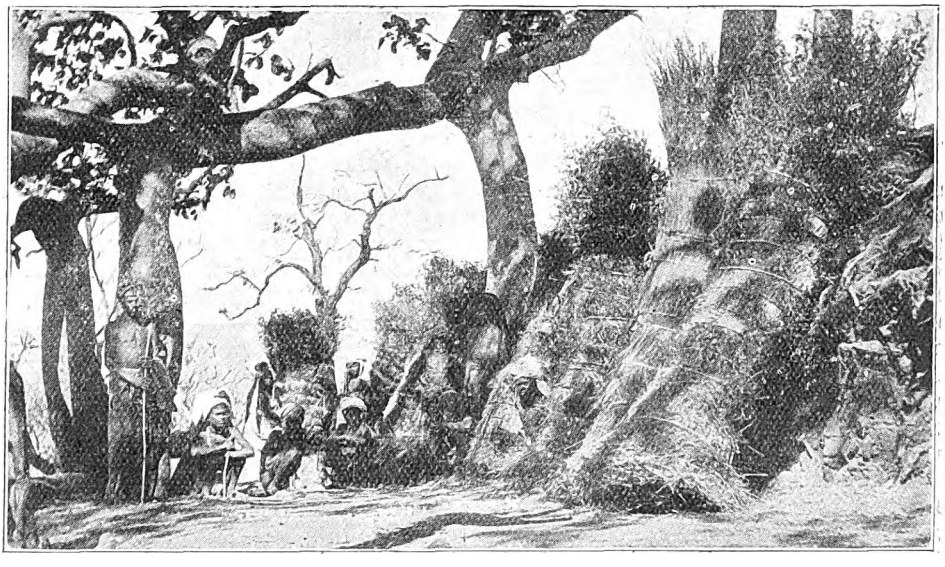
sawing, rough planing, and other simple work, they advanced gradually to tasks requiring more skill as they showed proficiency. In this way the carpentering has been almost self-supporting from the beginning, until now there are several of our boys who can themselves turn out fine work, indeed the Mission quite fails to keep pace with the orders received, and the work is really remarkable for its variety and execution. The boys have commenced carriage, painting and varnishing, and making the upholstery for seats and cushions! Handsome *secretaire* tables, hanging wardrobes, and chests of drawers have been made by the teachers with the help of the boys, all of teak, which has a beautiful grain and colour, besides teak-



GRASS CARRIERS RESTING UNDER A GREAT BANYAN TREE. THE HUGE BUNDLES ARE HEAD LOADS.

wood tables, chairs, book-cases, door and window frames, &c., &c. It says much for the work that it is being well supported by the officials, whom none but good workmanship will satisfy. Weare even sanguine enough to believe that a good sale could be found in England for our work. A highly polished teakwood writing table or hanging cupboard costs in Ellichpur, £4 to £5; we believe the total cost of delivering such in London would not exceed £2 to £3; and we have never yet seen any article of the kind in solid wood, obtainable at home, for anything like this price! Most of the teakwood comes from the Kurku hills; a good deal also of Rangoon teak has been bought in Bombay. A considerable sum has also been spent on English tools, as it has been thought wiser that the boys should learn to do better work than is possible with the rough and clumsy native tools.

Besides carpentry and carriage building, a forge has been built, and since the advent of Thomas, a native Christian blacksmith, in 1901, blacksmithing and fitting have been begun. Lime kilns also are turning out lime, and the native contractors were quick to discover that Mission lime was not adulterated with ashes!

For boys who prefer a more sedentary task, there is tailoring, taught by a native, who with his pupils may be seen sitting cross-legged on the verandah, and busily turning out Government orders for uniforms of forest subordinate officials, coats for our own boys, &c., &c.

The above results of our Industrial work, already obtained since its small beginnings in 1897, reflect the greatest credit on Mr. Jackson, Mr. Yoss, and Mr. Roberts, who has been in charge almost from its commencement, and all who have had a hand in it.

Now we must glance at Morsi, the other Mission station in the plains. Here, for some years, Mr. and Mrs, Windsor have been patiently evangelising among a well-

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to-do farmer population, with a sprinkling of fairly educated Mohammedans in the town itself.

Early in the famine Mr. and Mrs. Windsor were transferred to Ghatang, and here Mr. Bagshawe, the Conservator of Forests, built for the Windsors a temporary bungalow, with the necessary outhouses for storing grain, etc., while across the road, at a little distance, quickly sprang up the rude buildings of the Poor-House, accommodating from 300 to 500 persons. The "Poor-House" is indeed a refuge for the destitute in famine; here they find at least food and shelter when their little all is gone, and no prospect of earning a livelihood remains except to betake themselves to a relief work, which they are often (Kurkus especially) very loth to do. The Government, however, rightly refuses to pauperise the people; and able-bodied applicants at the Poor House are therefore quickly drafted off to the nearest relief work—probably road making. Alas! however, too many were very far from able bodied; in all stages of destitution and emaciation they arrived daily,—men, women, and children,—sometimes too far gone to be revived by good and regular food. and at one time there were no less than 800 inmates.

The water difficulty proved a very serious one at Ghatang: the water needed for all purposes had to be carted a distance. A few springs were happily found by digging in the gravelly bed of the water-course, long since dry, and to our surprise and deep thankfulness the water just lasted until the welcome rains returned, though several villages besides the Poor House and the great Koilari Grass Camp, that grew up as if by magic around the lower springs, were entirely dependent on this supply. What wonder that under such conditions cholera, always ready to follow on the heels of famine, broke out at the Poor House. In the mercy of God, the type was not a very serious one, and the people were not decimated as they often are. Faithfully and bravely Mr. Windsor and his wife tended and nursed the patients aided by visits from the Ellichpur doctor accompanied by his wife. But the long strain of work and anxiety told upon the health of both, as indeed it did upon many of our other Missionaries, and when at last with a good Monsoon a future harvest was assured, and famine work began to slacken in the autumn of 1900, both fell seriously ill, Mr. Windsor especially being for a time in a most critical condition with typhoid, and on recovery they returned home to England.

The grasswork before mentioned was a peculiarly striking feature of the famine. The hill jungles, after the rains, are always covered with an undergrowth of tall grass, which is generally cut for thatch or fodder in November, and the remainder burnt. Grass cutting for transport to the plains became a vast business. The poor of the plains migrated by thousands to the hills to engage in this work, and so sprang up the mushroom city of the Koilari Grass Camp before described, whither the grass cutters brought their immense loads, there to be bought up by the farmers, and transported by bullock cart or pack saddle to the plains.

The Government threw open to the grass-cutters all the reserve jungles, with the result that thousands thus found employment from October to the very end of May, the grass of course getting drier and drier as the heat increased, till very little nourishment could have remained in it, and the tired workers had to go further and further away from their camp in search of grass.

Immense grass relief works were also organised by the Central Provinces Government in Betul, two of the centres for collection being at Khamla and Bhaisdehi, where literally acres of ground were covered with enormous grass stacks, which shortly before the rains, were opened for sale at a low price, and disappeared as if by magic in a few days, so enormous was the demand for fodder in the plains. This form of Government relief had the great advantage over road work of keeping the people in their own vilages.

At Ellichpur, the Mission, despite all its varied labours of other kinds, was able to help Mr. Bagshawe in his endeavour to save large numbers of cattle, and restore them to a condition fit for ploughing in the rains—a most important work, for if the ryot loses his bullocks, his means of cultivation, and with it his prospects of subsistence for the coming year, are gone! So in addition to huge cattle camps, formed in the hills, Mr. Bagshawe asked Mr. Roberts to buy cattle and feed them at Kothara; and in the Mission compound enormous stacks of grass were piled, this

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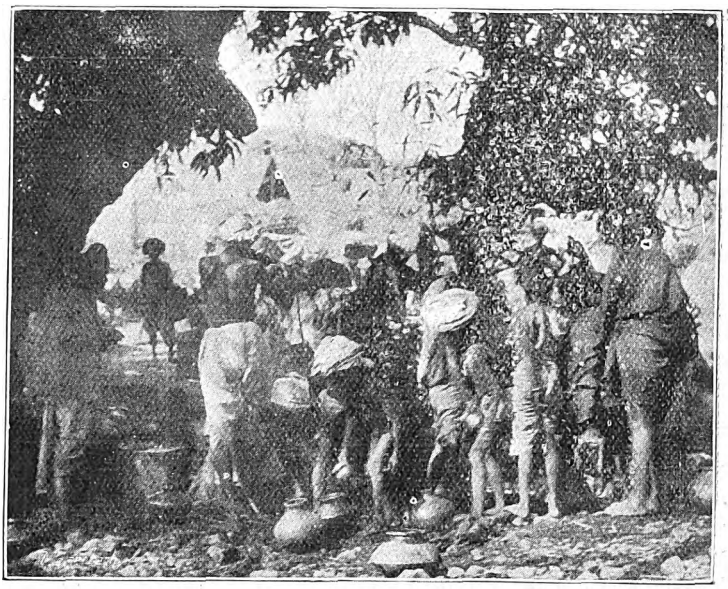
alone occupying the time of 30 men. Of the endless stream coming from the hills, about 100 cartloads and 60 pack loads were at one time being bought daily, costing from Rs250 to Rs300. The first stack measured 50ft. by 27ft. by 16ft. high, and another contained 10,000 lbs. weight of grass.

The three photos on another page represent some of the famine cases dealt with at Bhaisdehi.



RUSH FOR WATER. CROWD ROUND WATERHOLE.

One Photo represents that saddest of all sights, *a famine baby*. Poor little one! Its mother, too heartless and careless to take the trouble to bring it regularly to us for the milk provided for these little ones, and being unable to nurse it herself, was not burdened with it long—a typical case, we fear, of the callousness too often produced by famine.

Another is that of an old Gond who, to support himself and his equally aged wife, who was too weak to walk the three miles from their village to our kitchen, would almost daily bring on his head such a huge bundle of firewood as that which he stands beside in the picture, his aged limbs staggering under the burden. And when his wife fell sick, and I gave him a rupee to enable him to get her some better food, his gratitude was most touching to see. They seemed a real Darby and Joan!

A third represents yet a very different type. He turned up one evening in very fair condition, and when asked why he had come so late when the free meal was quite over, he said he couldn't eat either kedgeree or chapatti, "they go round and round in my mouth and won't go down! Sahib, I want fish, and meat, and sweets!" I went to see what could be done for him, and returning found him snugly ensconced in one of our servant's houses, rejoicing in some rice pudding and sultanas which our cook had given him!

To summarise the general results of the relief work of the Mission during the late famine, a few figures may be helpful. The number of donations given in 1900 was 10,171, and the amounts received for all departments of the work in that year was over £11,153 of which between £7,000 and £8,000 was for famine alone, apart from orphan and leper funds. These donations came to the Mission from all parts of the world, including some from soldiers guarding Boer prisoners in St. Helena. The maintenance of orphans and lepers in 1900 cost £1,099 and £590 respectively. On general famine relief works and gratuitous relief at the various stations from November 1899 to December 31st, 1900, (the period covered by the famine accounts), the total was Rs41,889, or, at 15Rs to £1, £2,972, of which the lion's share viz., Rs13,385, fell to Khamla (Bithron), chiefly for the building of the dam and excavation of the river bed, a work eminently successful in its results, as visible in photo reproduced. Other items of special interest are Rs4,861 for weaving, Rs5,553 for side grain and grass, and Rs7,798 for bullocks and their keep.

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INTERVIEW WITH THE . . . . . REV. G. CAMPBELL-MORGAN.

A recent writer in *The Sunday Magazine* ventured to suggest the formation of an "Ever-open" Church, in which some greatly gifted preachers might, day after day, have the opportunity of speaking to the crowds, whom the writer of that article ventured to predict, would be glad of the opportunity of hearing.

The force of that prediction has been certainly strengthened by the way hundreds of people have gathered to listen to the mid-day addresses of the Rev. G. Campbell-Morgan at Westminster Chapel, in the south-west of London. It speaks volumes for what could be done, if there were more of such meetings tried.

REV. J. CAMPBELL-MORGAN.

It was only a simple service — a few hymns, a reading of Scripture, selected to tell on the morning subject, a short prayer, and then an earnest plain-spoken address, but it held the people there spell-bound, though there were no surroundings to make it helpful. In fact, the vast chapel with its empty galleries, produced a very depressing effect, until the quiet earnestness of the preacher began to tell. He was speaking on the conditions of "Prevailing Prayer," and practically laid them down as consisting "in the response of the *life* to the important facts that make prayer possible." During his "talk," he mentioned that the text, which, more than any other in the New Testament had given him a revelation of what Jesus came to do, was "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." And he made our response to the claim that those words ought to have upon our life, the key to the conditions of prevailing prayer. That claim was to rest in the shepherding care of Jesus, to take up the *obedient position of children* to the Father, and to *submit* to the rule of the King. There was a decided Protestant animus in his address, to which his hearers heartily responded, and among the good things he said worth remembering, was the statement that the sacerdotal revival occurred at the same time as the rationalising of our pulpits. Men had become too cultured to shock their hearers and themselves by the use of the word "blood."

The Future of Westminster Chapel.

Chatting with Mr. Morgan afterwards, he expressed his opinion that Westminster Chapel most decidedly ought to have a

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future. It was central, it was easily reached, and thoroughly convenient to work on a large scale. But he did not believe there was anything in the idea that it might succeed as a Mission Centre after the pattern of St. James's Hall. "No!" he said emphatically. "Get a *preacher* here. I believe if you had a man like Jowett of Birmingham he would succeed in attracting a large *crowd*."

Contrast Between English and American Religious Life.

He refused to enter into the precise differences between church-life in the United States, and here. He admitted there were contrasts and great contrasts too, and was quite prepared to voice his conviction that the religious life in America, was not so reverent in form, or so devotional in spirit, as in England. "There is something" he said, "far *deeper* in our religious worship here, than yonder. It is more on the surface there, has more 'go' in it, certainly, but there is a depth in the religious feeling in England, which is not counterbalanced by the smartness of its setting in the New World."

Religion and Business.

In view of the crusade that is starting over here to bring religion more into touch with every-day business-life and commercial practices, he spontaneously expressed the consciousness that a similar crusade might be carried on in America, where commercial integrity certainly needed the power of religion to purify it, more, he believed, than it did here, though he smiled, as the writer assured him that it was bad enough here, men keeping their religion and their business in separate water-tight compartments.

His Return to England.

Nothing seemed more unlikely. His work was so clearly and definitely marked out in America, in connection with Northfield, and in many other ways, and it was a Christian man's duty to "pasture" where the Shepherding (of which he had spoken in his sermon) led him. No, it certainly was not a holiday that he was taking over here—not even a change of work, for he was simply full of engagements and still they came. Rumour having reached the writer that Mr. Campbell Morgan is issuing a book, a question elicited the fact that it would be on the lines of an appeal to "Twentieth Century Christians," based upon his addresses on some of the Epistles—"A message greatly needed," he added, and his face grew impassioned, as he spoke of Christian men and women living unresponsive to the note of sorrow round them, which only Christian men and women, with ears that God had opened could possibly hear and sympathise with.

Seeing the slightly wearied air with which Mr. Morgan sat back in his chair, and remembering the enormous expenditure of nerve-energy involved in giving three such eager, *live* addresses a day, as that to which he had just listened, the writer departed with a firm impression of an honest, kindly, earnest personality that will not easily be effaced.

C. H.

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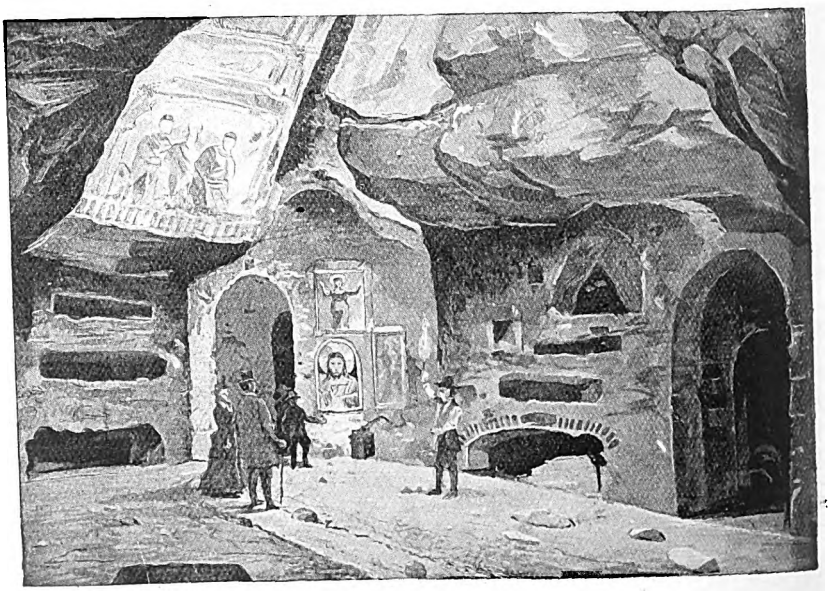
RANDOM RAMBLES.

ONE of the most extraordinary sets of human works found on the earth are the Catacombs at Rome. They are vast galleries excavated underground, sometimes as many as five being one under the other, and were used for the burial of the dead. There is much mystery about them, but it is generally supposed that they were commenced near the beginning of the Christian era, and from their great extent their enlargement must have continued through several centuries. There are about sixty of them, and it is estimated that the aggregate length of the passages is about 400 miles. The average height of these passages is about eight feet, and on either side are apertures containing or once containing, the dead. Those tombs which have not been disturbed have their entrances closed with marble or tiled slabs, frequently bearing inscriptions, by which we find that both pagans and early Christians were buried there. The Christian inscriptions are often very pathetic, showing the belief of the survivors in the great doctrine of the Christian faith, at an age before the Papacy existed.



THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

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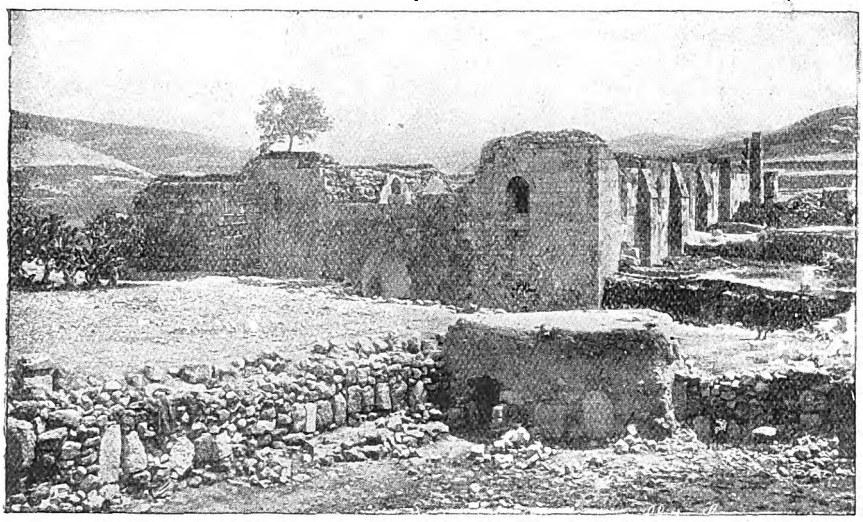

THE CITY OF SAMARIA.

SAMARIA was the capital of the kingdom of Israel, and, as such, is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. It is now a heap of ruins. Major C. R. Condor, in speaking of it, says: "On one side are the ruins of the great Crusading Church of St. John (of which we give a picture on this page), in the crypt of which was shown his tomb. It was believed in the Middle Ages that the head of the Baptist was here preserved. St. John had apparently two heads, since another was shown in Damascus. An ancient stone door once closed this tomb carved in panels like other doors of tombs in Palestine belonging to an early age. The date of these monuments is uncertain.

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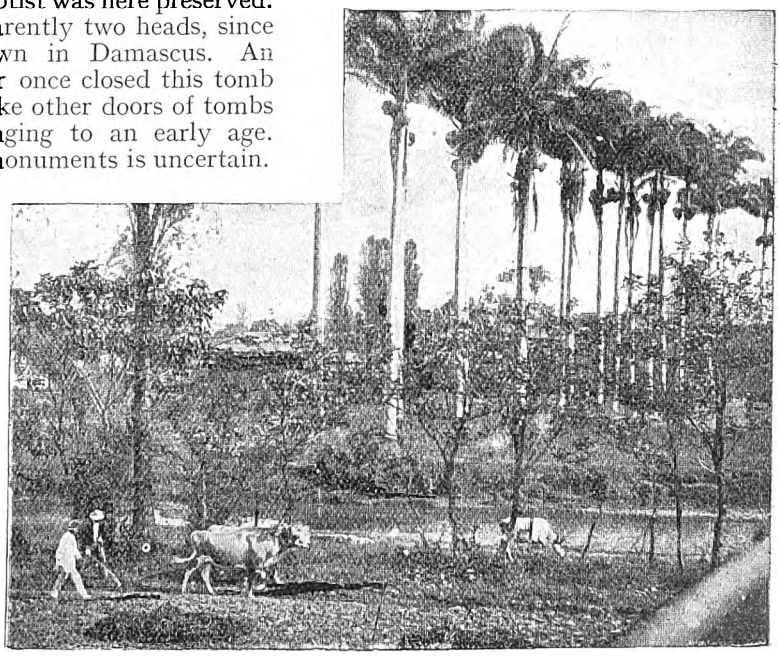
BAHAMAS.

OUR picture on this page —copied by per mssion from American sources —gives a very good idea of the luxuriant vegetation of the Bahama Islands. These islands belong to England, and are situated in the Atlantic, just at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, and consequently near the south-east corner of the United States. There are about twenty inhabited islands containing an area of about three thousand square miles, and a population in 1891 of 36,699; beside which there are about 3,000 islets and rocks which are uninhabited. The chief island is New Providence, on which is the capital, Nassau, a large and handsome city, and a winter health resort of Americans and West



SCENE IN BAHAMAS.

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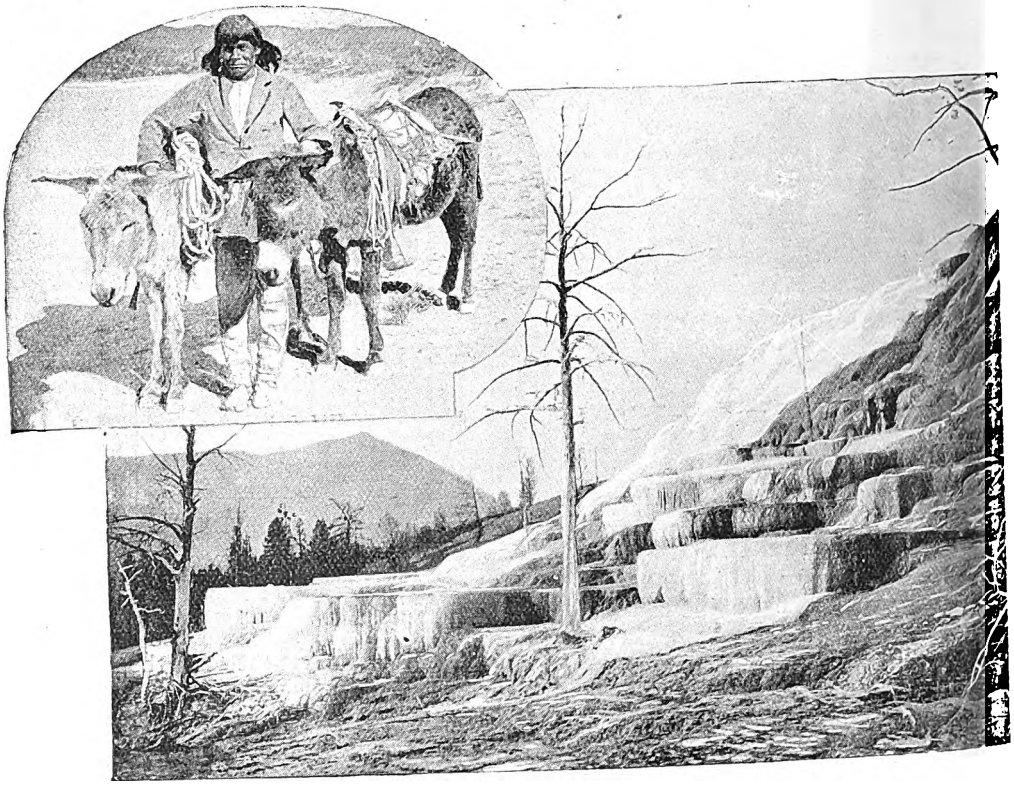

SCENE IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK, U.S.A.

Indians. It is believed that it was one of these islands that was first sighted by Columbus when he discovered the New World. The islands were originally settled by Englishmen, but were surprised by the Spaniards in 1781, who restored them to the English at the peace of Versailles. The chief industry is sponge-gathering. The fruit trade is also very important. Pine-apples, bananas, cocoa-nuts, tomatoes, oranges, and other fruits abound.

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Wonders of The Yellowstone.

"WHEN the wonders of Yellowstone Park are better known," said a United States man, "our people will not be so eager to go abroad to see grandly picturesque scenery. From Sitka to New Mexico, our whole western possessions are a succession of natural wonders and magnificent surprises. To the north the glaciers and the higher mountain peaks are worth a year's travel to see. But the greatest of all sights is the Yellowstone, whose canyon is, I think, the most awe-inspiring and uplifting scene of natural grandeur on earth." Such an enthusiastic observation might be regarded as exaggerated were it not fairly borne out by all who have ever visited Yellowstone Park. That great public Reservation, once part of the State of Wyoming, belongs to the American Government and is protected and cared for by the nation. One of the finest and most attractive scenes in the Park is the Mammoth Hot Springs (shown in the picture). These springs, as Dr. Field has recently described them, are the overflow of mineral substances that have been dissolved in the boiling cauldron under the earth, and forced upwards through the fissures of the rocks over which these wartes falling seem to glisten with all the colours of the rainbow. The crystalisation of the mineral waters thus ejected through long ages has formed natural terraces of great beauty.

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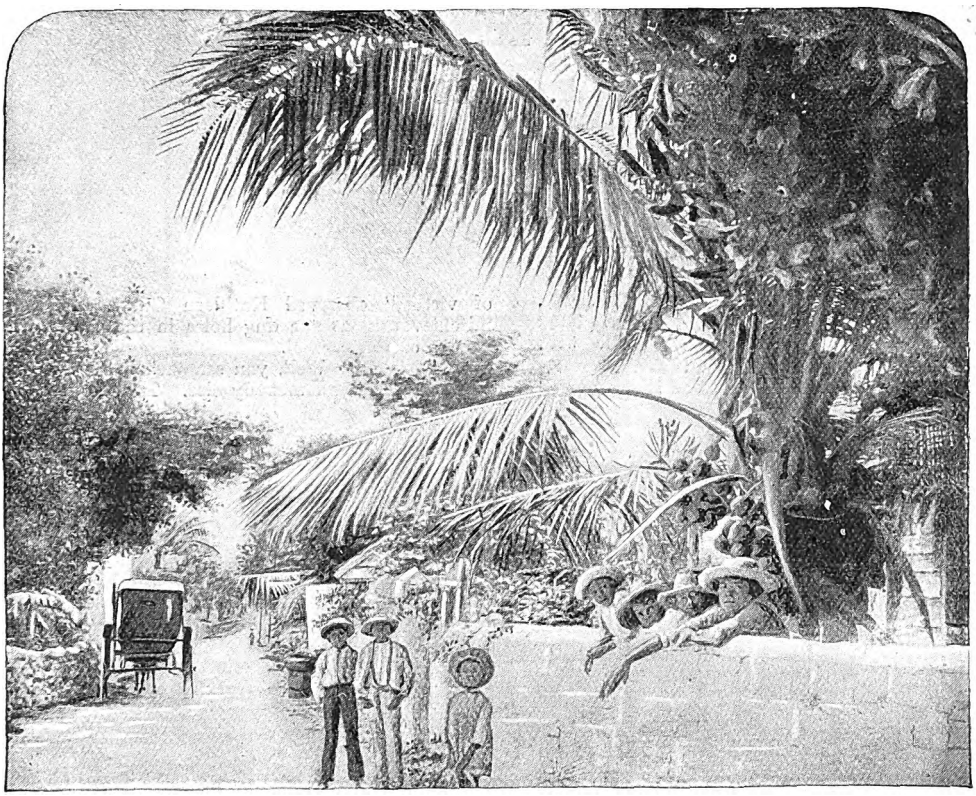

SCENE IN VENEZUELA.

THE Central and South American Republics are noted for their frequent revolutions, and Venezuela is now having its turn. This country is the most northerly Confederation of South America. It is situated on the equator, has an area of 566,159 square miles, and a population of about two and a half millions. Its capital is Caracas, which has a population of over 80,000. A long outstanding dispute respecting the boundaries with British Guiana was settled last year by arbitration in favour of this country. In 1449 the Spaniards landed in Venezuela, and observing some huts built upon piles in an Indian village named Cora, in order to raise them above the stagnant waters that covered the plain, they named the place Venezuela, or Little Venice. They took possession, and according to their custom, acted with the greatest cruelty to the inhabitants. The descendants of these Spanish settlers revolted from the parent country in 1814, but Spain did not recognise its independence till 1845.

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THREE LITTLE PITCHERS.

By L. E. ISON.

. . THE PRIZE STORY. . .

"THIS is certainly the reward of virtue, Kathleen. I come down like a good brother to spend a Sunday at the sea-side with Florence and her chicks, and find *you*."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Wynne won't call it the reward of virtue," observed Kathleen Guest, dimpling mischievously as she dug holes in the sand with her red cotton parasol.

"My sister? Well, you see she's set her heart on my marrying somebody else. That impossible

KATHLEEN FELT IT WAS RATHER DOUBTFUL.

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rich girl I told you about, with large feet and a small sense of humour. That's why I want to emulate Brer Fox, and 'lie low' till the last moment. Then I will confess. But my sister Florence is capable of making herself unpleasant when she fails

She was not allowed to continue, being stopped in a forcible, but not unkind manner.

"George, do be careful," she implored, when she was able to speak once more. "If the children were to see you—"

THEY SAUNTERED INTO THE RAMBLING WILDERNESS OF A GARDEN.

to get her own way, and I don't want to argue all the time I'm here. It's exhausting in June!"

"But don't you think Mrs. Wynne is perhaps right? I am a governess, and haven't a penny of my own; this other girl is a good——"

"There would be an end of our secret," concluded George Fleming, cheerfully. "Bless the innocent creatures; they are far too busy making sand-castles with moats round them to heed such unimportant things as lovers. Really, I never liked

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my nephew and nieces so well. I thought children were always tiresome, interfering brats on such occasions as the present; whereas, I couldn't see half so much of you were it not for the excuse they offer. Florence says they adore "Uncle George' and she thinks it quite admirable of me to wish to be with them so much!"

"And you bribe them with chocolate and sixpences to keep a safe distance," added Kathleen, with dancing eyes.

"Upon which the sweet innocents retreat, chuckling with joy. Though when occasionally they have overheard a word of our conversation, it has made absolutely no impression; they are delightfully simple!"

"Arthur is generally considered rather precocious," remarked Kathleen Guest, uneasily. "But they are really too absorbed in play to notice anything. Lucy is getting very wet; I must run and tell them not to paddle any longer, now. It's nearly time they put on their shoes and stockings."

She hurried down the shining sands after her small charges, and George Fleming watched her proudly She was a radiantly pretty girl of three-and-twenty. Even the cheap serge skirt and home-made blouse could not disguise the graceful lines of her slender figure.

It was almost two years since their first meeting in a Swiss hotel. She was staying there with her father, and the two young people had fallen in love during a hopelessly wet fortnight in which they were together nearly every hour of day-light. He had been on the point of proposing, when he was telegraphed for to the bed-side of his dearest friend who was dying. Unfortunately, he had failed to secure Miss Guest's address, and when a few days later he wrote to Switzerland, she and her father had left the hotel, and all trace of them had disappeared.

Vainly had George Fleming sought for the girl he so passionately loved. Hers was not a common surname, and at first he was sanguine of success, but during the last six months hope had well-nigh forsaken him. But he had never swerved in faithfulness to her memory, and now his constancy was rewarded. The day before our story begins he had come down for the week-end to Sandmouth, and strolling on the beach with his sister's trio of children, was the lady of his heart.

The question he had so long been burning to ask was soon satisfactorily answered. She, on her side, confessed to many a heart-ache on his account. In other ways, too, she had suffered. The two years, in worldly matters prosperous for him, had robbed her of money and leisure, and she had been obliged to try and earn her own living. She had only obtained her present engagement a month before, and though her pupils had often chattered of "Uncle George" she had never dreamed he was the Mr. Fleming she had long ago learned to love at Interlaken.

Little did Mrs. Wynne think how completely she was defeating her cherished plans for her favourite brother, when she urged that good-natured individual to spend Sunday with her and her family. It was partly the thought of talking to him about the duty of settling down that had impelled her persuasive letters of invitation, for she had already selected his prospective bride.

Then on the very morning of his arrival she had developed a severe cold in the head, which confined her to the house, to her intense annoyance. Some neighbouring golf-links, her brother kindly assured her, would serve him for amusement and exercise, but that was before his great discovery. He had sallied forth with balls and clubs, and they had lain idle from that joyful moment. With a man-like horror of scenes, he had determined, since fate so far favoured him, to keep his sister in ignorance of his engagement to her governess till the hour of his departure.

"If she is nasty," he said decisively to Kathleen, "you must pack up your boxes and go home at once. But I know Florence pretty well, and fancy she will take things sensibly, after she has cried a little and protested, and made a storm in a tea-cup."

Saturday and Sunday passed like a glorious dream to the lovers, and Black Monday came all too soon. Concealment weighed heavily upon Kathleen's frank young nature, and she almost cried.

Mrs. Wynne spoke kindly to her.

"It makes me feel such a hypocrite, George," she said as they walked on the sands together for the last time that afternoon, "but you will tell her before you go?"

"The last train to town leaves at 7.40," returned Mr. Fleming, gloomily. "I must say good-bye to you before then. I dislike that thought far more than breaking the news to Flo; never mind, we shan't be parted very long, dearest."

"I do hope she will take it well," pursued Kathleen, as they turned back.

"How shall you tell her?"

"Easily enough," smiled her betrothed. "Wait till after tea." But though he answered so lightly George Fleming shrank from the task before him. He was not cast in very heroic mould, though he had plenty of good, every-day virtues, that made him a delightful person to live with—which cannot always be said of heroes!

"Miss Guest is bringing the children on splendidly," observed Mrs. Wynne pleasantly, as they sat in the pretty little drawing-room an hour later. "Don't you think they have improved, George?"

"I do, indeed; I never saw three youngsters more transformed," her brother replied with alacrity. "Florence, your cold is so much better, don't you think a turn in the garden would do you good?" Confusion would seem easier in the open-air, he reflected.

Mrs. Wynne assented, wrapping a light shawl carefully round her shoulders, and together they sauntered into the rambling wilderness of a garden that lay behind the house. A murmur of childish voices came from a sheltered corner.

"Let us see what they are playing at," whispered Mrs. Wynne, who honestly adored her offspring. "Come softly, George; they will stop if they see us most likely, and they can be so amusing!"

How amusing they were going to be she little guessed. Cautiously the brother and sister made their way through a forest of tall raspberry canes till they came to a spot where they could see and not be seen. They then witnessed the following little comedy.

Archie (aged 8): "I'm going to be Uncle George."

May (aged 7): "You're always Uncle George. 'Tisn't fair always to take the best part; let me do it this time."

Archie: "Oh, May, how can a girl do it properly? No; you be Miss Grant. Hang your head and look silly. Can't you go red?"

May: "Oh, bother! Well, where's that bit of geranium? I'll rub that on my cheeks; what's Lucy to do?"

Lucy (aged 5): "Yes; what's Yucy to do?"

Archie: "You and the dolls can be us three children; you be me, Lucy. Now, let's begin!" (Going away and returning rapidly with an astonish-

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PLAYING AT WOOING.

ing swagger, all his own). "Miss Grant—Kathleen, may I call you so? This is indeed a surprise—a glad one!"

May (with lowered head and flaming geranium cheeks): "Mr. Fleming, I am the children's governess."

Archie (with fine scorn): "And do you think I care for that? Kathleen, let me——"

May (looking warningly at Lucy and the dolls): "'Mr. Fleming--little Pitchers!'" (in an encouraging aside) "Now, Lucy!"

Archie (with a remarkable air of patronage): "Are you fond of goodies, dear old boy? Here's sixpence for you and your sisters to spend at the tuck-shop to-morrow. Only now, I want you to run away and pick me up some shells from behind that big rock, yonder."

Lucy (disregarding the proffered button that does duty for sixpence): "Dive me that bit of choc'late sticking out of your pottie, Archie!"

Archie: "Lucy, that's not in your part; you ought to say: "Thank you, Uncle George, and run away!"

Lucy (in a practical tone): "So I will when I've dot the choc'late!"

Archie (handing the sweet-meat hastily to his small sister): "Take it, you little pig. (Changing his voice): "Don't hurry back, Archie, my boy; play nicely with your little sisters. Miss Guest and I will wait for you here." (Aside): "Now, May, you can kiss me if you like, only not too hard, remember."

May: "Archie, you're forgetting. Uncle George always begins. You must take my arm first,—so!"

But Mrs. Wynne did not pause to await any further developments of the drama, played with such spirit by her promising children. She had listened to them at first with petrified wonder, till slowly the dread truth had dawned upon her. Wildly she clutched her brother's arm.

"George," she murmured, "George, can I believe my ears? Tell me they have invented all this!"

Mr. Fleming stroked his moustache in guilty confusion. Finally his eyes brimmed over with laughter

"Hang the little beggars!" he muttered. "Still, they've saved me the trouble of breaking the ice Florence, don't look so tragic, and I'll tell you the whole story."

It was soon told, but George Fleming put so much honest, manly feeling into it, that his sister could not help admiring him, and to his relief forbore to dwell much on her own disappointment. Besides, she reflected, with wise philosophy, it would make not the slightest difference since George was so determined. So she only shed a few tears on his shoulder, was duly patted and caressed, and finally gave him a rather damp kiss of congratulation.

It was all over very quietly, and so absorbed were the three little Wynnes in their "study from life," that they did not perceive the presence of their elders, till this satisfactory stage of affairs was reached. Then, with one accord they turned and smiled. May was the first to speak, "Why there *is* Uncle George," she cried, running to him, "Say Uncle, now *didn't we do it well*?"

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RESULT OF STORY COMPETITION.

PRIZE STORY—"Three Little Pitchers,"
MISS L. E. ISON,
Sunnyside.
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

2ND.—"The Women and the Teacups,"
MRS. FRANK BUSH,
17, Warwick Street,
Rugby.

3RD.—"The Roses of Death,"
E. VINCENT WAREING,
Ryton Villa,
Highfield Road,
Saltley,
Birmingham.

The Proprietor of the "TEMPLE MAGAZINE" offers a Prize of £1 for the best complete story not exceeding 2,000 words, and not less than 1,500 words. The prize story will be published in the "TEMPLE MAGAZINE," and illustrated free of charge, and the Author will receive a cheque for £1. The second and third stories in order of merit will be published and illustrated free of charge. The sending in of any stories or articles shall be deemed, on selection for first, second, or third place, to give the Proprietor the right of publication for one issue of the "TEMPLE MAGAZINE," and the Author will receive a set of electros of the illustrations free. The "Story Coupon," cut from the "TEMPLE MAGAZINE," must be attached to MSS. sent in.

Story Competition Coupon.

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TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important desideratum medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—"**Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us.**"

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food**, rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System**, Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necrencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus.**"

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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The result of over Half a Century's Experience. All have been proved in a Large Private Practice before being offered to the public.

PLAIN. SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.; and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's Preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations 4/6

IRONISED. SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Rupture, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of *great value* also as a restorative after an attack of "*influenza*" .. 4/6

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The 4/6 Bottles contain between 70 and 80 Doses and are sufficient for nearly ONE MONTH'S USE

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We have the fullest confidence that where we can introduce these medicines into a household we are assured of a firm footing, and of recourse to them on all future occasions of illness or indisposition.

This coupon entitles you to a 4/6 Trial Bottle of any one kind of Dr. Birley's Phosphorus Compounds at 2 6; but if forwarded by parcel post, 4d. per bottle extra must be enclosed to cover cost of carriage within the United Kingdom. We guarantee safe delivery. Should a Trial Bottle also be required for a friend or relative, we will extend the offer to them if ordered at the same time.

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THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN AGE" says:—"Doubtless the 'Christian Age' enters many a home where there is some weakly one whose feeble health makes existence a burden, or perhaps it is a disease considered incurable which is wasting away life. Wherever there is such a case, we sincerely wish one of Dr. Birley's Preparations of Phosphorus might have a fair trial. These preparations are the result of scientific studies and experiments extending over many years, and the success which has already attended their use has been almost marvellous. We have seen hundreds of letters (not copies, but the original documents), some from persons well known to us, all testifying to the curative effects of one or other of these preparations. And more than this, we **know** of cases in which they have been the means of restoring to health when to all appearance recovery was almost impossible."

EDITOR OF THE "CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH."—"Our readers know quite well how careful we are not to recommend anything but what is thoroughly trustworthy, but so many voluntary testimonials of unmistakable genuineness are before us that it is simply impossible to question the efficacy of the Medicines to which we are calling attention; hundreds of letters from all classes of people, including titled nobility, clergymen, physicians, &c., among which we notice several well-known names, all bearing remarkable testimony to the benefits derived from them."

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See Special Offer at foot to all Readers of this Paper.

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(Medical Certificate accompanies each box.)

THESE Wafers have long been known to possess the "wizard's touch" in producing, preserving, and enhancing beauty of person in male or female, by surely developing a transparency and pellucid clearness of complexion, brilliant eyes, soft and smooth skin, where by Nature the reverse exists.

The great difficulty hitherto has been how to make this beautifying principle safely available, and at the same time avoid what is detrimental and injurious. Dr. Mackenzie's Wafers are prepared expressly as a "Beautifier of the Complexion and Skin," and are guaranteed harmless. In the direction for which they are intended their action and effect is simply magical, the most astonishing transformations in personal appearance being brought about by their steady use. Even the coarsest and most repulsive skin and complexions, marred by freckles and other disfigurements, slowly change into an unrivalled purity and texture, free from any spot or blemish whatever, the pinched features become agreeable, the form, before angular, gradually transforms itself into the perfection of womanly grace and beauty. Used by men, the favourable result is the same. In the Complexion Wafers as prepared by the undersigned all danger is averted, and the remedy, taken in the manner directed on each box, is absolutely innocuous, while the peculiar virtues of the remedy remain unimpaired and intact. Powders, enamels, so called "blood purifiers," &c., &c., are a delusion and a snare. From the use of these Wafers FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESS, ROUGH, YELLOW, or "MUDDY" SKINS, and other facial disfigurements are permanently removed, and a deliciously CLEAR COMPLEXION is assured

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SARAH G. PAGAN.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE "TEMPLE MAGAZINE."

T.M.

COUPON

OCT. 1ST, 1902.

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Scores upon scores of young mothers are distressed and perplexed at the reason of a child's fretfulness. It is ever restless and wakeful. It seems only to be appeased when food is being given. The mother then thinks it is craving for food, and gives it in abundance; yet the fretfulness does not abate, and the child remains flabby, pallid, feeble, and puny, where it should be rosy, firm, and growing. The secret is here. It is craving for food, but food of the proper sort. A child wants food containing a certain number of life-sustaining things; and if any one of those things is absent, the child suffers. When proper food is given, a child is rarely restless, because it feels satisfied. Digestion is easy and natural, nutriment is rapidly absorbed, every part of the body is soothed, and healthy development takes place.

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The Temple Magazine

MONTHLY

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the Inner Temple.

6d. November 1903 No. 14.

TO THE DEAF

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"I am pleased to say that since using your remedies **my hearing is now perfect**, and I shall be glad to recommend your marvellous Treatment to anyone suffering from deafness, &c."—Yours truly, A. W. WRIGHT, 26, Charles Street, Maidstone.

"My hearing is as perfect as ever it was."

"I am pleased to inform you that since using your 'Aural Battery' **my hearing is as perfect as ever it was**. The noises in my head have almost entirely disappeared, and I also feel a great deal better in my general health. You are quite welcome to make use of these few words in any way you think fit."—Wishing you every success, Yours faithfully, THOMAS COFFEY, 1, Sudley Road, Aigburth, Liverpool.

"I can now hear anything that is said to me."

"I am very pleased to say that since using your remedies I can hear very much better. **I can now hear anything that is said to me**, and the noises in the head are also quite gone! I shall always be very pleased to recommend your Treatment to others, as it has done me such a lot of good."—Yours truly, (Miss) ELLEN WEBSTER, 44, Carpenter's Road, Stratford.

"I can now hear perfectly."

"I am very glad to say that after using your remedies **I can now hear perfectly**, and even if I catch cold it does not affect my hearing. I consider your remedies are excellent, and I shall recommend the next any time.—Yours truly, H. MUTIMER, 151, Otley Rd., Framsden, Suffolk.

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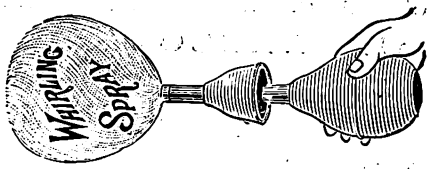

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The purpose of this Institute is to give evangelical and industrial training to the most promising of the African converts in this country, and to establish similar institutions in Africa, thus sending forth to their own land self-supporting missionaries, to work with their own hands and preach the Gospel in their own tongues. This institution seems to be more in harmony with the feelings and aspirations of the Africans than any other missionary work. The educated natives—including Sir Samuel Lewis, the first African to be knighted by our late Queen—of the English colonies along the West Coast, and also those of South Africa, take the deepest interest in the work. They have formed local committees in various places, thus bringing the African Institute into touch with 3,000 miles of the West Coast, and there is already quite a number in South Africa working for the Institute.

An earnest appeal is made to all Christian friends to support this charitable work.

Objects

(1) To complete Printing and Tailoring Departments (which will ultimately pay for themselves) for the thorough instruction of Students in these useful Trades.

(2) To assist for a few years industrial native Missionary efforts in the Gold Coast, Yorubaland, New Calabar, Liberia, etc., until they become self-supporting.

(3) To develop the Girls' Institute at Colwyn Bay.

(4) To provide for the scores of applicants who continually seek admission into the Boys' Institute.

(5) To pay for the freehold property including present Institute buildings and land.

(6) To publish 3,000 more copies of a Dualla Hymn Book for the native Christians at Cameroons; 2,000 have already been sent out.

All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Director, W. HUGHES, African Institute, Colwyn Bay, North Wales

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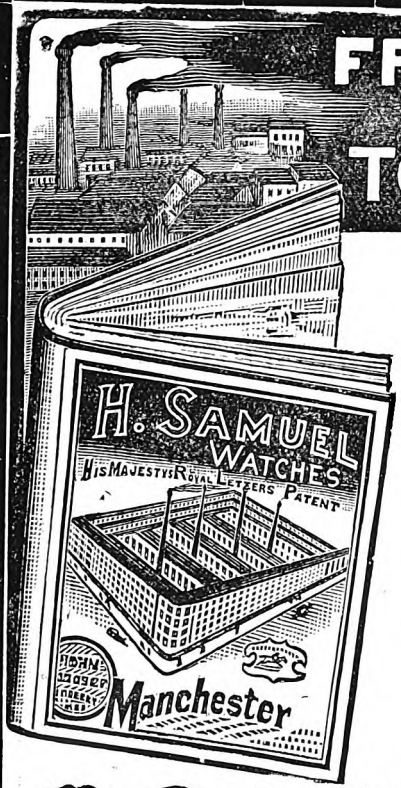

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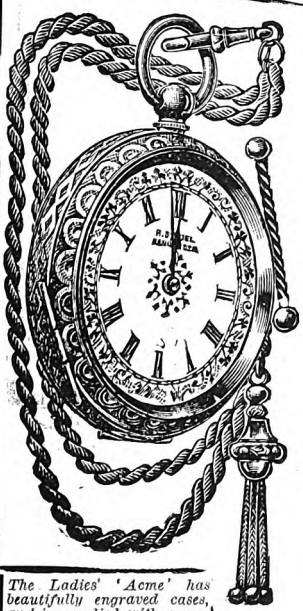

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THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

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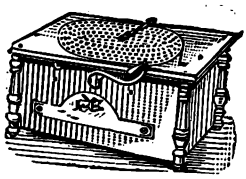

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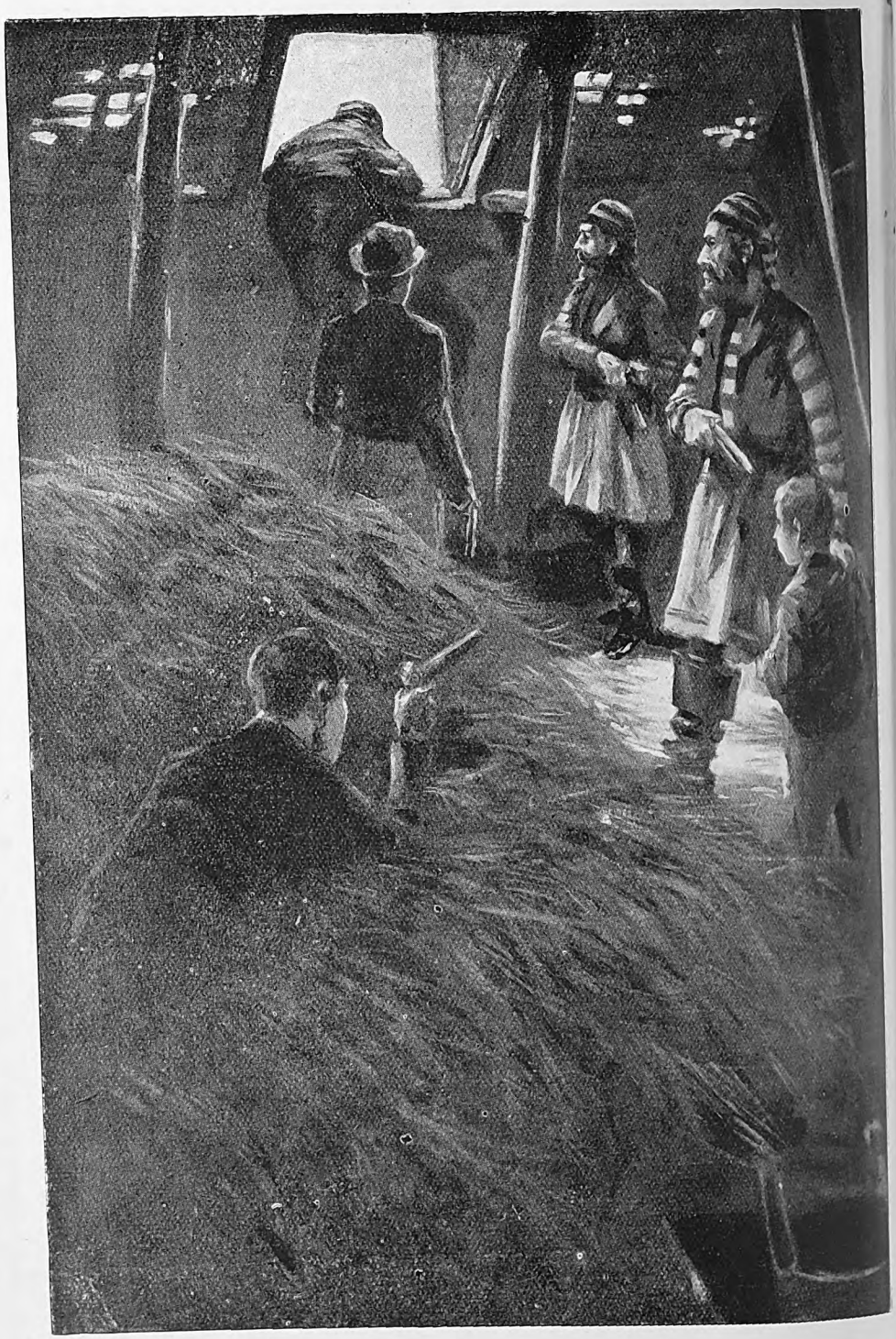

"I TOOK DELIBERATE AIM AT THE RUFFIAN'S HEAD."

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These Stories, which are from the Journal of Lieutenant Warneford, R.N., are no mere fancy pictures of the high-souled, dashing smuggler, but comprise some of the exciting adventures of a preventive officer in the wild days of the early part of the past century, when smuggling was carried on with a boldness and daring now almost incredible.

THE SMUGGLER'S HOSTAGE.

IN a sharp brush with a gang of smugglers near Netley Abbey, we succeeded in capturing two fine luggers and a valuable cargo. In the melée, however, one of my poor fellows was killed outright, and another so seriously wounded, that he subsequently sank under the operation which his injuries necessitated. Unfortunately, in the darkness and confusion, all the smugglers succeeded in making good their escape; though from the blood tracks, discovered on the beach the morning after the affray, it was plain several of the rascals had been seriously wounded from the random shots of the seamen. The most energetic measures were, it may be supposed, at once adopted to bring the guilty parties to justice.

The Government immediately offered a large reward to any one—excepting, of course, those who had actually fired the fatal shots—who would give information leading to the conviction of the offenders, and an active enquiry was at once set on foot, and vigorously carried on throughout the neighbourhood. The result was the apprehension of a number of persons to whom suspicion pointed. It was, however, very doubtful that we had secured any of the chief culprits, for there was little or no evidence that the men in prison were concerned in the affair save as temporary helpers; and it was greatly feared that the deaths of the two seamen would remain unavenged.

Once during the preliminary investigation I thought we had a chance of letting daylight in upon the confused and foggy business. I was called out of the justice-room at Hamble, where the depositions were being taken before several of the country magistrates, to see a woman who said she had an important communication to make to me in private. This woman I recognised as the wife of one of the prisoners, Richard White by name. But for one or two self-betraying words dropped in the flurry caused by his sudden apprehension, there was really nothing against him, except that he had been seen in close discourse with two of the other prisoners on the evening the unfortunate collision took place. His wife, I found, had been terribly scared

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by a remark of one of the magistrates, and the instant we were alone, she asked me with a hysterical whimper, if I really thought they would hang Richard.

"There cannot be two opinions about it," I promptly replied, desirous of deepening the impression made upon her. "In fact, morally speaking, I look upon him as half-hanged already!"

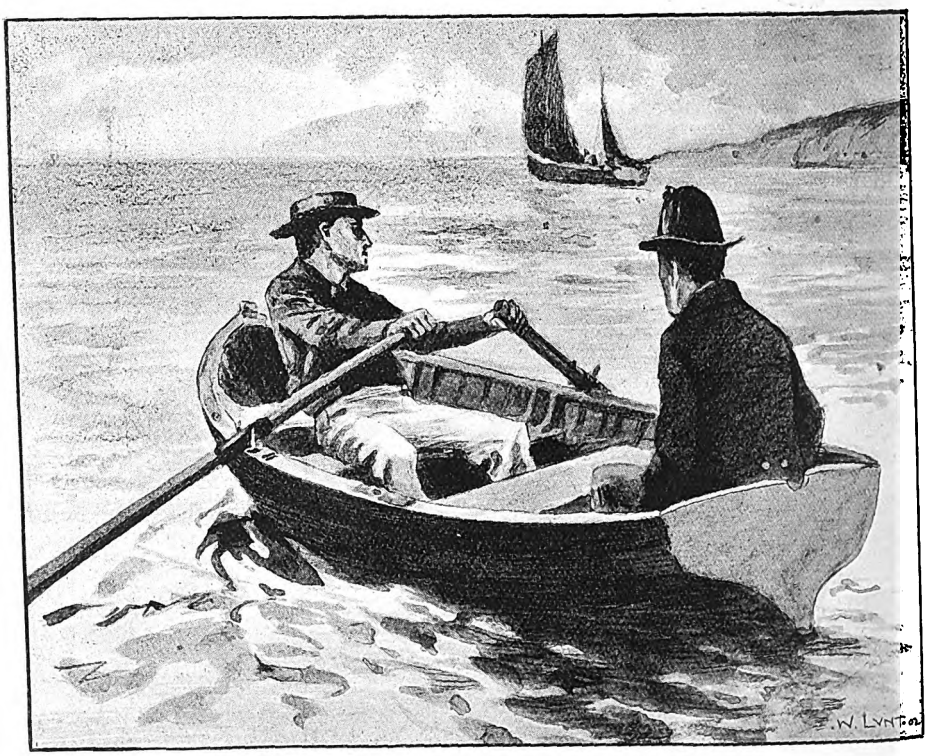
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the woman. "What, for mercy's sake, is to be done? Suppose," she added, hesitatingly—"suppose Richard to be willing, would he, do you think, be allowed to turn King's evidence?"

"He knows, then, who the rascals in chief are, where they are to be found, and——"

"I did not say that," she hastily interrupted. "I did not say that; I only meant supposing—suppose Richard——"

"Oh, never mind supposing! Don't think to bamboozle me with 'supposes!'" I sharply rejoined. "Persuade your husband to make a clean breast of it while there is yet time—if indeed, it be not already too late," I added, as the door of the justice-room opened, and the prisoners handcuffed and strongly guarded, came out—"for both he and his companions are, I suppose, fully committed for trial."

The wife screamed violently at the sight of her manacled husband, and endeavoured to embrace him, but was roughly pushed back by the constables. The examination



THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE BUSINESS IN HAND.

I found, had been adjourned till the next day.

Mrs. White again approached me as, after a few minutes' conference with the magistrates, I was leaving the place.

"Are you sure, sir, if Richard could point out where the men who shot Batley and Norton are to be found, he would get clear?"

"There cannot be a doubt about it, and pocket the reward into the bargain."

"No—no. God forbid! We'll have

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no blood money!" she added, with a shuddering whisper; "not if it was the Indies of Gold! We'll sell all and leave this part of the country." Without further preface I conducted her to the solicitor for the prosecution, and it was arranged that she should have an interview wth her husband early on the following morning, previous to the final examination of the prisoners.

I was early in attendance at the temporary court-house the next day, where I found Mrs. White sitting alone in a small waiting-room, in a fevered state, yet dumb with anxiety and fear. It was already whispered that her husband was to be admitted evidence for the Crown; and when he was brought up, a yell of execration burst forth which completely unnerved him, and I greatly feared that the necessary disclosures would not be made. As he was passing the door of the waiting-room where his wife sat cowering with shame and terror, he stepped eagerly towards her, and seizing her almost fiercely by the hands, exclaimed in a shaking voice, "I cannot do it, Martha! I can't, and I wun't." The poor woman burst into tears, and with a choking voice, as she clung round his neck, urged him, though falteringly, to save his own life—hers—and that of their child. The pleadings of the wife and mother were again successful; and he was immediately conducted before the magistrates. The chairman briefly assured him that if he could be the means of bringing the men who actually slew the two seamen to justice, the King's pardon would be extended to him.

White trembled very much while thus addressed, and his changing countenance plainly showed how violent were the conflicting impulses by which he was alternately swayed and dominated. At last he spoke, but the first faint, husky words were interrupted by the vehement yet indistinct cry of a woman; and then his wife burst into the room, wildly exclaiming, "No, no, Richard—don't—not a word, for God's sake—not a word!" Before anyone could interfere, the apparently frantic woman threw her arms round her husband and whispered something, with rapid and smothered accents, into his ear—which it was immediately plain would deprive us of our witness—and flew out of the room with the same wild hurry. The suddenness of the thing took everybody completely by surprise, and excused the fault of the constables in permitting her to approach the prisoner. After the lapse of a few moments, White was again asked if he had any statement to make: "Only," he doggedly answered, "what I've said afore—that I am innocent of the sailors being shot, and mortal sorry for it too!" Nothing further could be got out of him, and finally he was committed with the other prisoners, to take their trials at the Hampshire Assize on the charge of wilful murder.

One afternoon, some weeks later, accompanied by one of the cutter's crew in a small hired boat, I had been amusing myself on the Southampton water wildfowl shooting. About half-past three it suddenly came on to snow furiously, and just to keep myself from freezing, I took an oar. We had reached off Cracknor Hard, when I caught sight of a large boat, whose character and present occupation could not be mistaken. She was about to "creep up," as it is called, a number of tubs, sank there under adverse circumstances perhaps, in order to their being fished up and secured at the first favourable opportunity. There could be no doubt with respect to the business in hand, as I could distinctly see two men, about two hundred yards apart on the shore, waving their arms to shape the boat's course to the exact spot where the tubs had been deposited.

There were but five men in the boat, all probably unarmed, whilst we had a loaded duck-gun, and a pair of double-barrelled pistols, which the frequent exigencies of the service had taught me never to be without. I accordingly determined to make one amongst them—two, rather, if the man with me, who had only about a couple of months previously entered on board the *Rose*, should prove worth anything, as I of course supposed he would.

Our two oars were at once unshipped; and, first ordering the man to take the gun and lie close in the bow of the boat, I seated myself at the stern, and sculled quietly stern on towards the smuggler. The atmosphere was so thick with the driving snow and fast falling darkness, that I nothing doubted of closing unobserved with the busy and pre-occupied smuggler, when that rascal Rawlings

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jumped suddenly to his feet, exclaiming in a loud voice, "They have mizzled, sir; let me pull," and then seizing an oar, without waiting for a reply, he made a circle with it through the air, and let it fall heavily into the rowlock. Sure enough they saw us plainly enough now, and were off in a crack, at a speed which rendered pursuit both hopeless and absurd. Rawlings, unable to face me, kept his eyes fixed in the direction of the smuggler; and upon reflection I was rather glad he did so, as my first impulsive movement, with the half-formed intention of throwing him overboard, had thereby, I thought, escaped his notice. A few moments restored my habitual self-restraint, and I said as calmly as I could, "They are off indeed, and it is quite useless striving to overtake them, so pull as quickly as you can to the near steps of Southampton quay." He did so, and I presently bethought me of discharging the gun, since there was no longer the chance of a shot either at ducks or smugglers. It happened, I could not conceive how, that the mouth of the barrel had become choked with snow, and it consequently burst, scattering the fragments in all directions. I was unhurt, but Rawlings uttered a sharp cry of pain, dropped the oars, and clapped his hands to his forehead. A jagged piece of iron had struck him there, and the wound, though I could not see it was a serious one, bled profusely. He either was, or pretended to be in great pain, and I determined on landing at the Hard, and getting the hurt looked to. A Marchwood practitioner having examined the wound and stanched the hemorrhage, pronounced the injury unimportant. This opinion the man did not coincide with. He still appeared to suffer greatly, and I agreed that he should sleep at a public-house there for that night at all events, and, if not restored, the next also. This arrangement effected, I walked to Hythe, and there took a boat for the *Rose*.

I had arranged to dine the next day, and spend the evening with my sister and a few friends at Pear-Tree Green. Upon my arrival I found important news awaiting me. Mrs. White had been there in a state of great agitation, to request that I would cross over to Hythe as soon as it was dusk, where, on landing, I should be met by a girl in a red shawl, who would conduct me to her. It was necessary, she left word, that I should be alone, and not in uniform, but well armed; and that it would be advisable a strong party of the cutter's men should be ordered to lie within hail off the Hythe landing-place. Fortunately, the boat which had brought me to Itchen had not yet proceeded on its return, and I immediately sent for the coxwain, Tom Sawley, a man in whom I had entire confidence, and gave him directions in accordance with Mrs. White's suggestions. I then swallowed a hasty dinner, changed my dress, crossed over the ferry, and it being quite dark when I reached Southampton Quay, at once embarked in a wherry for Hythe. A girl, in a red shawl was, I found, waiting on the Hard, and the instant I had landed, she walked smartly away. I followed, and she led on in the direction of Fawley. We had left the village about half-a-mile behind us, when the girl gradually checked her rapid pace, till I had come up within speaking distance. She then, still continuing her walk, and without looking round, said: "That whitewashed cottage yonder on the right, Captain Warneford, is the place where Mrs. White expects you. Take no notice of me, and walk in without knocking. There may be people watching us now." I walked on as the girl directed, lifted the latch, and there, sure enough, stood Mrs. White alone, as pale as a spectre, and shaking with nervous agitation.

"Now, then, Mrs. White," I said, after a brief recognition, "bear a hand, if you please, with whatever communication you intend to favour me with. I trust also," I added, "that you will keep this time a steady, straightforward course. You know what I mean."

"I do; and presently I will tell you why I acted so strangely. I have now to inform you that the men who are believed to have killed Batley and Norton are within two miles of this spot. They are four—though one, Tom Etheridge, need care little now for earthly kings or justices. He is dying, if not already dead. They were all wounded by pistol-shots. Three have been for some time recovered, and to-morrow night they quit the Forest, I think, for the Welsh coast, if you permit them to do so."

"If it depend on me, my good woman,

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you may be sure that Winchester, not Wales, will be their destination."

"One of the cutter's men, Sam Rawlings, is a confederate of the smugglers."

"By Jupiter, I have thought so!" I interrupted. "The impudent rascal! But never mind, go ahead."

"The boat which he risked a good deal yesterday, he says, to prevent falling into your hands, is that in which they propose to take their departure, Rawlings with them, who is determined not to trust himself again on the deck of the *Rose*."

"He is right; but go on—who are the others?"

"The chief of them is Daniel Squibb; you must have heard of him."

"Frequently, and always as a hardened, reckless ruffian with whom the trade of smuggling is but an occasional, and compared with others he indulges in, a *respectable* occupation."

"SAVE ME, LIEUTENANT WARNEFORD," CRIED THE FRANTIC WOMAN, AS SHE FELL ON HER KNEES AND TRIED TO GRASP MINE.

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"That," said the woman, in a low voice and with a perceptible shudder, "is, I believe, quite true. The others, besides Etheridge, are Harry Withers and William Stokes. You must also know them by name at least."

"I do. And now what is to hinder us from summoning the men, who no doubt by this time are off the Hard, and securing the fellows—but two miles distant you say—at once?"

"That cannot be," promptly rejoined the woman, in a peremptory tone. "That cannot be, Lieutenant Warneford. You must meet these desperate men alone!"

"Alone! You must have lost your senses to propose such a thing!"

"It would be no wonder if I had," she replied; "and I have no doubt that I shall do so if you fail me. I cannot think you will; you are known to be a daring man, and in a close hand-to-hand struggle must, I should think, from sheer personal strength, as well as frequent practice, be more than a match for any ruffian, however powerful. I will explain," continued the agitated woman, "as briefly as I can. You must recollect my little boy—you have frequently seen him at Miss Warneford's?"

"Ay, a little rosy-cheeked fellow, four or five years of age."

"Yes!" ejaculated the mother with a spasmodic cry of grief, "He, the light, and joy, and hope of my life, has been taken from me—"

"Dead!"

"No, no; but worse—far worse I fear. You remember the morning my husband was to have told the magistrates where the men whose names I have mentioned might be found?"

"To be sure I do, and the fool's trick you caused him to play us and himself."

"It was no fault of mine. The rumour that Richard intended to turn King's evidence was—how, I know not—in everybody's mouth hours before he had promised me to do so. A minute after my husband entered the justice-room with you, a man came to me and whispered that my child had been secured as a hostage, and was at that moment in Squibb's power, who had sworn to kill him should the hiding-place of the ruffians be discovered through my husband's or any other person's information. The villain would, I know, keep his dreadful word were he certain of being hacked in pieces the next moment for doing so. I hastened home in a state almost of frenzy to find the terrible statement true. The child had been wiled away, and he is still in Daniel Squibb's power; and should they be attacked, the first victim would, I well know, be my child. I have since ministered to their necessities like a slave, in the hope that when they left the place my boy would be restored. Yesterday I was told by Squibb himself that he should, for fear of accidents, take the child away with them; and if he does," exclaimed the unfortunate creature with a wild bitterness of grief, "I shall never see him more—never, except perhaps at the hulks, or the gallows, for which he would be fitly trained. Save me, Lieutenant Warneford," cried the frantic woman, as she fell on her knees and strove to grasp mine—"save me from that living death, and my boy from the horrible fate which must else overtake him."

This was certainly a delightful predicament to find one's self suddenly placed in, and I must say that I was as much puzzled and confounded, as excited and distressed. Still, the woman's agony affected me, and I said, as I raised her up: "If you can show me, Mrs. White, that there is a fair chance of success, I will see what can be done. What is it you propose?"

"This!" she answered with great readiness. "The girl you saw will go for the men. The instant they arrive, you, I, and they will set out together. The sailors must stop at a spot within about three-quarters of a mile of Squibb's and his companions' hiding-place. You and I will go on. I shall enter the place with a message from Rawlings, whom I saw about three hours ago. They are without any lights at nights; and I can secretly introduce you into the building, and place you in concealment close to Squibb and the child. I will return for the men. We will approach as silently and as swiftly as possible, and when near, you will hear this." She whistled a bar of a popular tune. "It is their private signal-whistle, and will not alarm them. When the rush takes place, Squibb will endeavour to seize and slay the child; but a brave and powerful man like you will surely be able to shield the boy, even against all three of the ruffians, during the

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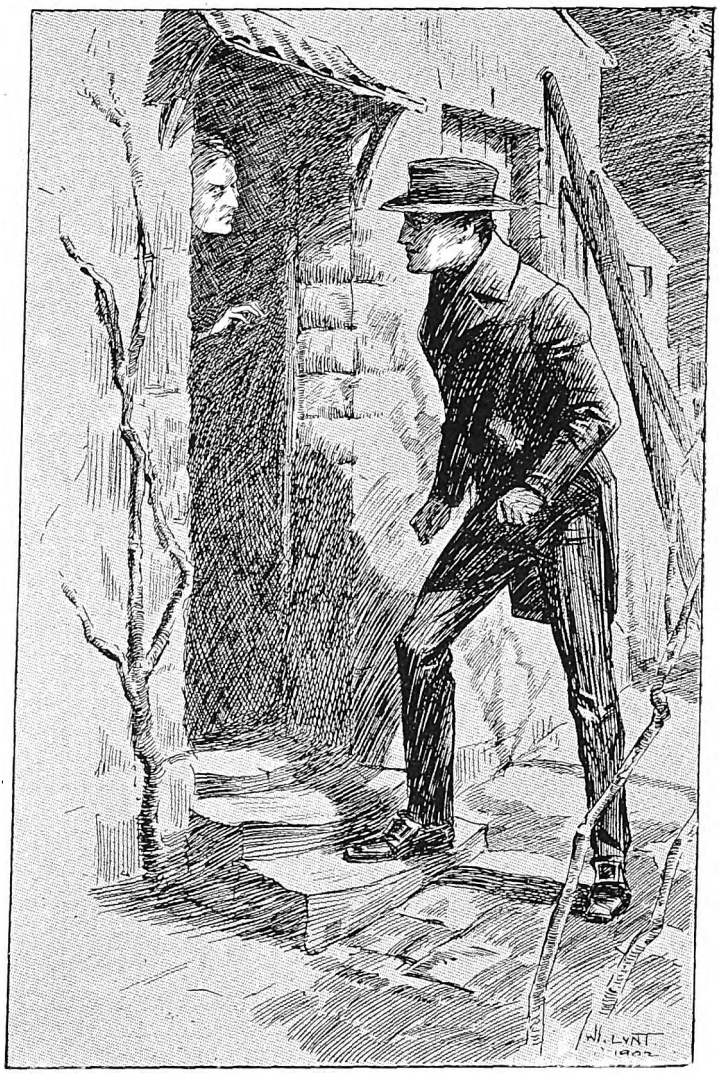
very short time that will elapse before they are completely overpowered."

"Upon my word, Mrs. White," I said, "you have sketched out a very pretty play, which I have no doubt would go off to the entire satisfaction of everybody except the person you propose honouring with the principal part. Why not let the seamen approach in the first instance, within call of the fellows' hiding-hole? That would greatly diminish the risk,"

"That would never do," she said; "they would certainly be discovered, and the child would be at once massacred out of revenge." In short, she had such a multiplicity of replies to all I could urge against the scheme, and was so vehement in her entreaties, that I at last agreed to try the venture.



AT LAST THE DOOR OPENED, AND MRS. WHITE APPEARED, PALE AND TREMBLING.

"You give me your word of honour as a gentleman," said Mrs. White, "that, after I have shown you where to find Squibb and his comrades, you will not attack them in any other mode than that upon which we have agreed?" I gave the required pledge; the girl in the red shawl, furnished with the necessary credentials, started off to summon the men; and the instant they arrived we made silently, in a zig-zag direction, towards Fawley, keeping ourselves as much as possible within the shade of the Forest trees. After about twenty minutes' march the men were halted, and Mrs. White and I proceeded alone.

She stopped as we were about to emerge into a more open part of the Forest. "Look there!" she whispered: "you see the farm-building in the direction of the light beyond?" I nodded assent. "It is there the men you seek are sheltered. Now," she continued, "attend carefully to what I say. There is a man always looking out from the upper loft. You see the hedge on the right; crawl along the further side of it, and make for the gable-end of the building. There is a small door there which I will gently open. A few feet within there is a ladder leading to the place where the men lie, but you

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will be concealed from them by a number of trusses of hay and straw; the seamen must rush in at the large gate of which I have got a duplicate key."

Having thus spoken, Mrs. White moved swiftly off, leaving me, I must confess, in no very enviable state of mind. Her scheme, ugly enough at first view, did anything but improve upon more intimate acquaintance, and I had half a mind not to proceed further with it. There were, it seemed, *four* sturdy ruffians, including the look-out—now for the first time heard of—to contend with; and should I be discovered before the arrival of the seamen, the result could scarcely be problematical. Nevertheless, sustained by the professional contempt of danger in which I had been reared, the knowledge that I possessed skill with the pistol, and the recollection of many, perhaps greater, perils successfully overcome, I ventured on, and in about ten minutes found myself close by the door at the gable end. So far all was well. I could hear a confused murmur of voices within, but nothing distinctly. At last the door gently opened, and Mrs. White appeared at the aperture. She was, I saw, ghastly pale, and trembling with terror now the moment of trial had come, bravely as she before talked of the business. Her finger was on her lip, and she motioned me to go in. I did so as softly as if I had been treading on eggs. The door closed behind me, and it was black as the inside of a tar-barrel.

In a few moments my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and perceiving the ladder—a weak, slight affair—I placed my right foot softly upon one of the lower rungs, which the instant my weight was fairly upon it, snapped short in the middle with a loud crack. "What's that?" cried one of the fellows in a fierce voice, apparently a few inches only overhead. "It's me," promptly replied Mrs. White, who was standing just without the door, listening in terrified silence. "Do you want me?" "Not I," returned the surly savage, "only mind you don't forget—for I don't like your looks, as I told you—that upon the first alarm I'll blow this young un's head off as sure as my name is Daniel Squibb. I say," he again called out after a few moments' silence, "what time did you say Sam Rawlings would be here?"

"About ten o'clock, he said," answered Mrs. White. A grunt of satisfaction was the only reply. The door again closed, and I, with better fortune than before, noiselessly ascended the crazy ladder. A small corner of the floor, I found on reaching it, was partitioned off from the rest, as Mrs. White had stated, by trusses of hay and straw, behind which I crawled, and after a while contrived to get a view of the amiable party to whom I found myself in such dangerous proximity. The moon shone brilliantly in upon them, and I could see their features distinctly. They were all dressed and armed with pistols stuck in their waistbelts. The great brawny figure of Daniel Squibb was stretched upon a heap of straw, covered by some dirty blanketing, and by his side lay a young child—fast asleep, I thought, judging by the natural ease and grace of his reclining posture. Two others, Stokes and Withers, were sitting half up in similar beds, and farther on lay a fourth. It required but one look at the white, rigid, pinched features, and open blindly-staring eyes, to recognise it as the recently-deceased, untended corpse of Etheridge, whom I had often seen. Excepting frequent pulls at the black bottles, one of which stood by the side of each of the living men, there was nothing done or said for some time. At last, Squibb, happening to look in the direction of the dead body, said with a half-shudder: "Throw a blanket over the face, Harry; it ain't pleasant to look upon 'specially just now."

"It's a good thing, though," resumed Squibb, after another suck at the brandy bottle—"it's a good thing he's gone. We can be off now without any fear of leaving him to peach upon us. But for that we might have mizzled two or three weeks ago."

"Ah, matey," replied Withers, "that's true, but I misdoubt Mother White."

"So do I; but this young fellow here will keep her within bounds. She don't seem to have any notion that we are off to-night."

"I don't think," said Withers; and the trio relapsed into silence, broken only by the glug-glug of the liquor they swallowed, as it glided out of the necks of the bottles down their seasoned throats.

Mrs. White expected to return with the men in about half-an hour; but that time

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had long past, and still they came not. I was becoming feverishly impatient, when the signal-whistle was heard, instantly replied to by the look-out in the loft above.

"Who can this be," said Squibb. "It's not time for Rawlings, yet, according to Mrs. White."

The three fellows rose and listened anxiously, and I observed Squibb take a pistol from his belt and cock it.

The look-out man now made his appearance. "It's only Rawlings," he said.

"All right!" echoed Squibb, evidently greatly relieved, and returning the pistol to its place.

Presently I heard footsteps approaching, by the way I had entered. The only thing now to be done was to sell my life as dearly as I could, and I collected myself in the dark corner for that purpose. The newcomer stepped briskly up, and without pausing to look round, made his way over the hay and straw to his friends.

"You are early, Sam," remarked Squibb. "White's wife said you would not be here till ten o'clock."

"I wasn't going to tell her exactly when I was coming or we were going."

"All right!" interjected Squibb with an approving nod.

"Dick Hessel's boat will be off Luttrell's Folly at twelve o'clock to-night precisely," added Mr. Rawlings.

"That's capital, Sam!" replied the chief of the gang. "And you I suppose mean to shove off with us?"

"That I do indeed. The skipper smells a rat and I shall be brought up with a round turn when least expected or desired if I don't make myself scarce, now I have an opportunity."

"I should like to catch that Mr. Warneford," said Squibb, with a bitter, rasping

DANIEL SQUIBB.

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venomous accent, and his blood-shot eyes, inflamed with drink, sparkled with deadly ferocity—"I should like to catch that fellow within a couple or so of yards of this little barker"—and he again drew forth and flourished a long pistol—"some fine night with nobody but ourselves within sight or hearing, and if I didn't drill a neat hole through his canister, it would be a pity, that's all!" The other fellows savagely coincided in Squibb's pleasant aspiration.

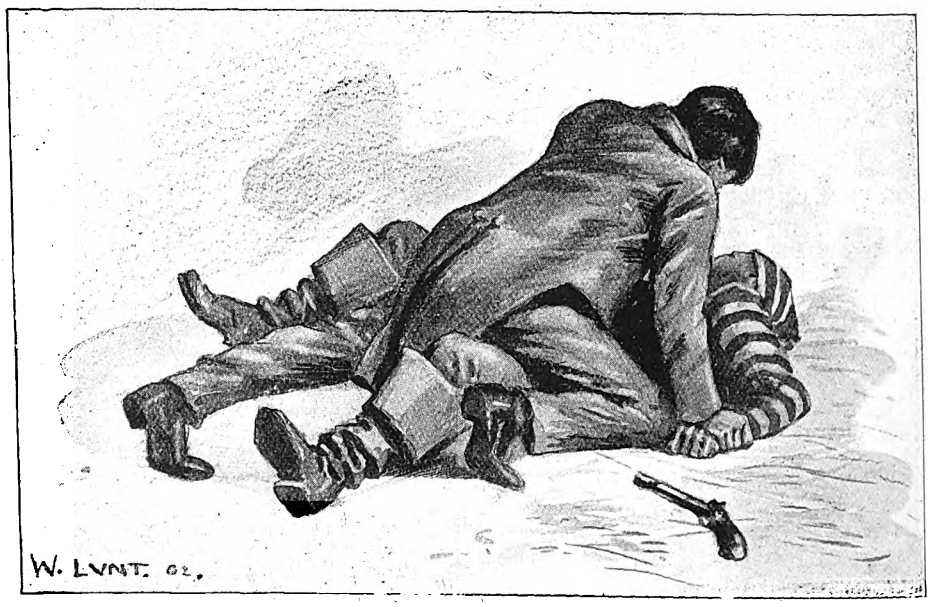
"It was a bold stroke, entering on board the *Rose*," continued Rawlings; "but it's getting much too risky now, as that—Hullo! who's that, I wonder?"

It was a repetition of the signal-whistle, and, judging by the tremulous weakness with which it was given, I guessed by whom. The five fellows—for the look-out had not returned to his perch—became rigid and breathless with eager attention. The whistling was repeated. "That's Martha White," said Squibb: "what mischief can bring her here again?" He then grasped the little boy, who had been for some time awake, with fierce violence by the hair. "Dare to whimper," he said in low, deadly tones, "or breathe louder than usual—only dare!"

"Lend me a back," said one of the fellows, "that I may look out at the window."

"Hark," cried Squibb. "There is someone unlocking the front gate. Who should that be? Look over the stairs, Stokes!—quick! quick! By all the devils, if it be, as I suspect, I will blow this imp's brains out whatever be the consequences—quick!" and the ruthless savage held the muzzle of the pistol within six inches of the head of the boy, who seemed dumb with terror.

I hesitated a moment how to act. To show myself, and rush upon the scoundrel, would in all probability precipitate the child's fate, Squibb now being at a distance of four or five yards from me. Adopting another expedient, in full reliance upon my oft-tried skill and coolness, I took deliberate aim at the ruffian's head, steadying my arm upon a hay-truss, and waiting only to be sure as to who the newcomers were.



DRINK ENFEEBLED, I PINNED HIM TO THE FLOOR.

"Who is it?" again fiercely demanded Squibb, "Speak, will you?"

"Betrayed!" shouted Stokes. "The *Rose* men are upon us!"

As the last syllable left the man's lips I fired. The report was followed by a

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frightful yell from Squibb. The bullet had struck his right jaw and broken it. He whirled round with the sudden agony, and the pistol in his hand dropped harmlessly on the floor. The next moment all was uproar, confusion, and dismay—the loud shouts of the sailors, the frenzied screams of the woman, and the maledictions of the smugglers, who, after a vain show of resistance, essayed to escape by the way I had entered, mingling in deafening uproar and confusion. They were all secured except Rawlings, who contrived to escape; and very lucky for him that he did so, or unquestionably the reward for his share in the business would have been an hour's dangle at the yard-arm. The instant I showed myself, Squibb, though frightfully mangled, and for some moments stunned with pain, snatched another pistol from his belt, covered me, fired and missed. I immediately grappled with him. He was a burly, powerfully-framed man, but he was so enfeebled by drink, his recent illness, and present wound, that I pinned him to the floor almost without an effort; and as soon as the bustle was over he was properly secured, and carried off, foaming and blaspheming with rage. Mrs. White hugged her child, so fortunately rescued, with convulsive passion, while incoherently pouring forth joy and thanksgiving to Heaven and blessings on me.

* * * * * *

In due course the prisoners were tried and found guilty of the capital charge, Richard White being admitted as an approver; but neither of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law. They were all, however, transported—three for life, and the others for varying terms. White and his family removed, I believe, to London. They never claimed the reward.

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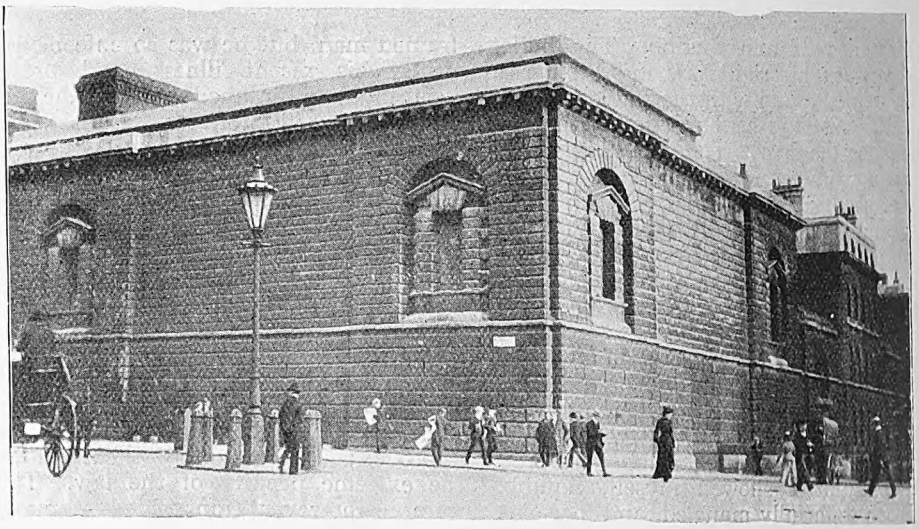
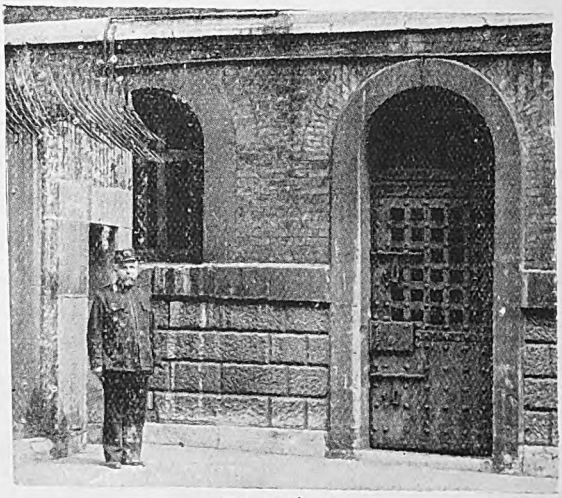


A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF NEWGATE.

THE END OF NEWGATE.

THE disappearance of Newgate as a prison is the removal of another landmark of the past. London is seeing many such changes lately. The site on which Newgate stands has a ways been used for a prison from very early times, but the building itself has seen many changes. It was last rebuilt in 1780, after it had been burnt and considerably damaged by the Gordon rioters. Since then only its interior and its administration have undergone any alteration. It has moved with the times, and life in Newgate at the beginning of the last century was considerably different from what it was at its close. A prisoner who liked dirt, insanitary surroundings, a free and easy time, plenty of associates and very little surveillance, would have found the Newgate of 1800 to his taste. There was no attempt at classification then. Young and old, tried and untried, criminals and debtors were all locked up together to amuse themselves as they pleased. Until nearly 1818 they cooked their own food. Solitary confinement appears to have been optional, but at times



MRS. FRY'S DOOR.
It was here that she lived for a considerable time whilst she was engaged in trying to elevate the women prisoners.

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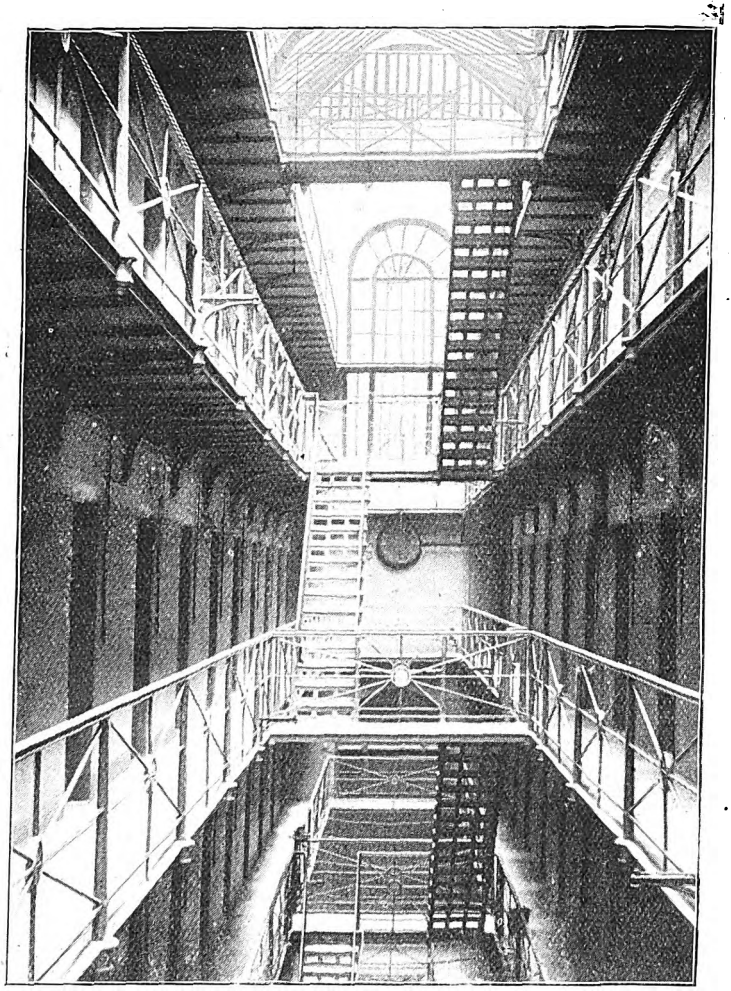
the prison was terribly overcrowded. In 1808, when there were from 100 to 130 women prisoners, the breadth allowed to each in the sleeping room, was only 18 inches. The female prisoners, as is always the case, were a more demoralized set than the men. Their ward was one continual scene of uproar and confusion. Mrs. Fry, who commenced her efforts to improve them about the year 1817, said that the women's chief occupations were swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, drinking, and dressing in men's clothes. Some were destitute of clothes and unfit to be seen. To escape from prison appears then to have been an easier matter than now, due probably to a more lax system of surveillance, and drunken keepers, who were, perhaps, often open to bribery. The most notable escape from Newgate was that of the notorious Jack Sheppard, in 1724. His first escape was comparatively easy. He and a man called "Blueskin," were found guilty of stealing cloth and condemned to be hung. Sheppard was small and slim, and after breaking a spike out of the hatch, it was an easy matter, with the assistance of two women visitors, to squeeze himself through. He was soon re-taken, but it was thought a lot of, and people of all ranks went there to see and admire him. This time he was handcuffed and loaded with irons, and chained to a staple in the floor. He found it was possible to work his hands out of the handcuffs, and with a nail he loosened the staple from the floor. Then he tied his fetters up as high as he could with his garters, and after working a bar out of the chimney, got out on to the roof. From here he got down into an unused room, forced the lock off the door, and found himself in the passage leading to the chapel. To draw the bolt of this door he had to make a hole in the wall. Three other doors had to be forced and then he found himself on the leads. Having no means of getting down, there was nothing for it but to return to his cell and tear up his blanket into strips for a rope. It was a quiet afternoon, when the keepers were altogether somewhere in a drunken doze, and he did it successfully. He lowered himself on to the roof of an adjoining house and stole down the stairs unobserved. He hid in the vicinity, and



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CELL ARRANGEMENT.

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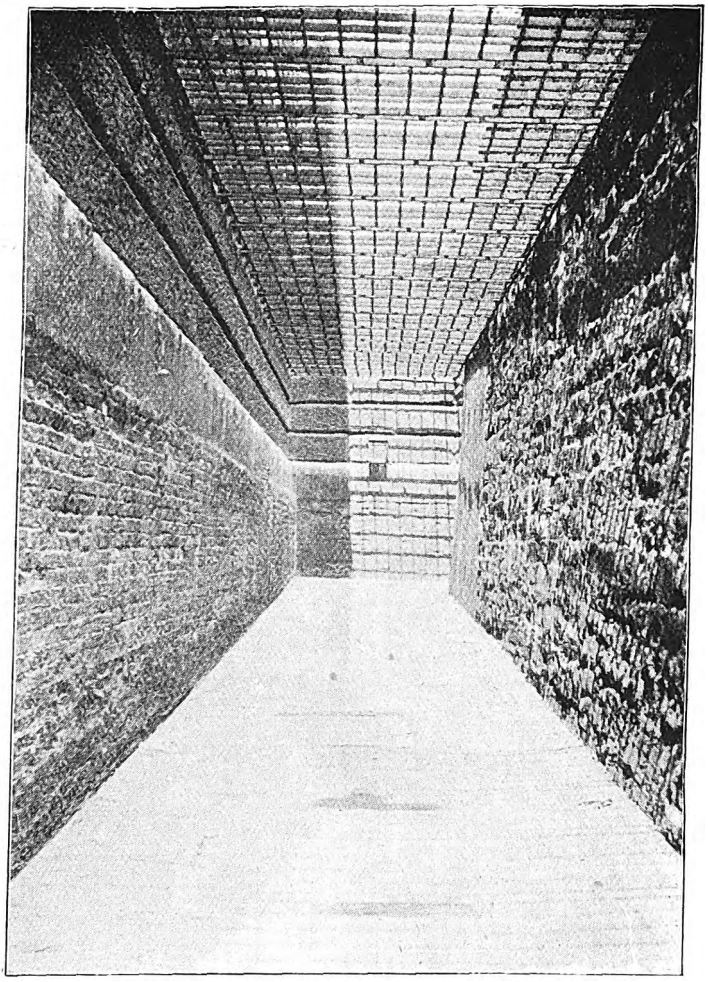
After the execution the hangman sold the rope at a shilling an inch.

The outer street is perhaps more interesting to an imaginative mind than the interior of the gaol, for here it was, in the open space of the Old Bailey, that from 1783 to 1868 public executions took place. Here it was that crowds no less savage than the prisoners themselves, assembled to witness the executions, and so great was the crush that on some occasions a few of the onlookers perished from suffocation, and there were always a considerable number injured. On one memorable occasion, indeed, no less than 28 were killed, and nearly 70 injured. Several women were trampled to death before the prisoners appeared. This was in 1807, and though the people became less rough as the century advanced, for we cannot imagine such a thing happening now in a London crowd, still the interest in such sights seemed, if anything, to become more morbid and intense, right up till 1868, at which date public executions were abolished. No doubt the reason for this partly was that it was not so common an occurrence. The offences for which the death penalty was inflicted had been gradually reduced to murder, only, and people who would lightly commit murder were not so plentiful as in more barbarous times. During the 38 years of Henry the Eighth's reign, as many as 72,000 were said to have been executed in England.



THE PRISON BURIAL GROUND.

It is merely a passage, paved with ordinary flagstones and covered overhead with iron grating. Beneath the stones many notorious murderers lie buried, with no indication except their initials roughly cut in the wall above the spot.

At an execution in 1864, people were as ready to pay high prices for seats and windows as they are now to pay for Coronation seats. Even the roofs were crowded, and the lamp-posts. People began to assemble the evening before, and they slept in the streets. Those who kept awake spent the night in gambling and drinking.

Prisoners were occasionally hung at the scene of their crime. Sometimes their bodies were burnt after the hanging. This latter practice ceased in 1786. The last to suffer it was a woman. She was hung from a low scaffold and as soon as life was extinct, faggots were piled around and completely over her head, and, lighted in this way, her body was consumed.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hazel, the heroine of this story, is an English girl, who having married Mahomed Ali, a Mahomedan student, while he was in England, insists upon going out to join him, in utter ignorance of what it means to be incarcerated in the seclusion of the Zenana. When she finds it out, she is dominated with one idea—that of escape, and at the end of Chapter II. she has climbed into a tree to reconnoitre the surroundings outside the walls, but is surprised by her husband. After this, although he apparently takes no notice, he pretends to depart on urgent and mysterious journeys, during which time Hazel grows more familiar with the true inwardness of Zenana life, and is more disgusted with it. One of the slave girls, Taj Bee, won by Hazel's kindness, promises to assist her to escape, and her determination to do so is increased by hearing that her father-in-law wishes her husband to bring home Aziz Unissa, the daughter of Sultan Mirza Khan, to be his second wife. While she is musing, devoured with indignation, Taj Bee comes to her and whispers, "I have found a way of escape!" The plan when unfolded by the girl turns out to be a suggestion that as lady visitors come to see the Begum they are in the habit of bringing many strange servants with them, who, when they go away, are preceded by one crying "Gosha! Gosha!" and therefore it will be easy for Hazel, by dressing in servant's garb, provided by the girl, to mix in the servants' waiting-room and leave with them. This they try, but the slave girl herself is hindered and captured, and Hazel, who might have got away, returns for the girl's sake. Afterwards Hazel has impotently to witness the slave girl's terrible punishment of being blinded by Eastern tortures. Hazel is not discouraged in her determination to escape, but decides next time she attempts it to venture alone. Meanwhile she asserts herself in the Zenana, and finds her quick wit and ready sympathies easily win her a first place, both with the Nabob and the Begum. At last, overcome by the persistency of his father, Mahomed Ali takes a second wife, in spite of Hazel's strenuous objections, with the result that Hazel separates herself from him, and he submits. But meanwhile the new wife tries to ingratiate herself with Hazel, and after many attempts succeeds in meeting her in the garden, when there is an exciting scene. Soon after Mahomed Ali has an awful accident, that breaks his back, and Hazel, forgetting herself, endeavours to soothe his dying hours, but is thwarted by the rigid etiquette of the Zenana. Before Hazel's husband dies, he discloses to her a method of escape from the zenana by means of a secret subterranean passage leading from the garden to the banks of the River Coombe. One day, shortly afterwards, Hazel hints at going away, but immediately regrets her impulsive remark. Aziz Unissa is anxious to share Hazel's zenana, now their husband is dead, but the latter refuses, fearing she would interfere with her plans of escape. During the ensuing weeks Hazel undergoes some anxious times, having striven to communicate through her library books, and remarks on the fly leaf, with the outer world. At last it is noticed by an outsider, who chivalrously answers through his sister that he will help her, and plans a way of escape. He appears in the Zenana grounds, and turns out to be a military man, who had accompanied her on the voyage out.

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CHAPTER XI.—(*continued.*)

"I know you are very brave," she said, "but I heard a horrid story once about that place, and I am afraid." Then, to gain time, perhaps, she told him about the slave Bibi.

She felt his hand tighten on hers. "Do not scream or move, Hazel," he whispered, interrupting her, "but there is someone in the garden."

Her hand grew cold and twitched in his, but she made no sound. Straight before them, a tall figure moved along by the wall in the moonlight, to the little door under the terrace; the door seemed to fall open before it, and the figure melted into the darkness beyond.

"Don't be frightened, dearest," he whispered, "I will take care of you. But what on earth is the meaning of that figure?"

"It is the Nabob," she whispered.

"Well, he couldn't possibly see us here in the shadows, even if he had looked this way. How, in the name of all that is mysterious, did he get in here?"

"There is a door from the house, in the wall there, to the left. I suppose he has a key, but I have never seen him here before. O, Reginald! Why? Why has he gone into that dreadful place? Do you think they can have missed me, and he has gone there to look for me?"

"But you locked the door of your own

"DON'T TREMBLE SO," HE SAID.

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"TAKE HEART, DEAR CHILD, IT IS ONLY A FEW HOURS."

this house of bondage. It will be dark in the passage, you know. What are we to do for lights? Shall I go up again and get candles from my room? I did not think of them when we came down. You see I did not really expect you quite so soon; you took me by surprise."

"I have a light," he answered, "it sounds rather melodramatic, I am afraid, but the fact is, I have a dark lantern. As you told us we should have to go through an underground passage, I thought I had better come prepared."

"You have thought of everything," she answered him with grateful admiration. "Whether we get away in safety to-night or not, as long as I live I shall thank and bless you for coming to my help. Now, Reginald, let us go.'

Hand in hand, they glided noiselessly by the edge of the shadows until, near the wall of the terrace, they had to come out into the moonlight. Reginald pushed the little low door heavily, and it swung noiselessly inwards. He drew her in quickly and closed the door. Then he took out his lantern and turned the light upon the little room.

They stood upon a wide ledge, from which a flight of eight or ten broken, ruinous steps, led down into the room itself. The room was windowless, low-roofed, and very mouldy with damp and disuse. The four white-washed stone walls rose blank before them, streaked with green and hung thickly with cobwebs.

"I see no other opening," he said doubtfully, looking round the walls.

"Let us go down the steps, at any rate," she said. Her courage had come back. She saw no rats, and the room looked just like any ordinary go-down for storing wood.

They went down into the room, and there, beside the steps, in the wall that supported the ledge, they saw the door.

"I knew there must be an opening," she said, "Ali was so certain about the passage."

This second door opened easily enough, and they found themselves in the old subterranean passage, dug out of the earth, how many centuries ago! For which purpose no man now remembered.

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"I have always heard there were underground passages on this side of the river, going down to the Coombe," he said, looking about him with interest. The passage was wide enough for two to walk abreast, and high enough for a tall man to stand without stooping. The floor was very rough and uneven, and here and there earth and stones had fallen from the sides, and the vaulted roof; loosened by long action of the damp in successive raining seasons. The passage sloped downwards for some distance, and then became level; it wound and turned in many angled tortuous windings, but there were no branching ways to confuse them. Hand in hand they followed its windings, helping each other over the rough places. It was long, but it did not seem long to these fugitives.

"I think we must be getting near the end," he said, and he began to walk more slowly, as one who lingers in a pleasant glade, and is loth to leave it.

They turned a corner, and stood still, paralysed.

"Trapped!" said Reginald, and he swore under his breath.

"Oh, what is it?" whispered Hazel.

In front of them a mound of earth and stones, and formless debris completely blocked the way, filling it from side to side, from roof to floor.

"The passage has fallen in," he said.

"I am sure Ali did not know of this," she said impulsively, jealous for the dead man's honour.

"Most likely not, poor chap," he said, "I daresay it has happened quite recently; that was why the Nabob came back in such a hurry, I wish he had warned us. I am afraid we shall have to go back ourselves."

"Go back!" she repeated, her great eyes dilated with fear, and her cheek paled.

"Wait here a moment while I have a look closer," he said, "but I am afraid we shall never be able to get through this."

He went forward, closing the lantern, so that any ray of moonlight might show through, if there was any opening to the upper air; but the black darkness revealed no ray of light.

Hazel leaned against the wall in a blackness of mind that was as black as the darkness before her eyes.

He turned on the light of the lantern and came back: "We must get back as quickly as we can," he said, "Don't give in, Hazel. I will take you out some other way." The added difficulties seemed to brace his spirit. He looked very alert and wide-awake as he came striding back to her. "We have no time to lose now," he said, "give me your hand, and see how fast we can run over the ground." They had loitered along so pleasantly in their coming, sure of the opening at the other end, into light and freedom.

Back along the passage they went in breathless haste. It was well that Hazel had thought to fasten her slippers firmly on her slender feet before they started.

At the entrance door they met with another check. Hazel pushed it, but it did not move.

"He has locked it on the outside," she moaned, and let herself fall despairingly in a heap upon the floor.

"Nonsense!" the Captain exclaimed, brightly, "the door opens inwards you know, and there is no handle on this side."

But the young soldier was a man of resource. He took out his pocket-knife, and opened the corkscrew that lurked in the handle. Very quickly and deftly he screwed it into the wood of the door, and when it was fast, drew the door gently towards him without opposition.

When they stepped out into the garden, the moonlight had faded. All the world was grey with the dim promise of the dawn.

"We shall have to go by way of the roof," he said, "I wish we had done that at once. If only it is not too late now!"

They ran swiftly up the stairs to the terrace, where the Captain's rope still hung, the mute witness they had left to tell of Hazel's escape.

"Thank goodness, no one has seen this," he said, "I will go up first. You must put your foot in this loop, and hold on to this knot with your hands, and I will pull you up. You will not be afraid, dear?"

"Oh, no! no! Make haste before any one is stirring," she answered.

He climbed up the few feet to the roof, and drew her very carefully after him. They ran noiselessly across the flat terrace to the front, and there, crouching behind the balustrade, looked through its tiny columns.

"I see no one there," he said, "I think we may venture. Come along, Hazel, we

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must run down the stairs, and out at the gate. Keep close to me."

"No! no! Look again," she said, holding him down. "He is there talking to the gardener. See! there at those bushes by the gate. O, Reginald, what shall we do! What shall we do!"

"We shall have to wait, I suppose. It is too late now. I daresay I could slip past, but they might collar you, and, at any rate, we don't want a shindy. Come back to the other side, and I will tell you. You must go back to your rooms. I am very sorry for it, but it really can't be helped. In the afternoon, when it gets hot, the old boy will be sleeping like a top; I know he was when I came up yesterday. Then you must come up here again, and I will take you down by the way I came myself. Take heart, dear child, it is only for a few hours, and you will know that I am up here waiting too."

"You will die up here in the heat all day without shelter," she said, "oh, go away, and leave me to my fate! I bring misfortune on every one who tries to help me."

"Listen! As soon as your women are asleep down there, and you are alone, come out and stand on the terrace. I shall see you, and I will let you down the cord."

He let her down on to the terrace, and she went back into her rooms. Oh! would she never, never be free of it! Must she live and die in this hopeless captivity?

SHE SAT WATCHING IN THE VERANDA.

CHAPTER XII. AND LAST.

In the bungalow down by the beach, as the night drew on, Eva Dunstan also waited; at first with an amused expectancy, picturing to herself the fugitives making their way through the secret passage. As the night wore on, the amusement changed into perplexity, and then into anxiety. "I suppose they go to bed very late in those native houses," she thought, "How dreadfully tired poor Redge will be of sitting all day on that hot roof, without anything to eat." She strolled down to the gate to look along the road, and see if she could make out any figures in the moonlight. But still they did not come; she went to bed at last and

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spent the night in unspeakable anxiety and fear.

As soon as it was light, in the morning, she took the pony cart and drove along the road that Hazel had watched so often from her terrace. As she went slowly past, a white fluttering on the terrace and another on the roof, for one moment answered her signal.

"That poor boy is up there still," she said, "he must be half dead. I wonder what on earth can have stopped them; it seems so ridiculous for two people not to be able to walk out of an ordinary house like that when they choose. If they do not come to-night I shall certainly tell George, and make him go to the house." For the present her mind was set at rest. They must both be free, and so far undiscovered, since both had answered her signal.

After tiffin she sat idly in the verandah, counting the hours till it would be possible to begin expecting them again, when she saw a carriage turn in at the gate.

"Stupid people coming to call at this hour," she said crossly, and withdrew precipitately into the drawing-room, out of sight. "Say I am not at home," she whispered to the servant as he went through to the verandah to receive the visitors.

The next moment there were hurried footsteps across the verandah, and Reginald walked into the drawing-room.

"Here we are, Eva," he said.

Behind him in the doorway stood a tall and graceful figure, with floating white, violet-embroidered draperies and golden head uncovered.

Looking in her lovely face, and remembering how much she had suffered, Eva took the stranger in her arms impulsively, and kissed her.

"Dear Hazel! How glad I am!"

"How can I ever thank you—you and him," murmured Hazel.

"Give us something to drink, Eva, for goodness sake," said he prosaically. "We have been two mortal hours on that blessed roof, waiting for the coast to clear."

"He has been much—much more than two hours," said Hazel. "I wonder he did not die up there, in the sun."

"Now tell me all about it," Eva said, as soon as they were all seated comfortably upstairs in the morning room, where no intruders could find them.

"It was easy and simple enough at the last," said the Captain.

"But I want to hear how it was you did not come last night. I was dreadfully afraid something had happened to you."

"You shall hear that afterwards," he said, "well, as I tell you, we sat up on that roof for two hours. That old Bluebeard, the father-in-law, you understand, seemed to be having some sort of a levée. Hazel thinks it was something to do with one of his sons getting married. At any rate there were people coming and going who ought by rights to have been quietly asleep in their own diggings, and each time we were just going to start, out came the old Nabob again, flourishing about all over the drive. I don't believe that man ever sleeps, for we saw him ourselves wandering in the garden after midnight. However, at last he went in to his siesta, and we just slipped down the stairs and sloped. The easiest thing in the world. Luckily we found an empty carriage mooning along the road, Hewetson's carriage it was, and the coachman knew me, for I don't believe Hazel would ever have managed to walk as far as this. Those ridiculous slippers of hers are all in tatters already."

"I must go home by the next steamer," said Hazel, "I have some money for my passage." and she related how the Nabob had bribed her to leave him and the Begum in peace what time the gardening mania was upon her.

"Yes, I suppose you had better go," said Eva reluctantly. "You would never really feel safe here, I am afraid, or else I should love to have you stay with me."

The Captain said nothing.

When Hazel's flight was discovered, the Nabob was beside himself with fury, against himself, as well as against Hazel, and every man and woman in the house who had failed to prevent her going. Every nook and corner of house and garden was searched for her, and men were sent to spy about in all the neighbouring houses and compounds. The pretty little bungalow on the beach was a long way off. There was a terrible uproar in the zenana, the slaves were beaten and otherwise punished, and every one of them went in fear of her life.

But when the Nabob said to his wife: "Your foreign Sheitan has run away into the open streets like a mad woman

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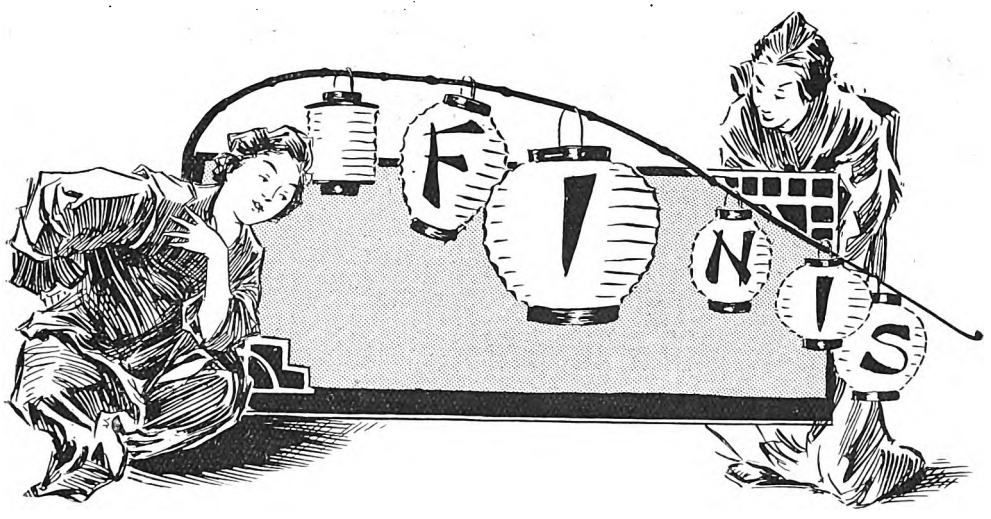
to bring shame and reproach upon our house," the Begum only answered: "It is well. Allah has at last remembered my beloved daughter Hazari."

Hazel did not go home in the next steamer. The anxiety and fatigue, and exposure to the sun on those two last days brought on an illness, not very serious indeed, and not very long, but enough to make her unfit for travelling, and when she recovered from it, there were other reasons for deferring her departure.

It was indeed not till two years later that Hazel found herself on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. And the other passengers who spoke to her called her, not Mrs. Ali, but Mrs. Fletcher. And this time her husband was with her.



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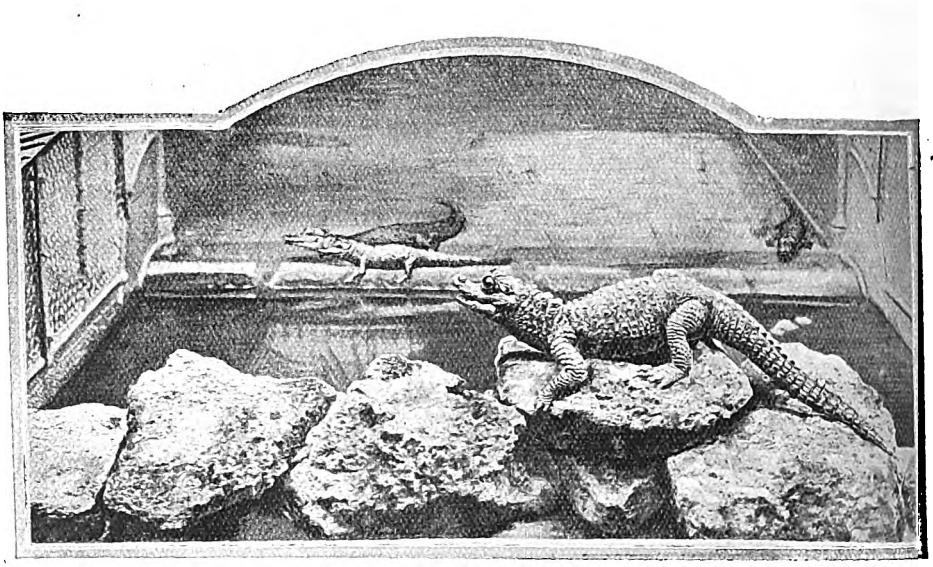

CAIMANS FROM AMERICA,

A Visit to the Parisian "Zoo,"

AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS.

THE menagerie is certainly the most popular part of this museum of Natural History, and a Frenchman visiting Paris never misses a ramble in the "Jardin des Plantes." Every Parisian knows the Bear Gardens, the Monkey Palace, the Aviaries. All school children are admitted free of charge for the sake of instruction in Natural History.

The third and fourth of our illustrations shows the daily toilet of "Marguerite," one of the five young African elephants. This cleanly elephant simply revels in the matutinal ablutions. The keepers well know the predilection of elephants for plenty of water, and the animals save them the trouble of moving during the bathing operations, for of their own accord the elephants will turn round and round, lie down, sit down, or roll over so that the water may play all over their bodies. Not content with this, they repeatedly fill their trunks with water for the purpose of cleaning their mouth and teeth. The most interesting of these animals is "Saib," an African with a very bad character, but some indulgence must be shown him, as he has broken his tusks against the barriers of his court, and it was necessary to pull out the stumps that remained; besides this, the poor animal is a perfect martyr to toothache, so no wonder he is restless! Standing grimly in his den, he shoves out his long trunk for continual begging. The people feeding him tell him to be good, and he will at once raise his forefeet on to a bar in his court, lift his head and double his trunk back over his head, thus revealing his open mouth, and patiently wait to be fed with the small buns which on-lookers are waiting to throw into his mouth. There are in the gardens regular hawkers of these buns for this purpose. The governing authorities of the "Jardin des Plantes" find this sport to be a well paying one, and encourage it, with the result that a great quantity of food is thus given to the elephants, and the other animals' food is regulated according to the quantity of buns given by the public.

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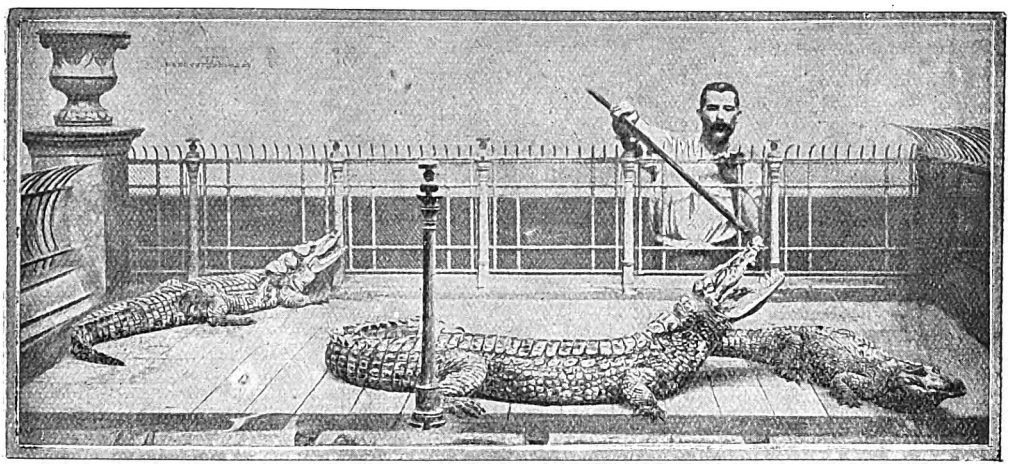
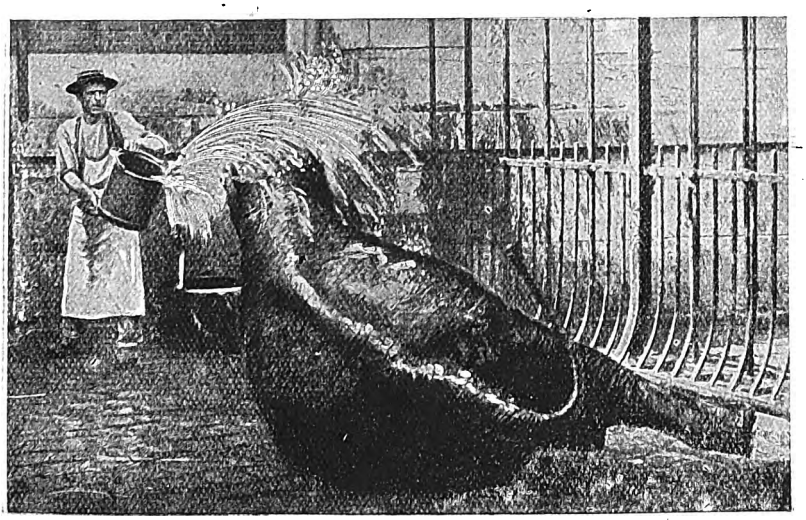


LAZY CROCODILES.

Often it happens that an elephant, especially "Saib" returns to his box without requiring any further food. In winter, however, when visitors are few, this giving of buns falls completely away, and during the cold weather a daily meal for "Saib" consists of about four trusses of hay and sixteen pounds of bread, carrots, etc., etc. "Saib" never leaves the gardens, and lives by himself in his court-yard, whereas the other four elephants take a constitutional every morning before the gardens are opened to the public.

The Monkey's palace is always a popular attraction. Here may be seen all sorts and conditions of these interesting but mischievous creatures, of whom the greatest care has to be taken to prevent sickness amongst them. One of our pictures shows a keeper with his special pet, a young chimpanzee, who, every morning has his coat carefully combed and brushed. This animal has been very content and happy during the three years it has been in the "Palace." He is very intelligent, and the keeper is educating him with much success, as is plainly observed in his habits and manners. The monkeys have a special kitchen for themselves, and they are principally fed on boiled potatoes, besides carrots, bread, and also chocolate. Close to the "Monkeys' Palace" are



MARGUERITE'S TOILET, "THE TUB."

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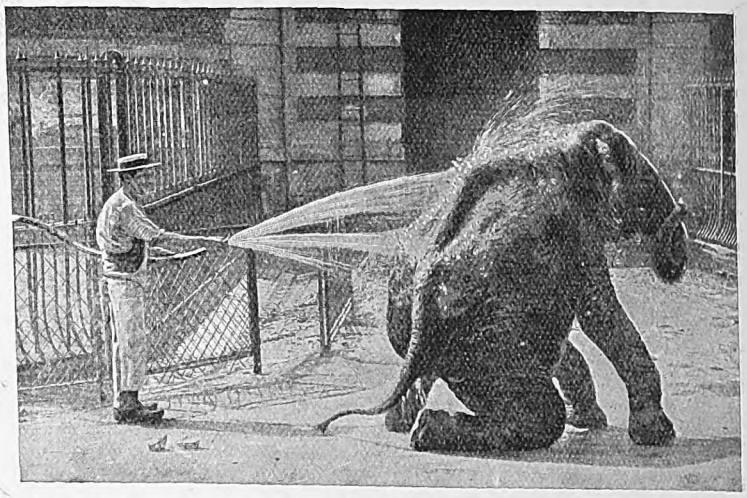
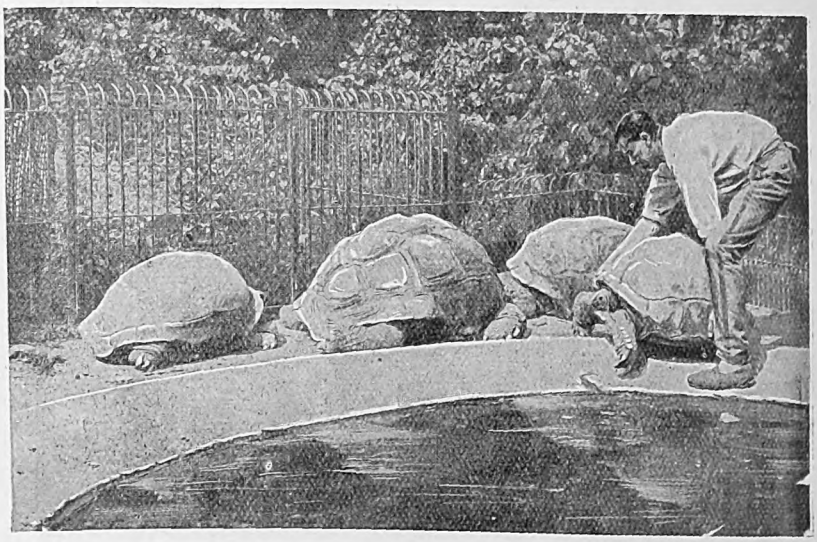


MARGUERITE'S TOILET, THE SHOWER-BATH.

the different aviaries. The one for the birds of prey seem to attract most attention, especially at feeding time. Their food consists of meat very finely chopped and it is curious to see how, when the time for feeding comes round, the birds get restless and often commence a frantic and grotesque dance, the eagle only remains quiet, and hardly deigns at first to glance at the meat that is brought to him. The aviary for the tropical birds is a magnificent building, in which there are large trees, so that the birds are practically in freedom and can fly about and rest as they like. In several places of this part of the grounds there are ponds with running water.

Not far from the aviaries are the basins for the large water animals, each of which requires from twelve to sixteen pounds of fresh fish a day. A specially constructed cart brings this supply every morning, and the animals know so well the noise made by this cart passing their abode, that they utter loud cries when they hear or see it come, and these cries serve again as signals



GIANT TORTOISES.

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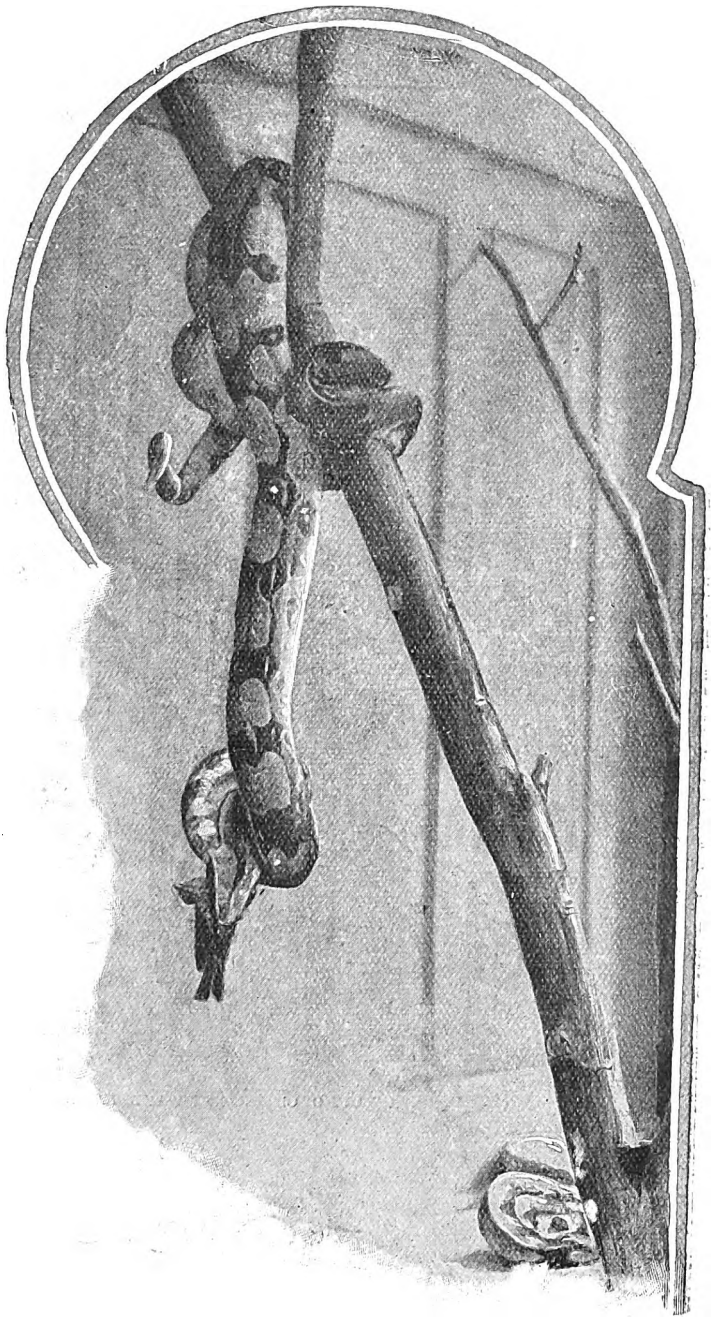
to the public, who then hasten to watch the distribution of herrings and other fish.

The collection of wild animals originated in 1818, and numbers twenty-one cages. Each animal has a separate lair, at the entrance of which they take their exercise. The meat comes daily from the market, and is cut up in a special chamber behind the cages. The daily portion of the lion comes to some twelve pounds a day. The bears only eat boiled meat. The cleaning of the cages is very easy, except in those inhabited by the bears, as often these animals refuse to budge from them, and it has happened that the white bear refused for six months to go into his lair which rendered the clearing out of his cage impossible, and it was strewn with a heterogeneous collection of umbrellas, bottles, old trousers, old boots, pipes, and many other things with which the animal played. "Martin, the white bear, which has the notoriety of having killed two men, often climbs the tree placed in the centre of his yard.

The buying of animals for the Paris "Zoo" is very expensive. The price of an elephant is about £200 to £300. A zebra costs £100, an American tapir £80, and a hippopotamus some £500.

The reptiles form a special branch of the collection, and are under separate supervision. They occupy one building and two small gardens. The crocodiles come from Egypt, and must remain indoors the whole year round, as they cannot stand this climate. On the other hand, the Caimans, a kind of crocodile from America, may be seen in the open. As regards the serpents, the python which looks so formidable, is not venomous.



A SERPENT'S BREAKFAST.

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It is fed once a fortnight and this always attracts a crowd of people. It is a repellant spectacle and one in which the innocent little rabbit plays the role of victim.

The Zoo authorities exercise great care of the animals in their charge, and also see that they do not die from want of exercise. The French Government has several times helped the Zoo financially, and sent specimens to enlarge the collection, its desire being that Natural History shall be taught in the "Jardin des Plantes" to all children in the Paris schools.

A YOUNG CHIMPANZEE AND ITS KEEPER.

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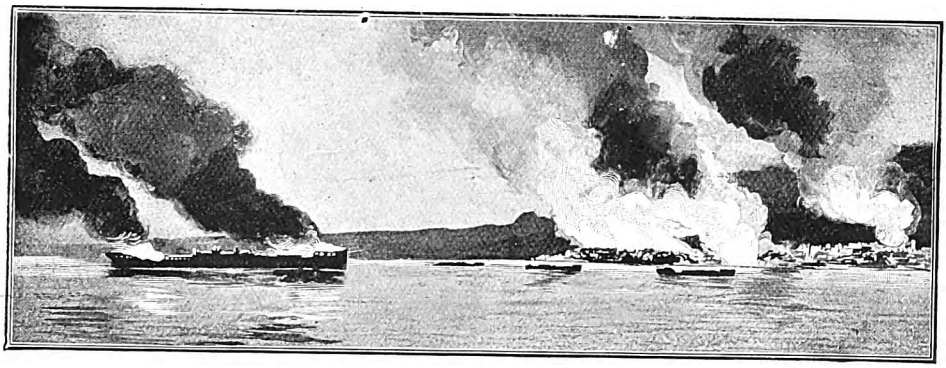

THE BURNING OF ST. PIERRE. STEAMSHIP "RORAIMA" AT THE LEFT.

THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE.

Dictated to George R. McIntyre by ELLERY S. SCOTT, Chief Officer Lost Steamship "Roraima."

I AM a plain sailor and it is not easy for me to tell of those awful hours on the deck of the "Roraima" in St. Pierre harbor when death and destruction were all about me. That scene is like a nightmare to me now. At times it rises before me in all its vividness—at others I wonder if it was not all a horrible dream. Well do I know that it was not a dream, for though leagues of water now separate me from St. Pierre, before me ever is the face of my eldest boy, whose life was snuffed out, as were the lives

THE FIRST CORPSE. FOUND BY THE ENGLISH RESCUE PARTY ARRIVING FROM BARBADOES.

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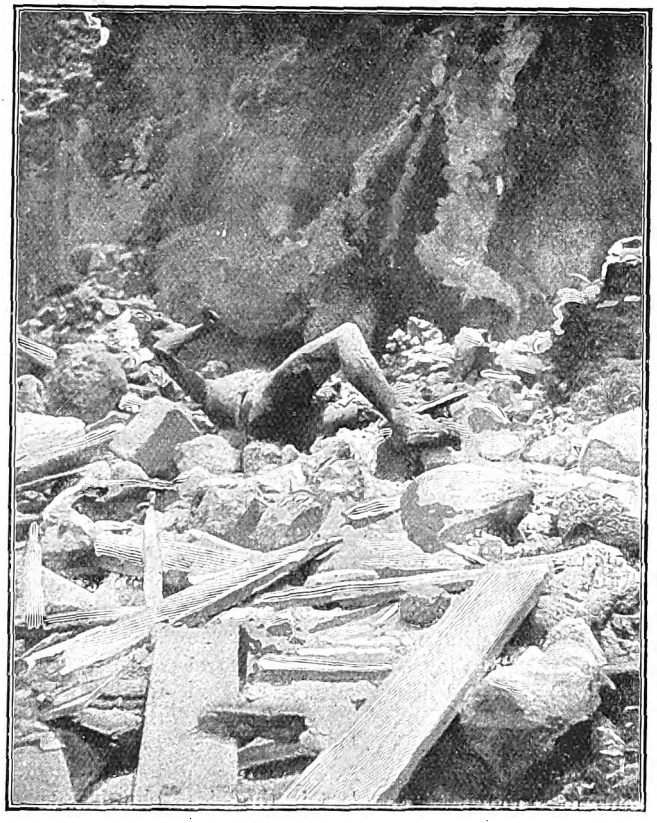
It was a fruitful land, a land that seemed made for a dreaming people—and a dreaming people inhabited it.

St. Pierre was at the base of the mountains that loomed up back of it, peak on peak. Mont Pelée was away to the northwest, the highest of them all, but, like all the others, it had vegetation growing almost to the very mouth of its seemingly extinct crater, a crater that had resolved itself into a lake. The waters of it were clear as crystal; but I have heard that the taste was bitter, as if these waters had been steeped in herbs. On Pelée's side were brooks and rivulets of sweet water, and picnic parties often ascended almost to the very crater's edge before spreading their lunches on cloths laid on the smooth greensward.



SUFFOCATED WHILE FLEEING THE CITY.

It was a vision of fairyland to see the sun rise in Martinique. It has no dawn as we understand it, and no twilight such as we have in the north. The sun rises very abruptly. The blue of the sky always seemed deeper to me at Martinique than anywhere else, it was such an intense blue. As the sun lifted above the horizon, you could see all things tinted with lilac. Then yellow and violet waves seemed to be running together and intermingling in the air. The sea lost its green color. It became orange in the morning. At night, as the sun sank it would look almost blood-red.

St. Pierre was a queer old city. Its buildings were ancient. Many of them were relics, I have been told, of the seventeenth century. It was always interesting to me, when business would allow, to take a short walk through this quaint old city. During my various visits, before that last fearsome one, I had managed to walk pretty nearly all over the place. Once I slept in the city, in a queer, low-ceiled room with one of those curious old dormer-windows. The bed was a heavy mahogany affair, with ponderous posts. Pictures in heavy frames adorned the walls.

The houses in St. Pierre were all of stone; the narrow streets were flagged in heavy stone blocks. It was the style, I suppose, in those ancient cities of three hundred years ago. And yet St. Pierre could as easily have had wide streets. There was room enough on which to build a city even on this ledge at the foot of the mountain-range, along the shores of the bay where ancient St. Pierre stood.

I do not believe there was an entirely level street in the whole city, nor one that was absolutely straight. They all turned and twisted about, around curves, and up-and downhill. Sometimes, to continue your walk along a street it was necessary to ascend or descend stairways or else a steep

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RUINS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND THE PRISON.

incline. Wooden awnings covered with zinc shaded many of the shop fronts. The roofs of the houses were steep and full of gables.

Yellow was the color used to paint the houses, where paint was used at all. The stones of which they were built had grown gray with age, and lichen and moss covered the crevices.

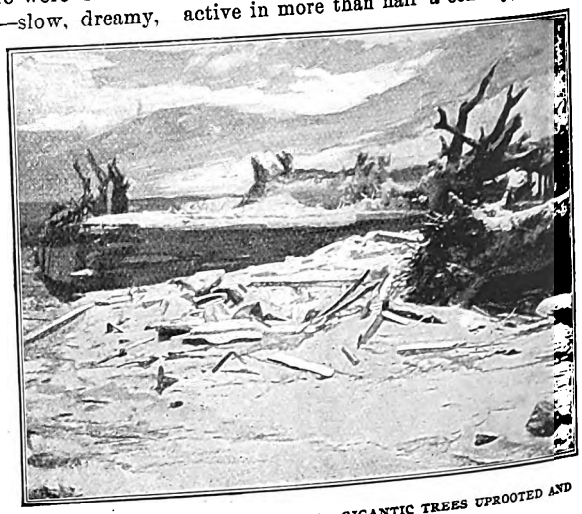
Over some of the many gabled buildings, running vines climbed. Iron or wooden slats took the place of glass in the windows. All of them, too, were supplied with heavy wooden shutters that could be closed, making the interiors dark.

The people of St. Pierre were like the people all over the island—slow, dreamy, content. On the entire island before the eruption there were probably one hundred and fifty thousand of negro blood, from a dense black to a creamy white. The rest of the population included probably fifteen thousand Asiatics, and possibly the same number of pure whites. The whites, as a class, were the poor people of the island. The blacks had much of the trade. Of course, I refer, not to the foreign financial institutions that had been established in St. Pierre, such as the Banque Transatlantique and others, but to the native-born whites.

The negroes, like those of the Southern States of America, were a music-loving people. I have often listened with delight to their songs. Some of the half-breeds were fine, stalwart-looking, intelligent men. The women, some of whom were nearly white, were often entitled to be called beautiful.

They were a very superstitious people. The natives regarded Pelée as a saint. They were firm in the belief that he would never visit them with fire again.

The overwhelming of St. Pierre did not come without warning. The people knew that the volcano threatened, as early as May 3d. Then the first belch of smoke came from its crater. Even before, a warning had come of impending eruption, for the people of Le Prêcheur, a village built at the very base of the western slope of Pelée, had for some time been smelling sulphurous gases in the air, the forerunner of the great outburst that was even then making ready to shoot forth from beneath the rocky crust of the volcano. Pelée had indulged in a long sleep. It had not been active in more than half a century, except



A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESOLATION. GIGANTIC TREES UPROOTED AND THROWN ABOUT.

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VIEW ALONGSHORE TO THE NORTH—IN THE FOREGROUND THE WRECK OF THE GREAT LIGHTHOUSE.

for the ominous rumbling some twenty-five years ago.

But this warning of May 3d was more than a mere rumbling. It was an outburst of fire and smoke. Great clouds of smoke began to pour from the crater on the afternoon of May 3d. Apparently the lake in the once extinct crater had been licked up by the heat. The smoke gave place to flame that shot hundreds of feet into the air at midnight of that day.

Then came shocks as of earthquakes. The earth trembled. The flashes of fire from the great crater kept up all that night. In the morning St. Pierre was covered with a shower of hot ashes to a depth of two inches or more. Mont Pelée's top was hidden by smoke. It had not been easy to see the top even on a clear day, because of the clouds that hovered over it even when the sky in all other parts was apparently cloudless. But on May 4th, the day when the ashes fell, smoke hid Pelée's crater from sight. At night the flames came again, and on the 5th the eruption became still more threatening.

Then a stream of lava, a mile wide, ran to the sea, a distance of four miles, in three minutes; and on its way slew hundreds of people. The great Guérin factories were wiped out. The employees were slain; their homes were licked up in a twinkling.

It would seem as if this should have stirred the entire city of St. Pierre to a panic of fear. Many persons, since my return to New York, have asked me why the people were so dormant, so indifferent to their impending fate. To understand this, one must know the dreamy character of the people of St. Pierre. Pelée was no stranger to them. Remember, too, that they regarded it as their patron saint.

Besides, it would have been difficult for the entire population of this gay little city to escape, even if the people had so willed. Whither would they have fled? There were not ships enough to take them all away.

Travel by land would have been hazardous over the mountain-lands to the southward. It is possible that they could have accomplished it. Americans or Englishmen, in a like case, would perhaps have tried it. But a native of Martinique attempt such feats? Hardly.

Some of the people did flee. The report

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BEYOND RECOGNITION.

that all remained in the city up to the last is not true. Sailboats and small yachts took some away. Others went on ships in the harbor. Most of the latter, doubtless, perished when the final outburst came.

The financial institutions of St. Pierre were the first to take the alarm. The entire contents of the vaults of the Colonial Bank and other banking-houses were transferred to the French cruiser "Suchet." But the bank officials, many of them, remained in St. Pierre, as did the rank and file of the people. They cowered in their homes, so a survivor told me in Fort de France, when I, as one of the mere handful saved, reached there on the French cruiser.

Perhaps one reason, a strong one, why the people remained so inactive might be found in the fact that Pelée gave evidence of subsiding on May 7th. The rumblings grew less and the fall of ashes was not so great, though the smoke was still pouring from the crater in great volume.

Now I come to that last scene in the destruction of St. Pierre, the morning of May 8th. The "Roraima" steamed into the harbor of St. Pierre soon after six o'clock that morning. The air was clear, the sky a deep blue. There were no clouds. We had been struck by a light shower of ashes that morning before reaching port, but no ashes were falling in the harbor. Our vessel dropped anchor about seven hundred yards offshore. We were opposite the lighthouse. This was at the northern end of the bay, and nearer to Pelée than we should have been at the southern extremity.

The volcano, of course, engaged the attention of all on board. Smoke was pouring upward from the crater, and it was impossible to see the summit, for the wreathing smoke concealed it. We felt some uneasiness, and said so when the agents came on board.

But they laughed at us. They said we should have been in St. Pierre three days before, and they regaled us with a description of the eruption that plowed to the sea over the Guérin factories. They asked, however, if we could not go on to St. Lucia and discharge cargo there, as sixty first-class passengers wanted to leave St. Pierre.

RUINS OF THE HOTEL GRAN, THE FASHIONABLE RESORT WHOSE BREAKFAST-ROOM WAS CROWDED AT 7.50 A.M., MAY 8TH.

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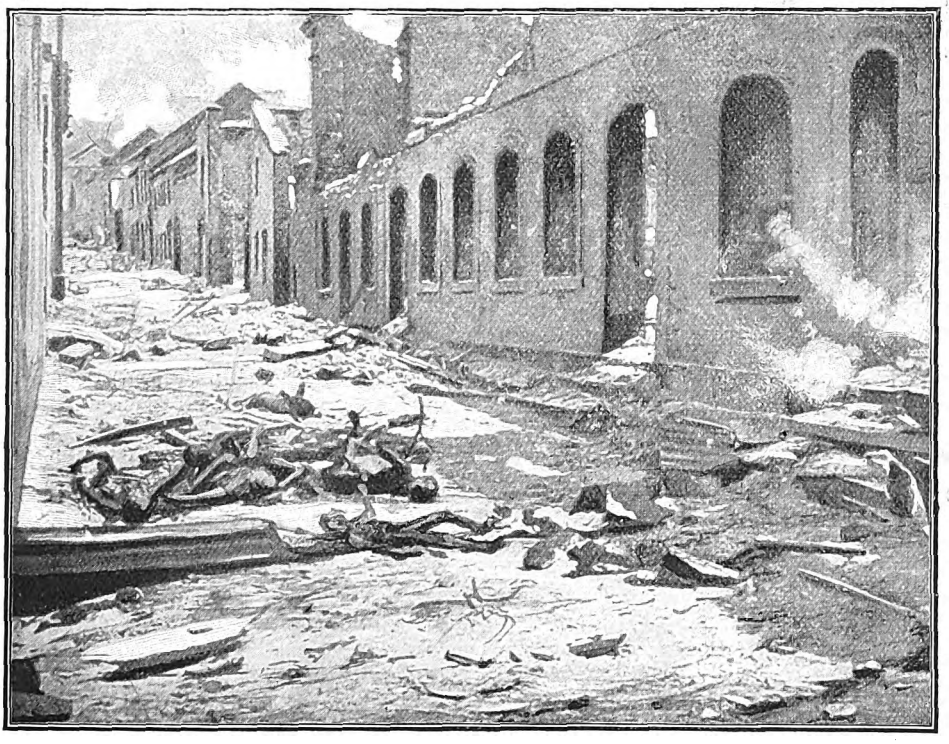
They were among the prudent ones who desired to leave the city behind until all danger was past.

Captain Muggah was willing to do this, if possible—not so much because he feared Pelée, as because it was Ascension Day, and a feast-day in St. Pierre. It would be impossible, therefore, to discharge any of our cargo until the next day. The Captain asked me to look over the cargo and see if that intended for St. Lucia could be removed without disturbing much of the consignment for St. Pierre. You see how small a matter sometimes decides one's fate. I found that to get at the St. Lucia consignment, it would be necessary to move a lot intended for St. Pierre, as it rested on top of St. Lucia goods. Captain Muggah, in some disgust, decided to remain in St. Pierre until the next day, although it meant a day of idleness.

It took me until nearly eight o'clock to overhaul the cargo. We breakfasted at eight, and I lounged over to the rail to take another look at the city before going to breakfast. Some of the passengers were on deck. We had perhaps sixteen on the ship. Most of them, however, were below preparing for breakfast.

Through the glass I could see people hurrying along the narrow streets to the various churches. Ashes could still be seen on the roofs, but much of the downfall had been swept from the streets, so far as I could observe. The people were in their finest attire. And they dressed in gay colors in St. Pierre. It was always interesting to me to see these people in their holiday dress. The head-dresses of the women were especially brilliant.



SIXTÉEN CHARRED BODIES FOUND ON A STREET CORNER.

In idle interest, I turned my glass toward Mont Pelée. It was at that very moment that the whole top of the mountain seemed blown into the air. The sound that followed was deafening. A great mass of flames, seemingly a mile in diameter, with twisting giant wreaths of smoke, rolled thousands of feet into the air, and then overbalanced and came rolling down the seamed and cracked sides of the mountain.

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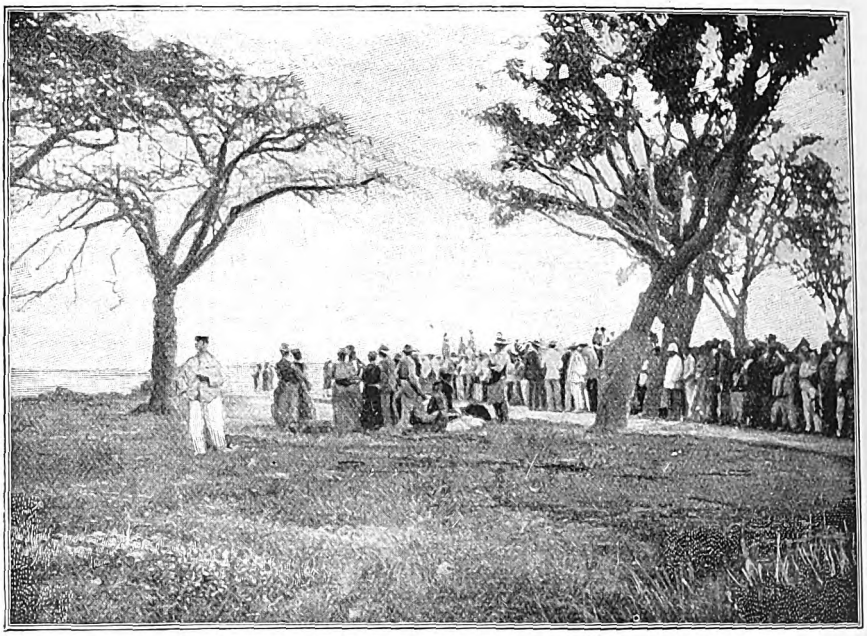

REFUGEES FROM LE PRÊCHEUR LANDING AT FORT DE FRANCE.

Foot-hills were overflowed by the onrushing mass. It was not mere flame and smoke. It was molten lava, giant blocks of stone and a hail of smaller stones, with a mass of scalding mud intermingled.

For one brief moment I saw the city of St. Pierre before me. Then it was blotted out by the overwhelming flood. There was no time for the people to flee. They had not even time to pray. I heard Captain Muggah say: "Heave up the anchor. All hands get ready." Then I turned, to see a great wave rushing toward us from the sea. It reached us before a move could be made to heave anchor. The "Roddam's" anchor-chain could be unshackled. Ours could not. With us it was a question of raising the anchor. There was no time to do that.

I had called to Carpenter Benson to start the windlass, but before he could move, the "Roraima" rolled almost on her port beam-ends, and then as suddenly went to starboard. The funnel, masts and boats went by the board in an instant. The decks were swept clean. The hatches were staved in. The next instant a hail of fire and red-hot stones was upon the ship. Then came the scalding mud. The saloon was ablaze. The ship seemed doomed. Men were struck down all around me by flaming masses of lava. From bright sunlight the air became dense as midnight. The smoke that rolled down from the crater's mouth had blotted the sun from our vision.

To find Captain Muggah was my first effort. I stumbled through the ship looking for him. Finally I found him on the lower bridge-deck in shirt and trousers, his hair singed from his scalp, his whiskers and mustache burned off, a pitiable sight. He was suffering great agony. And yet in that supreme moment he did not forget his duty.

"Save the women and children," he said. "Oh, Scott, the poor women and children!" We tried to cut away a lifeboat, the Captain weakly aiding in spite of his hurts, but it had wedged in the chocks and could not be moved. Third-mate Thomas Thompson tried to help us.

I cannot go over in detail all that occurred during the six fearful hours spent on the "Roraima" after the eruption of Pelée. Captain Muggah was swept away, or in agony jumped overboard, I know not which. He disappeared. I could

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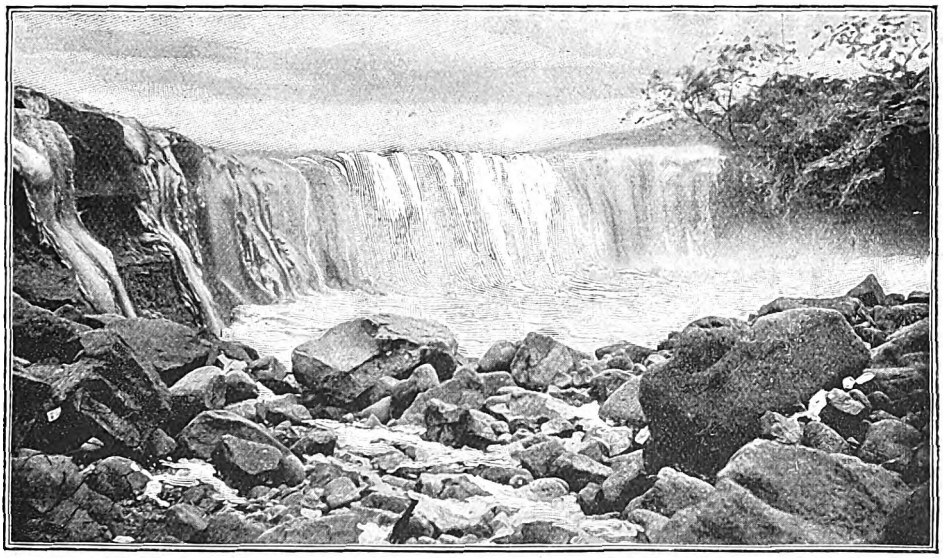
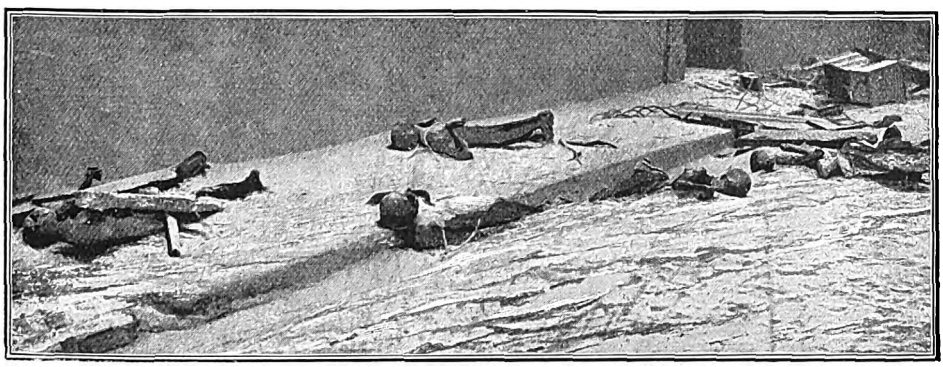


MOLTEN LAVA FORMING A POOL.

find my son nowhere on the ship. It was difficult to get about, for the decks were slippery with the hot mud that plastered them and the ship was ablaze in three places. We fought the fire desperately. Assistant-purser Thompson, Carpenter Benson, Second-engineer Evans and Fourth-engineer Morris helped. The passengers who were still alive were huddled forward. We tried to build a raft. Two laborers from St. Kitts, who were on board, helped in this. It is doubtful if we should have survived if we had committed ourselves to it, for the flames were dancing over the waters, fed by thousands of gallons of rum from the distilleries alongshore. The casks had burst and the blazing fluid floated on the surface. Pelée was still pouring its deluge of lava, rocks and ashes over the city. We could not see St. Pierre. At times we could not see one hundred feet away from the ship. At other times the pall lifted so that we could see the whole city ablaze.

We saw the "Roddam" go plunging by us at the start. We hoped for succor from her. It was vain. The pall of smoke lifted after three o'clock in the afternoon. Then we saw the French cruiser "Suchet" making for the harbor. They sent a boat that took some of the women and children.

Another boat and a launch took the others. I was the last to leave. On board the "Suchet" we received all kindness. We were rapidly taken from the harbor. The "Roraima" was ablaze fore and aft.



STRICKEN DEAD IN THE STREET.

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VIEW ALONG SOUTHERN SHORE. BODIES HIDDEN UNDER DÉBRIS OF FENCES, TREES, TELEGRAPH POLES, BRICKS AND DUST.

The volcano was still belching. It seemed like the end of the world.

The word that Fort de France is threatened has so often been cabled to New York lately, that I have been asked if Pelée could also overwhelm that city. I can answer that only by saying that Fort de France is twelve miles south of Pelée, and between them there are many mountain-peaks, with deep cañons running east and west. These cañons are enormous, and to reach Fort de France the lava from Pelée would have to fill and overflow the cañons. Such an event would mean an eruption of a magnitude that the mind refuses to grasp.

In my opinion, however, the entire island of Martinique is in danger. I believe that the whole island is underlaid with volcanoes and other craters are likely to form and belch forth in any part of it at any time.

I believe it to be impossible to say what caused the eruption. Theories are always advanced at times like this, but the fact remains that the world knows very little of its volcanoes, until after they have erupted. Even then the information we get—acquired at so high a price—is of what they have done, not of the machinery that did it.

It was a new crater, midway between the sea and Mont Pelée, that destroyed St. Pierre, although both the old and the new crater were in action. Around the new crater are hundreds of fissures and vents—miniature volcanoes—all active.

It is difficult to realize that a city like St. Pierre can be swept from the earth so suddenly. Unless one returns to the subject again and again, the mind hardly takes in the full significance of the results of such a disaster. It is hard to picture in the mind's eye a city deserted by every living thing except, perhaps, rats, its streets and houses crushed out of shape, with dead bodies strewn everywhere. Aside from the loss of life, the property loss is enormous. One wonders at the appalling task before the government of the island, and the life and property insurance companies. One thing may be said to the credit of the United States: the government and the people of this country, in the relief movement immediately started for the Martinique sufferers, were the first of all to see their duty and to do it.

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"A TRUST HOUSE! I AM NOT FIT FOR IT."

THE KING'S TRUSTEES.

PRIZE STORY.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain town in a certain land, two women lived in two houses, side by side; their names were Mrs. Love and Mrs. Selflove. The king of the country was the wisest of all kings, and he loved his people dearly. His people never saw him, however, for he had the strange power of walking among them, seeing and hearing all they did, but quite unseen by them. Nothing that happened in that town was unknown to the king. Though the people did not see their king they had many long letters from him, full of loving good advice, and histories of things that had happened in the town. These letters were bound together into books, and given to the people by his stewards. Some took great care of these books because the binding was beautiful, some threw them away, some soon forgot all about them, but others read them often, and carefully, and learned so many things of useful happiness in their pages that you could always tell the readers of the book by the quiet, steadfast happiness of their faces.

Mrs. Love was one of the readers, and she used to tell her children about them

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too, for there were some tales among the letters that children never tired of hearing over and over again.

One morning, when Mrs. Selflove was very busy polishing her tea-pot, for she kept her house like a new pin (and always dusted the king's book every day, though she said she had not time to read it), while polishing her tea-pot one of the king's stewards came to her door, and his shadow, falling on her work, made her look up, and smiling and curtseying, she said, "Oh, pray come in, sir, and take a seat; for, though my house is small, everything is of the best, and never a speck of dirt on anything; pray take a seat, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Selflove," said the steward, "I have not time to stop now, but I have a message for you from the king. The two great Trust Houses are vacant, and you and your husband are to have charge of one. Here,"—unrolling a long scroll of parchment—"is the title-deed. All is to be held in trust by you for the king, and you are to take possession at once."

"Well, I never! A Trust House for us! Now I *shall* be a lady, and folks will see what comes of hard work, and keeping things as they should be. I daresay the king has been in many times, all unbeknown by me, and seen me working early and late; and he knows who can be trusted. There'll be no fear but *my* Trust House will be well taken care of, though I say it as shouldn't."

With a half sad smile the steward turned from her door, saying, "Martha, Martha! careful and troubled over many things, be careful to choose that good part which shall not be taken from you."

"Martha! how—how, did he come to call me Martha, which was my mother's name?" Well, I've got a good thing, now, and good care I'll take that it shan't be taken from me. There that will do for you," putting the tea-pot on the shelf, "I must on with my best things, and up to look at my new house; all furnished grandly as it is, I've been told. Won't the neighbours envy me that's all!" And soon, all dressed in her best, Mrs. Selflove was marching up the town, head in air, and smiling proudly to herself.

The steward meanwhile had gone to Mrs. Love's cottage, next door, but though he knocked three times no one answered. At last he pushed open the door, and looked in. A glance round the room shewed that it was the home of a large family, so many cups upon the dresser; such a large kettle hanging over the fire, and the breakfast things upon the table, plainly shewed that eight or nine people had but lately had a meal. In one corner of the room lay a doll; in another a hoop; and other signs of children were not wanting. The steward stepped inside, and picking up the King's Book, which lay on a side table, sat down and began to turn over the leaves. What a worn old Book it was! Evidently in daily use, and full of little treasures; a flower here, a card there, and many bits or ribbon for markers. The Book seemed to open of itself at one place, and the steward's eyes were attracted to a few words lined under with red ink. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the leaft of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me." But here Mrs. Love came in at the back door, and he shut the Book, and stood up to wish her good-morning, and to tell her that she was to have charge of one of the two Trust Houses. Mrs. Love stood speechless a moment. "Oh, sir!" she said at last, "a Trust House! I am not fit for it; I am only a working woman." "Don't be afraid," said the steward, smiling, "the king knows exactly what you are, and you cannot refuse this trust, you know."

"No, sir," she said, "that is true; and as it is the King's wish, I will do my best, and perhaps, sir, you will help us with advice, for neither my husband or I, know much about the management of a big place."

"I will help you if I can, you may be sure," said the steward, "and now here are your title-deeds, and I wish you good morning." Left to herself, Mrs, Love stood with the roll of parchment in her hand, looking round her cottage, and slowly a tear ran down her cheek; this aroused her. "Well, I must not make a trouble of the King's goodness," she said, carefully laying the roll on the little table beside the King's Book. "When the children, and father come home, what a tale there will be to tell them! To think that to-night we must sleep in the Trust House! Little did we think last night would be our last here! Old Tompkins and his wife shall come and live here, and leave that damp little place they are in.

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they will be stronger here, and I shall leave them all our things—except the Letters. I think I *must* just run up and have a look at our new home," and in her old sun-bonnet, just as she was, off she set on her errand, and being light, and quick of steps, soon overtook Mrs. Selflove, who walked in more majestic style. "Good morning, Mrs. Selflove," said she. "Oh, good morning," replied Mrs. Selflove, in her most dignified voice, "I'm just on my way to take possession of some property we have come into. You won't see much more of us, I can tell you; we are rich now, quite gentle-folk!" "Oh, I'm so glad," said Mrs. Love, "and congratulate you warmly, and I hope you will be very happy, indeed I do, but I must hurry on and get back to see about dinner, so good-bye." and half running in her haste, she was soon out of sight. Mrs. Selflove shaking her head, muttered: "Now, *there's* a person I've little patience with, never half keeps her house tidy; always running out to wash for some sick person, or taking food to another. Look after your *own* home is *my* motto, and as to her children, the way she lets them leave their silly toys about, and the noise of laughing and running in and out that goes on in that house! I wouldn't put up with it. My children aren't spoilt with toys, and when they come in from school, its off with their boots on the mat, and sit in the chairs quiet; no running in and out, messing the clean floor, or tittering toys and things about the place."

Mrs. Love soon arrived at her new home. A large and beautiful house on the brow of a hill, looking due west towards the king's palace, which lay far away in that direction, and sometimes when the sun was setting, people thought you could see a gleam from the golden walls of the palace, but it was far, far away, with many a long mile of wood, and lake, and hill, between, so nobody could be sure—except the children, they were *quite* sure sometimes, for children have long sight you know, and often see what grown-up people cannot. Looking into the street on one side of the house was a large dining-room; on the sideboard were many, many cups and saucers, and plates, and the long table was covered with a snowy-white cloth. Evidently, from the scents in the air cakes were baking in the kitchen; but Mrs. Love saw no servants as she wandered through the house. One beautiful room was meant for her without a doubt, for her name was written over the door, and in the wardrobe were beautiful clothes, all just her size. So choosing out some of the plainest, and dressing herself in them she went down to see the kitchen and the servants, and bidding the maids make the beds, and have tea ready at four o'clock, off she set home again, calling on her way to tell Mrs. Tompkins of her good fortune, and to offer the poor old people her comfortable cottage. Not much time was spent on cooking, or heating dinner that day; all were too excited, and anxious to see the new grand house, and very soon, the sound of children's feet and voices filled the Trust House with music, as every nook and corner was explored. Four o'clock brought tea-time, and a hungry, laughing party flocked into the dining-room where tea was laid. Such a tea-table! Long enough to seat fifty children instead of eight, and places set for fully that number, and cakes enough and to spare, and tea and milk and everything in plenty! What a funny mistake the servants had made; but the king they said had bid them set the table so. A shout from the street, in shrill treble voices drew the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Love from the table. All along the windows were rows of children's faces, pinched, pale, hungry faces, gazing with such great eyes on that tea-table. Husband and wife looked at each other; *Now* they understood the king's order to the servants, and opening the nearest window Mrs. Love called all the children in, such a crowd! Some so weak and feeble, all so hungry. What a surprise this invitation was to them. How quiet they were at first, but soon they began to grow merry. Cakes and bread and butter disappeared, only to be replaced by more by the watchful servants. With pockets full, and glad faces, the poor children trooped away at last, happy in knowing they were to come again. Soon it was bed-time for the Love children, and Mr. and Mrs. Love began carefully to look over their Trust. They found quantities of warm clothes, far more than their own children needed. "I think," said Mr. Love "the king's wishes are clear. We have here more of everything than we need and it is meant for us to give to those who have too little. Servants will do your house-work, dear wife, so that you will

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have time to visit poor families, and help them to make their homes happier. "And the children can help to do that as well," shouted the two oldest Love children, who had crept unnoticed into the room, and had heard the last part of their father's remark, "Toys and things, and parties *we* can give the children."

And so lived the Love family in their Trust House. Teaching love, and learning love, and all as happy and busy as the day was long, till one by one the king sent for them to come to his palace, and once more the Trust House was empty.

But what of Mrs. Selflove all this time? Oh, she had a hard time of it! She dressed very grandly, and gave grand dinner parties to lords and ladies who lived near; they came and ate at her feasts and danced at her balls, but laughed at her behind her back, as a vulgar old thing. She would have nothing to do with the friends of her humbler days, and so she ended in having no friends at all. When she had her first feast, poor hungry children came peeping in at the dining room windows, but instead of giving them food her husband took a stick, and beat them all away, and the street was filled with sounds of crying, which quite spoilt the music of the band that had been hired to play. Next day he had the lower panes made so that no one could see through, and one of the men servants was bidden to stand in the street at meal times and prevent idle people standing about near the house. The piles of clothes—too many for the Selflove children to use—were eaten by moths, despite all the mother's care of them, the food they could not eat went bad and was wasted. Neither she, nor her husband, nor the children were well. They had too much rich food, and no work to do. Day by day they all grew more selfish

"WHO WALKED IN MORE MAJESTIC STYLE."

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and discontented, and life seemed full of worry and trouble.

One day came a message from the king bidding one of the children come to him, but the boy was afraid; he knew nothing of the king's goodness, for the book of letters had been left in the old cottage, and the children knew none of the beautiful stories. "There had not been time," Mrs. Selflove said, "to be telling tales to children." In their trouble about the boy going, they sent for the steward, but he could not keep the boy back as the king wanted him. The day of parting, when it came, was a sad one, and many tears were shed, but the boy said he was not now afraid, and he begged them to read the king's letters every day, and to try to do what he bid them. So the book of letters was read and re-read, though often Mrs. Se flove's eyes were too full of tears to see the words aright. Gradually—at first in memory of the boy who had been called to the king—kind deeds began to be done in that Trust House too. Food no longer was allowed to go bad; clothes did not lie unused upon shelves, to be eaten by moths, for Mrs. Selflove thinking of her boy, clothed and fed other people's children, and found that this was the happiest work she had ever done. One day the steward came, and found her telling the tales in the king's letters to a crowd of little children who had just been having tea round her long table, and when the stories were finished, and the children ran home, the steward said good-bye too, but at the door he turned and said, "Now that you have chosen the good part, do you not know why once I called you Martha?"

G.M.B.

A SIMILITUDE.

A blooming rose was plucked to-day,
Designed a lady's hair to dress,
Which yesterday another did;
But now, all crushed, is thrown aside,
A fate which waits this one, alas!

Ah, me! it's life was all too brief:
Alive to-day, to-morrow dead;
A beauteous thing of yesterday;
Like a gem in a spray it lay,
Though withered now, is fragrant yet.

And so a flower is type of man:
His life, like it, is but a day,
Who yesterday in healthful bloom,
And now to-day within the tomb,
May leave a fragrant memory. —J.C.

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VERESTCHAGIN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Isabel McDougall.

A MAN who makes a specialty of painting military pictures must needs follow the far-flung battle-line from one extremity of this quarrelsome globe to another. Thus Vasili Verestchagin was in his youth with the expedition which broke into wondrous Samarcand, the ancient treasure-city of Tamerlane; in his manhood he was wounded on a Russian torpedo-boat; a year ago he found himself with the American army near Manila. He has always been a student of "the game of kings," and, being prevented from watching it in South Africa, he turned to those distant islands of the sea.

"I'M HIT, SIR."

"What is going on there probably appears to you a small war, after the great campaigns you have seen."

"You may call it a small war if you like, but it is none the less a fierce one. War is war everywhere. It is to-day what it was yesterday—what it will be to-morrow. Always the same," says this Tolstoyan denouncer of bloodshed.

Yet he has painted no sensational scenes in the Philippines, which may disappoint some morbid expectations. In a way America has fared better at his hands than other nations.

It is said that the French did not enjoy his portrayal of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, along a drifted highway strewn with dead and dying men. Neither did our transatlantic cousins find his representation of Sepoys blown from British cannon palatable—that long line of white-robed natives bound to the muzzles of the great guns under the sunny Indian sky, and the squads of disciplined gunners calmly awaiting the order to shatter each helpless human frame into bleeding fragments. It has been more than whispered that Russia frowned upon his picture of a wholesale hanging of Nihilists—two corpses already dangling; many more high gallows-trees awaiting their ghastly fruit; a strong military force drawn up in hollow square about them under gray wintry heavens from which "feathered rain falls softly down."

And when to these last two he added a realistic picture of the Crucifixion and grouped the three scenes of execution together, with the implication that they were equally abhorrent, then indeed there was deep displeasure in both church and state.

The worst that he has shown in the Philippines has been the inevitable suffering, bloodshed and endurance. His only painful pictures are the set which he entitles "The Interrupted Letter: A Poem in

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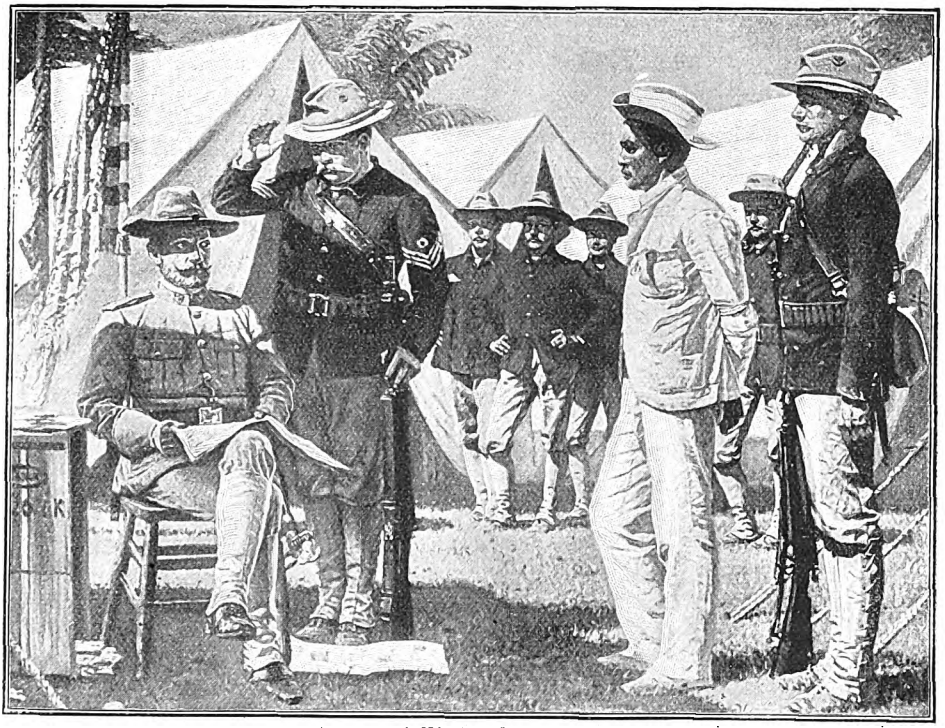

A NATIVE SPY.

Paint." This begins with a cavalryman saluting as, with blood pouring down his face, he answers his officer. "You're hit, Sergeant?" "Yes, sir." Next comes "In the Hospital," where he is borne in on a stretcher. Then in "Dear Mother" he lies bandaged on his narrow iron cot, dictating a letter to a nurse who sits beside him in her neat cap and cleanly uniform. There follows "The Letter Is Interrupted," where the wounded man has fallen back on his pillow and the nurse is anxiously feeling his pulse. In "The Letter Lies Unfinished" you see the paper forgotten on the floor at the foot of the bed where the writer lies stark, and you know that it never will be finished.

These distressing pictures are certainly not objects of sensuous beauty, if that is what works of art should be. There are merely the white iron bed, the bare, whitewashed wall, with the mosquito-netting drawn back against it, for setting to the livid sufferer and the calm, serious young woman in her light cotton gown. A professional nurse who saw it in Chicago, however, could not praise it enough for its faithful depiction of a hospital scene.

Why indeed should it not be faithful? It not only was painted from actual fact in a Manila hospital, but had been, so to speak, actually experienced by the painter. When he saw the American soldier endeavoring to send a dying message home, like a flash his mind went back to his own unforgettable feelings as years before he lay in hospital on the banks of the Danube with what was believed to be a mortal wound and in his turn painfully dictated his last wishes to his attendant.

Two of his Philippine pictures point to a drumhead court-martial. One shows the interior of a small dark hut where cavalry officers of the vanguard are interrogating a deserter to discover whether he is a spy. There is an air of caution and secrecy about it. A single candle on a rough deal table faintly illumines four intent bronzed faces and throws exaggerated shadows on the wall behind. The other scene is out of doors, with palms, white tents and groups of soldiers for the background. Here a spy clad in light uniform, with arms bound, is brought before

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FAR FROM HOME.

the officer in command, who sits in front of his tent.

Other works are simple, straightforward battle-pictures. One represents General MacArthur and his staff watching the progress of the battle of Caloocan from the top of the queer, blocklike tombs near the church of La Loma.

From this entrenched cemetery, occupied by Colonel Frost and his regiment, the entire fight was plainly visible, and it was probably the most picturesque during the whole insurrection. Strong entrenchments had been constructed over the railroad bed just north of Caloocan, where some artillery was used by the insurgents. The Third United States Artillery, commanded by Major (now General) Kobbe, was seen to move as if in extended order drill, never losing the regularity of its formation or the control of its fire. An eye-witness mentions seeing the meeting of General Kobbe and General (then Major) Bell, who chatted for several minutes under heavy fire, when one of them drew out a cigar, lighted it and smoked with perfect composure.

Another battle witnessed and painted by Verestchagin was that of Santa Ana near Manila, in which General Charles King, well known for his novels of army life, was in immediate command of the line in front of Santa Ana. The fight began at daybreak and was stubbornly contested for several hours. In one trench, about fifty yards long, thirty-five dead Filipinos were found. While their entire casualties were never accurately known, from the number that were buried next day it appeared that approximately three hundred were killed and twice as many wounded. Of the Americans, fourteen were killed and about sixty wounded. Whatever may be the Filipino's capabilities for civilization and self-government, there seems no doubt of his courage and fighting power.

The picture of Zapote Bridge shows the mountain artillery, which was worked at the very close range of thirty-five or forty yards, the men at the guns kneeling or lying down. "The thin blue mist off there," Verestchagin explains, "is from what is called smokeless powder. Yes, it is perceptible when much firing is going on, although, of course, not to the same degree as the thick white smoke from the old-fashioned ammunition."

"War," said Sherman, "is hell." And Verestchagin reaffirms the terse utterance with all the power of his brush. While in Chicago, he occupied the pulpit of All Souls' Church and preached a sermon on peace. He is a dramatic speaker, though slightly hampered by his foreign accent, but as the pastor afterward said to him, "Your paintings are your most eloquent plea for peace." These are almost the words of the German Emperor, who said to him in Berlin, "Your pictures are the best preventive of war."

He has had many such tributes. The Emperor Alexander of Russia declared of his painting of the battle of Plevna: "It is all so. That is the way it really looked." General Skobeleff, the dashing cavalry leader, on seeing the picture of his troops after the victory at Scheinovo, embraced

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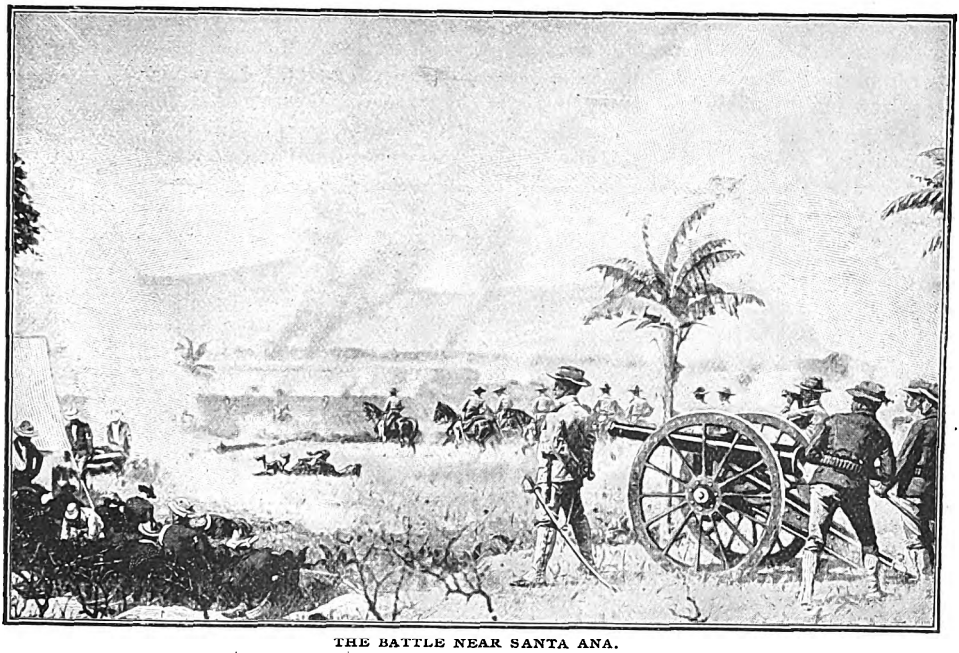
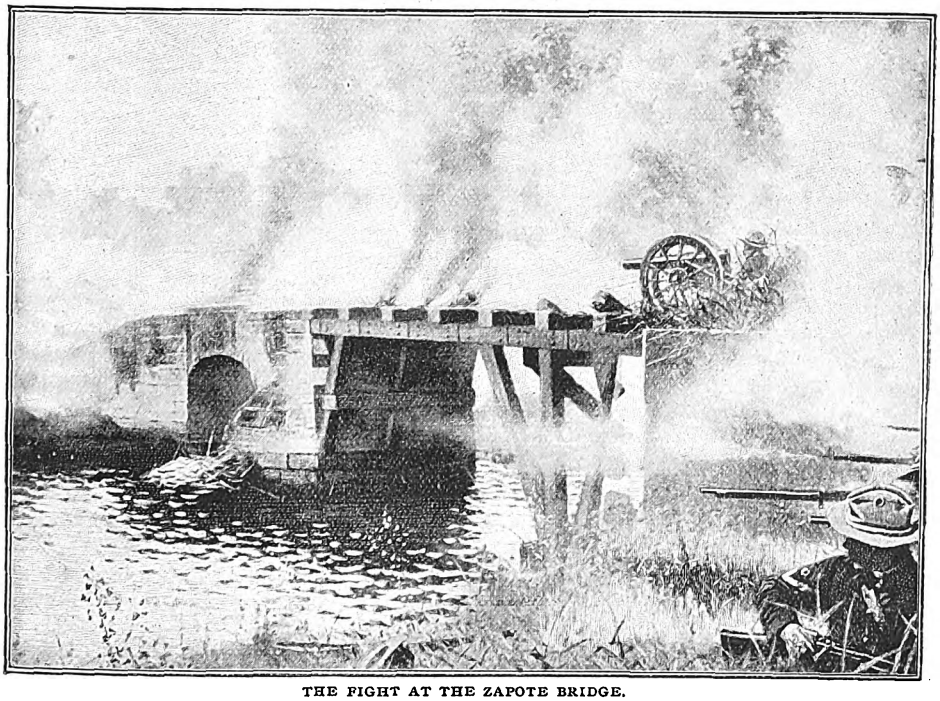


THE BATTLE NEAR SANTA ANA.

the artist in his headlong enthusiasm. When the veracity of Verestchagin's showing of the terrible Balkan roads, strewn with mutilated and frozen men, was questioned, Frank D. Millet, American artist and war-correspondent, came forward and testified that he too had beheld that grisly scene. When his representation of a priest blessing the slain on the battle-field was doubted, witnesses endorsed its truth.



THE FIGHT AT THE ZAPOTE BRIDGE.

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A Perilous Predicament.

By TRAVACE REAY.

THE appearance of the house did not justify my gloomy expectations. It formed a sweet oasis in the industrial desert, for in its grounds was nothing of that desolate decay which marked the surrounding country. They had told me in Sherwell village, that the mansion sheltered the one man who was personally responsible for the black stagnation of the mining industry on Sherwell Moor. Sherwell Hall stood in the midst of Sherwell Moor, and Sherwell Moor was in the midst of the great Northern coalfield.

Yet, Sherwell Moor, though not marked thus on the Ordnance map, formed a distinct change in the geographical features of the district—a ring of desolated solitude within a circle of bustling residents.

The village was nigh deserted, while rows of humble cottages such as miners inhabit, were crumbling away in reproachful disuse; the solitary inn, last survivor of its kind, presented in the unsullied sanding of its stone floors, a silent testimony, if such were needed, of departed custom.

The heapsteads on the Moor, were standing gaunt and weather-worn; the buildings roofless, the waggon-ways grass-grown while, dotted here and there on the country-side, were pieces of machinery rusting away in useless silence.

The banks of slag, and mining refuse, which in thriving localities mark the landscape in huge black and grey patches, as though the earth were suffering from vast scrofulous sores, were here by Dame Nature, being healed with a steady, creeping growth of green verdure.

But not so the house, as I have already said—the lawn well-kept; the borders trimmed; the shrubberies pruned; and the flower-beds gay with the varied colours of bright, and soft-hued bloom. The buildings were in the best of repair, the park orderly, and the boundary walls unbroken.

Still, the man who owned that house and grounds was also owner of the adjacent land, together with the mineral royalties, that rumour said were of incalculable value, which yet, through some unmeaning perversity of disposition he had willed should lie unhandled. I had hoped, during my brief pilgrimage to have had a chance glimpse of this eccentric mortal, who, rather than compromise with his employés in a wage dispute, had been contented to see his men depart in sullen independence.

"I bid you good-day, sir, do you seek for anyone?"

I started in surprise, for the speaker, a grizzle-visaged old gentleman, whose grey eyes shone strangely, and whose shoulders stooped, stood suddenly before me.

With some confusion, I evasively replied: "No, sir, thank you; I was merely admiring your garden from this vantage of the public road."

"Oh! aye; howay inside an' aa'l show ye roond." (The peculiarly-mannered old gentleman had at once adopted that extraordinary mode of conversation which he used throughout our short acquaintance. That mode being the alternating speech of educated English, and the euphonious dialect of the local miners.)

Responding to the invitation, I passed through the entrance gates. My host proved courteous and obliging, extending to me a cordial welcome characteristic of the North Country.

"You evidently take great pride in your grounds, sir," I ventured, as a beginning.

"Yes, young man," he replied, "my garden is my world. What is the strife and turmoil of the great outer

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world to me? Nothing, nothing. Had owld Adam been a botanist, he would never have fallen. No, sir; because he would have known what he stood to lose." And as he moved on I followed him to the rear of the hall where stood long lines of conservatories. Up to that moment, in the tour through the gardens, I had met no other living being than the owner. However, just as we rounded the gable-end of the dwelling, I heard the soft pit-patting of light feet crossing the courtyard. Looking in the direction from whence the sounds came, I was surprised to see the slight figure of a girl passing toward the house. She was quite young, had a sprightly carriage, and profile showing looks of uncommon prettiness. She turned when she heard footsteps, and half paused in her walk to look at us. A look of wonderment crossed her face as her eyes met mine. Of course I took it for one of rural curiosity, but in all due deference, I must own to a certain pride in my powers of attraction and bowed gracefully. Immediately to my further surprise, she turned on her heels and walked quickly indoors, without any acknowledgment of my gallantry, and as she disappeared I was enabled to note the heightened colour in her cheek, and at once became aware of my rudeness. To add to my chagrin, my conductor observed my behaviour. He was looking suspiciously at me with his keen grey eyes.

"Do you know my niece, young man?" he asked.

This was crushing. I sought refuge in dissimulation. "Oh! ah! I—er, that is to say, I rather thought the face to be familiar, but—" He broke in upon my excuses. "I've been expecting you. I knew you would come, sooner or later." He spoke strangely as he strode off to his hot-houses. I followed contritely silent.

He had many botanical curios to show me under those glass-roofs, and dwelt with loving minuteness upon the merits of their peculiar structures. I listened throughout with respectful attention, but I profited little by his discourse. My thoughts were dissipated by the memory of that feminine vision. He had been dilating upon the component parts of a special soil that he had used with remarkable success in his plant culture. At the conclusion, he said gleefully, "Now come with me to my laboratory, where I dissect and analyse all that grows in my grounds. Ay, that's another grand study, is chemistry."

He then led me into one of the outbuildings, which had evidently been formerly used as the home of a manservant, though now, the first room was fitted with benches and shelves, whereon were row after row of bottles and jars, ranged regularly like battalions ready for battle. We passed quickly through into another apartment, his experimenting chamber. This, was a much smaller room, the solitary window being built up, was in total darkness. A strange odour pervaded the place, as though noxious drugs were being evaporated. He had lighted a miner's safety-lamp. "The best kind to use when you are dealing with gases," he said. "Yes, young man, that is another of my enquiries. I am examining the causes and effect of fire-damp. There is a huge quantity stored up in those cylinders there." So he rambled on from one subject to another. At last he turned to me, saying, "Bide here a minute, there's something I want to fetch that will serve to illustrate what I have just been recounting."

He left me, and as he went I heard a sharp, clicking sound as though in passing he had touched one of the great steel cylinders. On the threshold he turned his face toward me again. Heavens! what a terrible shock I received. The look of benevolent kindliness had gone from his countenance, and was replaced by one of demoniacal ferocity. The real reason for the devastation of Sherwell flashed upon me in an instant—it's owner was a madman! Those lustrous grey eyes now glared banefully. "Ye canna deceive me, ye hypocrite," he hissed. "Ye've come to steal ma jewel, and must suffer for your folly."

Before I could reach the door, he had slammed and bolted it on the outside. I sprang forward, and beat frantically upon the panels. The chill, cold dread of untimely death froze up my blood. A weird, mocking laugh came from the outer room, followed by a death-like stillness. Immediately afterward, something stung my nostrils, and began catching at my throat, like red-hot talons making sure hold before giving a choking grip. To add to my misery the lamp began flickering, then suddenly died out. In the darkness, the terrible truth became apparent.

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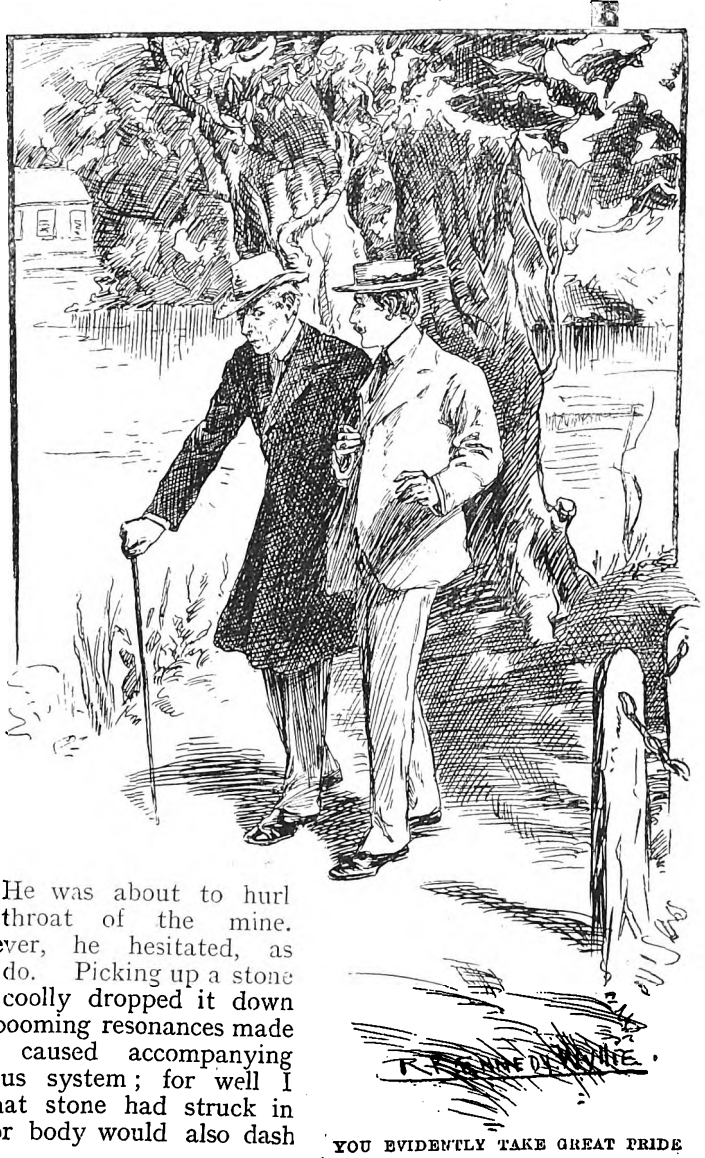
The homicidal maniac intended suffocating me with his fire-damp.

CHAPTER II.

The first objects which met my sight when my eyes opened, were the star-studded heavens; so, from morning I must have lain unconscious. The time then, could not have been a minute earlier than midnight. A cramped, unnatural feeling possessed my limbs; I found myself bound hand and foot. I tried to shout and found my mouth was gagged. Suddenly from behind came the sound of soft shuffling footsteps, accompanied by the sibilant respirations of a human being labouring under excitement. I felt myself lifted up, and immediately the metallic rumble of a wheel followed—I was being carried away upon a barrow! Weak from the effects of the gas, my submission was passive. From the grounds we passed out on to the moor. We must have travelled fully a mile before the barrow was set down. Stretching my head, I discerned our whereabouts, and my horror was increased by the knowledge, for we were among the buildings and machinery of one of the many pit shafts that abounded on Sherwell Moor. The madman unceremoniously hauled me out of the barrow, and began dragging me under the skeleton-like framing of the heapstead. I realised his intentions. He was about to hurl me down the gaping throat of the mine. Upon the brink, however, he hesitated, as though uncertain what to do. Picking up a stone from the ground, he coolly dropped it down the black chasm. The booming resonances made by the falling missile caused accompanying vibrations in my nervous system; for well I knew, that every spot that stone had struck in its swift descent, my poor body would also dash against in turn, and of how many of these terrible collisions I should be conscious of, before the breath was hurled from my body, I did not dare to think. Again he seized me, this time to drag me up the ladder to a platform above, where hanging over the mouth of the yawning tunnel, was the cage left just as it was when the last human beings ascended from the mine. Certainly, I had not submitted to this handling without some show of resistance. My struggles however, were devoid of any further result than to hamper his movements, and



YOU EVIDENTLY TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN YOUR GROUNDS, SIR.

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to require him to exert to the utmost that superhuman strength given to the insane. He had my form drawn right to the edge of the platform. Never shall I know what caused the sudden change of impulse in his crazed soul. Nevertheless, it was the cage into which he put me instead of slipping me over the brink; he trailed me inside the vehicle, and left me lying helpless in the muddy draggle into which the morning's rain had transformed the thick layer of dirt and coal-dust on the cage floor. There, my would-be assassin left me for the last time. I heard him descend, one by one, the steps of the ladder from the platform to the ground. Then silence reigned for several minutes, being broken at last by the rap-rapping of a hammer upon a metal substance. Suddenly, with horrid screechings, and weird groanings, as it wore off the corrosions accumulated during its enforced hibernation, the machinery began to move. At first, slowly, then with gathering speed the cage plunged down the shaft. Then, with awe-inspiring suddenness came the thought, was the mine flooded? It must be; all disused workings were filled by the natural percolation of the rainfall. I was to be drowned like a rat in a trap. At last came the plunge; with a velocity which caused my form to rebound upwards the cage descended upon its watery bed. To my brief joy the flood was not high enough to inundate the compartment wherein I lay; brief joy, I say, because the duration was simply momentary, for in the reaction from the strain my senses fled.

CHAPTER III.

Again I recovered; cool water was being applied to my temples, my head was lifted, and a silvery voice was bidding me drink. I thought that my first experience of Paradise was come. Timidly, I raised my eyes to the face which bowed near mine. It was heavenly, no angel could have seemed more radiantly beautiful than that countenance,—the features of the girl I had seen at Sherwell Hall. Impulsively, I threw my arms around her neck, and kissed her passionately on the lips, and not until the act was done, was I aware that my limbs had been freed. I felt no shame, no, for I was mad. "Where am I? Have they saved me? Who are you?" I asked wildly (so she told me afterwards). Soothingly she answered: "You are in the workings of the Sovereign Seam mine. You are not saved yet; nor can you be unless you remain calm. I am the niece of the man who is responsible for your presence here." She then bade me swallow more of the brandy, and to eat a few of the biscuits she had brought. When I had done her bidding she bid me follow her. As though born to the art, with never a falter, she picked her way through the maze of workings. Once, I remember she halted, and tapping the lustrous wall of coal, said: "Note this; there is fortune here. This is only one point in a coal seam unrivalled for excellence throughout the county. Had the derangement not taken place in my poor uncle's reason, they would have been mining this treasure to-day." We walked on again. At another spot she stopped to say cheeringly: "See, there is the drift mouth in front."

My heart leaped with joy for in the distance I espied a circular patch of light. Shortly we passed out into the crisp air of dawn. When I had recovered my self-control, she explained my adventure as follows: "My uncle has become passionately fond of me, and it is constantly preying upon his mind that I have a lover, who, some day will come to take me from his keeping Nothing I can do, or say, disarms this suspicion. This will explain my rudeness at the house." Without heeding the remark she continued: "Lately his expressions of enmity against this phantom lover of mine, have assumed a most vindictive turn. Though I had never witnessed your departure, I was relieved to think that you had proceeded unharmed upon your journey. Some occult power it must have been that drew me from my bed, at dead of night, to the window, where I was just in time to witness my uncle wheeling a burden out of the garden gate. In a terrible state of trepidation, I followed as hastily as possible, and found from his remarks (he was talking to himself aloud) that you were still alive. However, I was not non-plussed, for, during my stay here, he has often amused himself by teaching me mining engineering, and was consequently familiar with the Sovereign Seam workings. Perhaps he had forgotten the drift, but I remembered, and—" We had been walking during this conversation

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and had reached the cross-paths. As we shook hands, she asked plaintively: "For my sake! oh! please never return."

I felt as I gazed at her pleading face, that never had I seen features so bewitchingly beautiful, so brave—in spite of myself

"HE WAS NOT DEAD; BUT DEATH WAS NEAR."

I was impelled to say, "What leave you here with that madman, excuse me saying the truth; but I cannot, no; I must not I—" She interrupted my protest by suddenly clutching my arm. "What! what is that?"

I followed the direction of her trembling finger. A cold shiver passed down my back, when I saw what had arrested her attention. There along the path, between the heapstead and the Hall, stood the barrow in which I had been trundled the night before, and beside it, half crouching, half lying, was the body of a man. We ran to the spot together. It was her uncle. He was not dead; but death was near. The excitement had proved too much for that poor crazy brain,

Little now remains to be told. Twelve months after her uncle's death, which occurred the next day, we were married, and soon after the collieries were re-started, my wife having asked me to assume the management of them. We are now wealthy, but much of her wealth my wife spends in improving her workpeople's lot.

[THE END.

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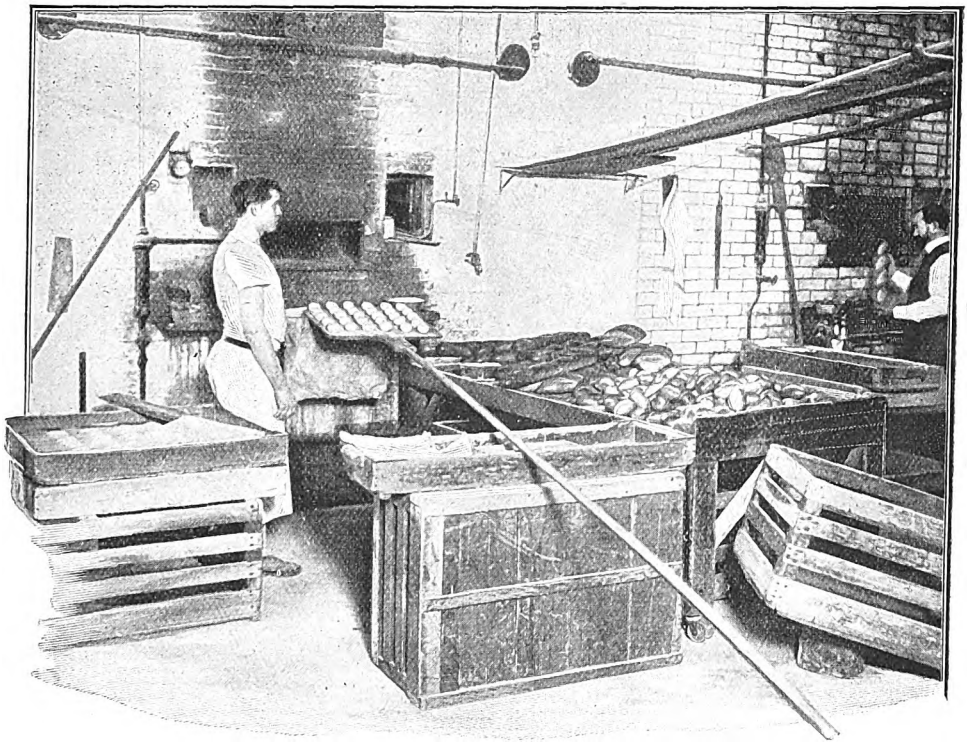
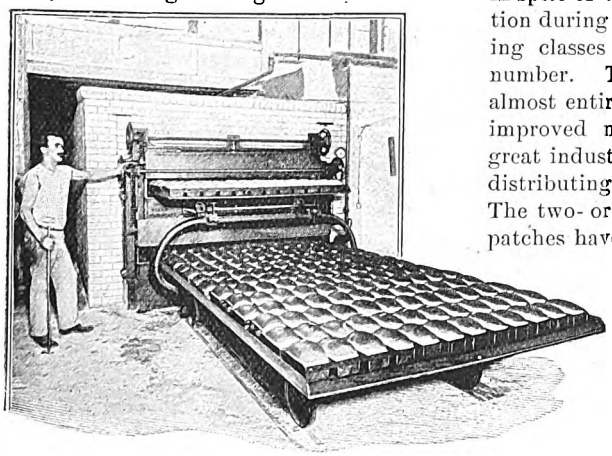


BAKING BUNS AND SMALL LOAVES.

view of abstract ethics; but show them that they are being forced to pay too great a proportion of their earnings for bread or that an influx of cheap labor will make food scarce and reduce their ability to buy, and the problem is brought home to them at once. This practical element ultimately becomes the deciding factor, for it affects every one to a great degree.



WHEELING OUT TWO HUNDRED LOAVES.

Of all the food-products, the most universal has always been some form of bread, and one of the most interesting phases of the industrial growth of the United States is its assumption of the leadership of the world as a bread-producing country.

This has not been effected through great increase in the agricultural classes. Indeed, in spite of the enormous growth in population during the past twenty years, the farming classes have not materially gained in number. The result has been accomplished almost entirely through the introduction of improved methods in every step in the great industry, from planting the grain to distributing the loaves to the consumer. The two- or three-acre hand-plowed wheat-patches have given place to immense tracts, many of which harvest as much as one hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat in a season. I have in mind a wheat-farm in Oklahoma among whose tracts is one almost three miles square, solidly planted in wheat and

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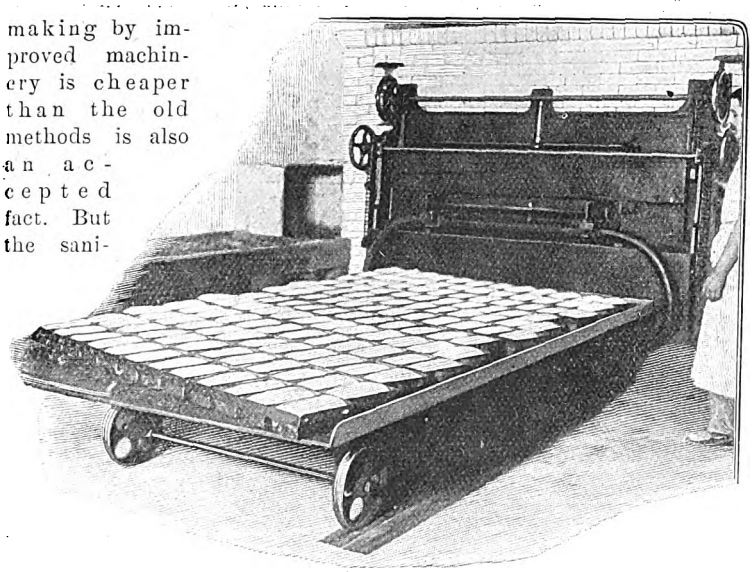

READY FOR THE OVEN.

making by improved machinery is cheaper than the old methods is also an accepted fact. But the sanitary side of the question, though usually less considered, is nevertheless an important one. Even where bread is made in a clean kitchen by hand, a certain amount of dust and foreign matter is sure to get thoroughly mixed with the dough, while the labor of kneading the bread induces perspiration, which also becomes a part of the finished product. But in the basement bakery of the large cities, which is now happily giving place rapidly to model establishments run by machinery, the danger of disease from unsanitary surroundings and contagion from the underpaid workmen from the slums becomes an important factor.

These sanitary considerations are being made more and more subjects of serious thought, though such reforms, curiously enough, extend as a rule to only one class of industry at a time. Lately there has been a reaction against the sweatshop system of making clothing, largely through the well-conceived efforts of the labor unions to give publicity to its evil effects. As in all such cases, the immediate result has been to improve the condition of the laborers themselves by employing them in better-ventilated rooms at fairer wages and under closer scrutiny of the public officials, but the lessened danger from disease which might be contracted by the purchaser of the garments in question is also an important matter.

In the baking business improved machinery seems to have done much toward accomplishing a result along the same lines.

In the little cellar bakeries which one still finds under dingy shops or crowded lodging-houses, the worker's hours are dependent mainly on the will of his employer, and where sales are large, labor drags on well into the night.

THE STOREROOM.

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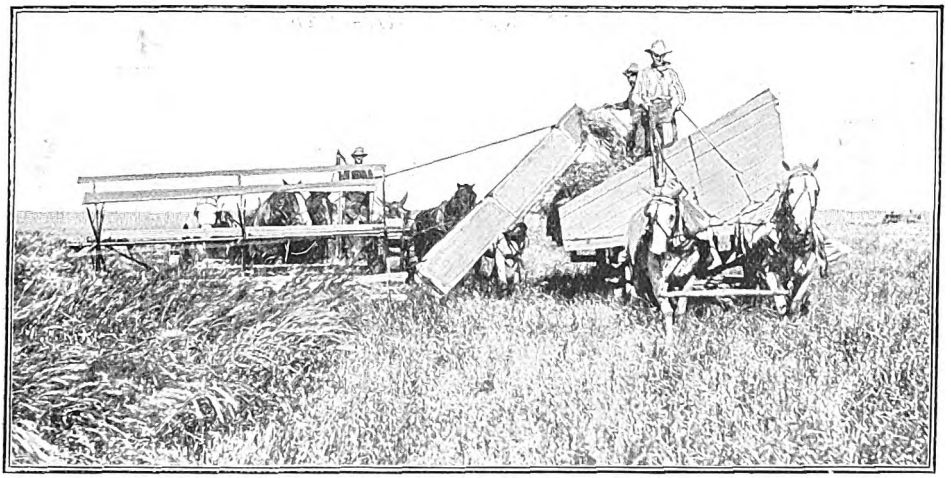
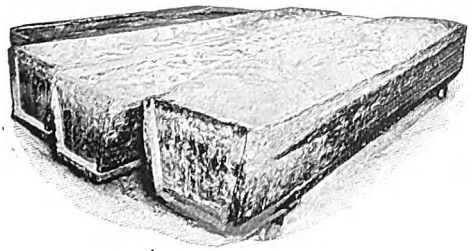


PART OF A PROCESSION OF REAPERS.

flour is passed on by a system of automatic conveyers to bins on an upper floor. Under the bins, dough-mixing machines—great iron vessels containing a double spiral dasher, or mixer—are situated. Into each one of these mixers are put sixty gallons of water and milk already mixed, eight hundred and forty pounds of flour, fifteen pounds of salt and the necessary amount of yeast. The power drives the paddles, and these machines accomplish their task not only more thoroughly than human hands but much more rapidly. Two men working incessantly for almost an hour would find it difficult to equal the work done by one of the machines in twenty minutes. When the dough is thoroughly mixed, the power is shut off and the mixing-trough turned over. Its contents are cut from the mixers and collected in long troughs on wheels. The "sponge," as the dough in this condition is technically called, is then rolled to a room of the temperature of about eighty to ninety degrees, where it is allowed to ferment, or "raise," for two hours and a half. After fermenting, the dough is dropped through chutes into a molding- and oven-room, where it is made into loaves of about forty different shapes and sizes. Oddly enough, no adequate machines have ever been invented to take the place of the hands for the purpose of shaping the loaves accurately, and there is room for a practical labor-saving invention of this kind.



WHILE THE YEAST IS FERMENTING.

The rye-bread dough passes down by one way, the wheat-bread dough by another. The rye-bread dough is carried to a table in the mixing-room, cut into pieces of a certain weight, dropped into a machine called a "break," and then passed down into the molding- and baking-room by way of a chute to be molded and baked. The "break" consists merely of a pair of rollers placed side by side, and serves the purpose of squeezing the air out of the dough.

The wheat-bread dough, on the other hand, is subjected to no squeezing, but is conveyed directly by a chute to a table, to be cut up and distributed among the men who are to work it into its proper shape. After having been molded into loaves, the dough is allowed to rise in a steam-box for one-half of an hour.

Once shaped and weighed, the loaves are wheeled on iron trays into the many ovens which are built in a long row into the wall of the baking-room. During the process of baking, which lasts from one-half to three-quarters of an hour according to the size of the loaf, the loaves are carefully watched. The interiors of the ovens are so lighted by gas as to make

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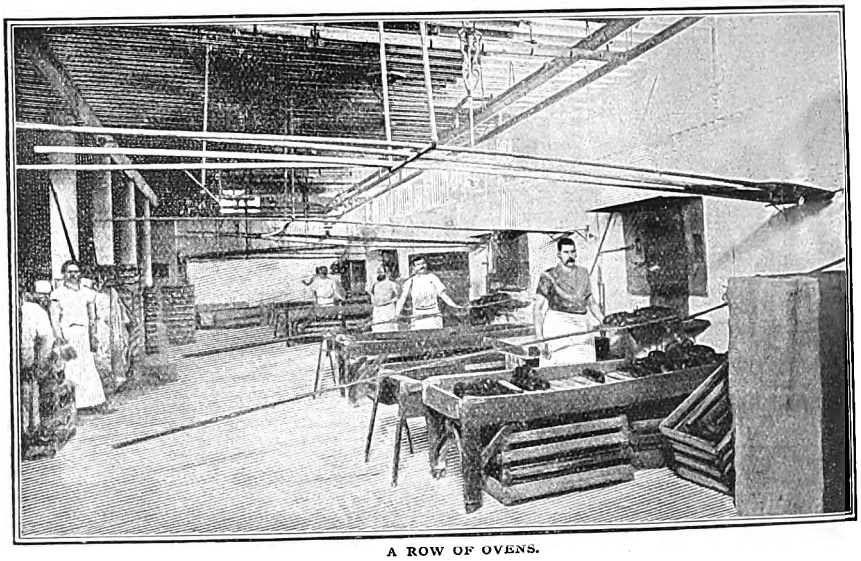
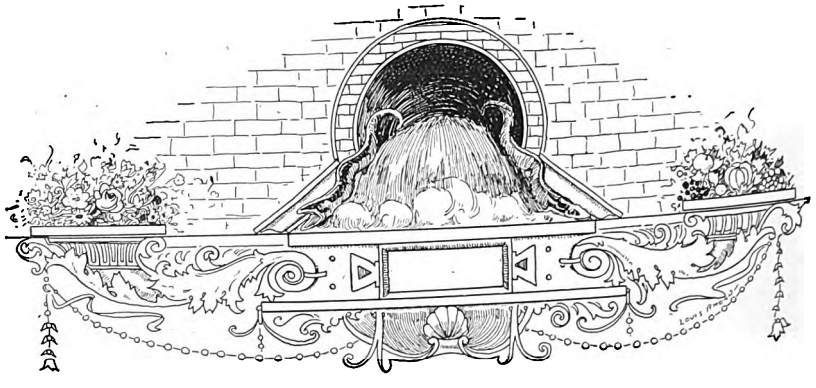


A ROW OF OVENS.

close observation at all times possible. Where special kinds of bread, or small buns or loaves, are to be made, a long-handled shovel takes the place of the iron tray and the time of baking is much shorter.

After being baked, the loaves are collected from the various ovens, separated according to size and shape, and sent to the shipping-room, from which they are to be distributed to the retail stores, whose orders are sometimes filled at several different times each day in order to keep the supply always fresh. At many a country store bread which has been kept from four days to a week is still considered "fresh bread" and sold as such, but it is the custom of most of the large bakeries of the cities to sell at a reduced rate as "stale bread" whatever loaves are left over at the close of each day's sales. Long rows of children, some only five or six years old, wait at the side-doors of the shops to avail themselves of the cheaper prices. In these cases the bakeries aim only to recover the actual cost of the loaf, but a recent development of many bakeries goes a step farther. A free list is no unusual thing with a circulating library, but one is a little surprised to find that some public hospitals in New York and other cities are supplied by bakeries, to the extent of a thousand loaves a day, without charge.

Many of the largest modern bakeries average about forty-three thousand loaves of bread and fifteen thousand rolls a day, while some few exceed this, and new machinery is constantly adding to their capacity.



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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. Before the burial of the woman a stranger appears in the neighbourhood, and out of curiosity asks to see the coffin, and pays the undertaker handsomely to let it be a good one. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called 'Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel." The child grows up, and as soon as he is any age worth speaking of the farmer ruthlessly sets the child at work. He is treated in a heartrending way for a long time by the farmer, and idolised by his wife. Immanuel betrays a great desire to find out who is his father, and with child-like simplicity absorbs the idea that God is his Father, and wanders off to find Him. In his rambles he meets a little girl named Hilda, who takes him home to her granny, but during a pause in their conversation he runs away again. Arriving at the homestead of "Ol' Mose" Armitage, 'Manuel thinks he has at last found his "Father," and is taken in and cared for by "Ol' Mose," a man who has lived alone for many years. During the stay of 'Manuel, Old Moses fancies he discovers a trace that leads him to believe that 'Manuel is heir to considerable wealth, and he is bringing him back, bent on an errand of investigation, when the last chapter closes.

CHAPTER XI.—(*continued.*)

IT had rained in the valley for more than a week. The heavy mid-summer vegetation drooped earthward, rank and dark. Grain mildewed in the sodden fields; in closets and cellars livid fungus started out on the dark walls; sharp, penetrating odours of damp and mould crept from closed parlours and "spare" bedrooms. Under the dense masses of drifting vapours people sickened here and there.

"It is an unusually unhealthy season," declared Mr. Eliphalet Dundor, and he became proportionately cheerful, while the discouraged farmers grumbled, and their overworked wives took to their beds with neuralgia, lumbago, and what not, according to their varied constitutions and predilections. The village doctor, wiser than he knew, went about administering his favourite nostrums impartially.

Mr. Dundor and Dr. Wirt, labouring thus amicably in their several callings for the

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weal of the community, paused in the muddy road one wet morning for a social interchange of news. Dr. Wirt opined sagely that if the weather did not clear, he would shortly have the bulk of the community on his hands for treatment. Mr. Dundor inquired, with pro essional propriety, if any o: the cases were likely to prove atal; and expressed profound regret when informed that Mrs. Winch was not likely to live.

with his whip-handle. "I suppose it was losing that boy. Queer thing, wasn't it?"

"Mighty queer," agreed the doctor, gathering up his reins. "Physic don't touch the case. Good day, sir."

"Hold on a minute, doctor," cried the undertaker excitedly. "Say, ain't that the boy now in the waggon a-coming along? I didn't know the man, though."

The doctor leaned out of his buggy, and

"I WILL BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU."

"It ain't altogether the dampness that has affected her," quoth the doctor with a frown. "Neuralgia I can cure; and a weak stomach I can strengthen; but when it comes to a patient fretting herself to death—why, it ain't in my books."—

"'Course it ain't," acquiesced Mr. Dundor complacently, as he leaned forward to dislodge an over-greedy horsefly

stared over the top of his spectacles at the approaching vehicle. Then, as he turned out to make room in the narrow road, he cried, "How do, Mr. Armitage? Hold on a minute, will you, and tell me how you came by that boy. I need him for one of my patients to-day more than pills."

Moses Armitage pulled up sharply.

"Do you know him,?" he asked.

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"Why, yes, I know him," said the doctor dryly. "He belongs to a family named Winch over on the river-road. You'd better take him home, I guess. His mother ain't likely to live through the day."

Moses Armitage's ruddy face became blanched to a curious dusky pallor. "He was lost," he said briefly. "He came to my house."

"I guess the child is a kind of a tramp, same as his mother," put in Mr. Dundor with a wink. "She took to the road when she'd been better off at home, and died in Winch's barn. Ain't you never heard the story, stranger? Most of the folks in these parts knew about it at the time."

Moses Armitage glanced at the child. His face was pinched with fear; his eyes brimmed over.

"I want to see munny," he whispered.

"To get to the Winch's," volunteered the doctor, "you want to turn around and go back about a quarter of a mile; take your first left, then follow the river-road for about a mile-and-a-half. The boy will know the place."

A rasping scrape of wheels, a spatter of mud and the quick plunge of hoofs acknowledged these kindly directions.

"Why didn't you tell me your name, my boy?" asked Moses Armitage, looking down at the little figure at his side. "I would have taken you home long ago, if I had known."

The child nestled closer to the broad shoulder. "I wanted *you*," he said tremulously. There was a long silence, filled with the monotonous slush, slush of the mare's feet in the liquid mud.

"Munny lives there," said the boy at last, in a subdued voice. He ran eagerly to the gate when the man lifted him down then stopped and turned with a scared face. "I see him," he whispered; "he's in the porch. Won't you come?"

"I'm coming, boy, when I have hitched Nelly," said Moses Armitage. His face wore a curious expression as he sharply glanced at the slouching figure clad in blue jeans, which leaned against the house under the shelter of the narrow porch. Moses Armitage accosted this passive figure with stereotyped greetings. "I have just learned," he added, "that this child who wandered to my door some weeks ago belongs to you."

A wicked light leaped up in the dull eyes. "Then you heard what ain't so," was the response in a savage gutteral.

"Isn't your name Winch, sir?" asked Moses Armitage. "I met a couple of men near the village who directed me to this house; they told me——"

"Oh, yes, I presume so," sneered the other. "My name's Winch; but I don't lay no claim to that boy. My wife, 'Lizbeth, she is a-dying in there," he continued, his voice breaking in a husky quaver. "My wife—Liz'beth—and all along of that beggar brat! You can take him away!"

"That is what I wish to do; but your wife—she is ill, you say. You will allow the child to see her, of course. I am not aware of the circumstances, but——"—Neither of the men had paid much heed to the child, who, during this short parley had crept nearer and nearer to the door. "I want munny!" he cried shrilly, and on a sudden flung the door wide open and darted in.

A great broken cry answered the words, and Moses Armitage, who had unhesitatingly followed, beheld a piteous sight. The cold grey light of the weeping day fell full upon the greyer face of a woman who clasped the child in close embrace.

"Oh, Manuel—Manuel!" she murmured. "Manuel—Manuel—Manuel!"

"I've come back, Munny!" cried the child, joyously. "I was looking for my father, and I found him!"

The woman had fallen back exhausted upon her pillow; but she fixed her glazing eyes upon the man who stood with bared head at her bed-side. "Yes—yes!" she said eagerly, as if answering some question. "I know him! I knowed him in a minute! I'm mighty glad! The book—he'd ought to——"

A stout woman in a sun-bonnet bustled in from the kitchen. "I wouldn't have gone even for a minute if I'd suspicioned she'd go off into another of her spells! Here, Mrs. Winch, take this." She slipped her arm under the sick woman's pillow, and held a teaspoon to the blue lips.

The grey head moved feebly from side to side. "Manuel," gasped the faint voice, "give him—the—book!"

The stout woman presently faced about and straightened herself with an air of professional authority. "I guess you'd better all go out now," she said crisply.

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"'Taint any more than I expected all along; but I'm real sorry the minister wasn't here."

Erastus Winch started forward; his haggard eyes asked the question which his tongue refused to utter.

"Yes, she's gone," said the woman, raising her apron to her face. "Slipped away just like a shadow, to a better land, I trust." She glanced curiously at Moses Armitage. "I suppose, maybe, you are a relation," she began uncertainly. "If you could notify the—— Land of love! if it ain't that boy! I declare you ought to be ashamed of yourself! But this ain't no time to speak. I guess you'd better take him away afore he——" The last words were uttered in a sibilant whisper, which seemed to penetrate the ears of the man who leaned against the wall staring unwinkingly at the quiet face on the pillow. "She's dead—'Liz'beth is—dead! 'Liz-'beth's dead!" He uttered these words in a dull monotone. Then he straightened his limp shoulders with a jerk. "Give me the boy," he said thickly; "he has done it! 'Twas him she was calling for, and he never come till it was too late." His terrible eyes seemed to devour the shrinking little figure; his great hands reached for it, where it cowered beside the dead woman.

Moses Armitage seized the boy in his arms. "Stop!" he cried. "You are crazed with grief, man! You don't know what you are saying." He turned and strode out of the house, the child struggling violently in his embrace. "I want munny," wailed the little voice; "I want to see my munny!"

The great Mr. Smalley himself responded in person to the urgent telegram sent by Moses Armitage on the day following Elizabeth's death. He complimented Mr. Armitage on his discoveries, but shook his head over certain deductions which he had unhesitatingly drawn therefrom. "The evidence certainly points to the desired conclusion," he said. "This Bible, now, which you tell me was found on the premises of the man Winch, undoubtedly contains the autograph of Manuel Rossi, with the probable date of his birth. This is very strong documentary evidence, but we must establish the fact that it was found on the person of the deceased. This I will endeavour to do in my interview with the man Winch."

The man Winch, when cross-examined by the lawyer on the day of his wife's funeral, proved to be an unsatisfactory witness. "I found a dead woman and a live young boy in my haymow seven years ago come January," he said. "Now you know as much about it as I do."

"Did you find this—ah—book, on or near the deceased?" asked Mr. Smalley, producing the russet-bound Bible with dramatic suddenness.

Winch fixed his frowning eyes on the book. "I told you what I found," he said, shortly.

"Very good, but did any other person, say your wife, find this book on or near the deceased?"

"Who told you to come here and talk to me about my wife?" demanded Winch, lowering his shaggy head. "You can go; that's what you can do! I ain't got no more to say."

Mr. Smalley narrowed his lids cunningly. "My good man," he said, with an agreeable smile, "I will be perfectly frank with you, and tell you that, if we succeed in establishing the claims of this child, there will be considerable—yes, I may say so—a very considerable property coming to him. Now you maintained this—ah—young person at your own expense for some six years or more, did you not?"

"I didn't do nothing for him," began Winch; "'Liz'beth, she was always a-fussing. I didn't care a straw for——" He stopped short, his eyes fastened upon the lawyer with a look which the late Elizabeth would have recognised. "Why, yes," he said, with a rasping cough; "I did. so to say, support the boy for a matter of nigh on to seven year. He certainly was no expense to the town."

"In that case, if we prove the boy's identity," pursued Mr. Smalley, still smiling blandly, "reimbursement would undoubtedly be made. In fact——" he paused, and produced his pocket-book, which he opened with extreme nicety of movement. "Mr. Armitage requested me to give you at once a small token of his appreciation of your—ah—kind paternal care of the child. Mr. Armitage, you understand, wishes in any case to adopt the child legally."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Winch, his hand closing upon the bank note which the other tendered. "Being as the boy was born on my premises, and

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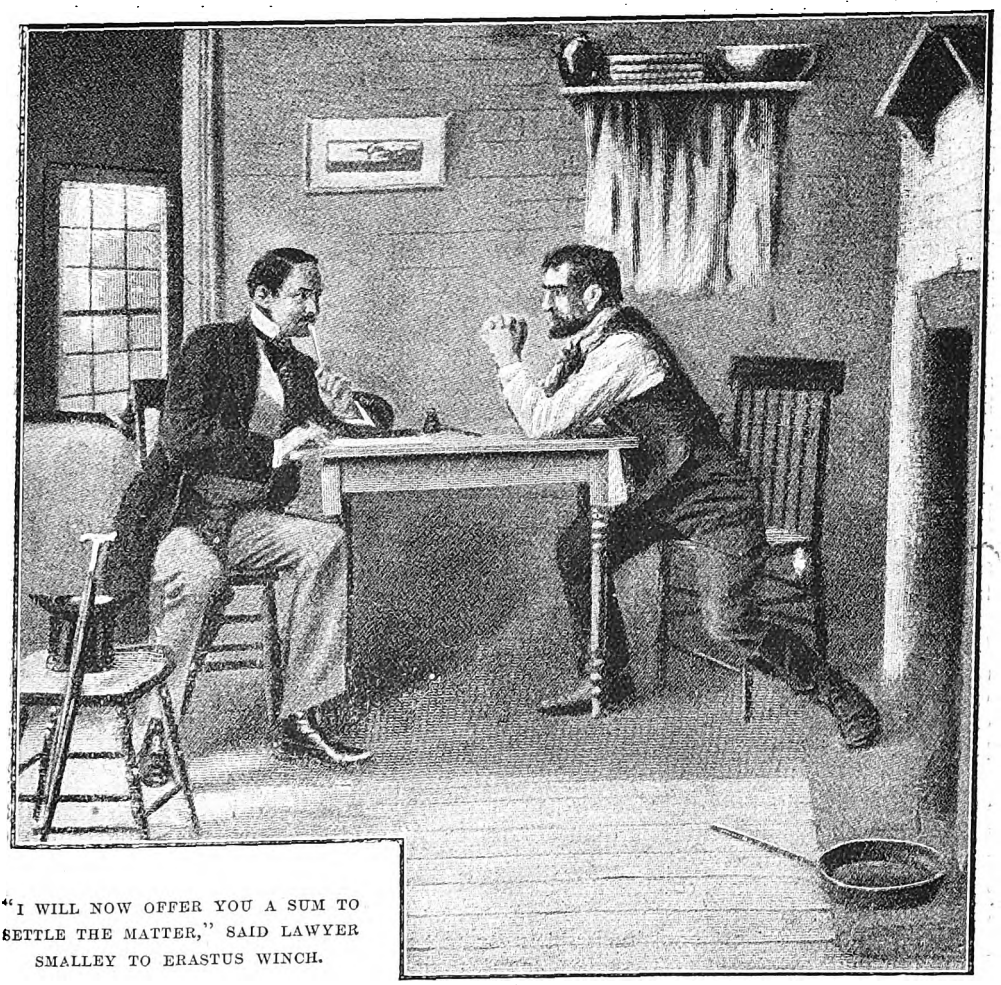

"I WILL NOW OFFER YOU A SUM TO SETTLE THE MATTER," SAID LAWYER SMALLEY TO ERASTUS WINCH.

seeing that I took care of him at considerable expense for nigh on to seven year, I guess I'll hold on to him myself, if there's any property in the case. I can look after him as I have done."

"Quite natural, I'm sure, that you should wish to do so," said Mr. Smalley, genially, "but you must understand, my dear sir, that it will be necessary to establish the identity of the child before his claim on the—ah—competence in question will be valid. Now this book—this—ah—Bible which I have shown you—cuts a very considerable figure in the evidence. It contains a name and date which would go far toward settling the matter, if we can establish the fact that it was taken from the body of the woman. Do you understand?"

Winch reached out for the book, which he opened and surveyed with frowning eyes. "I didn't see no book out in the barn," he said at last. "And if 'Liz'beth found it, she didn't say nothing. I've seen her though, come to think, of a Sunday afternoon on the back steps, a-reading to the boy out of a book like this. I didn't take no notice. Where did you get it?"

"The woman who cared for your wife, and who laid her out after death, found it under Mrs. Winch's pillow," replied Mr. Smalley succinctly. "Remembering the singular last words which your wife uttered, she conceived it her duty to give the book to the child. She did this, and quite naturally it found its way into my hands."

"I'll have the law on Mirandy Sproul for that," growled Winch. "She can't collect no pay for services after that.

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What did the woman mean by taking property out of my house?"

"We shall—ahem—consider it a very fortunate circumstance if by means of it we establish the child's identity," said Mr. Smalley. "The question is, "How did Mrs. Winch come by the book?"

"It's as plain as a pike-staff," said Winch, with a contemptuous glance at the lawyer. "I never had no such book, and she didn't; that I know. And—and—she did say something about a book the last thing."

"Then you are prepared to make an affidavit that this book was not in your house prior to finding the deceased on your premises?"

"Yes, I be. I'll take my Bible oath on to it. But say, I want the boy fetched back here to my house right off. Here I have had the whole expense of his keep, and he ain't never been no use to me so far. I guess he can earn his board all right from now on, if there ain't nobody to interfere." The man swallowed hard and glanced around the disordered kitchen, where he had chosen to receive his visitor, with a curious mingling of emotions on his hard face.

"Oh, as to that," said Mr. Smalley, smoothly, "it will be advisable to leave the boy with his present guardian. To put it plainly, the child is either the grand-nephew of Mr. Armitage, or he is nameless and penniless. In either case Mr. Armitage will reimburse you handsomely for his keep, but only on condition that he is left in undisturbed possession of the child's person. Of course, I understand that it will be doubly painful for you to part with the boy in your—ah—present bereaved condition. I can assure you that due allowance will be made for all the facts."

"Well, I should think it would be worth as much as fifty dollars extra—the parting with him, I mean," said Winch, slowly rubbing his hands together. "And what is more—there's something else. Say, this whole thing has cut into me in a mighty expensive way. Any of the neighbours will tell you that my wife—'Liz'beth——" He stopped short, the words seeming actually to choke him. He went on with a visible effort: "Well, to put it straight to you, the boy run away. My wife, 'Liz'beth, she wasn't never the same after that. We looked for the boy. I went myself, and took my team when I ought to have been harvesting. I may say I lost on to fifty dollars right there, for it took to raining the very next day, and the whole crop mildewed. There's a matter of a hundred dollars you see. And then, my wife, when we come home, was all broken up; and she took to her bed. She—she never got up; and here I be deprived of her services, and funeral expenses to pay. It kinder seems to me as though I could collect damages to a considerable figure. I've been thinking of suing the man. What business has he a-keeping the boy, I'd like to know?"

"I should not advise a law-suit, my dear sir," said Mr. Smalley, dryly. "In point of fact, you have no case whatever. But as I have already assured you, every possible allowance will be made. I will—ah—just note down the items you have mentioned." He produced a fountain pen and a memorandum book from his pocket.

"Parting with child, fifty dollars I believe you said?"

"Better make it an even hundred," said Winch, with glistening eyes; "that boy's valuable property; he'd be worth ——Say, I have a right to his services till he's of age, the way I figure it; I'd ought by rights——"—"It is altogether improbable that you have any rights whatever," said Mr. Smalley; "but I will say a hundred dollars for the first item. Then you mentioned something else; grain, was it?"

"Hold on, there's another thing; five dollars for use of team and services of self a-looking for him," said Winch; "and that's dirt cheap too. I wouldn't put in another day like it for—— You might as well put in dinner for two, and feed. Call it seven dollars in all."

"Very good, and——"

"Seventy-five dollars for my oats. And that ain't enough, neither. Oats has gone up to fifty cents. If you want to be common honest, you will call it a hundred."

Mr. Smalley's pen wrote busily.

"Funeral expenses and doctor's bills will foot up pretty steep," said Winch, pulling at his tuft of grey whiskers. "I should think——"

"Five hundred dollars, say?" suggested the lawyer.

"Well, I guess that will cover it," growled the other, his eyes bulging. "Say!" he burst out, "you ain't making a fool of me, are you? I ain't the kind

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to be played with, I can let you know; no, sir-ee, not by a jugful! I'll have the law on you if you try that—in my bereaved condition."

Mr. Smalley looked up in some astonishment. "My dear sir," with awful dignity, "you forget yourself! But of course, that is only natural under the circumstances. The other items, the loss of your—ah—late wife's services, I believe you put it? And compensation for the child's maintenance for seven years, you may safely leave to Mr. Armitage's generosity."

"No, you don't neither; we'll settle now, and you can fork over the cash," cried Winch, bringing down his huge fist on the table with a sounding crash. "It would be like that Armitage fellow to make his sneaks without giving me a cent."

Mr. Smalley raised his eyebrows with an inscrutable smile. "Very well," he said dryly. "We will finish the matter now. And you will then sign a paper releasing Mr. Armitage and Manuel Rossi, his heirs and assigns, from any further claim. I may say, indeed, that you have no legal rights in the matter whatever, but it is Mr. Armitage's express wish that you shall be treated with—ah—due consideration and fairness."

"He'd better," growled Winch, expectorating fiercely; "money ain't a-going to pay for some things that I have lost along of this boy. It comes down to a little question of how much a man's wife is worth to him, don't it?"

"You must bear in mind the fact that Mr. Armitage did not abduct the child," said Mr. Smalley, coolly. "In point of fact——" The lawyer hesitated for a moment, then he proceeded to lay certain well-known facts concerning Erastus Winch's life and character before that individual in a manner which caused great drops of sweat to start on his narrow forehead.

"Who told you all that?" demanded the farmer. "Say, who said I was like that?"

"That is neither here nor there," said Mr. Smalley, pleasantly; "but you cannot disprove what I have said. I will now offer you a sum to settle the matter. You can accept or not, as you like; but you will remember that, beyond a moderate amount for the child's maintenance, you have no claim whatever."

Something like twenty minutes later, the lawyer left the house with a satisfied expression on his lean face. On that same day he held a conversation of exceeding interest with Mr. Eliphalet Dundor. That worthy individual was pretty equally divided between a fatuous pride over the circumstance of being closeted with the mysterious stranger, upon whose movements the undivided attention of the village was concentrated, and certain long-buried qualms of conscience which had of late showed an unpleasant vitality. After half-an-hour of rigid cross-exam nation, conducted in Mr. Smalley's most skilful manner, Mr. Dundor suddenly volunteered the information that a strange gentleman had called to view the dead woman the evening before her burial. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he mentally blamed himself for having uttered them. He had a curious sense of being held like a sponge in a relentless grasp, and of exuding facts under the pressure. He moistened the dry lips and resolved to tell as little as possible. The undertaker's mention of the mysterious man who paid for the tramp's funeral, caused Mr. Smalley to prick up his ears.

"Describe this person carefully, if you please," said Mr. Smalley, narrowing his lips to a mere slit. "Was he, for example, a tall man, and young? say about five-and-twenty?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Dundor, glibly; "he was short—quite short; no taller than yourself, sir. Of a spare habit, smooth face, black eyes, and a hooked nose. He was, I should say, fifty years of age if he was a day. Yes, sir; I remember him very well."

"Did this person betray any mark of interest in the deceased?" demanded Mr. Smalley, leaning forward and concentrating his penetrating eyes full upon Mr. Dundor's perturbed countenance. That individual wiped his damp forehead with a large, black-bordered handkerchief. "Well,—er—he——"—"Think carefully," snapped Mr. Smalley, "and give us all the facts."

"Well, yes," stammered the other, "I —I may say that he did. I was engaged in setting up a-a casket for the burial. The remains was, you understand, to be buried by the town; in the usual manner, you understand. Nothing stylish

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nor elegant about a pauper's coffin, and mighty little profit to the trade. Why, I have conducted the county funerals in this district for——"

"Never mind that," interrupted the lawyer, frowning. "This person said what—just what, if you please?"

"Well, I don't know as I can recall the exact words," said Mr. Dundor, rolling

"VERY GOOD," SAID MR. SMALLEY, EXAMINING THE HANDKERCHIEF, "I WILL RETAIN THIS BIT OF EVIDENCE."

up his eyes to the ceiling with a candid air; "the gentleman gave me to understand that he was willing to defray the funeral expenses, if I would keep the matter private. I couldn't see no real objection to what he proposed, so I consented, and he paid me right down for a first-class article. I had a line of extra fine sample goods ready set up, as it happened, so I—I——"

"You buried the woman, and kept the matter quiet, as the gentleman desired," said Lawyer Smalley, quickly, to Dundor, the undertaker, in his cross-examination concerning the mysterious stranger who had ordered a superior coffin for the dead woman found in Winch's barn. "Very good; very good indeed. Now," he paused, and again fixed the undertaker with his ferret eyes, "did the gentleman give you or leave behind him any trace of his identity? His card, say, or——"—"I had almost forgotten the circumstance," whispered Mr. Dundor, "but I recall now that the gentleman dropped his handkerchief. He pulled it out along with——"

"Was there a name on it?"

"Yes, sir, I believe there was. I——"

"Have you the article in question in your possession?"

Mr. Dundor heaved a long sigh of relief. "I see what you're trying to get at," he said, recovering something of his air of professional authority. "As coroner of this district and undertaker, I have found that a close mouth often makes a fat pocket—eh?"

"You'll lose nothing by this," said the lawyer, tersely. "Produce the article, if you please."

Mr. Dundor tip-toed across the room, where he rummaged a long time among piles of rustling papers in his desk. "I'm a close man," he murmured, as he peered at the lawyer over the upraised lid, "close and cautious when it comes to dealings with the bereaved." He shut the desk, locked it with deliberation, and displayed a small packet.

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Mr. Smalley tore it open with some impatience, and glanced at the name embroidered in one corner of the square of white cambric. "Very good," he said non-committally. "I will, if you please, retain this bit of—ah—evidence."

Somewhat later in the day, Mr. Smalley summed up the interesting data he had secured for the benefit of Moses Armitage. "Of course, the evidence is purely circumstantial," he concluded; "and were you disposed to press your claims against those of the child, I have no doubt you would win your suit. But I may say that personally I have no doubt regarding the identity of the child. This handkerchief now, bearing the name of Joseph Armitage, would seem to point to the fact that my late lamented client, actuated by a very commendable paternal interest in the deceased, visited this place and provided for the disposition of the remains in a manner suited to his station in life. Very charitable, it seems to me, considering the relations which had existed between—"

"Disgusting!" roared Moses Armitage, his ruddy face growing ruddier with honest wrath. "He had murdered her!"

Mr. Smalley glanced disapprovingly at the burly figure of his client. "You are, of course, entitled to your own opinion on that point," he said suavely. "Now, if you choose to acknowledge this child as your brother's grandchild, it will be necessary to take the usual legal steps in the matter, after which you will assume your duties as his guardian. I trust you will be guided by—er—prudence in the training of this young person. He will one day hold great power in his hands. In point of fact, we may say that money is the chief power in the world to-day; a proper understanding of this, and—er—"

By Moses Armitage, who had experienced the disastrous effects of the undue value placed on money, the lawyer's words were unheeded. He thought of how much unhappiness it had caused in his own family. He knew that love, based on the teaching of Jesus Christ, was the one thing of supreme importance in the world. The lawyer left his sentence trailing in mid-air, he was not in the habit of wasting his valuable advice on unheeding ears.

The next day the idlers at the village station witnessed the departure of three persons on the morning train. They were Old Moses Armitage, from the back hill road, the mysterious Mr. Caleb Smalley, and a small boy with a white, scared face and big brown eyes. The train had scarcely pulled out from the station, when a ramshackle vehicle drew up.

"How do you do, Mr. Winch," drawled the station-master, from his easy position on a pile of boxes. "You seem to be in considerable of a hurry this morning. You weren't calculating to take the train, was you?" He pointed his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the vanishing trail of smoke, then burst into a discordant "haw-haw!" at the sight of the discomfited look which crept over the man's face.

"Did they get off?" demanded Winch.

"Depends on who you are talking about," responded the man in authority, genially. "Mr. Armitage left us this morning, likewise the gentleman that has been stopping with our hospitable friend Sniders, and the boy. It wasn't them you was wanting to see, was it?"—for the other was biting his nails and scowling. "I heard you got paid handsome for your well-known kindness to the boy. What luck some folks do have!"

"It ain't all I'm going to have, not by a long shot!" snapped Winch. "'Tain't a patch on what I'd ought to have got. I was intending to hold the boy for a spell till they come to their senses and give me my rights. And now they've gone!"

"They got the dead wood on you this time, sure," chuckled the station-master. "We shan't see them back in these parts for a spell, neither. You're tolerable cute and knowing, Rastus, but you can't saw wood alongside that little pollywog of a lawyer!"

The gentlemen of leisure assembled on the platform burst into appreciative guffaws. In the midst of their merriment, Erastus Winch turned sharply around and drove toward his desolate home. Greed and grief fought together in his empty soul; one instant he wondered dully how he should live without Elizabeth; the next he regretted poignantly that he had not grasped more from the Fortunatus purse so lately held out to him.

"I'll get even with that boy yet—for—for losing her," he muttered, bringing down his lash with savage emphasis on the lean back of his horse. "I'll get even

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with the little skunk, if I have to wait for fifty years to do it."

* * * * * *

THE OPINIONS OF "A CRANK."

In a confidential conversation with his partner, Mr. Smalley exploited his opinion of the firm's new client. It was by no means a flattering one. "Armitage is an out-and-out crank," he concluded forcibly, "unbalanced, full of foolish sentiment; in short, impracticable and altogether unfitted for the suitable guidance of the heir."

The immediate cause of Mr. Smalley's irritation was a conversation just concluded in his private office, where Mr. Armitage had listened with commendable patience to a long homily on the responsibilities of his position, as delivered by the sapient lawyer. "Let the boy understand his power from an early age," said Mr. Smalley; "instruct him in the rise and fall of stocks and securities; teach him caution and conservatism; educate him liberally—of course, a first-class private school to begin with; finish him abroad, perhaps. In short, make of him an all-round man of the world. You can count on us, sir, for advice and assistance in all questions pertaining to these matters.'

"It is my wish," said Moses Armitage, tranquilly, "that the child shall know nothing of the money till he reaches his majority."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You don't mean to cut the boy off from the anticipation of his good fortune, I trust. That would be a great mistake, my dear sir. The idea of possession is very educative, very educative indeed, sir. Why, I could show you examples of that right in this city, young boys who are being trained for great positions of trust; they understand their powers, and, so to speak, obtain a grasp upon them which is more desirable than I can well explain to you."

"That is just what I wish," said the other slowly. "I wish the lad to grasp the idea of his power—to help others. But he must first learn the world's need, and find the love for humanity in himself."

Mr. Smalley shook his head and pursed up his lips. "That is all very well in its place," he said. "Most people can get rid of money easily enough. To wisely conserve it, to increase it, is the difficult thing, which I trust——"—

"I shall teach him to get rid of it as quickly as possible," said Moses Armitage, with heat. "That money is the price of blood, of honour, of life!" With that he rose abruptly and terminated the conversation.

Could Messrs. Trent and Smalley have seen the guardian of the Armitage millions buried in the study of a certain ancient inspired Book, in search of light on his future course, they would doubtless have been further affronted by the spectacle.

"There once lived a Being," said Moses Armitage to himself, "who knew so well the value of life, that all power, both in heaven and on earth, was committed to His hands." He resolved to conform his training of the child as nearly as possible to that which was given to that consummation of the centuries, Jesus, the Christ. With this idea in mind, he studied his New Testament with a serious attention, greater, if possible, than that which he had before bestowed upon it.

He derived from this study certain ideas which seemed to him applicable to the case in hand. The boy Jesus lived for the most part in the country. He was environed by human love and the beauties of natural scenery. He was obedient, subject to human authority. He was never idle, but laboured in the tranquil Oriental fashion, so that neither hurry nor worry entered into His unfolding life. He had time to think; and He thought deeply, even in His earliest years, about Divine things. He early learned to know God, whom to know is Life Eternal. His divinity permeated His mortal frame, and from out of the abundance of that life He was able to minister to suffering humanity in strange and unlooked-for ways. And when death overcame Him, "it was not possible that He should be holden of it."

The ideal which slowly took shape and substance to itself in the mind of this singular old man was, in brief, this: The child who had thus come to him out of the dark must learn through every channel of thought and sense to realise Life Eternal. He must learn to see in the most degraded one for whom Christ has died—wandering, perhaps, ignorant of his heritage, the object of His love. He must understand, further, that Power belongs to God, whether it be the energy of accumulated wealth or the

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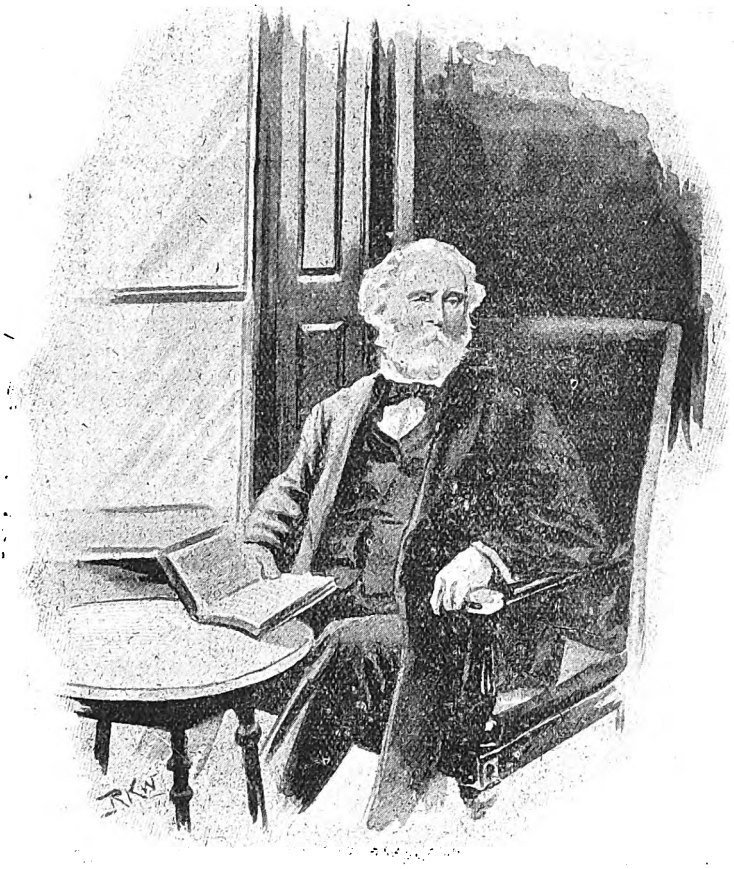
simple motion of one's arm—all is an indivisable part of the God-force that rolls the stars along and shapes the destiny of nations. He must learn that to move in harmony with the Divine Will is the highest ideal and the way of true progress.

Such a man, reflected Moses Armitage, might be safely entrusted with the wealth which his ancestors had wrung from their fellows. Such a man would know how to honestly and wisely restore what had been dishonestly acquired.

All of this and more clustered about the story of the Nazarene. The man and the child studied it together, and with it many things more, in the quiet country and in the throbbing heart of great cities; in places made terrible by man's hatred and injustice, or illumined with the eternal qualities of love and self-giving. As the boy grew older, history, science, politics, all were examined—studied in the light of that luminous life. And because Moses Armitage knew from bitter experience that idealism is in itself weak and futile, and that the most useless of human beings is the man who, in a world of uses, dreams of high accomplishments, yet fails to accomplish, he early taught the child to put nto instant practice every truth which he learned, for thus, and only thus, does truth become an inalienable possession.

That the boy might become a citizen of the world, they travelled and lived in many countries, yet it was oftenest to a lovely village in New England that the two returned. Here, in a modest cottage, furnished with the simplest comforts, the two passed many a stormy winter or peaceful summer. In this rural society Moses Armitage passed for a naturalist of some means, whose life was chiefly given to an eccentric but harmless pursuit of birds and beetles. He was commonly spoken of as "a real nice old gentleman," and his frequent absences were set down as natural for such a queer person.



THE GUARDIAN OF THE ARMITAGE MILLIONS, BURIED IN THE STUDY OF A CERTAIN ANCIENT INSPIRED BOOK, IN SEARCH OF LIGHT ON HIS FUTURE COURSE.

During the seasons of sojourn in the New England hamlet, Manuel attended the village school, and associated freely with the village children in all their work and play. He learned to swim, to skate and coast, to build a snow-fort, and lead a spirited attack on a rival fortress. He was a favourite with everyone, because of his

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beauty and the gay sweetness of his nature. During these joyous years all the unnatural sadness which had fallen upon him like a blight from Erastus Winch's sour nature vanished. He was a happy, light-hearted child, growing healthily like a young tree into his appointed stature. The old man watched over him with a yearning love which grew with the years. One daily custom of the two must be mentioned, since out of it grew unmeasured results. It was simple enough. Moses Armitage inaugurated it thus the very day the child was given over to him formally.

"Manuel," he said, to him, "you are really my boy now."

"I *am* glad," answered the child, and his face glowed like a flower.

"But you must not forget your Father. You are His child; you will always be. In order that you may make the best of your living, you must every day take a lesson from the Father, just as His beloved Son did of whom I told you. He will delight to teach you if you will but listen. Presently you will take lessons in French, German, and Latin from teachers who know these languages. But no one can give you lessons in the art of being what you are meant to be except your Father. I made some terrible mistakes, my boy, before I found this out. I want you to be happier than I have been. There is only one way. Do you understand?"

The child nodded his head, his great eyes fixed on the face of his uncle with a smile.

"It really does not matter whether you understand me perfectly or not," he said. "I am not able to teach you as He will. Just as you listen to me now, my lad, and try to understand, so you must listen every day to your Father in the prayerful study of His Word after you have dressed, and God will teach you just how to live during the day that is before you. Do not think your own thoughts; only listen. If you remember to do this faithfully every day of your life, you will always be in the right place and know how to do the right thing. And you will not fall into the tangle of foolish thoughts that makes the world seem wretched to those who don't learn from their Father."

This was no new idea, and Moses Armitage was aware of it. He found it universally observed, with more or less understanding of its meaning, during his travels in Oriental countries, and knowing the great tenacity of the Eastern idea, he conceived that the custom was not unknown in the days of Jesus, and that to those hours of communion with the Father might be traced in great measure the unfolding of that wonderful life, which is summed up in the simple words, "And the Child grew in grace, and in favour with God and man." So, he argued, did He listen among the hills of Palestine during those years of solitude, before He emerged into the light of sacred history. And so, in his own degree, may a child in any age grow in favour with God and man.

One sparkling afternoon in late October found the two—the old man, still hale and vigorous, and the child, now grown into a handsome lad of twelve—walking slowly down a wide avenue in America's chief city. Palaces lined the street on either side; gorgeously apparelled women with haughty faces lolled on the soft cushions of the rapidly driven carriages. There was opulence of life, of colour, of motion, of magnificence everywhere visible. It was reflected in the boy's sensitive face as in a mirror. "I should like to live in one of these beautiful houses," he said eagerly; "I should like always to see this—to be in it!"

"Well, suppose we try it," said Moses Armitage, regarding him keenly. "Suppose we see if this is the best we can do at living." He paused as he spoke before a small but splendid mansion. "Curiously enough," he went on, "it happens that we may make our experiment in this house if we wish. The people who own it have gone to Europe; they will let it."

Nightfall of the ollowing day saw them established in their new home. Manuel was frankly delighted. The drawing-room, glowing with soft colour and filled with objects of art, seemed a vision of fairyland to the wide, brown eyes of the country-bred lad. So did the library, with its rows of books in costly bindings, its rich carpets, its bronzes and paintings, and its wide fireplace, where many coloured flames danced up the chimney in the cool evenings. There were well-trained servants in the house, and life moved on noiselessly after the well-oiled fashion of a perfect machine.

"I like it," announced Manuel, conclusively, at the end of the second day.

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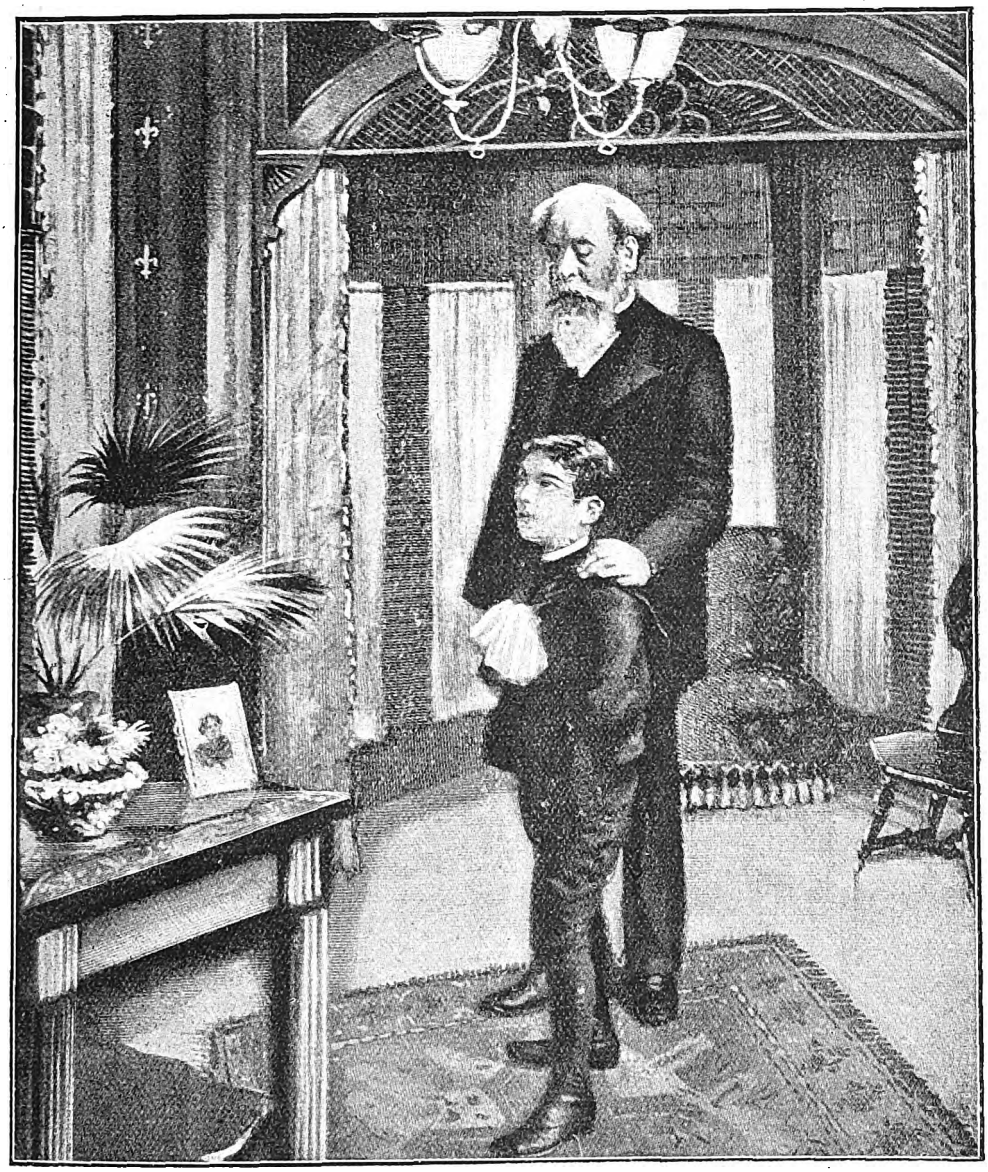
The solemn-faced footman had withdrawn, and the two sat alone together over their dessert. "Why have we not lived here before?"

Now the question of money had never been so much as named between these two. The child had accepted his life day by day with unquestioning faith and simplicity. "Why have we not lived in such a house before?" he repeated, his eyes roving curiously over the rich cut glass, silver and napery, and pausing at last on his uncle's serious face.

"We are spending a great quantity of money on ourselves," observed his guardian



THE DRAWING-ROOM, FILLED WITH OBJECTS OF ART, SEEMED A VISION OF FAIRYLAND TO THE WIDE, BROWN EYES OF THE COUNTRY-BRED LAD.

"Money?" repeated the lad questioningly. "Yes, I suppose we are; but if we have it——" He stopped short, and again riveted his bright eyes on the watchful face opposite him. "I do not know,"

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he burst out after a short period of reflection. "I never thought much about money. Perhaps we ought not to live here; it was I who wished it."

"We have money to spend this winter, you and I," said Moses Armitage gravely. "And you shall decide how we are to spend it. We can afford to live in this house and—yes, we can buy many things besides, if you wish."

"I am glad," cried the boy. "I do wish to live here, and there are so many beautiful things in the shops—pictures and books and curious toys. I cannot think of everything at once, there is so much." He drew his active figure to its full height—he had sprung from his chair and was walking excitedly up and down the long room. "We are very rich, are we not?" he demanded, after a pause. "Jenkins, the man who waits on me in the morning, says that we are."

His guardian frowned. Then his face cleared, and a curious smile crept into his blue eyes.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively.

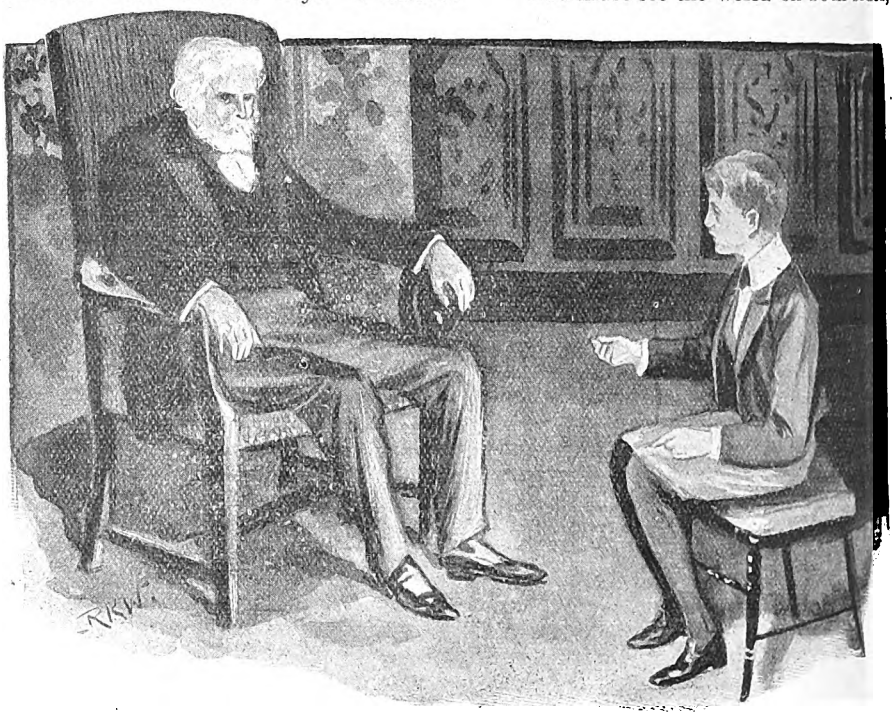
"I like to be rich," said the boy, positively. "I like to live in this house. I shall buy everything that I want. To-morrow I shall go to the shop that we saw yesterday—where the pretty old Florentine things are. I want that queer carved bell for my room, and——"

"To-morrow you will begin to go to school."

"Yes, I suppose so," assented the boy, a little dashed by the suggestion. "But why couldn't you teach me this winter, uncle?"

The old man raised his shaggy brows.

"You must see the world on both sides, my lad, if you want to be a man," he said, smiling.



MANUEL SPREAD THE SHEET OUT ON HIS KNEE, SHOWING ALL THEIR EXPENSES.

On the following day Moses Armitage himself accompanied his ward to the school he had chosen. The manner of their procedure on that day and on every succeeding day was this: the well-appointed brougham carried the two to the corner of a street some miles from the palace in which they lived. Here they dismissed the carriage, and proceeded on foot through several dirty streets, which at that hour swarmed with poorly-clad children.

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"There are schools much nearer home than this," observed Manuel, when they paused at length before the huge, dingy building, which seemed an objective point for the diverging streams of children.

"Yes," assented his guardian briefly.

"Why must I come to this school if we are rich?"

"I did not say that we were rich, did I? Jenkins said so."

"But—"

"Do you trust me child?"

"Yes, uncle."

When Moses Armitage that afternoon returned in his carriage to the spot near the Common Day School where he had arranged to meet Manuel to take him home, he perceived that he was pale and drooping.

"Well, my lad," he began cheerily, as the two walked away together, "how goes the new school?"

"I liked my teacher," said the boy, with a long breath, "but———"

"You liked your teacher—good! Now where does the 'but' come in?"

Manuel drew closer to his side as a group of ragged, shouting children pushed rudely past them.

"They—they are hungry, some of them," he whispered. "The boy who sat next to me had no breakfast; I gave him my lunch."

"What! all of it?"

"I had breakfasted," said Manuel, hanging his head.

They then drove away from the grimy unpleasant neighbourhood. The boy sat silent and thoughtful, his eyes busying themselves with the tall buildings. At dinner he ate hungrily at first, then leaned back in his chair, eyeing the table with its wax lights and flowers.

"What do they do with all that is left?" he demanded, regardless of the man who waited behind his chair.

His guardian lifted his frosty brows and shook his head. "I couldn't tell you, my boy," he said easily; "suppose you ask the housekeeper."

"There is more here than we need," the boy went on. "It would do for other boys' breakfasts—ever so many of them. I suppose there were others who were hungry."

"Of whom are you talking, my child?" asked Moses Armitage.

Manuel stared at him with grieved astonishment. "If you had seen them, you would not forget," he said. "I am thinking about some poor boys in the school I attended to-day."

When they were seated beside the wide hearth in the library he began again. "If we are rich," he said, "if I may choose how we are to spend some money—you said that I might—I know what I wish to do most of all."

"What! already?" laughed his guardian. "A new bicycle—eh? or a pony?"

The boy shook his head. "Not now—some time, perhaps. I was thinking of the boys in school—yes, and the girls too; they look so different from the boys and girls I knew before. They are so thin; and they look so tired and old."

"Of course," agreed Moses Armitage, stroking his beard; "they are city products."

"But I've seen them quite rosy and happy on this street," said the boy, thoughtfully. "The baby in the next house has pink cheeks, and the boy is plump and pretty. I think it is being poor—too poor to have comfortable clothes or enough to eat." He stopped short and stared into the fire.

"What do you propose to do about it, my lad?" inquired his guardian, lightly. "I said that we were spending considerable money on our two selves," continued Moses Armitage; "that is quite true. But so are many others. It is our own; we have a right to spend it as we will."

"If I may choose," said Manuel, in a low voice," "I will buy lunches for the children who have had no breakfast."

So, it was announced in the Mulberry Street School on the following day that a friend of the school had provided hot soup and bread *ad libitum* for those who needed such refreshment. Manuel continued to come and go between the school in Mulberry Street and their house on the avenue. As the weeks wore away he became more and more silent and thoughtful. One evening he appeared before his guardian with a folded paper in his hand. "You said I might ask the housekeeper what was done with all that is taken away from our table," he began rapidly. "Mrs. Camp is very kind and polite; I learned many things. I put them down on this paper, for I wished to remember." He spread the sheet on his knee, showing all

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their expenses of table—expenses of servants' hall—salaries—wages!

"What is all this to you, my lad?"

"Mrs. Camp was making up her books for the month; she let me copy some of the figures. It seems so much—for just you and me, uncle!"

"But," said the uncle, "you like living in this house—you like being rich, my lad."

"I—I should like it if the other boys could live in houses like it; if they could be rich too. But——"

Moses Armitage laughed; a curious, husky laugh. "Would you like to go with me to-morrow and see how some of these school mates of yours live?" he asked.

"Yes, I should like it. I want to see."

And so it came about that these two—the child, who held the power of wealth in his small, unconscious hands, and the old man, his guardian—went down into the region of the fair city's poverty and darkness. In company with a stolid sergeant of police they toiled up foul, rickety stairs, in darkness, haunted by evil, unnameable odours exhaling from fetid sinks and damp, rotting timbers. They saw innumerable children, all palid, all dirty, all starved, in mind and body. They saw women with terrible faces, hard, despairing, death-like. They saw men, sweating over their ill-paid work in stifling dens, or idling in narrow, filthy courts. Misery everywhere, and horrors all the more horrible because the human beings hopelessly immersed in them seemed not to realise their sufferings. Sounds of laughter and singing hung on the foul air of a den, where a hag-like woman served out some hideous decoction from the keg on which she squatted; the laughter was even more terrible than the unsmiling faces of the children.

(*To be continued.*)

The "Temple Magazine" will be glad to publish any short original articles embodying any new or striking ideas in Politics, Science, Mechanics, Medicine, Political Economy, or indeed any subject in which the people would be generally interested. In any case the article should not be longer than 2,000 words in length. If drawings or photographs are sent on they will be used with the letterpress.

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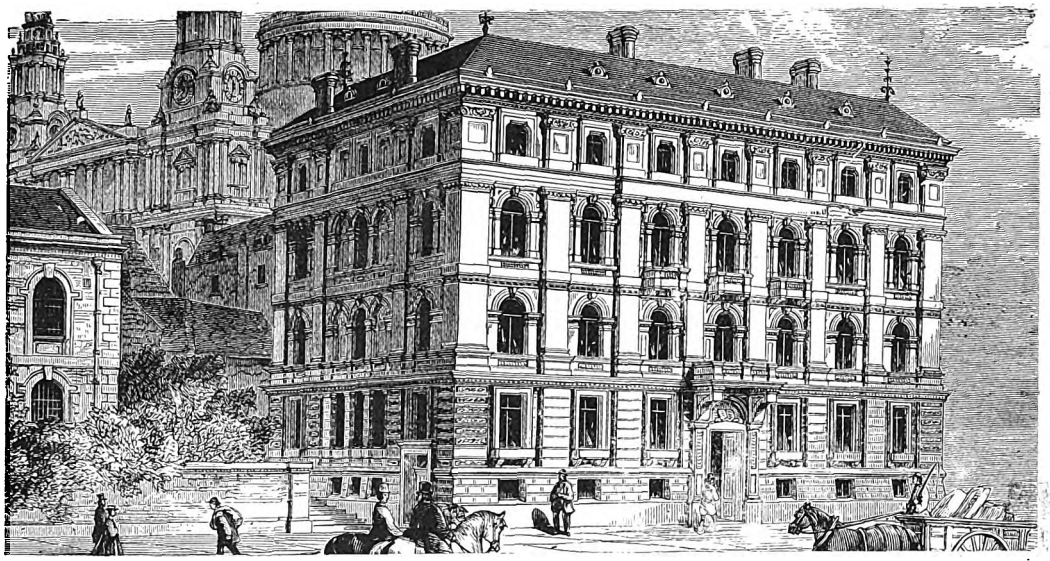

British and Foreign Bible Society's Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London.

MANAGEMENT OF THE BRITISH and FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY IN FIVE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE CRITICISED.

£15,000 SPENT TO SELL £3,000 OF SCRIPTURES.

LORD ROSEBERY in a recent speech insisted on the indispensable importance of EFFICIENCY in the administration of the British Government, and we may with equal emphasis urge the necessity of more efficiency in the management of the British and Foreign Bible Society's agencies in France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and Italy.

The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is just published, states on page 4, and appendix pages 11 and 35, that their total receipts from subscriptions, donations, legacies, dividends on funded property, and collections from meetings and congregations within 1901 amounted to £143,597, out of which £31,977 was given in grants of Scriptures or money or reductions in price, or discounts to Missions, and Institutions, etc., leaving £111,620. Just about this sum, viz., £111,731, was spent over translating, revising, and printing and binding Scriptures.

The receipts from the sales of these Scriptures at their depots, throughout the whole world, were £91,700, most of which seems to have been spent upon the rents of these depots, clerks, agents, and various other expenses, but especially upon 745 colporteurs, who at an average salary of £50 each, cost altogether £37,250.

Some items, over which the £91,700 were partly spent (as stated on pages 159 to 181 of the appendix to the Report), are £8,055 for District Secretaries and their travelling expenses to hold meetings, address congregations, and collect subscriptions in Britain; £5,019 for Annual and Monthly Reports, etc., for Auxiliary Societies, to spread information of the Society's work among subscribers; Taxes for the Society's headquarters, £1,329; salaries and other expenses of the Publishing Department, £3,407; secretaries and superintendents' salaries, £2,887; freight charges and packing cases, £3,326.

The depots and colporteurs, etc., in Russia cost the Society £15,223, in order to sell £22,091 of Scriptures, and in Austria cost £8,893 in order to sell £4,114; and in China cost £9,448 to sell £1,004 of Scriptures, and in Morocco cost £1,588 to sell £68 of Scriptures, and in Egypt cost £6,002 to sell £1,153, and in Turkey cost £5,729 to sell £1,154 of Scriptures, and

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in North and South Malaysia and Philippines £7,062 in order to sell £652 of Scriptures; and in India £9,078 to sell 577,035 small and large Scriptures; and in Germany £4,666 to sell £13,908 of Scriptures.

Confining our attention in the following remarks to the Bible Society's expenditure and work in

FIVE COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE,

we find that the Report which gives the subjoined figures at the head of the different Sections on each country shows that during 1901 the Society expended over the rents of depots or shops and offices, salaries of employees and colporteurs, etc. (over and above receipts), £4,921 in France, £1,196 in Belgium, £3,095 in Spain, £1,776 in Portugal, and £4,186 in Italy, totalling £15,174 spent in those five countries over office expenses and salaries of employees. The printing and paper, and the cost of the Scriptures, is included in these expenses; but the receipts from the sales are deducted, so that the cost and receipts often almost correspond.

The total money value of the various Scriptures sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society in those five countries during 1901 is stated to be only £3,428: viz., £1,124 worth of Scriptures in France, £304 in Belgium, £717 in Spain, £208 in Portugal, £1,075 in Italy.

This £3,428 is, however, reduced to £3,000 by subsequent figures given in the Report, showing that one-sixth of all the copies sold were not sold by the colporteurs or depots, which cost the £15,174, but were simply sold wholesale to European Protestant Societies in large quantities, apparently direct from the printers in London or Europe, and are not counted by the Society as depot sales, although they naturally include them in the gross amount of receipts.

The actual quantity of the £3,000 worth of Scriptures sold in 1901 by the Society's French, Belgian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian depots and colporteurs is given in the Report as being 16,019 Bibles, 46,174 Testaments, and 163,428 halfpenny separate Gospels or Acts—a total altogether of 225,621 separate Scriptures, large and small, circulated amongst a combined population of 102 million people. At this rate it would take 452 years before each of the 102 millions of people would get a separate Scripture, large or small, because 102,000,000 is 452 times 225,621; or, in other words, only one out of 452 persons in those five countries obtained a copy or a portion of the Scriptures in 1901, as the result of the expenditure of the £15,174; and it must be remembered that, generally speaking, the people in these Catholic countries have no Bibles or portions of the Bible, except as supplied by this and two or three other lesser Bible Societies.

Thus, the expense of circulating, by sales, £3,000 of Scriptures in five European countries, with a total population of 102 million people, was £15,174, or more than four times the value of the Scriptures sold; in other words, out of every five shillings given for these five countries by the public to the B. and F. Bible Society four shillings is spent by the Society over its offices and the employees' salaries before the remaining shilling really goes for the object for which the whole five shillings was given—viz., the supplying of Scriptures for those who have them not.

But in truth the public who give the £143,597 annually, probably subscribe it on the understanding that the Scriptures are to be given *freely* to multitudes of those who have them not. If they were told, as they ought to be, that all that will be done, is to open shops and employ colporteurs to *sell* the Scriptures, they would not give anything like that sum.

And certainly they would not give it if they knew the real fact, that it furnishes salaries to officials of the Bible Society, who, all over the world, are earnestly exhorting people not to give away the Scriptures, lest it should injure their colporteurs' sales, which after all, are so comparatively small, and are much more in country districts than in large towns.

The free distribution of samples or specimens is universally believed to promote the sale of commodities. Thus Messrs Rowntree had a little packet of their chocolate given to everyone entering a London omnibus on a certain day, to promote the sale of that comestible

A fact related by the Rev. S. H. Anderson, a Protestant pastor, illustrates this principle. The owner of a street stall in Paris was reading a Gospel given him by a Protestant. He was asked by a gentleman, who often passed his stall, "How can

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you waste your time in reading such a book?" He replied, "I find the book very interesting. Take it and read it yourself." The gentleman did so, and after a few days said, "I had no idea the book was so sensible and instructive; I have now quite a different opinion of it." That gentleman would never have *bought* a book which he despised, but he read it when *given* to him, and his prejudice vanished. Similarly the distribution of separate Gospels tends to promote, and not injure the Bible Society's sales of Testaments and Bibles.

There is a distinct avowal on page 70 of the Bible Society's Report for Italy: "As a rule our Society does not favour indiscriminate gratis distribution. Such distribution does more harm than good." The prediction that in the last days perilous times shall come, is indeed being verified when a Bible Society declares, in direct opposition to the Bible itself, that the gratuitous distribution of Christ's history and words 'does more harm than good"!!!!

Again, on page 72, the Report on the Italian work, written presumably by Signor Meille, the agent for Italy, and sanctioned by the Committee, says:

Several English friends have purchased Italian Testaments and Scripture portions to give away, but WE DISCOURAGE SUCH DISTRIBUTIONS"!!!

We simply stand aghast at these Bible Society officials *discouraging* English visitors (some of whom are subscribers to the very fund which pays the salaries of these officials), from purchasing Italian Gospels to give away in the hotel where they are staying, and in the streets through which they walk. Few things can be more reprehensible than dissuading anyone from giving a Gospel to a man who has not got it.

Christ's command is, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." How can this be better done than by the gift of one of the very Gospels themselves?

Sir Walter Scott, in his last illness, was asked what Book he wished to be read to him. He replied: "There is only one Book: read to me from the Bible." Yet, when English visitors want to give a portion of this Book to priest-ridden, benighted Italians, who perhaps never before saw it in their homes, the Bible Society officials say in effect: "Don't give it; it will do more harm than good!"

This is the most extraordinary phenomenon and amazing anomaly that has ever occurred in the history of religious Societies, and is enough to make those who founded the Bible Society 100 years ago, turn in their graves. Their object was to get the Holy Scriptures placed in every house, whether by gift or sale. They realised that souls are every day passing into eternity, and the Word of Life must be put in their hands without delay. But now, their successors utter very different sentiments, and are constantly repeating the parrot cry, "The Bible Society objects to, and disapproves of, the free distribution of Scripture portions. It injures their sales." Would the public give annually £143,597 to the Bible Society, if they realised that the Society discourages the gratuitous circulation of God's Word, regarding which Chillingworth has well said, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants"?

A gentleman residing in Italy wanted to buy some thousands of Italian Gospels for numbers of Italian soldiers who were embarking for a foreign land, where many of them lost their lives, but knowing the opposition shown to the free distribution of the Scriptures, went to a friend and said, "Go to the depot and buy these books; you can truthfully say that you will only sell them, and not give them away. Then bring them to me, and I will buy them from you." So thus the Gospels were got and given to the soldiers.

On another occasion their agent in Italy wrote to an English visitor to Italy, who had bought some thousands of Italian Gospels, and was giving them away, and said that henceforth the price to him would be raised considerably above £2 per 1,000, and even the extra price must be paid for those already bought and paid for, because the Society disapproved of his distribution! The Englishman subsequently got an Italian printer to supply him better printed Italian Gospels, containing 20 excellent pictures (which render the Book much more attractive to foreigners), for twenty-seven shillings a thousand, so that he had no longer to apply to the Bible Society's agent.

A visitor to Brussels a few years ago

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called at the British and Foreign Bible Society's depot to purchase a few thousand Gospels in French. Mr. Fitzgerald enquired why he wanted so many. He replied that he had ascertained that most of the half-million inhabitants of Brussels had not a Bible or even a copy of a Gospel, and he wished to distribute some. Mr. Fitzgerald upon this replied, "Our Society disapproves of the gratuitous distribution of the Scriptures, and I refuse to sell you any"! The visitor subsequently got from time to time 200,000 beautifully illustrated French Gospels at 25s. per 1000 (far superior to those of the B. and F. Bible Society at £2 per 1000) from the "Scripture Gift Mission," at 15, Charing Cross, London, which, with an annual income of only £3,000, circulated half a million Testaments and separate Gospels in Britain and Europe in 1901.

A Suggested Remedy.

A partial remedy for the inadequate number of Gospels circulated by the Bible Society in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Belgium would be to do what the Society used to do in Italy some years ago, when their annual circulation of Scripture portions there is said to have been larger than 61,000, as at present. They then not only sold Gospels by colporteurs, but also carried out a system of judicious distribution. They did the same thing at Paris in 1900, at the Great Exhibition, by giving away 400,000 Gospels by means of a colporteur specially appointed to that work.

The same plan should be followed every year in France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, etc., by a special colporteur giving to many houses or different families in numerous towns a single Gospel. One colporteur would average a distribution from house to house (in towns) of one thousand copies each day at the least; and many more if they gave to country excursionists entering towns on special occasions. This would rather promote than injure the sales of Testaments and Bibles by other colporteurs and at depots.

A distributing colporteur could thus judiciously give away 300,000 Gospels on 300 week-days in different towns in France in a single year. The cost and carriage of these at thirty shillings per 1,000 would be £450, and the distributor's expenses and travelling, £150. This expenditure of £600 would raise the total annual circulation of Gospels in France from 66,000, which it is now, to 366,000, and the £600 could be provided out of the £4,438 now annually expended by the Bible Society in France by reducing their 43 colporteurs to 35; for as a colporteur costs £75 annually, the eight salaries thus saved would amount to £600. The sales of Scriptures that would be lost by the dismissal of eight colporteurs would be, according to their average sales stated in the Report, only 320 Bibles, 3,000 Testaments, and 7,300 Gospels, but by this plan 300,000 additional Gospels would be circulated. The same plan of distribution should be carried out in Spain, Portugal, Italy and Belgium.

This is no untried, impracticable plan, for it has been acted on for the last fifteen years by the *Christian Herald* (of Tudor Street, London), which has had more than a million Gospels distributed by a Mr. Jaye in Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, etc. Its Editor also spends many Sundays every year in distributing Gospels to passers-by in crowded thoroughfares in some 20 Continental towns which can be travelled to on Saturdays, and thus giving away three or four thousand each Sunday, distributes more than 100,000 annually at an expense of only £300 for the books and the travelling.

During this autumn in 1902, Mr. Jaye is giving away from house to house in various Italian towns 65,000 Italian Gospels, printed by Signor Jalla, 51, Via Dei Serragli, Florence, at 27s. per thousand. Their total cost and his expenses are under £150. Yet it has cost the Bible Society £4,186 during 1901 to circulate in Italy only 63,875 Gospels in addition to 6,265 Bibles and 12,299 Testaments.

Now this £4,186, being 27 times £150, should have sufficed to print and circulate 27 times 65,000, that is to say, a million and three-quarters (1,750,000) of Gospels among the thirty-two million inhabitants of Italy, if it had been expended in the system of distribution above mentioned, at the rate of £150 for the distribution of 65,000 Gospels.

Would not the £4,186 have done much more for the Italians by circulating 1,750,000 Scripture portions such as Gospels among them, than by only circu-

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lating (as stated in the Report) 63,875 Gospels, 12,299 Testaments and 6,265 Bibles? Where there is merely a little sum available for thirty-two million of people, it is fairer and more equitable to furnish small portions of the Bible to a million-and-a-quarter people than large portions to 82,000. But, at any rate, it would be only fair to spend part of the £4,186 in gratuitous distribution of separate Gospels.

And here we may ask, "Is it fair and just to the subscribers to the Bible Society and to France and Italy, with a combined population of 72 million civilized and intelligent people, that only £9,107 should be spent annually by the Society out of £143,597 of subscripiions over our near neighbours France and Italy, with whom we have extensive commercial and social communication within a few hours' journey, and nearly an equal sum of £8,650 over Malaysia and Morocco, most of the inhabitants of which are practically uncivilized heathen, unable to read, and largely devoid of intelligence, with the result that might be expected: that these Malays and Moors (few of whom can read) have only bought altogether £720 of Scriptures in return for the £8,650 spent by the Society over them, while France and Italy have bought altogether £2,199 of Scriptures, which shows a higher degree of appreciation of religious literature?"

Surely £1,000 might with great advantage be taken from the £8,650 spent over Malays and Moors and be devoted to defray a gratuitous distribution of Gospels in French and Italian towns as suggested in our foregoing remarks, where nearly all the people can read.

It cannot be too vividly realised that a Bible or Testament is scarcely to be found in one house out of a thousand in France, Italy or Spain, and that the services in their Catholic churches are in the Latin language, and practically unintelligible to the vast majority of the congregations. Hence there is urgent need of an abundant distribution of Gospels among them, especially as they are received with avidity and eagerly read, and not regarded with indifference on the ground of being *given away* (as is the case in China), because the French and Italians are accustomed to have quantities of handbills, programmes, and advertising pamphlets distributed in their streets and from house to house which they attentively read as useful information. Frequently outside the Madeleine Church in Paris on Sunday hundreds of pamphlets containing the Epistle and Gospel (in French) for the day are given away by an advertiser who prints alongside a description of various commodities offered for sale, and the worshippers accept it as a matter of course.

Another thought suggested by the fact that £8,650 is spent over 37 million Malays and seven million Moors, is this—"Is this a fair apportionment of public subscriptions for the whole world, while at the same time the Bible Society only grants a similar sum, £9,078 to all its auxiliary societies in India, a colonial dependency of Britain, containing 581 million people, *i.e.*, fourteen times as many as the Moors and Malays?"

A great responsibility rests upon the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society to look into these matters, and to insist upon the contributions of the public, of which they are trustees, being expended so as to effect a much wider circulation of the Scriptures than is at present the case, and to refuse to be biased by red-tape officials whose inveterate opposition to the gratuitous distribution of the Scriptures is notorious.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN, the American millionaire and railway magnate, has been very much "in the public eye" during the last few weeks owing to his organising the great Atlantic steamship combine, and the part he took in connection with the great mining strike in America. Mr. Morgan celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday last April. He inherited an immense property from his father, a banker; but his Yankee cuteness has caused him to largely increase this

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN.

wealth. His methods are well illustrated by the course of action he pursued during a former big strike in the anthracite coal regions, when the late President McKinley was appealing to the miners for support. Mr. Morgan had also large interests threatened by the strike, but they were financial, not political. So when Mr. Morgan was appealed to on behalf of Mr. McKinley to end the deadlock, that alert man called a meeting of the leading coal-owners, propounded a scheme of settlement to them, which they accepted, and then, whilst they were considering details, Mr. Morgan's agents bought up all the "Coaler" shares upon which they could lay their hands. When the news of the settlement was flashed across the Continent, and "Coalers" went up accordingly, Mr. Pierpont Morgan had netted a few million dollars as the result of his keen commercial methods.

MR. JOHN KENSIT, the anti-Ritualist lecturer and Protestant, who was seriously wounded by a chisel hurled at his forehead, near Birkenhead Ferry, on September 25th, died in the Liverpool Hospital on October 8th. The funeral at Hampstead, North London, on October 11th, was of a most imposing nature, and at the graveside, his son, Mr.

THE LATE MR. JOHN KENSIT.

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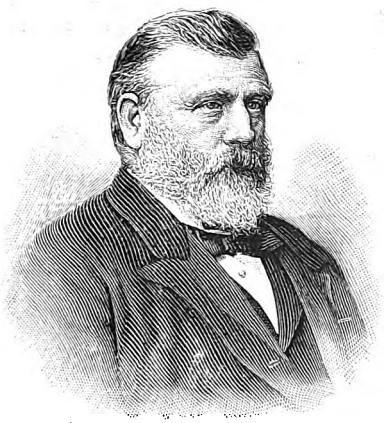
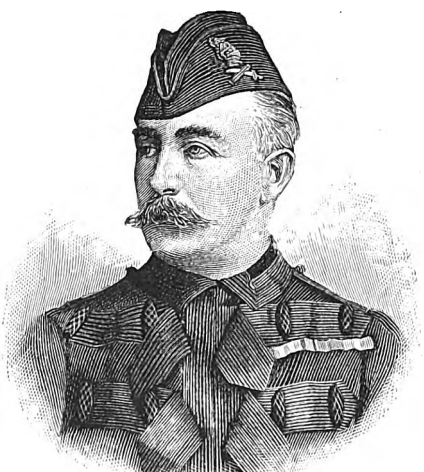


THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD SEDDON.

J. A. Kensit, was nominated successor in the Protestant Crusade.

Mr. John Kensit was born in London in 1853, and was educated at St. Botolph's (Bishopsgate) School. At the age of fifteen he was a member of the Ritualistic choir of St. Lawrence Jewry, near the Guildhall. He soon became impressed with the want of spirituality about such worship. He attended a course of lectures in the Albion Hall, under the presidency of the late Rev. Joseph Pratt—also a course under the late Dr. Maguire, then vicar of Clerkenwell—and was firmly convinced of the errors of Ritualistic doctrines. These lectures inspired him with a great desire to let others know the power of a risen Saviour, and, being always of an active nature, he soon set to work, starting a week-night open-air meeting in the Hackney Road. His clear, ringing voice attracted hundreds of listeners, and this effort, although only conducted by a lad of seventeen, as he then was, received the blessing of God. While carrying on these meetings he was led to attend a Primitive Methodist training class for local preachers. Here he gained much practical knowledge and spiritual blessing under the Rev. J. Odell. He still felt a desire to keep to the Church of England, and therefore attached himself to St. John the Baptist, Hoxton. Later on, he opened a shop in Paternoster Row, E.C., for the sale of Protestant and other wholesome periodicals. In 1898, he began his crusade against Ritualism by his famous protest in St. Cuthbert's, Kensington. Since then he has organised a band of Wickliffe preachers who, supported by voluntary contributions, preach and lecture in all parts of the country.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD SEDDON, Prime Minister of New Zealand, has reigned supreme at Wellington, the capital of that colony, for ten years. For the last three years, through his pronounced advocacy of the late war, and of constantly-proclaimed Imperialism, his name has become a household word in Britain. He has lately, in company with his wife and daughters, been visiting this country as a Coronation guest of the Government. Born in Lancashire in 1845, "Dick" Seddon, at eighteen, left England for Australia. In 1869 he migrated to New Zealand. There, as a mechanical engineer and a miner, he found scope for that hard work which is necessary to his existence. After some experience as an innkeeper, in 1879 he entered Parliament as a miners' representative. He became the right-hand man of the Premier, Mr. Ballance, and on his death, in 1893, was chosen for the Premiership as being the man who could be relied upon above all others to carry on the Government on the lines of his predecessor. From that day to this, he has held that post, and is now a leader with little or no opposition. Recently, he was presented with the freedom of St. Helens, his native borough. Here he paid a visit to the Primitive Methodist



THE EARL OF MINTO.

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THE EARL OF HOPETOUN.

Sunday School in which his late revered mother was a scholar, and addressed the Men's Bible Class at the parish church, in which he said that the principle of "Fear God, honour the King" was essential to the well-being of the Empire.

WHEN the EARL OF MINTO was appointed in 1898 to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor-General of Canada, it was generally acknowledged that the choice was a most popular one, he being an old Canadian, and later events have confirmed that opinion. Sir Gilbert John Elliot Murray-Kynynmound, fourth Earl of Minto, was born in 1845, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He served four years in the Scots Guards; afterwards he was attached to the Turkish Army in the Russo-Turkish War, and took part in the Afghan War of 1879, and in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when he was wounded. From 1883 to 1886 he was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, during which time he acted as Chief of the Staff during the "Louis Riel" Rebellion of 1885. For many years he commanded the Border Mounted Rifles, and in 1888 was made Brigadier-General commanding the South of Scotland Infantry Volunteer Brigade. The Earl of Minto has not taken much part in politics. He contested, as Viscount Melgund, the Hexham Division of Northumberland in 1886, in the Liberal Unionist interest, but was defeated. He married, in 1883, Mary Caroline, daughter of General the Hon. Charles Grey, and sister to the present Earl Grey. His knowledge of Canada acquired during his three years' residence in the Dominion, sixteen years ago, has stood him in good stead, and made him an admirable Governor-General.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, who has resigned the Governor-Generalship of the Commonwealth of Australia, was appointed Governor of Victoria, Australia, in 1889, the office by which he made his reputation at home and gained his popularity with the Australians, and where he is said to have spent upon the hospitalities of his position twice the amount of his official salary. On the termination of his term of Governorship he returned to England and became Paymaster-General, and in 1898 was appointed Lord Chamberlain. His appointment as the first Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth gave general satisfaction. In 1886 Lord Hopetoun married Miss Hersey de Moleyns, the third daughter of Lord Ventry. Lady Hopetoun was much liked in Australia during her residence there, and her return was hailed with pleasure. Two of her brothers are sugar-planters in Queensland.

LORD RANFURLY, G.C.M.G.

LORD RANFURLY, G.C.M.G., has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand since 1897. He is a descendant of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and was born on

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August 14th, 1856. In 1880 he married Constance, daughter of the seventh Viscount Charlemont. From 1895 to 1897 he was Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. He owns about 11,000 acres of land and other properties in the Irrigation Colonies of Victoria.

MR. W. A. COOTE.

MR. W. A. COOTE is an Irishman, aged 60, who served his time in the printing trade, taking a great interest in trade movements, and attending several Trade Union Congresses as representative of the London Society of Compositors. Afterwards, he was moved to interest himself in the Municipal roadmen and carmen of London, and succeeded in forming them into a strong organisation of about 7,000 in number. By means of that organisation their condition was, (so far as their hours of labour and the rate of wages were concerned), very largely improved. After that Mr. Coote did very serviceable work connected with the Vestries of London, and succeeded in forming them into an Association which was composed of the clerks and higher officers of the Vestries of London, an organisation which still exists.

He has been connectted with the National Vigilance Association since its inception in 1885, when he was made its Secretary. He was interested in various social questions, but of late years has not been so much to the front in these matters, as his time has been so fully occupied in the work of the National Vigilance Association. This Association has formed national committees in various countries, which exercise a watch-dog policy over the terrible conditions that *would* result, and *do*, from an unchecked immigration of women from foreign countries. A great deal of the work, importantly serviceable as it is, has to be done in subterrancan fashion for obvious reasons, and the fierce light of publicity can never win this Society the recognition it deserves, since it deals with matters that cannot well be discussed. But, suffice it to say, that the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and the Czarina of Russia, have manifested great interest in their work at the recent White Slaves' Congress.

GIPSY SMITH, the Evangelist, who is one of the most successful mission preachers living, was born in a tent pitched on the Wanstead part of Epping Forest, on March 31, 1860. His career is a romance of absorbing interest, and we are not surprised that his autobiography has gone through seven editions. Up to the time he was converted he had only received seven weeks' schooling, in which he learnt his letters and words of one syllable. Rodney was the fourth of six children—a wild-spirited, mischievous lad, with boundless ingenuity for getting into and out of scrapes—and lived fourteen years in tents, wandering to and fro with his parents over the face of the country. "I grew up," he says, "as wild as the birds,

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GIPSY SMITH.

frolicsome as the lambs, and as difficult to catch as the rabbits."

His mother was converted on her death-bed in 1865, and this led to his father's change of heart and life, together with that of two uncles. These three men for some time went from place to place preaching the Gospel. Towards the end of 1876, Rodney himself "experienced the joy and liberty of full salvation," and immediately began to improve his knowledge, although it was hard work then to read his Bible. On Whit-Monday, 1877, he first spoke in public at a meeting conducted by General Booth. He joined the Salvation Army, and was one of their most successful officers, until dismissed for accepting a gold watch from well-wishers at Hanley. Since that time his career has been a continuous climb to fame, and both in England and America he is looked upon as one of the most popular of living evangelists.

"JACK COOKE," the Boy Preacher, or to give him his proper name Claude Hanbury Cooke, has lately been holding great evangelistic meetings at Glasgow and Belfast, which have been as successful as those he held in London a few months back. This remarkable youth, who is only in his seventeenth year, is the youngest but one of eight children. During "Jack's" early boyhood the family spent some time in Ireland, and then settled at Moss-side, Manchester, where, about the year 1896, his father became a Christian, and began to hold prayer-meetings and study the Scriptures with the members of his family. "Up to 1897," his father once said, "there was nothing in 'Jack's' character or life to point to any extraordinary abilities that he possessed different from those of other boys of his own age; but, in the spring of 1897, I had been anxious for a considerable time to get more light on many points connected with the Scriptures, and every afternoon at three o'clock I made it a matter of duty to pray that God would open my eyes. One afternoon when I had finished my devotions, and got up from my knees, I perceived that 'Jack' had fallen back in his chair in a helpless way, which I knew was not natural. I thought he was ill, and ran to his assistance. I carried him to the couch, and, after laying him down, I hurriedly called his mother, who at once gave it as her opinion that 'Jack' was in a trance. I then spoke to him, and asked him if he could tell us what was the matter with him. After some time, 'Jack' said, 'Father, this thing is of God.' I said, '"Jack," are you in some kind of a trance?' He replied, 'It is not a trance, but the Spirit of God in action.' I asked him a number of questions, and I found that a mighty power had come upon the lad, even the wisdom of the Holy Spirit." From that time the boy became a fascinating orator and has been instrumental in leading hundreds to profess conversion to Christ.

JACK COOKE, THE BOY PREACHER.

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"I HANDED THE ROSE TO HIM. IT WAS A RATHER LARGE CREAMY BUD."

ROSES · OF · DEATH.

By E. VINCENT WAREING.

THE narrative, which I am about to relate, came to my ears several years ago when I was still quite a young practitioner. It was told me in strict confidence by the late Dr. Jordan Bartlett, the famous physician of the Midland Metropolis, with whom, as his assistant, I spent the early years of my medical career.

As everyone will remember, Dr. Bartlett was one of the shining lights of the medical faculty, and on bacteriology he was universally considered the most reliable authority. Why he came to take up that study, with such an all-absorbing interest, very few seemed to know; as a matter of fact, I believe I am the only person to whom he confided the actual reason of devoting so much of his valuable time to that one particular study.

I have always treated what he told me as a professional secret; but now (leaving our calling the poorer by his death) he has joined the great majority. Therefore, there can be no harm, or breach of etiquette, in my throwing a little light on the past of the man of such great attainments.

He was a bachelor, but not by any means a misogynist. Why he remained unmarried, he never would disclose, and the probabilities are we never should have known, but for the circumstances I am about to relate. His practice was large and lucrative, and he had many wealthy patients on his books. But money-making was not at all in his line, for he freely bestowed his wealth upon charities for the benefit of the poor, suffering incurables. No one ever sought his help in vain, and if ever his patients were too poor to pay

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"UTTERING A SCREAM, SHE AT ONCE THREW THEM INTO THE FIRE."

levity in a doctor. Come, let me look at the flower you seem so proud of."

I handed it to him. It was a rather large creamy coloured bud.

"Ah!" sighed the doctor, "I thought I was right. This takes me back to the time when I had to play the role of detective; which is now many years ago."

Looking up he asked:

"Do you know the name of this rose?"

I admitted my ignorance.

"Well," he said, "properly it is called a *Gloire-de-Dijon*, but I have another name for it—one perhaps you have never heard before."

"Indeed?"

"Yes: I call it the 'Rose of Death!'"

"The Rose of Death,'" I reiterated, "a most ill-fitting name for so beautiful a flower."

"Do you think so? Then listen, and I'll tell you how I came to give it such a weird designation. This will also explain how it is I'm a confirmed bachelor, and the reason of my being devoted so much to the study of bacteriology."

He sat for a moment vacantly gazing into the fire, then unconsciously heaved a sigh.

"It's about thirty years ago," he began, "but although viewed now down the long vista of the past, it seems to my mind's eye as bright and clear as ever. I am no romancer, and I'm afraid I shall not tell my story in what authors eall the proper sequence, but still I'll tell you just as I remember it."

"People think I am insensible to a woman's love, but in that they err, for once I was engaged to be married to the sweetest and purest girl I ever met.

"I was nearly thirty years of age when I finished my course of training in an Edinburgh college. Here it was that I not only learned the art of medicine, but also love; and, mark you, my lad, this was no calf love of an insipid youth, but the strong overwhelming passion of a fully matured man. The object of my affections was Agnes, the daughter of one of the university's professors. She was my junior by nearly ten years, but love overcomes greater obstacles than age, and we were not long

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in coming to perfect mutual understanding. After that I waited on the Professor and acquainted him with the case.

"For a moment he was non-plussed and shewed signs of being somewhat obdurate; I flatter myself, however, that he was not insensible to the fact that I should make a most desirable son-in-law. The result of a great deal of argument was that he relented, saying:

"'But Agnes is too young; and you have no position.'

"This I expected.

"'Granted, Professor,' I responded, 'but you will admit that I have brains—and that I know how to use them?'

"The professor was secretly proud of me as a student, for at the last examination, my paper, as his subject, received special comment, and thus reflected great credit upon him as well as myself.

"I soon eased the gentleman's mind by informing him that we were in no desperate hurry; we were both prepared to wait, for then both his objections would be met. At length he consented to an informal engagement, which was not to become public until I had won my M.D. At that time I had just qualified as a Bachelor of Surgery and Medicine, and my financial position would not permit my remaining longer in the University. I had, therefore, to turn my qualifications to practical account. For a month or two I remained in Edinburgh, acting as *locum tenens*, earning a few guineas wherever possible. Owing to the Professor's influence, I at length obtained a permanent post as resident surgeon in a local hospital. Meanwhile, of course, I had been studiously reading up for my final degree.

"The old adage, 'The course of true love never runs smooth' justified itself in my case, for my imperturbable spirit, for once, was one day put out of its habitual equanimity by hearing that my colleague at the hospital—a sinister-looking individual, I think of Spanish extraction—was paying undesirable attentions to my fiancée. Naturally, I was furious, and at once called on him and demanded an explanation. He said he was unaware of there being any contract between us; then attempted to excuse himself on the grounds of our engagement being informal. He prevaricated, and I told him so. He treated the matter with a *sang froid* air that amounted to insolence. He even went so far as to infer that Agnes had encouraged him. In answer to this I said nothing, but on the impulse of the moment I seized the Spanish wretch by the throat and from his lying lips forced an apology. He gave it, and at the same time swore I should live to regret my violence. I flung him from me, and with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, I left him. I laughed at his threats, little dreaming at the time that he would pursue his vendetta to such a cruel conclusion. I was not surprised next morning to hear that he was taking a short holiday!

"When he returned, a week later, we studiously avoided each other; if we met in the hospital, our conduct one to another was one of constrained civility.

"All went fairly smoothly for about two years; at the end of that time I went up to London to see if I could pull off my M.D. One morning I was greatly surprised to learn in a letter from Agnes that, during my absence, that scoundrel was again persecuting her with his hateful addresses—he had even gone so far as to ask her to become his wife! I swore to myself that the next time I met him I would thrash him within an inch of his life. I sat for the examination, and ultimately heard that I had passed with honours. After the examination, I intended spending a short holiday at Brighton, but judge my consternation, the morning I should have begun my holiday, when I received a telegram which briefly said:

"'Come at once; Agnes is dying!'

"Twenty-four hours later I was back again in Edinburgh. With all kinds of dread anticipations, hailing a hansom, I soon arrived at the professor's residence. The sight that met my eyes made my heart sink. All the tell-tale blinds were drawn. My worst anticipations were realised. My beautiful Agnes was dead!

"It is useless for me to dwell upon my grief, for as befits a doctor, I endeavoured to bear it all with a stoical calm. Time has proven no one else has ever taken her place in my heart, and that is why I am still a bachelor.

"In the company of the Professor, her grief-stricken father. I had my last look on her sweet form—beautiful even in death. Afterwards, when we had left the chamber of death, I stood for a few minutes discussing the professional points of the case with her father. In reply to my

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enquiry as to what she complained of, he said: "'Feelings of languor, debility, sickness, and headache; occasionally she complained of shivering and chilly sensations, besides soreness of the throat.'

"These, as you will recognise at once, are the symptoms of diphtheria.

"'And when did she first shew signs of illness?' I asked.

"'About a fortnight ago—the day you sent her those roses!'

"'I never sent her any roses!' I exclaimed quickly.

"The Professor eyed me critically for a moment.

"'Did you not instruct Macfarland, the florist, to send Agnes a bunch of her favourite flowers—the *Gloire-de-Dijon*?'

"'No, indeed, I did not,' I cried hotly.

"The Professor looked at me as though he thought my poignant sorrow had taken away my memory.

"'Where are the roses?' I demanded.

"'I understand from the maid that directly she opened the box she picked them up and held them to her face, inhaling their sweet perfume. Suddenly she caught sight of a note which was attached to the flowers. Uttering a little scream, she at once threw them into the fire. I thought nothing of it at the time, but now you say you did not have them sent—well, I don't know what to make of it.'

"For a moment I was half-dazed, for a most horrible suggestion seemed to have taken possession of me. Collecting together my scattered nerves, I asked:

"'And to what does your physician attribute the cause of her death?'

"'He ascribes it to a complication of diseases; the chief of which is diphtheria.'

"'Now, Professor,' I said, striving hard to keep firm and collected, 'Do you believe her death was natural?'

"My question seemed to stagger him.

"'Natural! what do you mean?'

"Why," I thundered, 'because I do not. I firmly believe she has been murdered!'

"The Professor looked at me, then shook his head in despair; he evidently thought I was bereft of my reason.

"I said no more, but resolved to myself to do all that lay in my power to what I had said, and to bring the accusation home to her murderer.

"My theory was that she had been the victim of a diabolical experiment. You know at that time, the study of bacteria was not by any means an organised science; there was no method, and everyone was left to his own devices and experiments. It was a subject upon which I was not over keen, but still, I was well acquainted with the dread possibilities of pathogenic bacillus.

"The next day I called upon Macfarland the florist.

"'You received an order from me a little while ago for some roses?'

"'Yes, I did, doctor,' he replied.

"'Do you remember what kind?'

"He referred to his order book.

"'A bunch of *Gloire-de-Dijons*,' he answered, 'they were ordered by the hospital porter, who also paid for them and took them away with him, but shortly afterwards he returned, bringing an address, and asked me to let my man leave them with Dr. Bartlett's compliments.

"'Have you another of the same description?'

"The florist produced one very similar to the one you were wearing to-night; I paid for it, thanked him for his trouble, then went round to the hospital, and interviewed the porter. From him I learned that my Spanish rival had told him he had received a letter from me, asking him as a favour, to get the roses, and send them with my kind regards to Agnes. The man at once recognised the flower I shewed him. When he came back from the florist's, the Spanish doctor took them up into the laboratory, but shortly brought them down again and sent them back to the florist's to be delivered. I had now sufficient evidence to work upon.

* * * * * *

"A week later. During the past few days I learned more about bacteria than I had during the whole of my medical career. You know that all pathogenic bacteria produce poisons, known as toxine, which give rise to disease and determine its cause. No one was better acquainted with this than that scoundrel of a Spaniard; but to what a terrible end had he used his knowledge!

"While I had been in London a patient had died in the hospital suffering from a number of allied complaints, one of which was diphtheria. From this poor sufferer he had procured the deadly germs, and on Agnes refusing to be his wife, had conveyed the fatal bacillus of diphtheria

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"THE SPANISH DOCTOR WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS ROOM."

into the hearts of the roses, then sent them to her as a present from myself.

"In all innocence, when she had smelled the flowers, she had inhaled the bacillus, and in a short time its virulent poison was disseminated all through her system in its most fatal form. Although the most skilful man in the city was called in immediately, the case from the earliest stage was obviously hopeless; for you must remember at that period there was no thought of using anti-toxins, for the reason they were as yet undiscovered.

"But now I had proved that the Spanish Doctor was the Criminal, I could take no legal proceedings. For had not the most eminent doctor of Edinburgh duly certified the cause of her death? And this to the world was perfectly natural.

"I carefully weighed the matter up, then decided upon my course of action. I would write to the vile wretch, charging him with the crime; proving the accusation; and threatening him with exposure. Unless he at once tendered his resignation at the hospital, I would do my uttermost to get his name struck off the rolls, and get him hounded out of the profession. To escape this, I offered him the alternative of his leaving the country at once, and for ever. The letter was despatched, and I eagerly looked forward for the answer, which came sooner than I expected, for the next morning great consternation prevailed throughout the hospital. The Spanish doctor was found dead in his room.

"He had poisoned himself!

"There now, my lad," finished the Doctor, "you have the impulse which urged me on with the study of bacteriology, and perhaps you can understand my natural repugnance to roses; and why this one in particular, the beautiful *Gloire-de-Dijon*, is known to me as the 'Rose of Death'—but, hark! there goes the surgery bell; it's nearly eight o'clock, and I must not keep my patients waiting."

Saying this, Dr. Jordan Bartlett, the great philanthropist and eminent bacteriologist, walked off to his consulting room.

[THE END.]

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and **it is painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—**"Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us."**

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food,** rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System,** Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid, and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us :—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus,** because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus.**"

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

Hence the fifteen standard kinds enumerated in the adjoined list have been formulated and have earned a unique reputation for the complaints named therein.

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PLAIN. SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS. A Vitalising food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c.; and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, &c., &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. *The basis of all Dr. Birley's Preparations.* Of especial value to Professional Men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations 4/6

IRONISED. SPECIAL REMEDY for Muscular Debility, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Rupture, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of *great value* also as a restorative after an attack of "*influenza*" .. 4/6

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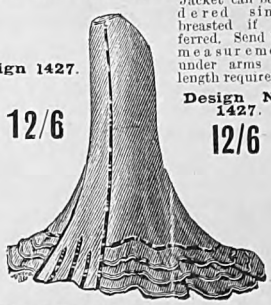

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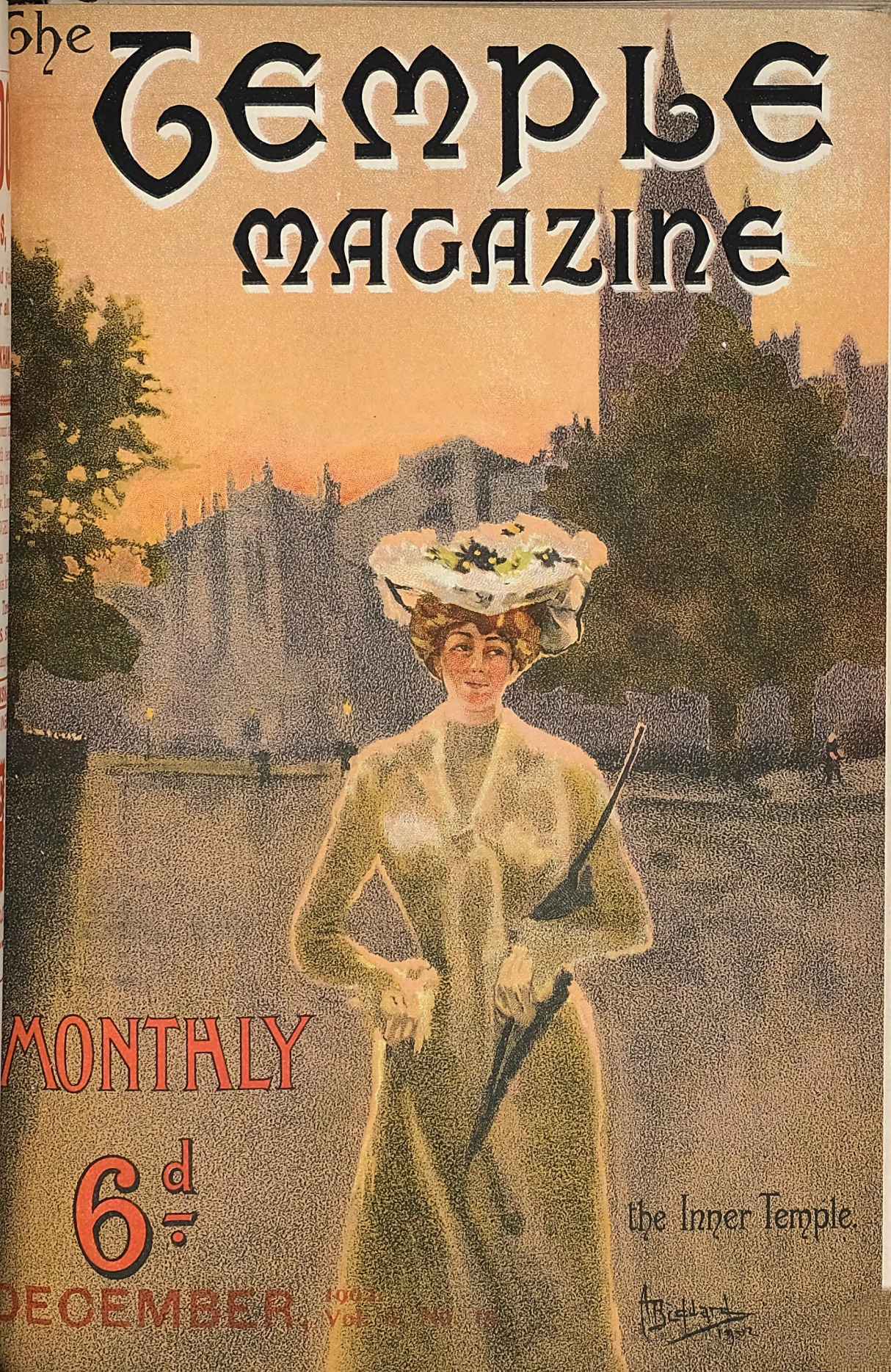
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Vol. 10 No. 12
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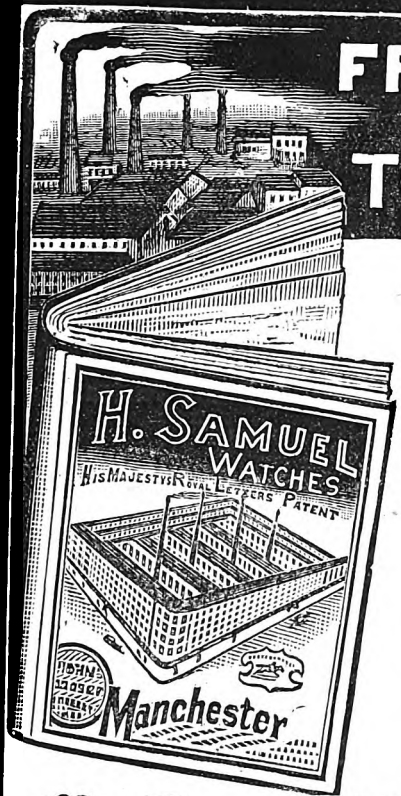

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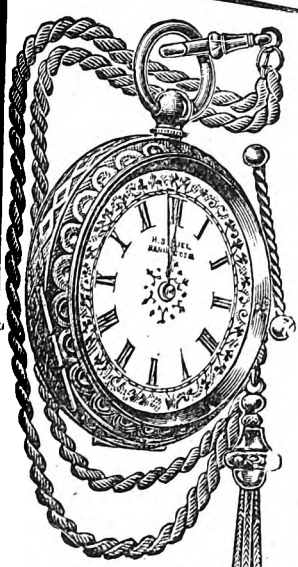

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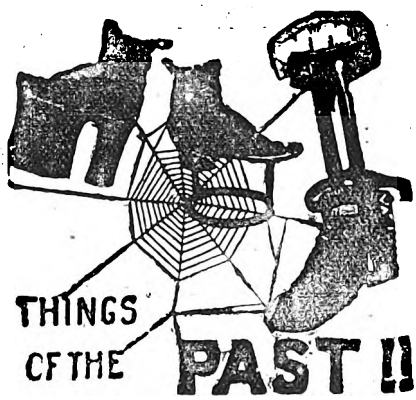

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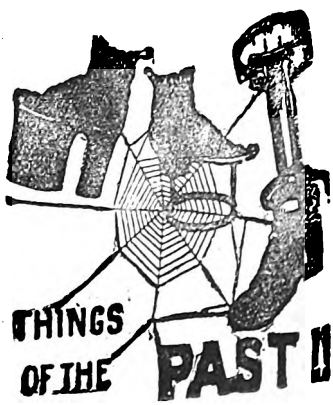

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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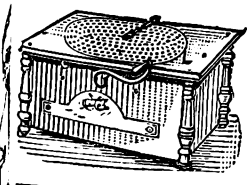

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These Stories, which are from the Journal of Lieutenant Warneford, R.N., are no mere fancy pictures of the high-souled, dashing smuggler, but comprise some of the exciting adventures of a preventive officer in the wild days of the early part of the past century, when smuggling was carried on with a boldness and daring now almost incredible.

THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE.

WHEN I joined the *Scorpion*, sloop of war, then (1812) on the West India Station, there were a father and son amongst the crew, whose names appeared on the ship's books as John Somers and John *Alice* Somers. The oddity, in this country, of giving a boy a feminine name had been no doubt jestingly remarked upon by those who were aware of it; but with the sailors, the lad passed as Ally Somers. The father (who had attained to the rating of boatswain) was a man approaching fifty; a stern, hard, silent man with a look as cold and clear as polished steel, and a cast-iron mouth indicative of inflexible, indomitable firmness of will and resolution. He formed a striking contrast to his son, who could not have been more than seventeen, and was of effeminate appearance. I was not long in discovering that, obdurate and self-engrossed as the man seemed, the boy was really the idol of his affections and hopes. His eyes continually followed the motions of the lad; and it appeared to be his increasing aim and study to lighten the duties which the youngster had to perform, and to shield him from the rough usage accorded to lads in his position by the motley crew of those days. Several times I was an unintentional auditor of scraps of conversation between the two, and I gathered that Ally was the sole issue of a marriage that had left bitter memories in the mind of the father; but whether arising from the early death of his wife, or from other causes, I did not ascertain. Somers was, it appeared, a native of the West of England, and it was quite evident that he had received a much better education than usually falls to individuals of his class. He was a man who knew no fear; and on one occasion, in a skirmish, he saved my life by sending a timely bullet through the head of an unruly negro who held me for a moment at his mercy. At the close of the war, Somers and his son were, with thousands of others, turned adrift from the Royal service.

Some months after my appointment to the command of a revenue cutter, I chanced to meet the father in the village of Totton, about four miles out of

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Southampton, on the New Forest Road. He had, I found, re-entered the Navy; but having met with an accident, had been invalided and given a small pension. Ally, he informed me, was the skipper of a small craft purchased with his prize-money, and trading between Guernsey and Southampton.

About a couple of months after this meeting with the father, I fell in with the son. I was strolling, at about eleven in the forenoon, along the front of the Southampton Custom House, when my glance fell upon a young man in a seaman's dress, busily engaged in loading a cart with bundles of laths which had been landed alongside the quay. It was Ally Somers; and so much improved in looks since I last saw him, that, but for a certain air of fragility, he might have been pronounced a handsome, fine young fellow.

The laths which he was so anxiously assisting his three men to cart, he had brought from Guernsey. They were then a very common importation from that island, as it had the right to send its own produce customs-free to England. Only a slight duty, tantamount to what the foreign timber of which the laths were made would have been liable to, was levied upon them. This was ascertained by the proper officer simply measuring the length and girth of the bundles. This had been done, and the labels marked as "passed." It struck me, however, that Ally Somers was

"AS HE WAS LED OFF INTO CUSTODY HE LOOKED THE PICTURE OF DESPAIR."

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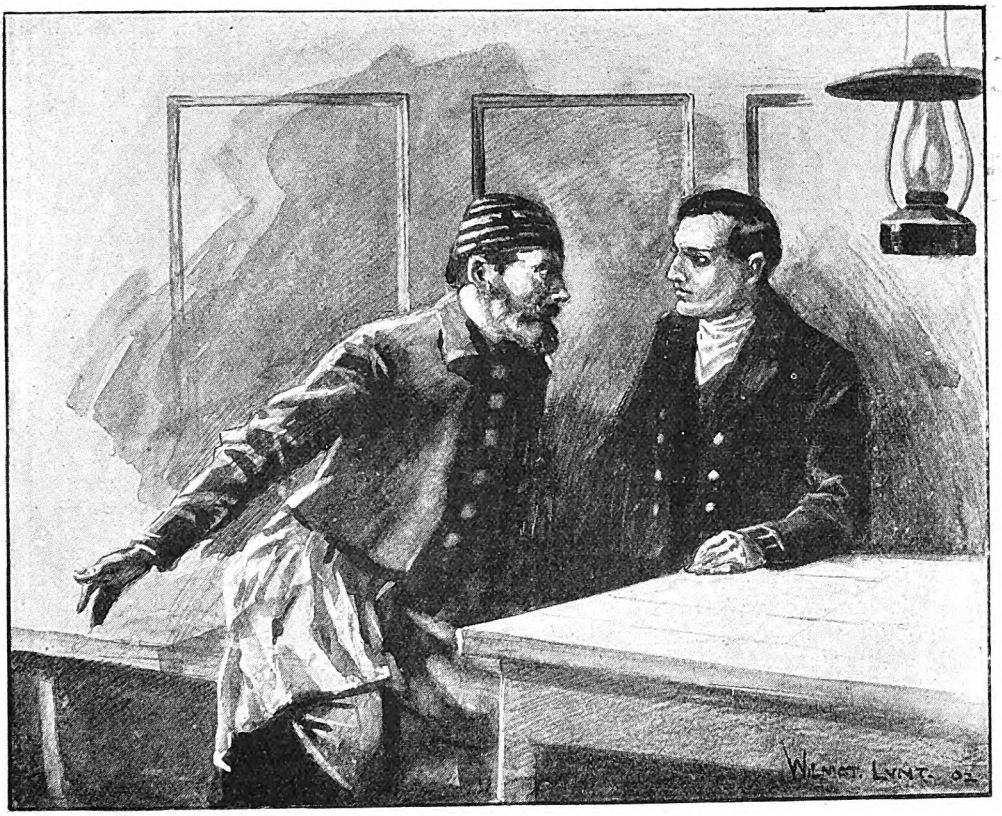

"HE IS THE MAN WHO SOLD ALLY'S SECRET TO THE REVENUE OFFICERS."

greatly flurried and very much excited. When he saw me approaching with the intention of speaking to him, this agitation perceptibly increased. He turned deadly pale, and quite trembled under ill-concealed apprehension. He was somewhat reassured by my frank salutation; and, after a few commonplace enquiries, I walked away. Evidently greatly relieved, he, with his sailors, continued the work of re-loading the cart.

I could not help suspecting that something was wrong, though I could not make up my mind to verify the surmise his perturbed and excited manner suggested. Besides, I might be wrong after all, and I had no right to presume that the officer, who had passed the laths, had not made a sufficient examination of them. The flurry of the young man might arise from physical weakness, and the severe labour he was performing in such hot weather. These reasons, or more truly, these excuses, for doing nothing were passing through my brain, when I observed the hasty approach towards the cart of the collector of customs himself, followed by several of his subordinates. Young Somers saw him as quickly as I did. His first impulse, it was quite plain, was flight. A thought, no doubt, of the hopelessness of such an attempt arrested his steps, and he stood quaking with terror by the side of the cart.

"One of you lend me a knife," said the collector, addressing his officers.

A knife was quickly opened and handed to him. He severed the strong cords, which bound one of the bundles of laths together, and they flew asunder, disclosing a long tin tube, of considerable diameter, closely rammed with tobacco! All the other bundles contained a similar deposit. So large was the quantity of heavily-taxed weed, thus unexpectedly made a lawful prize of, that a profit, I was assured, of not

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less than £500 or £600 would have been made by the audacious smuggler, had he succeeded in his bold and ingenious attempt. The ends of the bundles had been filled up with short pieces of lath, so that, except by the process adopted, it was not easy to detect that the cargo was not *bona fide* what it had been declared to be. The penalties to which Somers had rendered himself liable were immense.

The vessel also was forfeited, and the unfortunate young man's liberty at the mercy of the Crown. As he was led off in custody, he looked the very picture of despair, and I felt that ruin, utter and complete, had fallen upon him.

The consequences which I chiefly feared came to pass even more speedily than I had apprehended. It was impossible to liquidate the penalties incurred, and Ally Somers was imprisoned as a Crown debtor. The prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment, with other causes of grief and depression—he was to have been married had the venture succeeded—broke down the always fragile health of the prisoner.

The tidings were brought to me by the old man himself. I was seated in the cabin of the *Rose* cutter when it was announced that John Somers was alongside in a boat, and wished to see me. I directed that he should be allowed to come on board, and presently the old man, with despair visible on every line of his countenance, in every glance of his restless, flaming eyes, entered the cabin.

"I come to tell you, sir, that Ally's dead."

"I was somewhat prepared for this bad news, Mr. Somers," I answered. "It's hard upon you, but it should be bravely borne with."

He laughed strangely. "To be sure—to be sure," he said, "that is wise counsel—very wise; but that which I want now more than wise counsel is ten pounds, which I shall never be able to pay back!"

"Ten pounds!"

"Yes; you may remember that I once saved your life. If that piece of service was worth the sum I have named, you can now discharge the obligation. I have parted with everything, and Ally's last prayer was to be buried beside his—beside a grave—an early and untimely one like his own, many miles away."

"I understand; it is a natural and pious wish, and you shall have the money."

"Thank you. The funeral over, I have one more thing to do in life, and that is to assist you in securing Cocquerel whilst running one of his most valuable cargoes.'

"Cocquerel, the Guernseyman, you mean?"

"Ay, so he calls himself; but I fancy he at one time hailed from another port. He is the man who sold Ally's secret to the inland-revenue officers!"

"Are you sure?"

"As death! He was Ally's only confidant, and Ally's father is now in Cocquerel's confidence. It is but natural," he added, and a bitter smile curled his ashy lips, "it is but natural, you know, that I should be eager in pillaging a government which caged my son, and held him under its iron bars till life had fled. Cocquerel understands this, and trusts me fully; but that which he does *not* understand, know, or suspect," continued the fierce old man, sinking his voice into a whisper, and leaning forward with his face close to mine, "is that John Somers has found out who it was that sold his boy's life! Did he know that, know *me* too, there would be sounder sleepers than he in these dark nights."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing more, of course," he added, in a more checked and guarded tone, "than to retort the trick he played Ally—something after his own fashion."

"That is fair revenge enough, and I'll not baulk you, Now, then, for your plan."

Various details were discussed, and it was settled that on that day week, Somers was again to communicate with me. He then took his leave.

At the appointed time Somers returned, and appeared to be in quite high spirits. Everything was, he said, arranged, and success all but certain. His scheme was then canvassed, and finally agreed upon, and he again left the vessel.

Cocquerel intended running a large cargo on the coast of Dorsetshire, to the north of Portland, at a place where the cliffs are high, precipitous, and abrupt, and, at that time, very inefficiently watched by a shore force. Near the spot selected is, or was, a kind of cavern, worn by the action of the sea in the chalky stratum, which at neap-tides was partially

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dry, and at the time of our enterprise would effectually conceal a boat from the observation of anyone who did not actually peer into its mouth. Cocquerel was to leave Guernsey the next day in a large boat, with two lug sails, but chiefly depending for speed upon its sweeps. It was calculated that he would reach his destination about midnight. Somers had taken the duty of shore-signalman, and if danger was apprehended, was to warn the smugglers that "hawks" were abroad by burning a blue light.

The manner of running the cargo was to be this: Somers was provided with a windlass and sufficient length of rope to reach the boat, with a kind of rope-cradle at the end of it, in which a man could sit, or a couple of kegs be slung. The windlass he was to secure firmly to the edge of the cliff, and two or three of the men having been drawn up, other windlasses were to be fixed. It was calculated that in about half-an-hour the entire cargo would be landed and safely carried off by the carts which Somers had undertaken to have in readiness. The signal for *our* appearance on the scene of action, the positive old man insisted should be that agreed upon for warning the smugglers—a sudden ignition of a blue light. This did not seem the best possible mode of procedure; but, as the cavern in which we were to conceal ourselves was but a few yards northward of the spot marked out for the landing of the cargo, and Somers promised he would only give the signal when the smugglers were in full work, I had little fear that, barring accidents, they would be able to escape us.

The next afternoon, the largest boat belonging to the *Rose* was fully manned; and leaving the cutter quietly at anchor in the Southampton river, just above Calshot, we pulled with the tide to our hiding place, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

The hours crept very slowly and dismally away, amidst the darkness and hoarse echoes and moanings of the cavern, into which the sea and wind, which were gradually rising, dashed and howled with increasing violence. Occasional peeps at my watch, by the light of a lantern carefully shaded seaward, warned us that ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock had passed, without bringing the friends we were so anxiously expecting; and fears of ultimate disappointment were chilling us, far more than the cold night-breeze, when a man in the bow of the boat said, in a whisper, he could hear the dash of oars. We all instantly listened with eager attention; but it was not until we had brought the boat to the entrance of the opening that the man's assertion was verified. There it was clear enough, and the near approach of a large boat, with the regular jerk of the oars or sweeps, was distinctly audible. The loud, clear

JOHN SOMERS.

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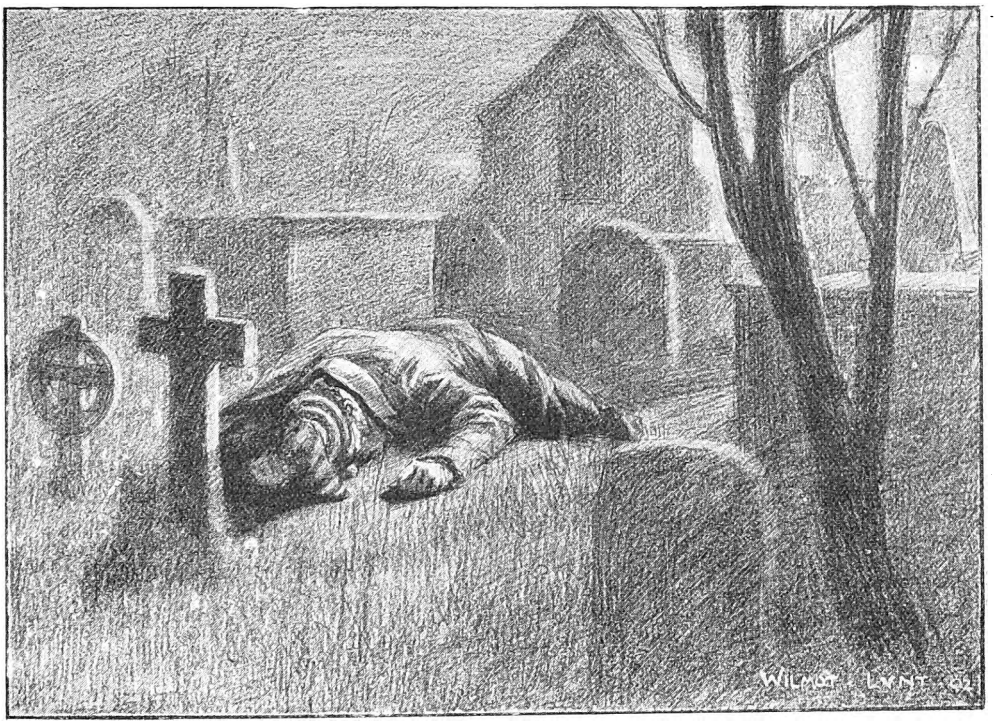

THE BODY OF AN AGED MAN WAS FOUND FROZEN TO DEATH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF—— NEAR TWO ADJOINING GRAVES, ONE OF WHICH WAS THAT OF ALICE MAYNARD.

hail of their shore-signalman, answered by the "All right" of the smugglers, left no doubt that the expected prey was within our grasp. I had a mind to pounce upon them at once, but was withheld by a promise, which I had been obliged several times to repeat, that I would not, under any circumstances, do so till the signal-flame sent its light over the water.

As soon as the noise and bustle of laying in the sweeps, lowering in the sails, and unstepping the masts, had subsided, we heard Somers hail the boat, and insist that the captain should come up before any of the others, as there was a difficulty about the carts which he could not settle. The reply was a growl of assent, and we could hear, by the click of the windlass-pall, that Somers was paying out the rope. Presently Cocquerel was heard to get into the cradle I have spoken of, to which a line was fastened in order to steady his ascent from below. The order was given to turn away, and the renewed click, click, announced that he was ascending the face of the cliff.

This manœuvre considerably puzzled me. It seemed to indicate the escape of the very man we were most anxious to secure, and the order to shove off was just on my lips, when a powerful blue-light flamed suddenly forth, accompanied by a fierce, but indistinct shout, or roar rather, from Somers. My men replied with a loud cheer, and we shot smartly out; but, having to row in a straight direction for about a cable's length, to avoid a line of reef, the smugglers, panic-stricken and bewildered as they were, had time to get away on their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before our boat was fairly turned in pursuit. The frantic endeavour to escape was vain, as was the still more wild effort at resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much; one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass butted pistols; and, after being secured, they had the leisure to vent their rage in curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey *patois*, while I looked round to see what had become of Cocquerel.

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The blue light still shed a lurid radiance all round, and, to my inexpressible horror and dismay I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff. Here Somers was standing gazing at his victim with looks of demoniacal rage and triumph. There was no mistaking the deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man; and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hands of Somers.

"Lieutenant Warneford!" cried the exulting maniac—he was nothing else—"I have caught this Cocquerel for you nicely—got him swinging in the prettiest cradle he was ever rocked in in all his life. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Cut loose at once," I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly towards the spot.

"Somers, if you shoot that man, you shall die on the gallows!"

"Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?" screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation, "he can't! he has no knife—ha! ha! ha! And if he had this pistol would be swifter than that. But I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, Jacques Cocquerel," he continued, laying himself flat down on to the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, "This contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner completely repay!"

At this moment the blue light suddenly expired; and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. The frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man, Somers, in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy, could still be heard. Then, after a while, we heard the words, "One, two, three!" followed by the report of a pistol, and a dark body shot down the white face of the cliff, disappearing beneath the waters.

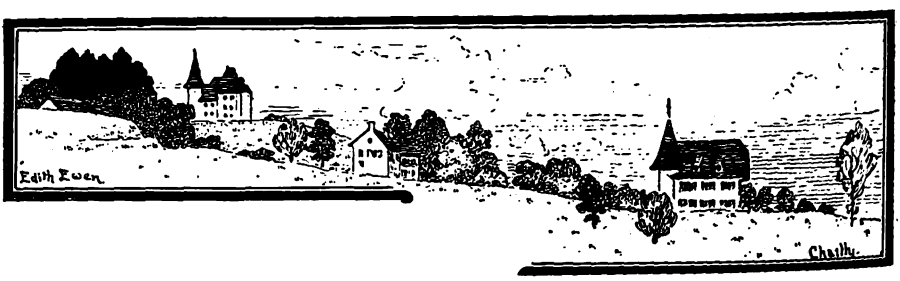
* * * * * *

The body of Cocquerel never reappeared, nor did I ever see Somers again. But some years afterwards I was glancing through the *Hampshire Telegraph*, when I came across the following paragraph:—

"The body of an aged man was found frozen to death in the churchyard of—on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and, as we believe, entirely innocent woman. At the inquest held on Friday, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the deceased is John Maynard, who after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe, the person who shot a French smuggler. with whom he had quarrelled, at the back of the Isle of Wight, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son, John *Alice* Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been, to our knowledge, any regular investigation of that affair; but we believe now, as we did then, that Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy."

There are several mistakes in this paragraph, sufficiently obvious to the reader; but of the main fact that John Somer *alias* Maynard, perished as described the can be no reasonable doubt.

[THE END.]



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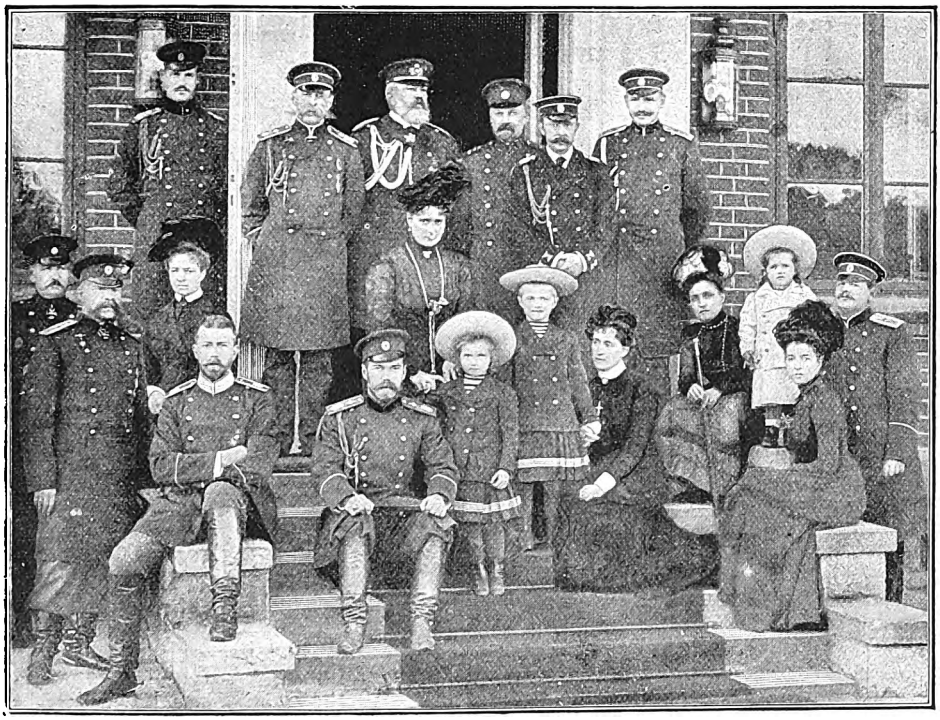

THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA AND PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

THE CZAR'S SIMPLE LIFE.

By Fritz Morris.

THOUGH the Czar of Russia is the richest man in the world, and the disposal of every penny raised for the government is absolutely in his control, and though he draws upon it to as great an extent as he pleases, as if it were his private purse, the home life of the imperial couple of Russia is very simple, and almost without ceremony. The Czarina in manner is charming and diffident, more like a very young girl, perhaps, than an empress. She blushes very easily, and has a trick of drooping her head. She dresses as an English lady and looks English.

Although she has wonderful pearls, star-sapphires, and cabochon rubies, she seldom wears jewels. The Czar generally dresses in simple Russian costume in the palace. He, too, has a very quiet and gentle manner, but great determination, and both he and the Czarina are held in great awe by those around them.

The Czar rises at eight, and his toilet lasts until nearly nine o'clock, when he sits down at his writing-table to discharge such important matters of state as do not admit of delay. From ten until eleven o'clock he enjoys a short rest, during which he

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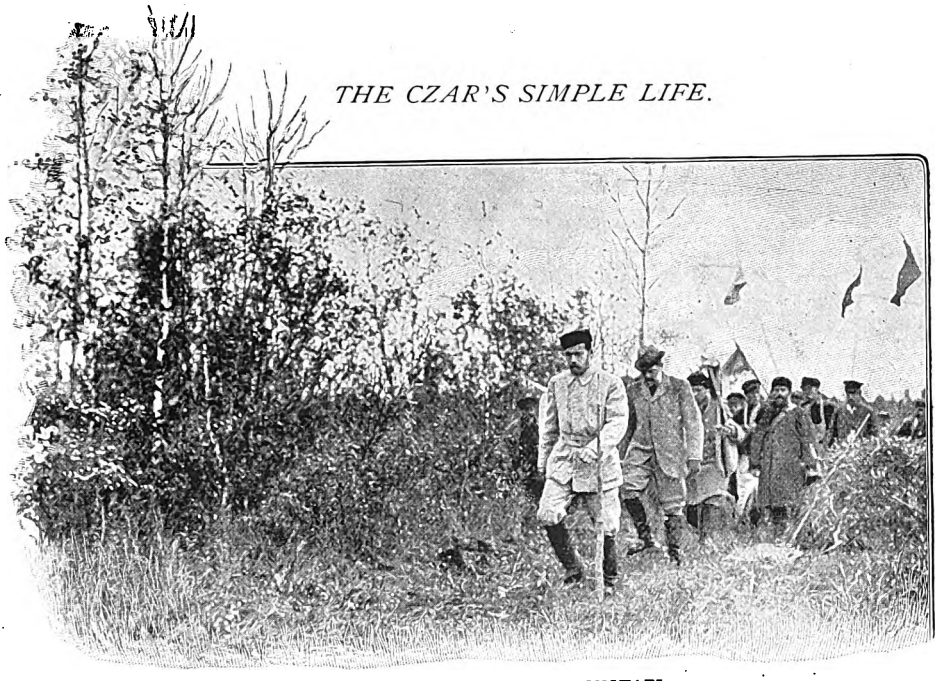
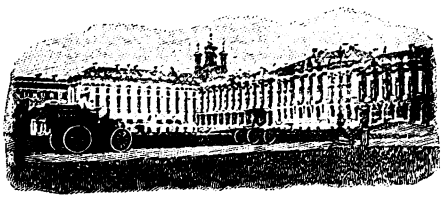


THE CZAR AND THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

and festivities interfere now and then with the daily routine of his life, but the ministers try as much as possible to keep his working hours uninterrupted.

Czar Nicholas is a curious contrast to his father. In disposition, as well as in bodily presence, he differs strangely from his parent. Alexander was not a highly educated man. His elder brother Nicholas had been carefully taught and trained for the responsibilities he was to bear, but his death, at the age of twenty-two, placed Alexander in the position of heir to the throne, and he was then too old to learn, nor could he afford the necessary time. Before he succeeded to the throne, a very unfortunate incident occurred which proved how cruel he could be. An officer of Swedish origin had been sent to the United States to order rifles for the Russian army. On his return he had to report to the Czarewitch, who was appointed to superintend the re-arming of the troops. During the interview the Prince lost his temper and began to scold sharply. The officer replied with dignity, whereupon Alexander fell into a fit of fury, and loaded the man with insult. The man bowed himself out of the royal presence, went home and wrote a letter to the heir-apparent, asking him to apologize within twenty-four hours, adding that if the apology did not come he would shoot himself. The Czarewitch took no notice, sending neither excuse nor apology, and the officer kept his word. The Czar heard the story and was very angry with his son, and ordered him to follow the hearse of the officer to the grave. But even this terrible lesson failed to cure Alexander of his haughtiness. The gentle ways of the present Czar, and his unwillingness to hurt the feelings of any one, are in sharp contrast to the cruelty of the father.



THE PALACE AT TSARSKOYE SELO.

THE CZAR ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.

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THE CZAR AND CZARINA, AND THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR AND WIFE.

Unlike his father, he makes a point, whenever it is possible, of driving out alone with the Empress and with a small attendance. He does not give notice of his drives and walks abroad, and is often quite unnoticed. The late Czar, when he drove out, had the streets lined with troops, and always drove in a splendid equipage surrounded by his guards and attendants, while the police now seldom know in what direction their Emperor means to drive. The etiquette of the Russian court also has become much less strict since the accession of Nicholas II., and all his subjects are allowed admission to his presence. The peasants will travel hundreds of miles to bring their petitions to him, for they know that the Czar will personally receive them and will himself read what they have written. He is grave in public, but in private he is full of fun, and very fond of chaffing the members of his intimate circle. The Czarina exactly suits her husband, and a happier family life cannot be imagined. Her Majesty is almost always with the Czar, even when he is at work, and when statesmen come to see him His Majesty often begs her to stay with them. By the Russian people the present Czar and Czarina are greatly beloved, but among the members of the court there are many who sigh for the times when the Czarina Marie Feodorowna was reigning Empress, because she was conservative and fondly cherished all the tradition of court ceremonials.

The Czar has many palaces, but those he most frequently occupies are the winter palace in St. Petersburg, Peterhof in the suburbs of the city which is copied after Versailles, and Livadia in the Crimea. The winter palace can accommodate about six thousand persons and contains some magnificent apartments; but the rooms of the Czar and Czarina are very plainly furnished in English fashion, and look more like the apartments of a middle-class family. Like all Russian palaces, the winter palace is a combination of splendor and seediness. Visitors are shown through many chambers, where everything is adapted for the most gorgeous ceremonials of state, but other parts of the palace are in a state of positive neglect. The balls and banquets at the winter palace are celebrated for their magnificence, especially the fêtes of the first of January, and have always been worthy of the ruler of so vast an empire. At the suppers

THE CZAR'S SUBURBAN PALACE.

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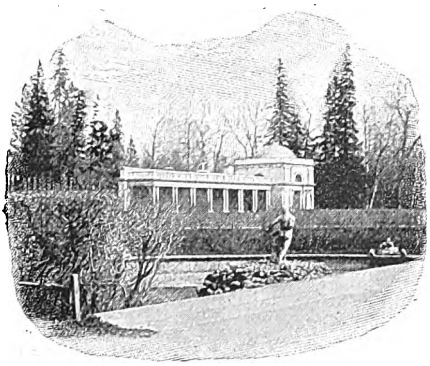
for three or four hundred guests a unique decoration is often introduced. Immense orange trees, planted in tubs, are placed upon the ground, and so arranged as to come up between the compartments of the long tables, in which a space is cut out to admit of the trunk, allowing the rich foliage and fruit to shadow the tables. Soon after his accession, the Czar laid out four hundred thousand dollars in remodeling and refurnishing the royal kitchens at the winter palace. All the cooking utensils are of solid silver. The spice-boxes are of solid gold, engraved with the royal arms, and the ranges and ovens are edged with silver. The actual cost of rebuilding the kitchens was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the purest black marble being used throughout. Among the cooking utensils there is a gold gridiron that belonged to the great Catherine.

The chief cook draws a salary of forty thousand dollars a year and he has six assistants and an army of hundreds of supernumeraries. The "leavings" must be considerable, for every day a large quantity of wines and cigars is furnished for the imperial dinner, and there is a strict rule that no bottle, whether opened or not, shall be presented twice at the Czar's table. It is said that this rule is rigidly enforced and if so it can readily be seen that the lot of a chef in the Russian Royal Palace is by no means unhappy.

The Czar owns the greatest collection of china in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great, and it is stored in immense closets in the winter palace. As the Czar's suite is immense the winter palace is generally well peopled. The suite consists of one hundred and seventy-three persons, of whom seventy-three are generals, and seventy-six extra aides-de-camp; to the suite belong fifteen members of the imperial family, seventeen princes not of imperial birth, seventeen counts, nine barons, and one hundred and eleven other noblemen.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



A PAVILION IN THE IMPERIAL PARK.

The favorite sojourning place of the imperial family is at Tsarskoye Selo, a suburb of St. Petersburg. There is a large lake with miniature craft of all nations sailing on its waters, and in a summer house on the grounds the Czar and Czarina frequently dine without any attendants being present. When a course is finished a bell is touched, and the table sinks through the

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floor immediately, returning with the next course upon it, in Arabian Nights fashion.

The languages used by the Czar and Czarina in their private intercourse are English and German—French and Italian being seldom spoken by their Majesties when alone. The Czarina did not learn Russian until after her betrothal, and though as yet she speaks it very slowly, it is with a good accent and great distinctness. Nicholas II. is a very religious man and his attendance at the orthodox services is quite regular. He prefers the service of his own private chapels, though on state occasions he is obliged to put in an appearance at the Kremlin in Moscow, where his coronation took place. This church is a most remarkable building. The walls and pillars are overlaid with gold; frescoed angels and saints picked out with real diamonds and rubies add to the brilliance, and the roof is gay with gold and scarlet.

THE CZAR AND THE CZARINA.

It has been said that no sovereign is as wealthy as the Czar, and it must be added that no sovereign is under greater expense. The Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge, Paul and the Grand Duke Michael Nicholajevitch, as the sons of Emperors of Russia, receive from the head of the house an annual sum of one hundred and eighty-five thousand roubles, which, added to their private means, makes them very rich. The wives and widows of Russian grand dukes receive forty thousand roubles, their sons one hundred and fifty thousand roubles. A rouble is equal to about seventy-seven cents. It was the late Emperor Alexander III. who made the rule that every member of the Russian imperial family must spend a part of the year in Russia, or else lose a third of his allowance.

More than one good story is told of the Czar's sarcasms and repartee. On one notable occasion he reduced a Russian general to a frightful state of consternation. It happened soon after his accession, and before his coronation, that he was cycling in the park at Gatschina, wearing, as was his wont, the uniform of a colonel. Something having gone wrong with his chain he got off to adjust it, and, just at that moment, a pompous general from a distant province passed. Not receiving the salute due to him, the officer stepped up to the supposed colonel and peremptorily requested an explanation of the seeming discourtesy. "I am so sorry," said the Czar, sweetly, "I have not yet had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, owing to the shortness of my reign, or I should, of course, have done so."

A prominent Russian statesman is such a perfect double of the Czar that he is often taken for his imperial ruler. "Count

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THE CZAR RECEIVING PRESIDENT LOUBET ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO RUSSIA.

——" said the considerate ruler of Russia, to his double, "why don't you alter your appearance somewhat—shave off your beard, for instance? You, knocking about as you do, and so resembling your unfortunate Emperor, run terrible risks—frightful risks." "What!" exclaimed the faithful count. "What, I resembling Your Imperial Majesty as I do, alter my face? Never, sir, never!" "Ah, well, Count ——" replied the Czar, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "as you will not alter your face yourself, some of my Nihilist subjects will alter it for you, I fear."

A characteristic story of the Czar's love of simplicity has been going the rounds of St. Petersburg lately. A certain lieutenant who was in a perpetual state of impecuniosity was one day seen riding in a street car. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform and intimated to the culprit that he had the option of sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern took the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, the Czar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned a colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, and sauntering out of his palace hailed a car, entered it and sat calmly down until it stopped in front of the barracks. He desired the officers to be called, and addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a street car, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers? I presume I have disgraced my uniform." "Sire," replied the major, nervously, "Your Majesty could never do that." "Then," replied the Czar with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done

THE CZAR GIVING ORDERS TO AN AIDE-DE-CAMP. THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE STANDS IN THE REAR.

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LIVADIA IN THE CRIMEA, ONE OF THE CZAR'S FAVORITE PALACES.

so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment, even if he, like me, dares to ride in a public conveyance."

The Czarina is as fond of a joke and a prank as is her lord. During last summer's visit to Kiel she and her sister, Princess Heinrich, were paying a visit on Sunday morning to an art shop in the Danische Strasse. A crowd of inquisitive citizens waited outside to see the ladies come out, and it was a crowd which increased every minute. Half an hour, and an hour went by, and still the expectant ones waited in vain, until a whisper went round that the Czarina and the Princess were back at the Schloss. On perceiving the denseness of the crowd Her Imperial Majesty asked the manager if he had not a back exit to his house. She was told the way was barred by a low wooden fence. "Oh, we can manage that," laughed the Russian Empress, "if you can lend us a ladder." That useful article was found and placed against the boarding, and over sprang the royal ladies, thoroughly enjoying the fun. They went through the court, reached the street on the other side, and regained the Schloss, not far away, in a few minutes.

THE IMPERIAL PARTY ON A STROLL THROUGH THE FOREST.

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A Run on the Rothmore Bank.

By RALPH RYHAN.

BRIGGS sank back with a sigh of relief and satisfaction into a seat in a compartment of the luxurious class which he always patronized when travelling in the interests of the Bank. He nestled into the softness of the upholstery and realised that there were some compensations for an early rise and a hurried breakfast, and a scramble to catch the train.

At the first stopping place the only other occupant of the compartment alighted, and Briggs decided that it would not be beneath his dignity to dispose of the balance of his breakfast to a more suitable place than his pocket. Thus occupied, the journey passed quickly, and, as he crumpled up the greasy paper and brushed the crumbs off his coat, the train drew up at Rothmore.

He opened the door slowly to enable any acquaintance who might be within view to observe from whence he came, and descended in the staid manner befitting the occupant of a first-class compartment.

As fifteen minutes still remained before the hour for opening, he wended his stately way towards the Bank as though time were of the slightest possible importance.

The branch office of Glynchild's Bank at Rothmore was but a small establishment and the attendance of one clerk and an office boy once a week was amply sufficient to meet the needs of the inhabitants. The work suited Briggs. It was easy, and nevertheless he occupied an important position there in the eyes of the outside world. "A cashier of Glynchild's Bank is no mean thing," said Briggs.

He walked up the steps as the boy was unbolting the door, and jerking a nod in the direction of the bolt, he passed into the office. Unlocking the safe, he took out the books, gave with their assistance a business-like appearance to the counter, and then sat himself down before the till.

The till—as his eyes fell upon it, a horrible thought flashed across his mind, and his hands darted vigorously from pocket to pocket. A cold, creepy sensation came over him. Surely he had not left behind him the hundred pounds for making the payments out during the day. He fingered through his pockets again, searching every crevice, and then in desperation he took down his hat and twirled it in his fingers, whether in the forlorn hope of finding the money inside, or of solving the difficulty by putting it on his head, and quitting Glynchild's Bank for ever, would be difficult to say.

If the former was the case he was disappointed by finding that on this occasion he had not used his head-gear as a temporary strong room; and, if the latter, he apparently thought better of it, for, replacing the hat on its peg, he returned to his seat by the till and gazed fiercely at the entrance door.

"I shall be all right, yet," thought Briggs, "if only someone will pay in first.' The matter did not remain long in doubt. A lady, tall and of a severe type of countenance, entered the Bank. Adjusting her pince-nez she drew a cheque from her handbag and presented it for payment. A cold sweat broke out on Briggs' forehead, and he took up the cheque with fingers which trembled.

His eyes raced up and down the paper, seeking for a flaw.

"Pay to Miss Amelia Spearpoint or order, the sum of twenty pounds (£20)."

He turned it over; yes, endorsed, "Amelia Spearpoint." There could be no question about it. But it was drawn upon another branch of the Bank, and, although

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Briggs was aware that this cheque came regularly each week, and that the branch had special instructions to honour it, he clutched at the opportunity, and expressing great regret pointed out the defect.

"Dear me," said Miss Spearpoint, "I've never had the cheque questioned before. I must strongly protest against mere boys coming here who know nothing of what they ought to do." Looking him up and down as though he were a cabby and she was intent on getting his number, Miss Amelia Spearpoint bounced out of the Bank.

On any other occasion, Briggs would probably have forcibly expressed his indignation regarding the epithet, but under present circumstances he was thankful to get off so lightly. By this time a broad smile enveloped the face of the junior, and Briggs' sense of propriety was so shattered, by his position, that he smiled vacantly in return.

But the time for smiling passed away, and Briggs braced himself to repel another attack as the door opened, and a lad stepped up to the counter and slapped down a cheque.

Briggs smiled again. The fates are propitious, thought Briggs.

"I'm sorry I can't cash this," said he, "It's crossed you see, and can only be paid into an account."

"Just what I want to do, there's the paying-in slip, don't you see," said the boy. "All the same, you don't seem sorry at not having to cash it; is the Bank going broke?"

Briggs realised that his anxiety was mastering his prudence, and pulling himself together, he had the sense to say nothing, and instead cast a look of withering scorn upon the clerk.

The doors swung open again, and a girl entered and presented a cheque for payment.

"Oh, I am very sorry but this cheque has to be endorsed. You see it is payable to Mr. John Hunnybun, and he must sign it on the back." Briggs took care not to smile this time, but his spirits were quite braced up, and he was beginning to enter into the fun of the thing now that the fates were so clearly on his side.

"Of course, how silly of me," said the girl. "I'll get pa to sign it. We live just round the corner, you know."

"Oh, I don't know," gasped Briggs.

The bolt had fallen. Three pounds ten! The irony of it, to be beaten for a paltry three pounds ten. No, he would not be beaten. He caught up his hat and telling the junior to apologise to the girl for his absence, on an appointment for a few minutes, Briggs sped off down the street.

One or two of the shopkeepers came out to gaze after him. It was an event to see the stately Briggs run, and novelties were few and far between in Rothmore.

The butcher nodded across the street to Potts the greengrocer.

"There ain't been the like o' that seen here before, and maybe won't be seen again," and the two worthies felt an inward complacency, for they were in advance of some of their less fortunate neighbours in having witnessed so strange and interesting a sight.

At the shop above which three balls were suspended, Briggs slackened his pace, and after a nervous glance right and left, he hastily entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Briggs," said the pawnbroker, who well recollected the cashier, and Briggs on his side recalled with regret a certain stormy interview in which he and the pawnbroker had taken part. The man had rushed up to cash a cheque as the doors of the Bank were being closed, Briggs remembered. He could, however, only trust that the pawnbroker did not cherish malice, for Rothmore had no room for more than one merchant of this class.

It would probably have suited Briggs' purpose better if he had opened proceedings with some of the commonplaces of conversation, but his agitation was too extreme. "I want this changing," said he, taking out his watch and pushing it into the pawnbroker's hand.

"Changing?" said the pawnbroker, idly turning the watch over and over.

"I only want three pounds ten for it," explained Briggs, "until to-morrow—quite a temporary embarrassment."

The pawnbroker smiled good-humouredly. He saw that Briggs was desperate.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mr. Briggs, but of course, three pounds ten is impossible, quite ridiculous."

"How—what—why—" said Briggs at intervals.

"Well, you see this would only cost two pounds or two pounds ten, perhaps, when it was new." He stopped a coming

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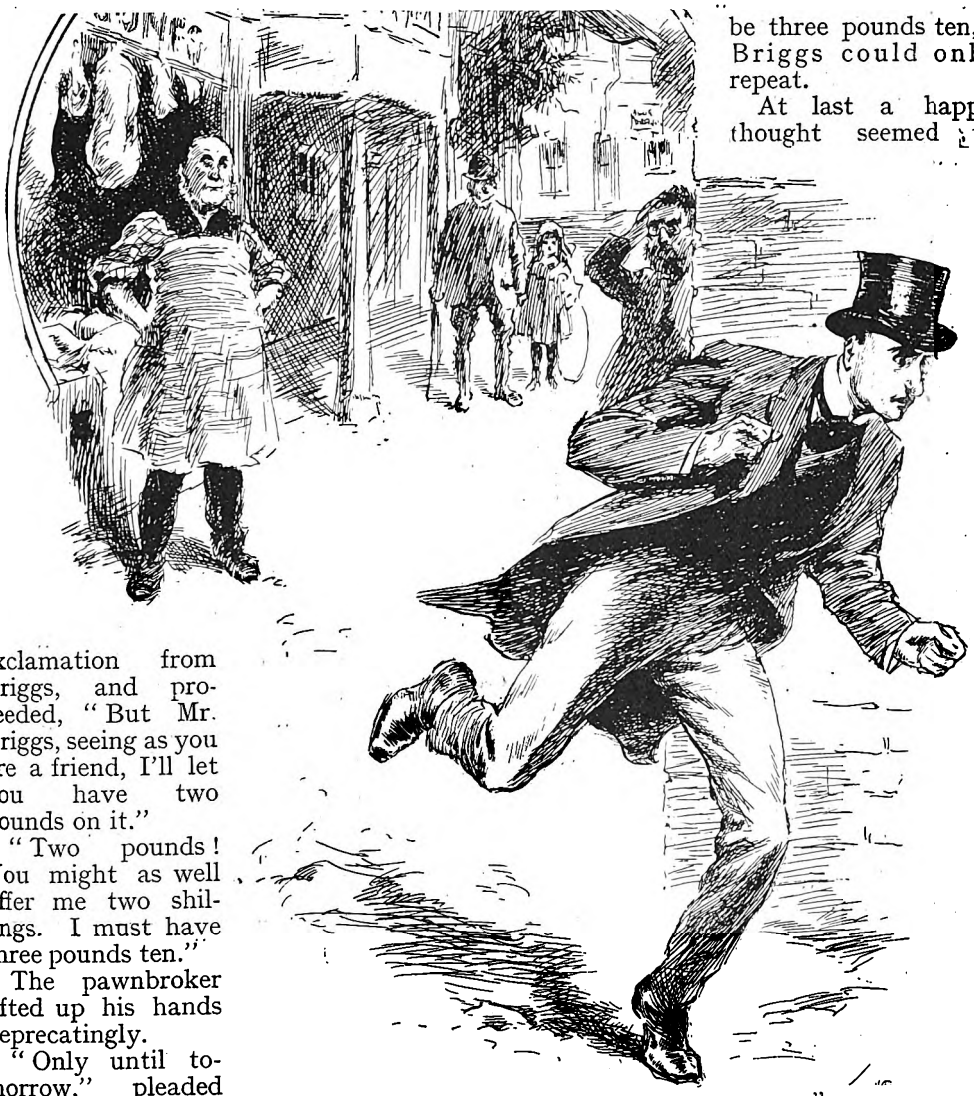

"BRIGGS SPED OFF DOWN THE STREET,"

exclamation from Briggs, and proceeded, "But Mr. Briggs, seeing as you are a friend, I'll let you have two pounds on it."

"Two pounds! You might as well offer me two shillings. I must have three pounds ten."

The pawnbroker lifted up his hands deprecatingly.

"Only until to-morrow," pleaded Briggs.

"Links?" queried the pawnbroker, mysteriously.

Briggs tore at his shirt-cuffs, and handed over a pair of gold links to the critical examination with a sigh of relief.

"I'm in rather a hurry," said Mr. Briggs.

The remark was fully borne out by appearances, and was in fact needless, but it did not seem to affect the pawnbroker, who after much thought and deliberation, agreed to stretch a point and make it three pcunds if the llnks were thrown in.

Briggs groaned aloud. and even the pawnbroker looked worried. "It must be three pounds ten," Briggs could only repeat.

At last a happy thought seemed to strike the pawnbroker. "I wouldn't do this for no other person, but I'll do it for you, Mr. Briggs; add your coat and waistcoat, and it's a bargain!"

"Give me back my things," said the indignant Briggs, and seizing his watch and links he made for the door.

But no welcome appeal to him to stop came from the rear. At the doorway he lingered fidgeting with his cuffs, but no sign came from the pawnbroker.

Briggs slunk back to the counter.

"Just put this in," said he, attempting to re-open the negotiations by holding out his cuff for the link to be inserted.

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"Oh, certainly, sir," said the smiling one.

"Here dash it, take the coat," said Briggs, breaking away and removing that garment.

"And the waistcoat, you remember, sir!"

The waistcoat followed, a button torn away in the process.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the obsequious pawnbroker, "but you know, sir, business in business."

"You had better take my hat too," said the wretched Briggs. "With a hat and without a coat, I should look a fool!"

The pawnbroker might have observed that a hat more or less would not affect his appearance. But he had obtained his triumph and could afford to be merciful.

"Quick with the Three ten," said Briggs, and the pawnbroker, after the necessary formalities, handed him the money, and Briggs sped away up the street.

The passers-by stared. The butcher carving a joint barely escaped cutting off his thumb in his excitement, but he glowed with satisfaction as he noted how he had scored over the greengrocer, who was too busy with a customer to witness the phenomenon, and the landlord of the Blue Dragon rubbed his hands at the thought of the thirst likely to be engendered by the strife of tongues in the bar-parlour that evening.

Never had Briggs found the street so full. He fixed his eyes on the friendly haven of the Bank, and raced up the hill. His grip on the gold almost forced the pieces through the skin. It perhaps made him speed the faster At last, at last—oh, never had the way seemed so long—at last the Bank grew big before him, and as the folding doors received him the crowd breathed again.

Within the Bank the appearance of things had changed but little. In the absence of his senior, the office boy had been making himself agreeable to the girl who was now seated upon a stool brought from behind the counter.

She started up, and the stool fell over as the apparition glided in between the folding doors. The office boy started up in sympathy with her, and his stool reeled with excitement.

With the little breath remaining in him, Briggs blurted out something relating to "an engagement—very sorry—detained longer than any reason to anticipate," and then in answer to the questioning glance at his shirt sleeves he was proceeding to assure her that his desire not to keep her waiting accounted for their being in view, as he had found that a jacket and waistcoat would have seriously impeded his speedy return, when the doors opened once more and the form of an old gentleman tottered up to the counter.

This was the last straw! The distracted Briggs pushed the hard-gained coin across the counter to the girl, and dashed into the back room.

"It is the only way," the wretched Briggs decided, as hastily pulling down the register of the fire-grate, and adding some paper and straw to the summer ornamentations it contained, he applied a match to the heap. For a moment he watched to see it well alight. He must have no mistake this time. Then closing the door he returned to his place.

"It is a lovely morning, sir," said Briggs, referring doubtless to the old gentleman's point of view.

"Indeed so," said the old gentleman, taking out his pocket-case, and placing upon the counter some notes and gold. The old gentleman was going to pay in!

Why, oh why had he struck that fatal match. He glanced apprehensively in the direction of the door.

The old gentleman, noting the look, glanced also. "Fire" he quavered, and wildly snatching up his notes and gold toddled towards the exit as smoke came pouring out through the chinks and crevices.

Briggs was over the counter at a bound. Safety was within his grasp.

"It is all right, pray do not alarm yourself, sir. I will go and see to it in a moment, but I need not keep you waiting. Only the steam from my jacket drying before the fire. Caught in the rain, you see," said he, exhibiting his shirt sleeves.

The old gentleman looked bewildered.

"Rain?" said he, for there had been no rain at Rothmore for weeks.

"Yes, very wet—thunderstorm, you know," said Briggs. He was in for it now, and he must see it through somehow. The sooner the better, for the smoke was increasing.

"Thunderstorm?" repeated the old gentleman, feebly.

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"HERE, DASH IT, TAKE THE COAT," SAID BRIGGS.

"Perhaps you didn't get it here. Very local, I believe, very local," said Briggs, gaining courage as the old gentleman hesitated.

"It smells very like burning," said the old gentleman.

"Perhaps it is my coat; but it's of no consequence. Pray don't let me keep you, sir," said Briggs, gallantly. "I can see to that afterwards."

And the old gentleman handed over the notes and gold.

"That young man is getting quite civil," thought he, as he was bowed through the folding doors.

"Don't sit gaping there, you little simpleton," screamed Briggs to the boy as the old gentleman vanished. "There's a pail of water behind the door."

[THE END.]

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How Fashions are Set.

By Nancy M. W. Woodrow.

"So many worlds: so little done!" cries the poet distractedly, and for once the materialist agrees with him.

So many worlds in this mutable, inconstant, kaleidoscopic cosmos of ours!—the worlds of art, of religion, of letters, of politics, of science, of philanthropy, with their innumerable subdivisions and ramifications; while distinct from all, yet trenching upon each, is that Olympus of earth, the World of Fashion. For the fiats of its sovereigns rule the arbiters of those lesser worlds, and even invade the great silent realm beyond them all.

"Betty, give this cheek a little red;
One need not sure look ugly, tho' one's dead."

It is no workaday world, this, shadowed by the cares and pains of toiling humanity; but a dainty, bonbon, spun-sugar realm where all unpleasant occurrences are relegated to the background, and the stage is always set for the drawing-room.

One may describe it and its suzerains unlimitedly; but the thing itself, Fashion, which to the worldly-minded always conveys the last supreme grace—what is it? It is a bauble, a toy, a trifle light as air; but, to him who possesses it, a scepter of infinite power. Millions have been bartered for it, lives lost; yet to most of its great leaders it has come as a birthright, a divine gift, "like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought."

The satirical question rings down the ages, "Can a man by taking thought add one cubit to his stature?" Undoubtedly not; still, in some marvelous way, when the mode demands it we can make ourselves curiously plastic. Was not every woman a "Mrs. Cimabue Brown" when the Pre-raffaelites first achieved their conquest of England? Recall how the "Gibson man" sprang up like

Mlle. Cavalieri.

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Jonah's gourd all over the country as soon as that artist's clever conception was accepted as a model of masculine form.

We are tall and lithe and lissom, or short and round and plump, just as fashion dictates. This year, one's hair may be dark and one's cheek exhibit a distinguished pallor; next year, we see nothing but golden tresses and the bloom of perpetual roses.

A generation ago, a cartoon appeared in one of the comic papers representing a darky beau inquiring solicitously of his coal-black lady, "W'ich does yo' prefer, Miss Johnsing—blarnds er bluenettes?"; and, when Fashion decides the momentous question for a particular season, we at once become dusky as creole beauties, or dazzlingly fair as Norse maidens, according to her latest edict.

Yes, beyond peradventure, Fashion rules: but who rules Fashion? What is the impalpable, intangible quality which makes a woman a leader among her sisters, an authority on modes? There are many great ladies, but they do not all set fashions.

What, then, is this attribute of the chosen few, which causes their appearance, manners, gestures, and tricks of speech to be so slavishly copied, not only within the confines of their own charmed circle, but equally, if in somewhat exaggerated fashion, by every village belle and city shop-girl in the land?

COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

Portrait by Hall.

COMTESSE DE BRISSAC.

It is a quality as elusive, as difficult to define, as unassertive yet as potent, as the taste of a strawberry, the scent of a violet or the fascination of a woman. Perhaps, after all, it may be largely interpreted by that hackneyed phrase, personal magnetism.

There are, for instance, in the world of Fashion hundreds of rich, prominent and beautiful women yet among them all there are only one or two who are able to exclaim with the positive assurance of a Louis XIV., "I am the state!"

It is these last who are the arbiters in all matters of dress and decorum. They are the women who leave a definite mark on their day; whose sayings, doings, manner of wearing the hair and of carrying a sunshade, invite notice and command imitation. They possess the

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Portrait by Hall. DUCHESSE DE B——.

The same authority dresses her hair low; and it is a trifle amusing to note how in this coronation year women are almost universally coiling their locks about the napes of their necks, entirely regardless of the suitability of the style to the contours of differing heads.

The historical examples of queens and great ladies who have held sway in the world of Fashion are very numerous, and in most cases very trite. Some of the stories we of the present day are apt to find extremely ludicrous; as, for instance, that of the introduction of linen chemises by Isabella of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI., and a lady who was widely noted for her extravagance in dress.

Previous to her day, the grandes dames of that period had deemed it no disgrace to wear a garment of humble woolen stuff; but when Isabella proudly exhibited two linen smocks as the crowning glory of her gorgeous wardrobe, every lady of the court immediately followed suit; and although they shivered wofully in the chill and slippery linen, yet with touching naïveté they wore their gowns open from waist to hem, and their sleeves flowing, in order that they might demonstrate to all the world that they were truly of the very elect.

The home of Fashion, the Mecca for its devotees, has shifted during the centuries, with the esthetic ascendency of various races, from one gay capital to another. At different times, its laws, equally with those of earth's great conquerors, have been sounded forth from Memphis, and Babylon, and Carthage, and Athens, and Rome, and Byzantium, and Alexandria, and Madrid, and Venice. In our own era, until recently, "Made in Paris" was the hall-mark of good taste, and it must be confessed that to a great extent the old preference still obtains. Of late years, however, there has been a growing tendency in both English and American society to cast off the thraldom of French dictation and establish a school of essentially domestic ideals.

How far afield we have wandered from these erstwhile omnipotent mandates, is aptly shown in the portraits of the three great ladies of Paris herewith presented. Mark the differences in style between

Photograph by Lafayette.
MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

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Photograph by Histed.
MRS. EDWIN GOULD.

them and their English and American compeers.

One notes, too, with surprise that the aim here, as in the toilets of all the best-gowned women of Paris, is toward a greater simplicity of effect, despite the well-known fact that the Paris fashions are largely originated by famous actresses and demimondaines. Some petted favorite of the footlights or famous figure of the half-world will tilt her hat at a certain angle, or devise a new cut of coat, and instantly the fad is taken up by the most irreproachable matron and the severest prude.

Still, the French are not entirely singular in this respect. Stage women of all nations are potent factors in the establishment of modes. The "Langtry bang" was more prevalent in America than the grip, and the "Hading veil" raged with an almost equal virulence. Ada Rehan, Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, Ellen Terry, Lillian Russell, Maude Adams, Hilda Spong and Edna May have each been more or less responsible for cults which from time to time have made their appearance in May-Fair and along Fifth Avenue.

In England Queen Alexandra is now, and has been ever since her first introduction to British society, lady paramount on all questions of style. There are, however, in the United Kingdom many noblewomen and society queens who exert a powerful, if less extended, influence. Among these, Lady Gordon-Lennox, noted as the best-dressed woman in England, Lady Annesley and Mrs. Keppel are names to conjure with.

In American Society they have no official arbiter of modes, no courts or royalties to determine the disputed issues of fashion. The temporary occupant of the White House, it is true, rejoices in the title of "First Lady of the Land"; but the wives of Presidents have been for the most part such quiet, stay-at-home bodies, interested more in the political careers of their husbands than in laces and chiffons, that no one would seriously think of following their lead, even should they attempt to head the procession. In questions of social precedence at the capital they have often prescribed the law within certain limits and their favor has been much sought, but there is no instance of a President's wife having become a dictator of fashions.

Nevertheless, there is in America, a standard as fixed as that of England or of France, and to which every woman heedful

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HON. MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.

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COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

of appearances unhesitatingly subscribes. In fact, there is no more rigid stickler for what she considers good form than this same American woman.

See how they wear their hair in the style first set by La Pompadour, because Fashion has decreed that such shall be the reigning mode. An English writer, in noting this uniformity of head-apparel among American women, has recently said, "The American woman has practically made the pompadour an article of national faith"; and it seems hardly an exaggerated statement, when one considers that nearly every woman from Maine to California, no matter what her age, color or previous condition of servitude, wears her hair rolled back from her brow without even a suspicion of the frivolous curls so dear to the heart of her cousin across the seas.

Who, then, regulates these all-important questions for the sisterhood of America? What is the tribunal of final jurisdiction in our land? Who first bestows the cachet of approval on a fabric, a color or a mode which all the world thereupon hastens to accept and adopt as its own?

There are in each of the large cities one or more women recognized as social leaders, whose fiat on questions of etiquette and precedence is all-supreme; but it is to a little coterie in the metropolis, whose wealth, position, beauty and taste render them independent of cavil or criticism, that we look for guidance in the matters of fashion.

As much at home on one side of the Atlantic as on the other, these women are entirely free from the diffidence of provincialism; and, gifted with unerring discrimination, they invariably select what best accords with their own preferences, serenely regardless of how the rest of the world may look upon the innovation. As a matter of fact, the rest of the world usually tumbles over itself in its haste to follow in their footsteps.

These are the women who form the oligarchy of fashion in America, the supreme council before whose bar the conceptions of tailor and milliner and bootmaker must stand, to be either adjudged worthy or ruthlessly condemned and cast into outer darkness. These are they who settle for the other millions

LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

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Photograph by Histed.

MRS. JOSEPH WIDENER.

the questions of fashions. There may be other authorities; but it is the example of the smartest group in the metropolis which stamps the prevailing tone of good society throughout any country.

As has been said before, these women or their dressmakers create fashions with the sole purpose of suiting the individual. Why then should the well-dressed woman not hit upon a style with which she is so well pleased that change would be undesirable? Whether or not there is a logical reason, it is a fact that the desire for novelty of style and a reputation for "smartness" is forever driving women on, step by step, in fashion's train, and those who can anticipate a style or originate it are at once the center of attention.

We say they originate the fashions; yet, after all, do they? Is it not rather that they decide what fashions of a bygone day shall be revived? For modes, like periodic diseases or cataclysms of nature, recur in cycles. Years may elapse, but the vogue which once was seems sure to return again. The high ruff of Queen Elizabeth has time after time been resurrected and laid away again, and since her day the more pronounced styles of the court circle, as depicted by the most famous painters of the period, have been subject to waves of sudden popularity. It is only a year or two ago that we went back to 1830, and none may predict what is likely to be our next requisition upon the past.

Men can never understand the place which fashions hold in the feminine heart. With them it is almost a code of honor to sneer at the mode.

Portrait by Hall.

MME. DE MAVIÉ.

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and to deride the haste with which each new fad is adopted, only to be as speedily discarded when the next one makes its appearance. Yet, in its final analysis, is not this lightning-change habit simply one manifestation of the great art of pleasing?

For masculine taste has never been characterized by stability. It has a tendency to butterfly flutterings from flower to flower; and has an unconcealed longing for condiments, demanding to be piqued and tantalized. Its insistent demand is for novelty, always novelty. And therefore woman, complaisant woman, attempts to charm her lord's fancy by keeping herself before his eyes in such a kaleidoscopic whirl of new presentments that he shall be perpetually beguiled into the belief that he has found all women in one.

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MRS. ALFRED VANDERBILT.

ET EGO IN ARCADIA.

By Aldis Dunbar.

Swept onward through the somber pines
The night-wind, whispering: "Dreams are free
At moon-dawn. Hush all thoughts to rest
And careless-hearted pass with me
The moonlight path that leads across
The sleeping hills—to Arcady."

Beneath the waving, sun-warm leaves I lay,
A dreamer, on a hillside clad with vines,
Each vine ablossom. Sure, the breeze at play
Caught fragrance rarer than celestial wines.
Idle, I watched the silent sungleam pass
A marble pillar, fallen in the grass.

Soft! was it music? Then a footstep near?
A staff thrown down? A low bough bent aside
By stalwart arm? A sound of piping clear?
A shaggy head—not grim, but kindly-eyed?
Ay, in the noon hush, to the shadows deep
Came mighty Pan, and laid him down to sleep.

Then up the hill slope clambered—half afraid,
Half daring, hiding where tall grasses grew—
His train: a chubby, witching little maid,
With wondering laughter in her eyes of blue;
A tiny faun, with wayward feet adance,
Wee pointed ears, quaint mischief in his glance.

A flowery tendril crowned each baby head;
Her dimpled fingers holding his—more brown—
As trustingly she followed where he led,
And by the broken column nestled down.
Gleeful, yet timid still, she saw him grasp
The mute pipes, fallen from the wood-god's clasp.

Screened by the vines, cheek pressed to roseleaf cheek,
They tried to stir the music hidden there;
Laughing to find each effort all too weak,
Yet striving on, a merry, breathless pair.
At last one tremulous note the syrinx sighed,
And o'er the hills the tender echo died.

A sudden stir! Their prize unheeded fell.
They clung in mingled terror and delight
To shaggy Pan—— I heard a far-off bell:
The swaying of the pines—and—it was night.
But through each dream, with rippling laughter ran
The baby faun who stole the pipes of Pan

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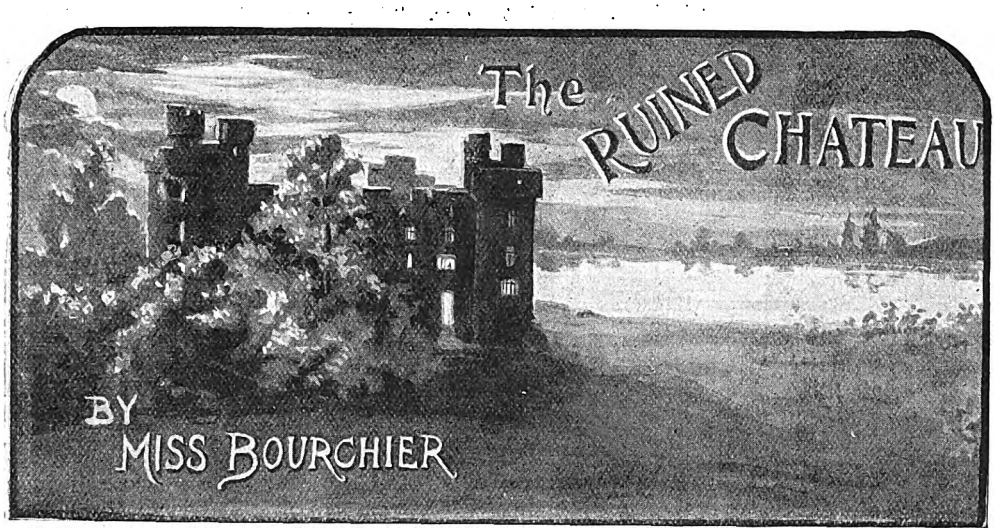

CHAPTER I.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

"HUSH! What was that?" he whispered.

"I heard nothing," she whispered back.

"It sounded like someone moving out there in the shrubbery," he said.

"There can't be anyone there, dear, at this time of night," she answered.

"I have a very uncomfortable presentiment this evening, as if something disagreeable was going to happen," he went on. "I hardly like to go away and leave you alone here, darling."

Eileen laughed softly. "My dear boy," she said, "what on earth should happen to me here in my father's house? There is nothing more disagreeable before us than the very real trouble of having to say good-bye to each other till to-morrow. I really think, Bernard dear, you should go now; my father would be quite annoyed if he found you here so late."

"Well, I am coming up to-morrow morning to speak to him, and when we are properly engaged, no one can find anything to say, however late I am here."

"I told him to-day that you were coming up to speak to him in the morning," she said, "but he only listened in that absent way of his, as if his thoughts were miles away, and said nothing."

"He cannot refuse his consent, then, anyhow," said Bernard. "He must have seen for weeks what I have been coming to the house for, and he has never made any attempt to show disapproval."

"He never sees anything," said Eileen, sadly. "When he comes out of his laboratory he always seems to have left his eyes and ears in there behind him. I daresay he will be immensely surprised to-morrow, when you ask him for his daughter's hand. We really must say good-bye now, dear."

He drew her out into the moonlight to take a last tender farewell look, that should last him until the morrow, for fear, perhaps, that he should forget the "blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes" of his beloved lady, the cream and roses of her smooth, soft skin, or the incomparable curves of her tall and supple figure. She wore a black lace dinner dress, covered with showers of jet, that shone and twinkled in the moonlight like fairy dew-drops; on one shoulder there was a great splash of orange, and on one side, from the waist downwards, where the lace and fairy dew-drops fell aside, they showed a broad panel of the same glowing warmth. Her full round throat and shoulders rose milk-white from the dusky background, and her long loose sleeve fell back, as she stole one milk-white arm about his neck.

"My beautiful white Queen!" he said, raising her hand to his lips with reverent homage. A few moments later he turned the corner of the house, walking towards the avenue that led down to the front gate. Before she turned to go within, a shadow came out of the deeper shadows beyond the lawn, and crossed the moonlight towards her.

"Who is there?" she cried, hastening to retreat into the darkness of the room behind.

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The shadow came on across the lawn. "Is that you, Eileen?" it said.

"Oh, father! how you startled me!" she answered.

"Come out here a moment, my dear," he said; "I have something to say to you."

She went out and joined him, hanging on his arm with all the affectionate demonstrativeness of her race. "What is it, father dear?" she asked.

"Has the young lover gone?" said he.

"Oh, yes, dear," she answered.

"He is not lurking there in the darkness in your own particular den, is he?"

Sir Denis O'Hara was strangely wide awake and alert this evening, his daughter thought: but she answered him gaily, "No, no! He is quite gone. He must be back at home by this."

"Well, then, I have something to say to you, my dear Eilie. Important affairs, concerning others as well as myself oblige me to cross over to France to-night."

"To-night, father?"

"It is rather a short notice, I know. But there is no time to delay. It is most important that I should go at once."

"SEND NORAH HERE," SAID SIR DENIS TO THE MAN-SERVANT.

Eileen considered for a moment, stroking her father's arm gently with her delicate hand, as they strolled backwards and forwards across the moonlit lawn. "You remember dear," she began shyly, "I told you about Bernard Vereker to-day. He meant to come and see you to-morrow, about our being engaged, you know. You will not mind his coming here while you are away, will you? We can be engaged, can't we?"

"My dear girl, anyone who likes is welcome to come here when we are away," her father answered. "All the more that I have given up the place, and am not likely to come back here. No. I fancy it is good-bye to England for some time to come."

The words smote with cruel surprise on Eile 's ears. "Do you mean that I am to go with you?" she asked in great consternation.

"What else? I may not be a very attentive father in a general way, Eilie, I confess; but I am not quite such an unnatural parent as to run off and leave my only child behind me."

"But, father, I do not understand! I could not possibly be ready to go with you to-night. Why, it is past ten o'clock now. And to France! You cannot mean that?"

"That is exactly what I do mean. We leave here, you and I, in three hours' time. You needn't trouble about your things; they will be brought on after us. But even if you had to come as you are, without even a hat or a wrap, we should have to go to-night."

"What has happened?" she whispered, trembling. This looked very like flight.

"Nothing has happened, child. I am not flying from justice, if that is what you think. But, as I told you just now, urgent affairs, in which others are interested as well as myself, call me to France at once."

"Where are we going?" she asked. "I must send a message to Bernard at once."

Sir Denis stood still, and raised his hand impressively. "You must not do that my dear," he said. "I am very sorry to interfere in this affair of yours, very sorry indeed. But it must be laid aside for the present. Why, we should have him rushing round here directly, and upsetting everything. No, no. We will see all about that later on. Meanwhile you had better go in and pack up the things you will require for the next few days. But mind, no messages or letters are to be left or sent to Mr. Vereker."

She clasped her hands imploringly, and there were tears in her voice. "Oh, father!" she said, "don't ask me that! He will come here to-morrow, and it will be dreadful for him to find me gone and no word of why or where we have gone. I cannot do

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it. Let me send him a line, just one word to say I cannot help going, but I will not forget him."

"No, my dear; I cannot allow it," her father answered irritably. "Now, be a good girl, and just go and do as I tell you."

"Oh, father dear!" she began, but he interrupted her. "Now, Eileen, I really have no time for any more nonsense," he said. "I cannot listen to any more of this. Nothing you can say would alter my determination in this matter. Now run away and get ready. And promise me first that you will not write to this young lover of yours."

"I cannot promise that, father," she said.

He pressed her hand more tightly to his side, as if to prevent her breaking away from him; and drawing out a whistle with his free hand, blew a shrill blast upon it. A servant came running round the corner of the house, as if he had been waiting for this summons.

"Send Norah here," said Sir Denis. Norah was Eileen's nurse, who had been promoted to be her maid when that young lady left the nursery.

Eileen choked back her sobs, and stood quietly by her father with a certain stately dignity that well became her noble form. The maid came running out, with a glance of anxious pity at her young mistress.

"Bring a cloak and hat for Miss Eileen," said Sir Denis, speaking with more prompt decision than was at all usual with him. "We are going down to the boat at once, as Miss Eileen wishes to go on board now, before it gets later. You can put up her things and bring them after us in an hour or two. Miss Eileen will not wait now to pack anything herself." The maid avoided looking again at her mistress before she went back into the house.

"You are very, very cruel!" Eileen whispered, when they were alone again. The beautiful colour had quite faded out of her cheeks; she looked white and wan in the moonlight. "I can't help it, my dear child; indeed, I can't. No one must know of our going to-night. And, after all, it is better for you that you should be able to tell the young man some day that you were taken away against your will. He can't blame you then, anyway."

At this plausible and very Irish statement, a gleam of humour shone between Eileen's long dark lashes, and seemed to dry up the tear-drops that glistened on them. She lifted her face impulsively to her father, and he, stooping, kissed her warmly and frankly on the mouth.

Nevertheless, as she walked down to the bank of the river on her father's arm, with her long dark cloak covering her shining dress, and the dark plumes of her wide hat concealing her face, she never ceased to cudgel her brains for some means of warning Bernard, when he should come in the morning, of the way they had taken. The result of her cogitations was that, after she had passed through the shrubbery that bordered the lawn, a splash of orange flowered on one of the last bushes, close by the bank of the river—a strange blossom that had not been there a little earlier in the evening.

"Now, if Bernard has only sense enough to remember what I wore this evening," she thought, "he will be able to see that we have gone by way of the river, and can perhaps follow us. But men don't seem so clever about women's clothes, somehow."

Her father put her in the boat, with one of the women-servants in attendance. "I will join you presently, my dear," he said; and went back to the house. He did not see the orange-splash on the holly-bush, and would certainly not have understood it if he had; fathers being even less clever about women's clothes than other people.

The boatman rowed Eileen down the river in the cool moonlight. It was not very far to the mouth, where it flowed away into the sea. She sat silent in her place, her heart bursting with grief and anxiety: grief at leaving Bernard, perhaps for ever, without even a word of farewell; anxiety as to what all this mystery and this sudden flight by night might portend. She had never paid very much attention to her father's strange ways and hermit-like habits, accepting them without comment, as young people do accept any surroundings to which they have been always accustomed. She and her father had lived for many years in the old English manor-house by the river; and in all that time she always remembered her father passing his days and often his nights, in his laboratory at the top of the house, locked in with his German assistant. From time to time he had gone away for short periods; no one seemed to know whither or on what errands. The assistants had been changed sometimes during those years, but to Eileen's eyes they had all been equally ugly and dirty and generally detestable, whether they called themselves Gottlieb, or Wilhelm, or Franz.

There was another boat waiting down there by the boat-house at the end of the garden; and, after Eileen's departure, Sir Denis and his sallow-faced long-haired German carried down various small cases and bags and stowed them in the boat, making many journeys backwards and forwards to the laboratory for this purpose. Up in the laboratory there was much burning and destroying of property, at which Franz looked on with much surly regret. "It is a great pity," he said once, in German. "Why not bury some of it in the garden?'

"We shall never come back here, my friend," Sir Denis answered in the same language. "It is much safer to leave no trace. Gardens are never very secure places for that which one wishes to keep

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hidden; but that which does not exist is difficult to find."

A couple of hours after Eileen's departure they made their last journey, and finally embarked themselves, with Norah, in the waiting boat, and followed down the river to the sea, where a dirty little fishing smack, manned by French sailors, awaited them.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHATEAU.

To a vast, half-ruinous chateau on a desolate, lonely Breton coast, Sir Denis O'Hara brought his daughter. There was no other habitation nearer than a wretched little fishing village, five miles away upon the coast. It was a bleak and rock-bound shore, where the great Atlantic rollers roared and thundered with a ceaseless surging boom; a land that, in its majesty and its solemn loneliness, brought home to the hearts of its dwellers the eternal majesty of its Creator, where, indeed, it seemed always that the Spirit of God brooded upon the waters.

Sir Denis and his party landed by torchlight, late at night, in a little cove. None of them was sorry to leave the evil-smelling fishing-boat that had brought them across from England. They walked up a steep rocky pathway to the Chateau, which almost overhung the sea, and so through a little narrow door and up a winding stone staircase to the great hall. They were evidently expected, although neither host nor servants were visible, for great fires blazed in the hall, and at one end of the long table that ran down its length a rough but plentiful meal was spread. A couple of branched candlesticks with lighted candles stood on the table, and seemed to throw into greater relief the mysterious shadows that lurked about the distant corners and under the roof. Though it was a summer evening and the fires at each end blazed generously, the air of the hall struck chill, as though memories of long, northern winters lingered there. Eileen shivered with something more than cold as she stepped across the threshold of that stern and gloomy hall.

"Well, this looks bright and pleasant," said Sir Denis, cheerily, as he hastened up to the cheerful, lighted end of the room. "Come to supper, Eilie."—Eileen sank into a chair. "Bright and pleasant! Oh, father!" she said, and broke into hysterical weeping.

"Good gracious, child! What is the matter now?" he cried. "Here Norah, put a chair by the fire for Miss Eileen, and get her some hot soup or something. Why, Eilie, I thought you would be quite pleased to get out of that smelly boat into a decent house again."

"I beg your pardon, father," she answered, falteringly. "I suppose I am cold and tired, but this seems such a gloomy, terrible place."

"Not a bit of it, my dear," he answered. "You will soon get used to it." And then Eileen knew that this sinister abode was to be her home.

In the morning she started to explore the Chateau, which looked hardly less forbidding by daylight than it had done in the darkness of the night before. On the inland side, where the real entrance was situated, stretched a dense forest, dark and sombre where a shadowy twilight brooded even at noo day. A great part of the Chateau was in a ruinous condition; in one wing, indeed, the roof had fallen in, and great windows stared blankly, like eye-sockets from which the eyes have withered away. There were narrow stone staircases running up to the turret chambers; there were long, many-roomed galleries, full of ghostly whisperings, of creaking floors and weird echoes; there gusts of wind blew suddenly, and doors banged, or swung silently open on their ancient hinges, as Eileen passed; there was one staircase she came upon unexpectedly that seemed to wind down like a corkscrew into the very bowels of the rock on which the Chateau was built, but down that staircase Eileen did not venture. In the course of her ramblings she came upon a second great hall, built apparently on a higher plateau of the same rock as the rest of the Chateau, as there was a short flight of rough steps cut in the living rock itself that led up to it. The door stood ajar, and through it she could hear the thundering of the surf that broke and tossed at the foot of the cliff; she heard a low murmur of voices, too, and, pushing the door, she would have entered, but at the threshold the German Franz met her.

In her surprise she hardly saved herself from falling backwards down the steep flight of steps. "I suppose that is going to be the laboratory," she thought; and with that thought of her father and the ugly German toiling at their secret labour up there, within sound of the roaring of the sea, in the dead hours of the night, perhaps, a great horror seized her. It was not very easy to find her way from that remote corner of the Chateau, through the rambling corridors and up and down the bewildering staircases, but at last she came out to the great entrance-door, that stood open. A broad flight of shallow steps led down to the gravel drive, much overgrown with weeds, that wandered down into the darkness of the forest.

"Does anyone ever come up that drive," Eileen thought, noting idly that there were deep wheel-marks in the neglected gravel. Later, when she went in to the mid-day meal, she had her answer.

Standing by the fire talking to her father was a stranger. A curious contrast they made standing thus together—Sir Denis with his venerable white

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beard and straight high features, with the slight stoop in his shoulders and the vague far-away look in his grey eyes that told of the scholar and the dreamer; the stranger, in the prime of life, erect, alert, with smooth shaven face, and pale brown hair, and the piercing deep-set pale blue eyes of the Russian from Little Russia.

"This is my daughter," said Sir Denis. "My dear, let me present to you my friend, M. Galovitchoff, who is kind enough to come here and enliven our solicitude."

"I am very glad to see you," said Eileen with ready Irish hospitality, "though I am afraid we shall not be able to make your visit as pleasant as we should like to do." The stranger only bowed, and it seemed to Eileen that he looked at her with keen, unfriendly eyes.

"M. Galovitchoff is a scientific man, Eileen,' said Sir Denis. "We shall have work to do in my laboratory together, and when people have plenty of work they are not dull."

The stranger said something in Russian, which, being interpreted, meant, "Are you wise to have a woman here at this juncture?"

But Sir Denis was too courteous to notice or answer this speech before his daughter, who did not understand Russian.

"Does not M. Galovitchoff speak English?" she asked.

"Certainly, certainly. Monsieur is an accomplished linguist, like all his countrymen," said Sir Denis, with a courteous bow to the foreigner.

Said Eileen to herself, with a mutinous smile:

"'I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.'"

Then, she said sweetly to the guest, "I am sorry I do not understand your language, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle, pray do not let that trouble you," said Monsieur, speaking English without any foreign accent, as Russians do. "I hope we shall have many pleasant conversations in your own language." His voice was thin and weak and rather high, and, coming from so tall and fine a man, gave a curious and disagreeable impression of falsehood and untrustworthiness. A moment before Eileen had not known why she disliked this man; now she told herself it was on account of his voice. In the days that followed she saw very little of him or her father. They were eternally shut up together.

Eileen tried only once to write to Bernard. She put her letter into the post bag that one of the Breton under-servants took every day somewhere out into the world beyond the forest; but her father came to her, after the man was gone, with the letter in his hand.

"Here is your letter, Eileen," he said giving it to her. "I am sorry, my dear, that it cannot go now. You must try to be patient a little longer. I will let you know directly you may write. Just now it is not convenient. We don't want to have him rushing down here upon us."

"Is that Monsieur's advice?" she asked, impulsively.

Sir Denis coloured a little. "It is better so, my dear," he said evasively. But Eileen knew that of his own accord he would not have thought of looking into the post-bag, still less of taking any letter out of it.

In those days nothing but the buoyancy of her Irish temperament saved her from sinking into a profound melancholy. She was entirely without companions; and the gloom and mystery of the Chateau seemed to haunt her. She could only escape from it by going down into the forest. There she spent much of her time, learning to observe the ways and habits of the wild shy creatures that peopled its eternal twilight. She never ventured out of sight of the neglected and overgrown gravel road that wound through it.

She wandered there one day, singing to herself under the trees a hymn that seemed to suit the solemn aisles of that vast cathedral:

"Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons! Blessed Trinity!"

As her hymn ended, shrilling sweetly through the solemn aisles of the forest, she became suddenly aware of some one running swiftly through the green shadows towards her.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE FOREST.

Eileen stood for a moment, ready to faint with terror; then, with a glad cry, she ran forward to meet the new-comer. "Oh, Bernard! Can it be really you?" she cried. "How did you find me here?"

Bernard caught her to him. "My darling!" he said breathlessly. "At last I have found you. I heard your dear voice singing. There is no voice in all the world like my Eileen's."

Then they sat down together on a fallen tree-trunk, in one of the aisles of the great green cathedral, and stared at each other speechlessly. They had so many questions to ask each other that they did not know where to begin. They kissed each other again and again with a lingering fondness born of their long separation.

"You have thought of me and loved me all the time?" he asked anxiously. There were many other questions he must ask presently, but this was one of the most vital and immediate importance.

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"Can you doubt it, darling!" she said. "I have thought of nothing else since that evening when we said good-bye. I have been heart-broken at the separation, and at not being able to let you know where I had gone. And you, Bernard,—do you love me as much as ever, in spite of this separation?"

"My dearest heart, I love you better than ever, if that is possible," he answered fervently. "But tell me, Eileen, what is the meaning of your sudden and mysterious flitting from the manor-house? I can assure, you, darling, when I went there the next morning and found the place deserted, not a creature there, and all the doors and windows open, I felt as if I must just go and hang myself on the nearest tree." She leaned closer against him. "Oh, Bernard, dearest!" she said.

"It was only the thought that you must have been carried off against your will, and that you might need my protection, that made me hesitate."

"Go on," she said. "How did you know where to look for me?"

"I hunted the whole place over for some sign, and at last, down by the water's edge, I came upon this." He drew a dirty and disreputable-looking bunch of orange silk from his pocket and showed it to her. "I took that for a sign that you must have gone away from there in a boat."

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR, AND TAKE CARE OF YOU TILL TO-MORROW"

"I thought you would understand," said Eileen.

"It was very clever of you to think of leaving it there," he said.

"And you were a clever old darling to find it," said she.

"I went down the river as soon as I saw that," he went on, "and the coastguard told me that a French fishing-boat had put out to sea the evening before. Ever since then,—these last two months,—I have been hunting for you all along the coast, landing in very little creek, making enquiries at every little fishing village. Yesterday I landed at that little village over there, and they told me that there were some foreign people living in this old Chateau who had come here many weeks ago,—they could not tell how many. And now, dearest, what does it all mean?"

"I know no more than you do, Bernard," she answered. "After you were gone that evening, my father came and said that we were to leave the house at once. He would not let me send to you, or even leave a note for you. He brought me straight away here, and we have been here ever since; and I have not been allowed to write to you even. I don't know what his reason can have been. At first I was afraid he must be flying from the police, but that was a silly idea, of course. I think he just fancied that this place was more convenient for his work than the manor. He spends all his time in his laboratory, as he always did. And, oh, Bernard! he has such a horrid friend working with him, — a Russian. He and my father and Franz are always hidden away up there in the laboratory, and they don't allow anyone else to go in. I think they must be making some wonderful discovery, and they are afraid of anyone else finding it out before they do. But I am really rather afraid of that Russian—the Count Galvitchoff my father calls him."

"He doesn't annoy you, I hope," said Bernard jealously. "Is he old or young?"

"Oh, about forty I should think, or more. We shall have to be very careful, Bernard, that he doesn't find out you are here. My father was so anxious that you should not follow us; and though, of course, dear old dad wouldn't hurt a fly, I do not trust the Count. It all seems so secret and so uncomfortable that sometimes I feel quite frightened. I am so thankful you have come. But you will be very careful, dearest, won't you? We don't

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know what the Count might do if he found out you were here."

Bernard laughed. "He doesn't make love to you, Eileen, does he?" he asked.

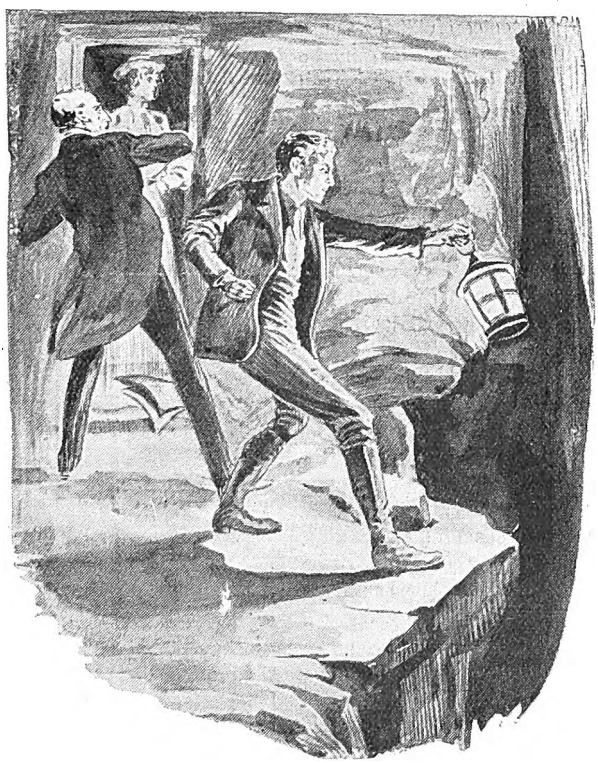
"Oh, dear no!" she said. "I think he was quite annoyed, that first evening he came, to find that dad had brought me with him. He would rather have had the whole place to himself, I am sure. He never takes any notice of me, except to scowl at me sometimes. They very seldom come into my part of the Chateau. It is such a curious old place, Bernard; I should like to show it to you; but I'm afraid we mustn't risk it."

"You can come here as often as you like, I suppose," said Bernard.

"Oh, yes! I can spend the whole day here, if I like; I very often do," she answered.

"Then I shall be able to see you every day. I left my yacht at that fishing village. I suppose I had better send it away so that they may not hear of it and suspect anything. And by-and-bye, my sweet, we will sail away in it together."

"No no! I cannot do that," she said, shrinking away from him. "I could never run away and leave my dear old dad, who has been always most affectionate, indulgent, and good to me."



HIS SHRILL SCREAM AS HE SPRANG BACK UNNERVED THEM.

"Well, there is no particular hurry," said he, soothing her. "Of course, we shall do exactly as you like. You will come out here to-morrow morning, won't you?"

"Yes, of course. But where are you going to sleep to-night? There are no houses about here, and I am afraid you ought not to stay at that fishing village. It is only five miles from here, you know and some of the servants might tell Franz that there was a foreigner staying there."

"There must surely be some place where you can hide me in the chateau," he said, "if it is such large place, and so old, as you say."

"I don't know; I am half afraid," she said doubtfully; "and yet we must find some place. There are such dreadful storms here sometimes—thunder and lightning, and frightful gales; you could not stay out of doors in them." The shadows had been growing deeper and deeper; it was almost as dark as night in the sombre forest.

"I must be getting back to see about the yacht, I suppose," he said reluctantly. "We must settle exactly where we are to meet to-morrow. Is this the path that leads up to the Chateau?"

"Yes, this goes straight up to the great entrance. I will come down here to-morrow morning. What time do you think you will be here?" she asked. "I shall be here by nine o'clock, and then we can have a good long day to settle our plans. Look here, Eileen, I shall climb up into that big horse-chestnut; you can't mistake it; it is the only one there. And when you come out, if you are alone and the coast is clear, you just come singing down the path, and I will climb down and meet you. I wish I could see you again this evening, but I must get back to arrange about the yacht. It would never do for them to get hold of that, would it? Good-bye, dear love. Tell me again that you are glad to see me here."

"I was never so glad of anything in my whole life as I was when I saw you running down that path," Eileen answered with conviction.

"God bless you, dear, and take care of you till to-morrow."

He strolled down with her almost to the border of the forest, where he could peep behind the trees and see the dark, forbidding pile of the grim and ancient Chateau. There they parted tenderly, and he went back towards the fishing village, guiding

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himself by his compass, and whistling cheerfully as he strode along. He kept to the fringe of the forest as long as he was likely to be visible from the Chateau; but he did not venture into its depths in the darkness, and presently he left it altogether and followed the cliffs along the shore.

Eileen went back to the house, a song of thankfulness in her grateful heart to the God who had guided her lover safely to her in this strange and desolate land.

Her father and Count Galovitchoff were waiting for her, in the great hall where dinner was served, when Eileen went in. They seemed to be arguing rather loudly together; she heard their voices as she came along the corridor.

"I tell you we cannot be too careful," the Count was saying. "It was the greatest mistake in the world to bring the girl here with you. Lovers will come after a girl like that.—like wasps round a honey-pot. You would do much better to send her away from you,—for a time, at any rate."

"I think you take the man's gossip too seriously," Sir Denis said impatiently.

"I don't believe it is gossip," the other began violently, when Eileen appeared at the door, and the argument was dropped at once. But the Count looked at her with the dark and evil look that always made her tremble.

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting," she said, gently, "but you so seldom come to any meal that I am getting into unpunctual ways."

"Yes, yes, my dear. It is our own fault," Sir Denis hastened to say. "Not that you are really unpunctual; I fancy we are rather early."

"And how have you been spending this lovely day, Miss O'Hara?" the Count asked. He tried to make his voice pleasantly friendly, but his small pale eyes were hostile.

"There is going to be a storm, I think," said Sir Denis; "it looks very black over towards the north."

"A storm! Oh, dear, I hope not!" said Eileen, imprudently.

The Count laid down the spoon, full of soup, that he was raising to his lips. "Why do you hope not?" he asked, with a ring of menace in his thin falsetto voice.

"My daughter, like most ladies, dislikes thunderstorms," Sir Denis said shortly. He never allowed his strange guest to annoy Eileen when he was aware of it, but then, unfortunately, as his daughter said, he very seldom was aware of what was passing before him.

The black clouds that had gathered in the northern sky came up over the Chateau that night and burst above it in lightning, thunder, and torrents of rain. The Chateau rocked with the deep reverberations of the storm. And Eileen, wakeful in her turret chamber, went often to the window to look out over the desolate stormy sky and the wind-tormented trees of the forest, wondering whether Bernard could have had time to reach the village before the storm broke.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNDERGROUND CHASE.

The rain was still pouring in torrents when Eileen came down to breakfast next morning. She was very much surprised to find the Count waiting for her in the dining-room. He and his host invariably had breakfast taken up to them in the laboratory, or prepared for them there, generally, as Eileen believed, at some unearthly hour before ordinary mortals were out of their beds.

"You are surprised to see me," he said, bowing to her. Very early in their acquaintanceship Eileen had discouraged his shaking hands with her, for his sudden unnatural grasp had impressed her very disagreeably. "I am very glad to have a companion," she said pleasantly; "I have so much of my own undiluted company. Is my father coming to breakfast?"

"I have persuaded Sir Denis to have his breakfast in bed," M. Galovitchoff answered. "We were working very late last night."

Eileen was alarmed at once. "He must be ill!" she said, rising hastily from her seat. "I must go to him at once. Please excuse me."

He had stood up too. "I can assure you there is nothing whatever the matter with him," he said, impatiently. "He has only gone to lie down in his room at once, instead of waiting till after he had had his breakfast. Good heavens! Miss O'Hara, don't look at me as if you thought I had murdered Sir Denis and hidden his body under the flooring. Ah, here he is! I am glad you have come down, O'Hara. Here is Miss O'Hara suspecting me of all kinds of crimes and violence. Perhaps you will explain to her that I have not been attempting to murder you."

Eileen said nothing. She had betrayed herself, incautiously, but her dislike of the man was so great that she could not bring herself to make him any apology. Sir Denis looked at them both vaguely in his unseeing way, and began his breakfast.

"What do you say to exploring the Chateau this morning?" the Count said presently, apparently laying aside his irritation. "It is too wet for you to go out; and as we finished our experiment last night, or this morning rather, we may allow ourselves a few hours' relaxation before we begin another."

Eileen looked wistfully out at the pouring rain and leaden sky. She was sure that Bernard would be in the woods in spite of the rain; and, if she had not

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overheard those words of the Count's yesterday evening, she would have made her escape after breakfast and joined him there, but she felt now that it would not be prudent.

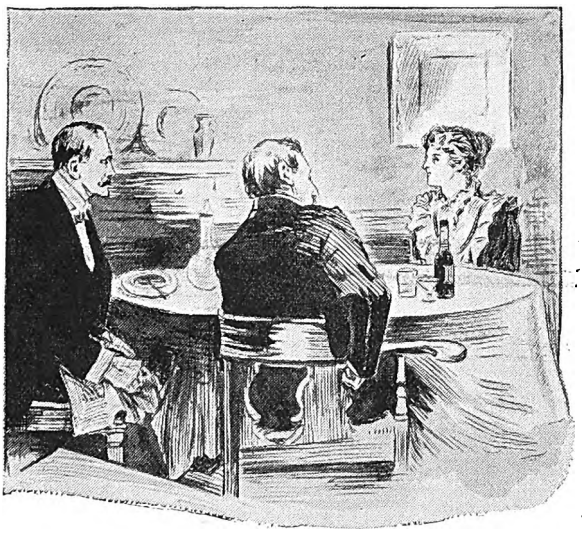
"Certainly; I think it would be very interesting," she said. "Are you coming too, dad?"

"No, thank you, no," said Sir Denis.

"I have tried exploring it once or twice by myself," said Eileen, "but it is such a rambling old place, and there seem to be so many staircases, and some parts are so dark, that I soon gave it up."

"I have a plan of it upstairs," the Russian said. "If you will wait for me a moment, I will go and get it, and we will take a lantern."

Eileen stood at the window while he was gone, wondering what was the meaning of this new departure of his. Was it possible that he knew of Bernard's presence in the country, and suspected that he was hidden somewhere in the Chateau? And was he going to use her to find her lover's hiding-place? She felt very thankful that Bernard had been obliged to return to the village last night. It was dreadful to think of what might have happened if she really had tried to hide him in the Chateau.



THE COUNT, SIR DENIS AND EILEEN AT DINNER.

They began their exploration. The Count carried his plan of the Chateau in his hand, and Franz accompanied them, carrying a lantern. Mons. Galovitchoff was evidently determined that the thing should be done very thoroughly. They came out of the great hall into the long corridor, which Eileen knew well enough. It ran the whole length of the building, from one side to the other; in the middle of its length, at right angles to it, was the broad passage or hall that led to the great entrance; at each end were other long corridors running down the wings, with many doors opening into rooms, in a more or less ruinous condition. The plan of the ground floor, vast as it was, seemed simple enough. Eileen took keen note of everything, thinking her knowledge might be useful later on. She saw that entrance would be easy enough through any of the ruinous, unshuttered windows. The doors at the top of the corridors were locked, but the keys remained in the locks on the inner side. They found several staircases leading down into the underground cellars and old dungeons, and one that brought them out, suddenly and unexpectedly, on to the very face of the rock; indeed, Franz, who went first with the lantern, had almost stepped down two or three hundred feet into the sea. His shrill scream as he sprang back from the opening unnerved the two who were following him, and the Count dropped his plan at Eileen's feet. She picked it up and studied it for a moment by the light that came in through that great opening into the void, and in that moment she understood, partly by some quick intuition, that it was not a plan of the Chateau at all. She turned quite sick for a minute when she made this discovery. What motive could that evil-eyed Russian have had in trying to deceive her in such a matter?

"I shall not go any further," said Franz, rudely thrusting the lantern into the Count's hand. "I have seen death enough to-day." He went back up the short passage, and they heard him stumbling up the stairs as he made his way to the upper air.

Besides that dangerous opening there was another stairway, leading deep down into the heart of the living rock. The Count, forgetting his map, began to descend it, and Eileen, because she was afraid of being left alone, followed him. The staircase wound and wound, till they seemed to be going down into the depths of the earth. At last they came out into a perfect network and labyrinth of passages and rooms.

"Dear me, I have forgotten my plan," said the Count, "I don't think we had better go on any further without it. We might lose our way down here. What do you say? Shall we turn back?"

As he spoke, a light shone out at some distance down the nearest passage, and then suddenly disappeared. "I thought so!" cried the Count, and, without a moment's hesitation, darted down the passage. Eileen flew after him, dreading she knew not what. Half-way down the passage he stopped. "I think it went down here," he said.

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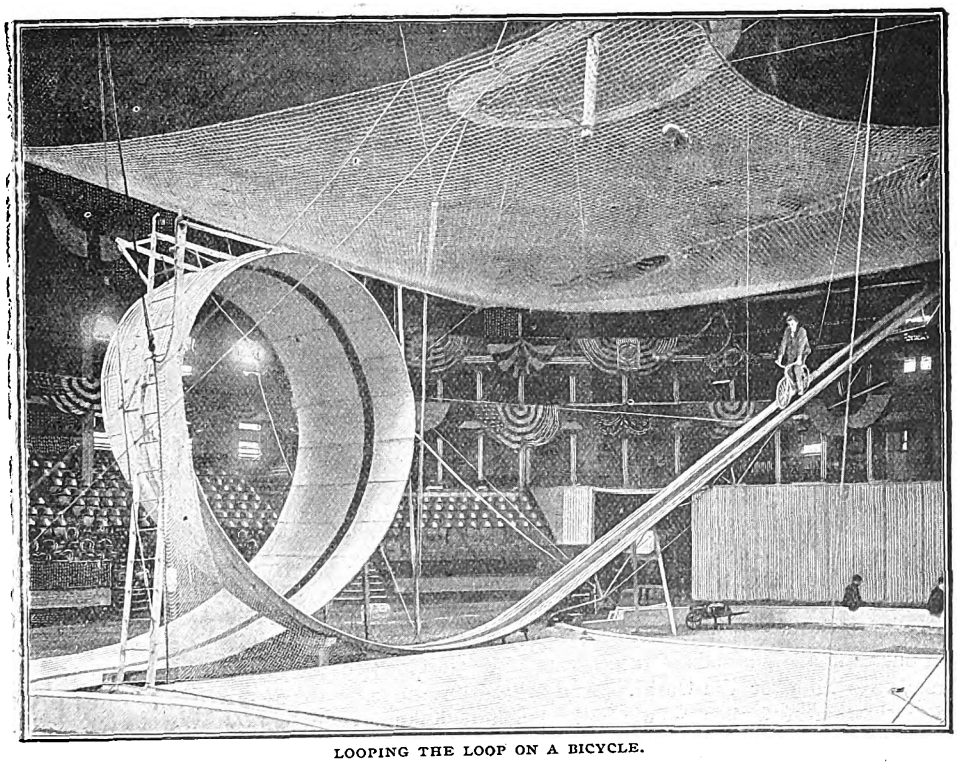

LOOPING THE LOOP ON A BICYCLE.

The Fascination of Fast Motion.

By William J. Lampton.

TIME flies. Time was before man was; and when man came, a creature of time, although intended for eternity, he took on the nature of his environment and promptly proceeded to improve it—to get ahead of time, as he expresses it in these later days of his marvelous progress. The fascination which fast motion holds for man may therefore with justice be said to be one of his inherent qualities, for which he should not be held strictly to account; and if at times he exceeds the speed allowance, leniency should be exercised in the judgment of his offending.

This logical and inevitable deduction from a natural premise should not, however, be construed into license to "scorchers," who are prone to run over foot-passengers whose motion is not sufficiently fast to get them beyond the danger-line in time.

With merely a bare mention of the earliest record of speed, namely, that of Lucifer falling from heaven with such rapidity as to produce, by atmospheric friction, a temperature so great that it has not perceptibly cooled to this day (see Orthodox Reports), we plunge at once into the rush of those exponents of speed which at present exert an irresistible fascination over all sorts and conditions of men, women and children.

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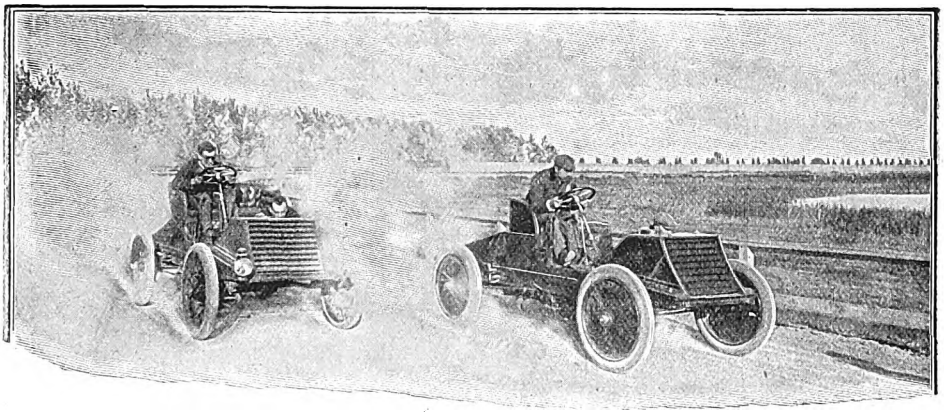
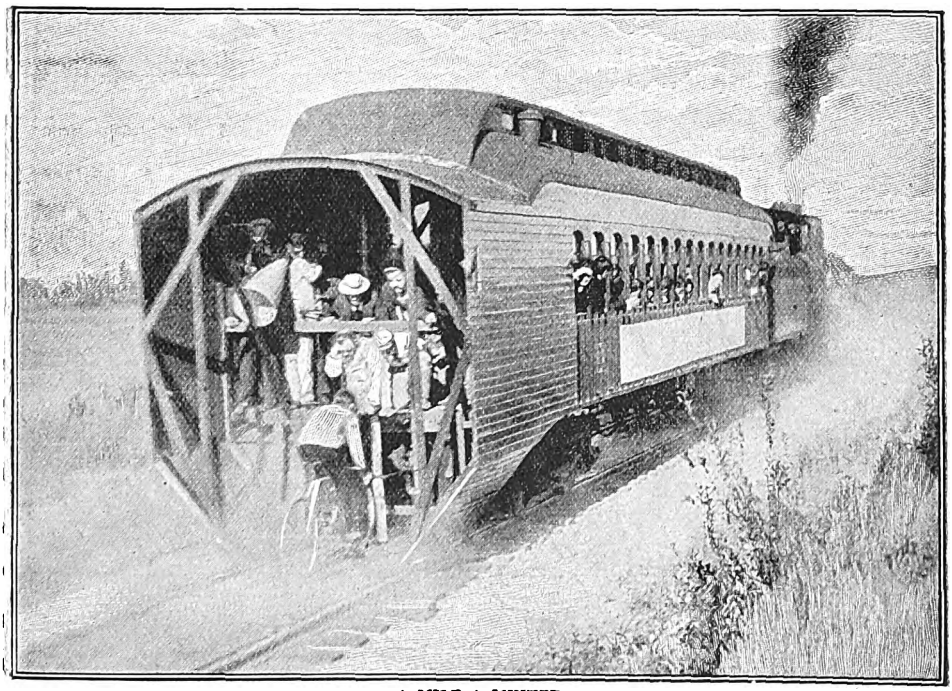


Copyright, 1901, by C. M. Hayes & Co. BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD.

the less fascinating, is the drive behind the rapid roadster, when one may feel the physical force of the power that lifts the flying feet and sends the great horse down the way in strides that devour distance and spin the wheels until the whirling spokes actually sing songs of motion through the retarding air.

All horseback-riding is a pleasure, more or less. When the horse is put to the run, it becomes a fascination. To feel the bunch of muscles settling for the forward spring; to feel the rise, the flight, the gathering for the next; to hear the hurrying hoof-beats; to catch the whistling wind, and see the trees along the road blurred into a string of green—all this combines into a fascination that neither time nor accident can quite destroy. But exceeding this is the fascination of the cavalry charge in battle. Poets have sung and painters have painted the spirit of it; and soldiers who have witnessed it and have been part of it unite in describing it as the most impressive of all battle-scenes.

There is an element of danger in all fast



A MILE A MINUTE.

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indistinguishable flash of color, with death on the side always. When he adds to this sudden shooting downward through the air a great loop around the inner circle of which his impetus carries him, head down, contrary to the law of gravitation, a thrill whose fascination is almost mesmeric is given to an audience. As the wheel whizzes down toward the loop, gathering velocity at every revolution, the spectators sit spellbound, and a silence which is painful falls as the loop is reached and the wheel whirls upside down and around the circle. Then out from the other side the rider safely dashes, and is greeted with an outburst of applause as grateful to him as it is relieving to the pent-up feelings of those who give it.

A NOVEL FORM OF FAST MOTION.

Less fascinating, perhaps, than other forms of fast motion, because distance weakens the direct influence, and yet more beautiful to the eye because of its surroundings, is yacht-racing. To experience the fascination at its best, one should be aboard the yacht, where the draw of the wind may be felt and the sound of the rushing waters may be heard. At a distance across the glistening bay, hedged in by green hills, it is the beauty of the wide white sails bulging against the sun and the shapely keel caressing the waves which appeals to the eye, rather than the fascination of speed, which appeals to a profounder sense. Yet when one can run in close and have a near view of a yacht flying under all sail, smashing the waves from her prow, dashing the spray high over her sides, and leaving a great white trail in her wake, his blood tingles in his veins, his eyes dance with the dancing vessel, and the fascination of fast motion has laid its mystic hands upon him.

The tremendous speed of the large ocean steamers loses its effect on the mind by reason of the greater immensity of the sea, and the spectator is unable to realize fully what their motion is. He may, however, have a most vivid realization of the fascination of fast motion in mass, if he will make a journey by steamer through the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Here, through the angry waters, smashing and foaming over sunken and dangerous rocks, the huge bulk of the vessel is hurled at railway speed—thirty-five miles an hour in places, it is said. The voyager on deck clutches the rail, watching fearfully the rocks to the left, the tree-girt shore to the right, almost in touch of him; he is fascinated and frightened, yet glad to be there, and only too glad when he is safely through and into the quieter waters below.

Another steamer whose speed the observer may enjoy is the torpedo-boat, the fastest thing that goes in water except a fish. These little, low, long, lithe, steel-scaled serpents of the sea weave their way

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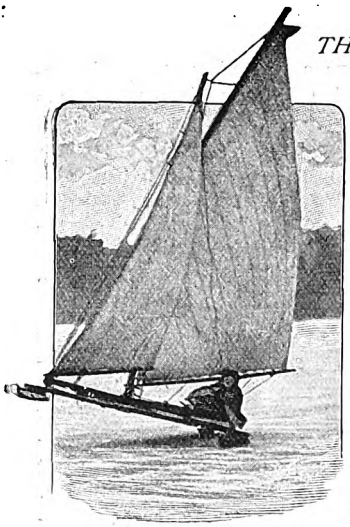
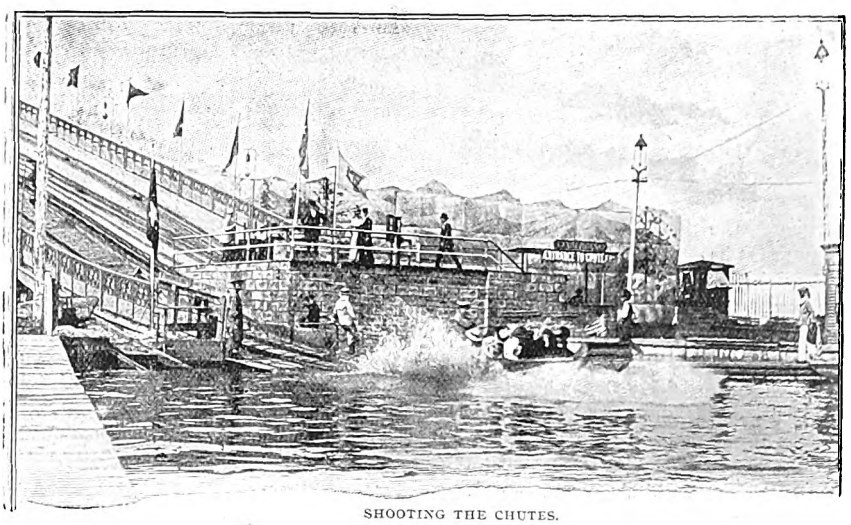


FASTER THAN THE WIND.

through the waters, curling the huge, rolling waves back from their bows and dashing out of vision so quickly that one has scarcely time to know what strange charm it was that held him for an instant and was gone so soon.

To the railway-train the record of the highest speed belongs, and while the fascination of its fastness may not be so powerful as that of some other forms of motion, it is more widely distributed and more frequently exerts its influence. Day in and day out, year after year, the best of us, the worst of us, the old of us, the young of us, wait to watch a train whiz by, and the charm of it is as fresh and as strong with the last one that passed as it was with the first. The old man, bent on his staff, stops to look, and the toddler by his side lifts up its chubby hands and shouts its delight, each entranced by the same witchery. A train standing on a siding would not be noticed, but when it is imbued with the spirit of speed and rushes along its iron course, it makes all the world subject to its charm. In the moving-picture exhibitions, the most popular form of presenting pictures, there is none more popular, none that more catches and holds an audience, than the picture of the lightning express. Merely a bit of smoke at first, far up the track, then growing larger as it comes rushing on, it fills the canvas an instant and dashes out of sight, followed by the applause of its willing slaves. Any other picture may be omitted and there will be no protest from an audience, but if the fast flier does not appear, everybody thinks he has missed the best part of the show. Such is the fascination even in this mimic motion.

TOBOGGANING.



SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

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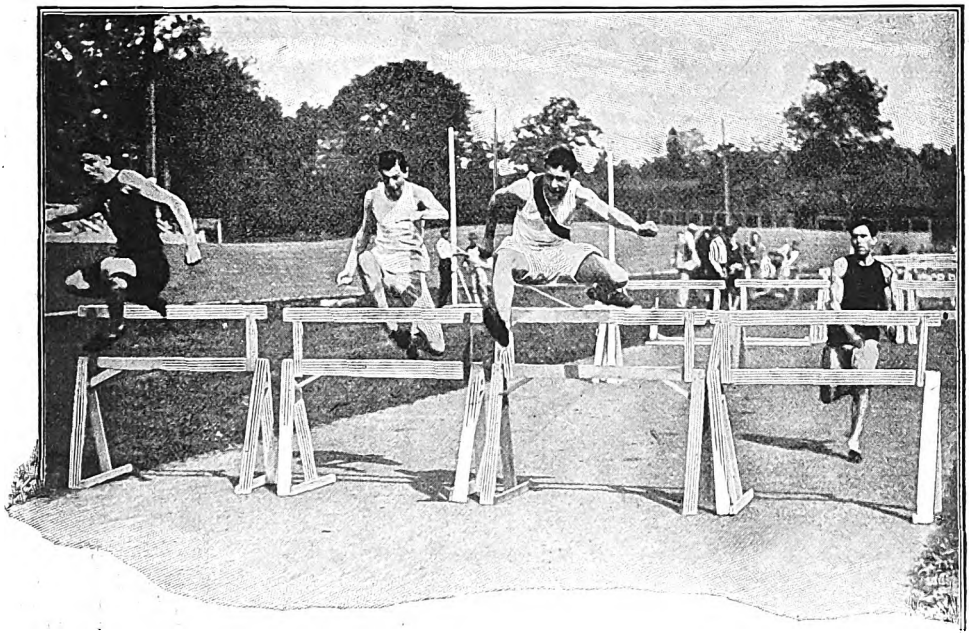
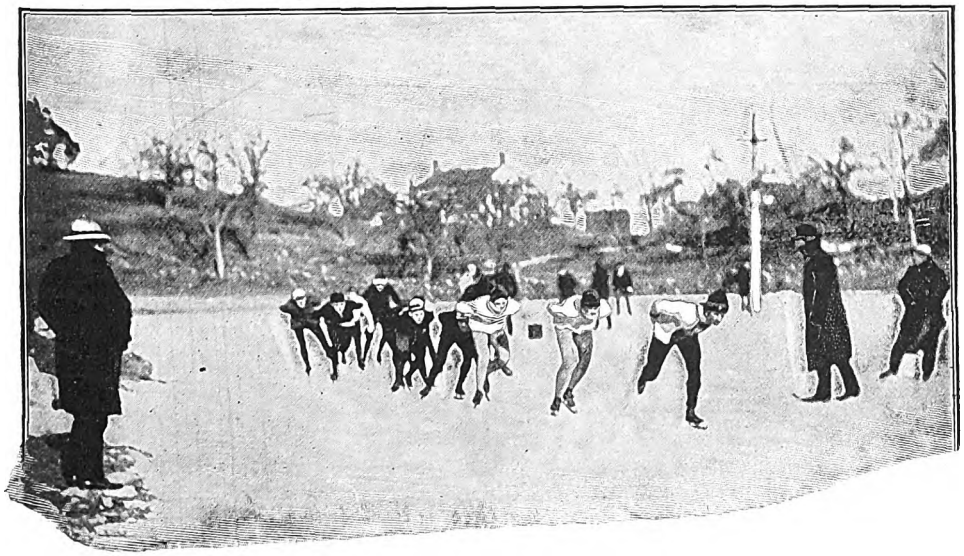


A HURDLE-RACE.

To the traveler on a train, the charm of speed, though the spell is reversed, exerts its power and holds him fast at the car window, watching the circling cyclorama of hill and valley, river and plain, town and country, hour after hour, unwearied by the strain. Or if wearied, he is not conscious of it until the train stops and the spell is off. But what the fascination is at a car window is nothing compared with the thrilling sensation of speed the novice experiences when he is fortunate enough to get a seat at the cab window and looks about him from the locomotive. There all the hurry and roar and power of the train are centered, and he seems to be in the very core of the magic circle that carries his brain in a whirl and transfixes every sensory nerve. On each side the landscape is a confused continuity of objects,



SPEED ON SKATES.

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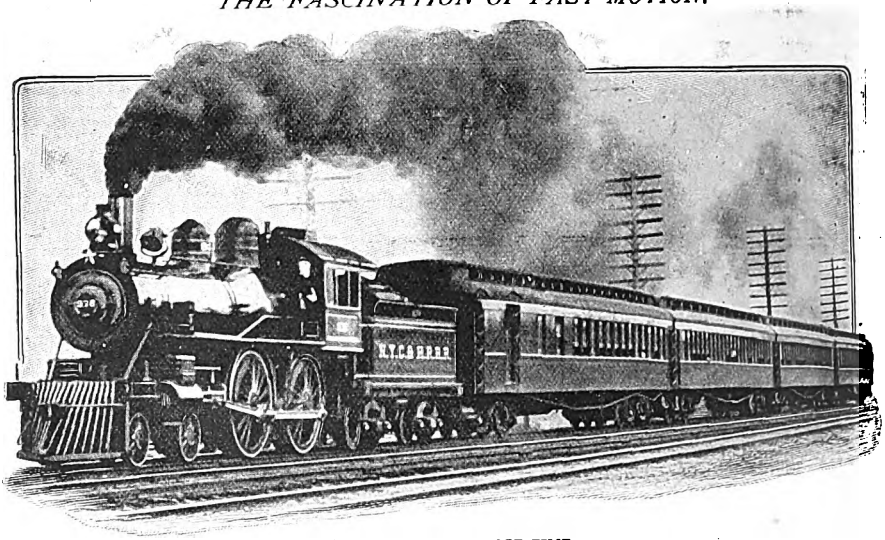


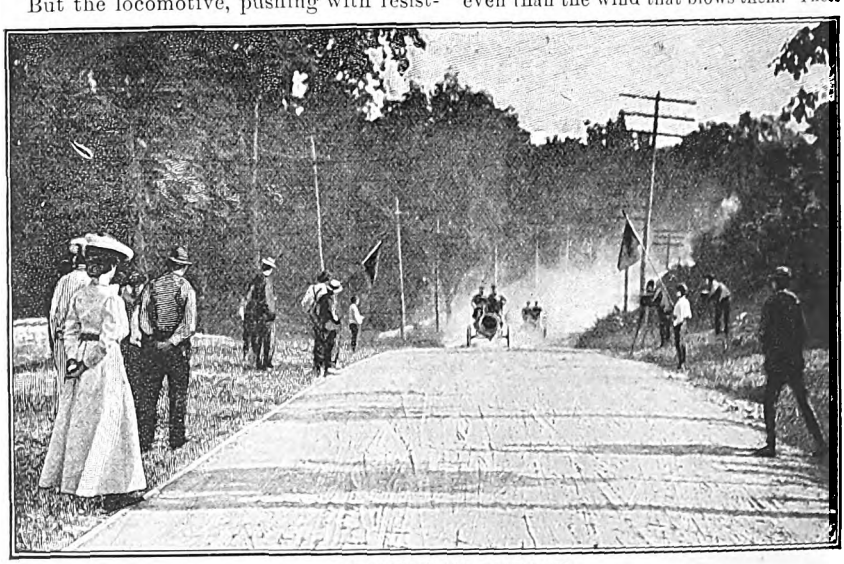
MAKING UP LOST TIME.

and as he gazes ahead he feels that the twin strips of shining steel, stretching far away until they meet, are being rolled up under the quivering engine that hides them in its swiftness. Other motions fascinate by their beauty and grace; this fascinates by its strength and savagery. Walt Whitman has written:

"O the engineer's joys,
To go with the locomotive;
To hear the hiss of steam—the merry shriek—
the steam whistle—the laughing locomotive!
To push with resistless way and speed off in
distance."

But the locomotive, pushing with resistless way and speeding off in distance, does not charm with its smile. It may laugh, but, to the novice at least, its laugh is one that curdles the blood. Its fascination is of a sterner sort which seeks to break its subject rather than to bend him.

Competing in speed with railway-trains, yet lacking their powerful fascination because embodying so much less of strength, are the graceful ice-yachts, whose steel runners, under the pressure of wide-expanding sails, skim lightly over the frozen plain at the rate of a mil a minute—faster even than the wind that blows them. These



AN AUTOMOBILE ROAD RACE.

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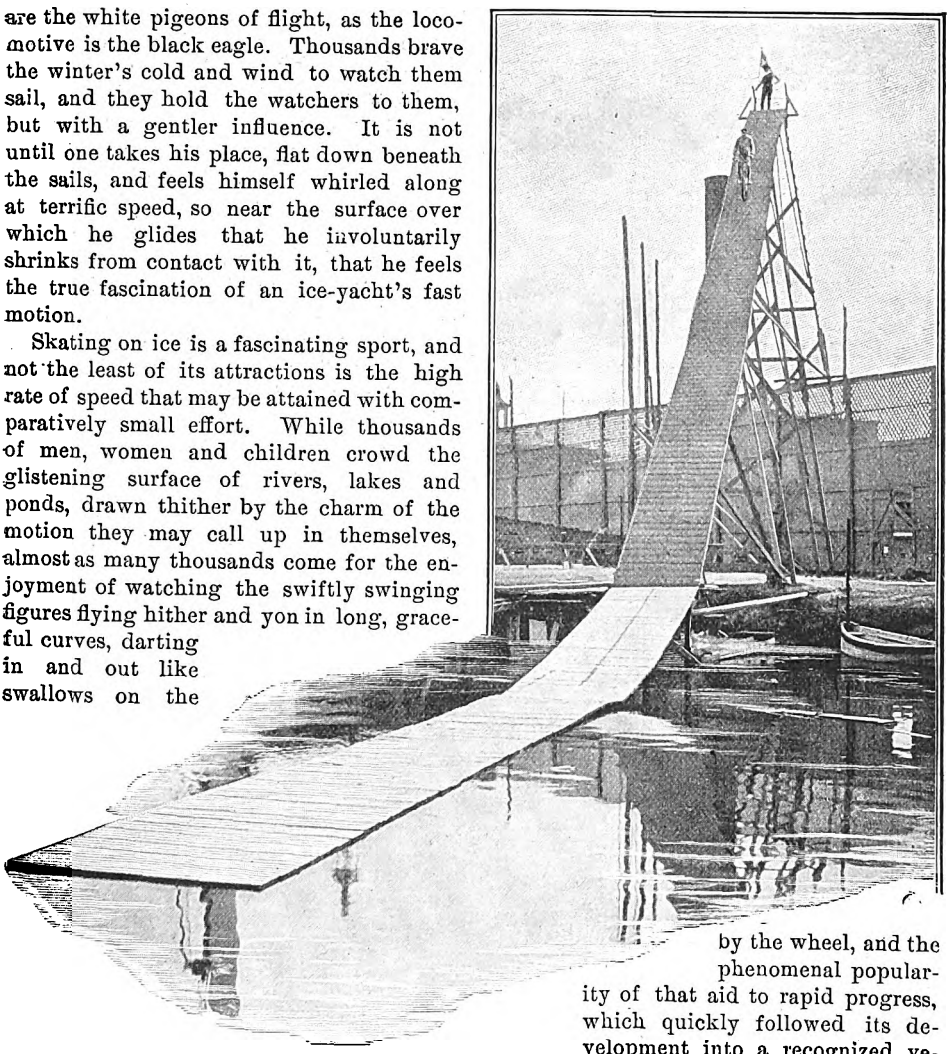
are the white pigeons of flight, as the locomotive is the black eagle. Thousands brave the winter's cold and wind to watch them sail, and they hold the watchers to them, but with a gentler influence. It is not until one takes his place, flat down beneath the sails, and feels himself whirled along at terrific speed, so near the surface over which he glides that he involuntarily shrinks from contact with it, that he feels the true fascination of an ice-yacht's fast motion.

Skating on ice is a fascinating sport, and not the least of its attractions is the high rate of speed that may be attained with comparatively small effort. While thousands of men, women and children crowd the glistening surface of rivers, lakes and ponds, drawn thither by the charm of the motion they may call up in themselves, almost as many thousands come for the enjoyment of watching the swiftly swinging figures flying hither and yon in long, graceful curves, darting in and out like swallows on the wing and dashing straight away across the open like an arrow from the bow.



A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT IN FAST MOTION.

Foot-racing, another form of leg-propulsion, excites deep interest, and at a college foot-race crowds of students, with the pretty maids they adore, gather about the cinder-track and watch, entranced, the runners striving for the goal. Equal interests might be at stake in a walking-match, but the fascination of fast motion is lacking in that, and such races are as wanting in the spell that binds as is a piece of putty. Fast motion is the thing, and the sprinter's speed is the sorcery of his success.

The speediest form of leg-propulsion is by the wheel, and the phenomenal popularity of that aid to rapid progress, which quickly followed its development into a recognized vehicle of movement, was no more than an additional demonstration of the fascination of fast motion. Millions of people who had never gone out of a walk, fascinated by the speed of the bicycle, provided themselves with wheels and flew all over the country from lake to gulf, from sea to sea, and some went clear around the world. They were not content with seeing others spinning over the smooth roads: the fever of the fascination burned in their blood, and they must spin themselves; and they did. Never in the history of man's progress was there anything like it, and so strong was its hold that one of the great manufacturing industries of this and other countries has laid a permanent

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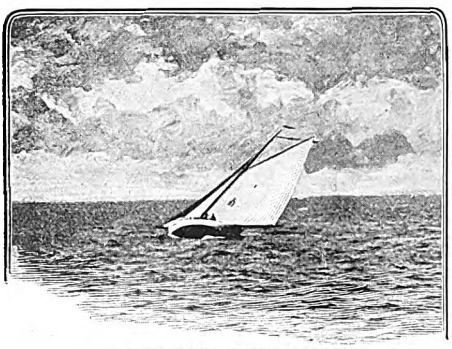


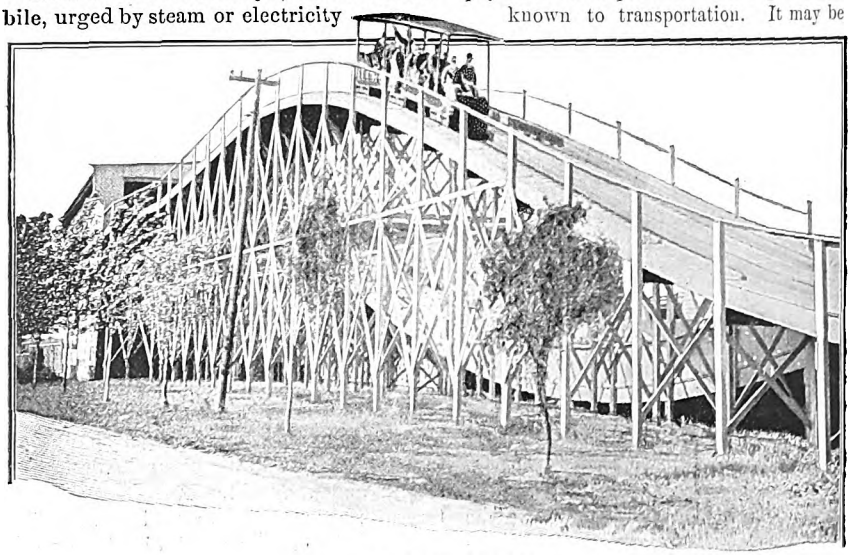
RACING WITH A STIFF GALE.

foundation upon a fascination which was little less than an infatuation. Bicycle-racing was a natural sequence, for fast motion was the impelling spirit of it all, and the very highest speed that was in man and machine was demanded by eager thousands. A mile a minute was attained by one rider, a rate faster than ever flesh and blood had propelled itself at. It was second only to the speed of steam, and human strength and endurance have not yet exceeded that limit. It was the result of the cry, "Faster! faster!" from the fascinated ones whose imagination compassed the infinite. Is it any wonder that we have now a tribe of "scorchers," which many of us heartily wish was among the "lost tribes"?

Next of kin to the bicycle is the automobile, urged by steam or electricity or gas. Leg-propulsion was too slow; the horse was a back number. What was needed to satisfy the craving for greater speed was a carriage run by machinery. More than a mile a minute the auto may go—and still maker and driver and spectator are not satisfied. There is a universal desire for a higher speed, manifested anywhere and everywhere when two autos are near each other on the road to test their pace. "Let her go! let her go!" is the shout from the friends of each, all eager to see the race, all fascinated by the sight of these railless locomotives rushing pell-mell along the highway.

The mere riding in an auto over the roads exercises a peculiar charm on those who have indulged in it, even to a limited extent. Not only does the easy elasticity of the motion please, but the speedy travel with no visible effort exhilarates and attracts as that of no other vehicle does.

Related to the auto on one side of the family and to the locomotive on the other is the trolley-car, also one of the later expressions of speed. The trolley-car may not be "the fastest thing on wheels," but the faster it dashes down grades, across valleys, by waving fields of grain, past pleasant farm-houses and along the roadside, leaving slow-going carts and wagons in its wake, the more powerful is the charm to those who pay the lowest price for the longest hauls known to transportation. It may be



A SCENIC RAILWAY.

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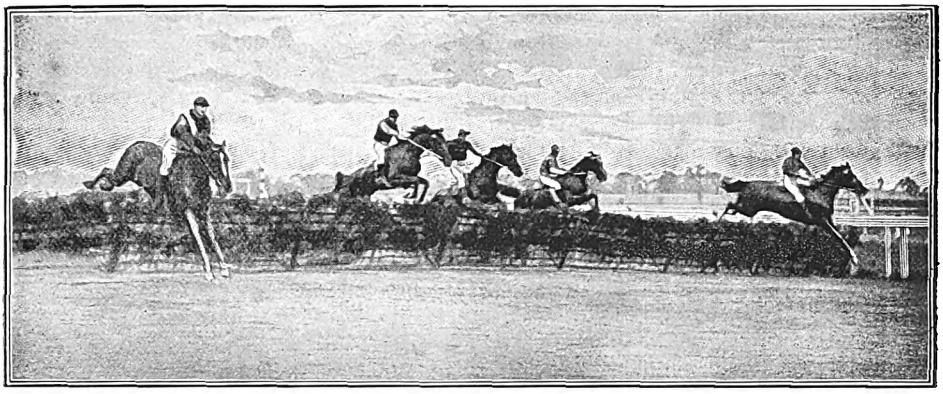
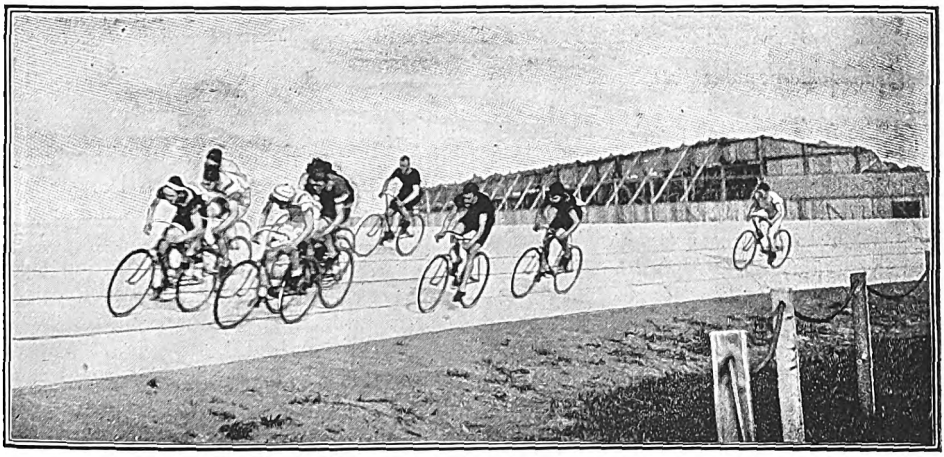


AN EXCITING STEEPLECHASE.

denied by some that speed is a factor in its attractiveness, but the records will disprove the denial. Almost invariably in localities where the old-fashioned horse-cars could scarcely find patrons enough to pay running expenses the adoption of the trolley has revolutionized passenger traffic. The people were the same, their number had not been materially increased, nor had they fallen heir to fortunes; but the fascination of fast motion fell upon them when they saw the scurrying trolley-car go by with a saucy flirt around the corner, where before the horse-car plodded its weary way, and forthwith they quit walking and took the trolley.

Every year the banks of our rivers, at certain favorable points, are lined with thousands of spectators intently watching far across the water the rhythmic rise and fall of oars and the measured motion of "eights" or "fours" who pull. A boat-race is on, and they are there to see which crew has the greater speed. They are interested from the start, of course, but the interest is tame until the finish approaches and the swaying bodies move to quicker impulses and the oars rise and fall in faster time. Quicker, faster—quicker, faster—ten thousand hearts throb with the beating oars in strained silence till the stake is passed, then the spell is broken in a burst of shouts that echoes away in the valleys and rebounds upon the hills that touch the far horizon.

It is true enough that in all contests the element of superiority in strength, skill and endurance enters largely into the interest of the spectators, but there must be speed to insure the fascinating interest which makes racing contests the most attractive of all sports. If it were not so, there would be contests of slowness, and we should have canal-boat-races and cow-



SPRINTING ON THE LAST LAP.

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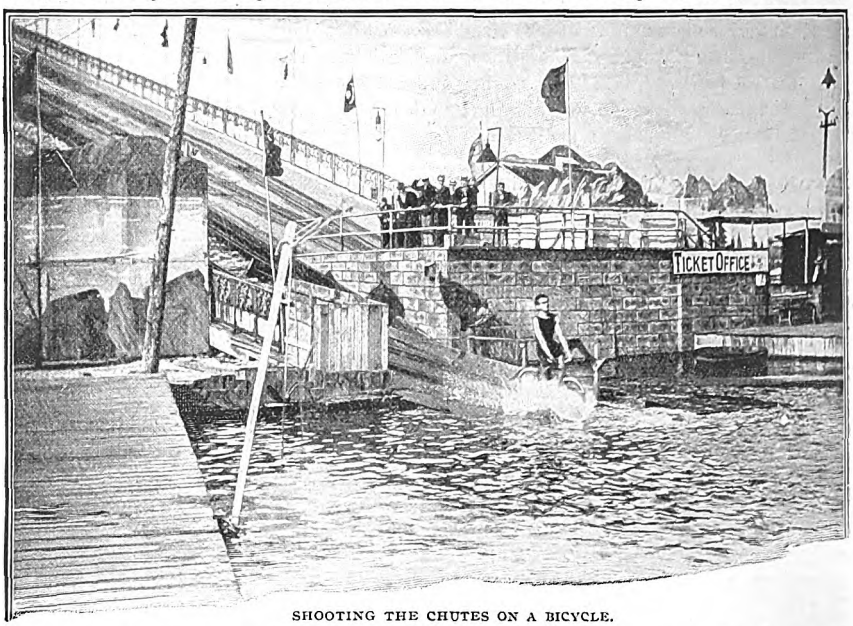
races and truck-races and scow-races. No matter how great the prizes offered and how long the pedigrees of such contestants, nor how fiercely they might struggle to win, such contests would never attract. In former times long-distance horse-races, three, five, ten, and even twenty miles, were run, and there were famous long-distance horses—the best type of horse ever bred, too—but endurance is not fascinating. The horses must go faster. Flesh and blood and bone could not meet the demand for twenty miles, nor ten, nor five, nor three; the noble animal could do his best for a mile, for a minute and a half or two minutes, according to his gait, and a mile or less is now the popular distance for a horse-race.



SHOOTING THE CHUTES ON A BICYCLE.

Of the family of "chutes" and "loops" and "roller coasters"—that is, of uncontrolled speed whose power is gravity—is tobogganing, which exerted its powers of fascination to a considerable extent some years ago. But it had such limitations that general popularity was impossible to it, albeit those who had once gone down a toboggan slide, especially those of the feminine gender, readily admitted that it was "perfectly fascinating." The element of danger was strong, but the wild speed of the toboggan plunging down the steep incline held slider and spectator enthralled by its reckless rush. Some left-handed admirer of tobogganing has described it as: "Z—z—zt; and walk back half a mile up a hill." There is, no doubt, some truth in this description of the quick descent and the labor to return to the point where one may take flight again, but thousands forget this in the fascination of the sport, and toil backward and upward for that one magic moment of "Z—z—zt."

The terror of all fast motion is the fierce, wild rush of a fire-engine through the thronging thoroughfares of a great city. The tearing speed of the horses among their slow-moving brethren; the intense face of the driver, strapped to his seat and bent far forward straining at the drawn reins in his hands, guiding his team in and out among the hundreds of vehicles in his way; the firemen clinging to the engine; the flying sparks and trailing smoke; the beating of the cylinders; the desperate haste of it all, furnish a fascination that never fails in its effects. However long a man has lived in the midst of alarms, however strenuous his life, he stops always when he hears the clang of the gong and takes his place along the curb with hundreds as helpless as he to watch the engine go by. It represents the combined energy

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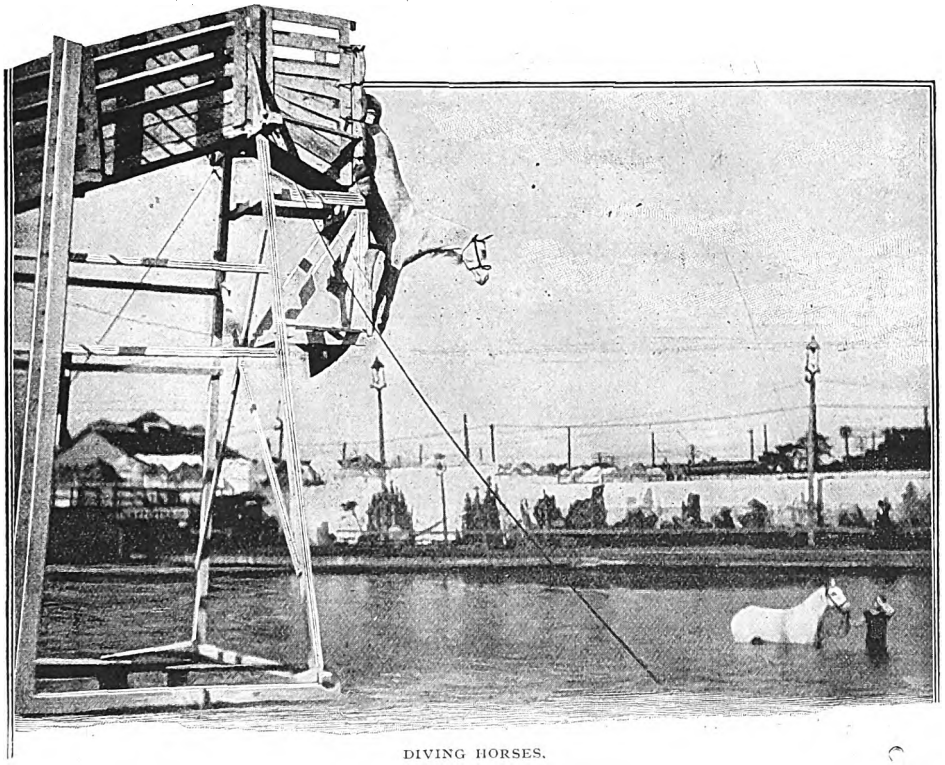
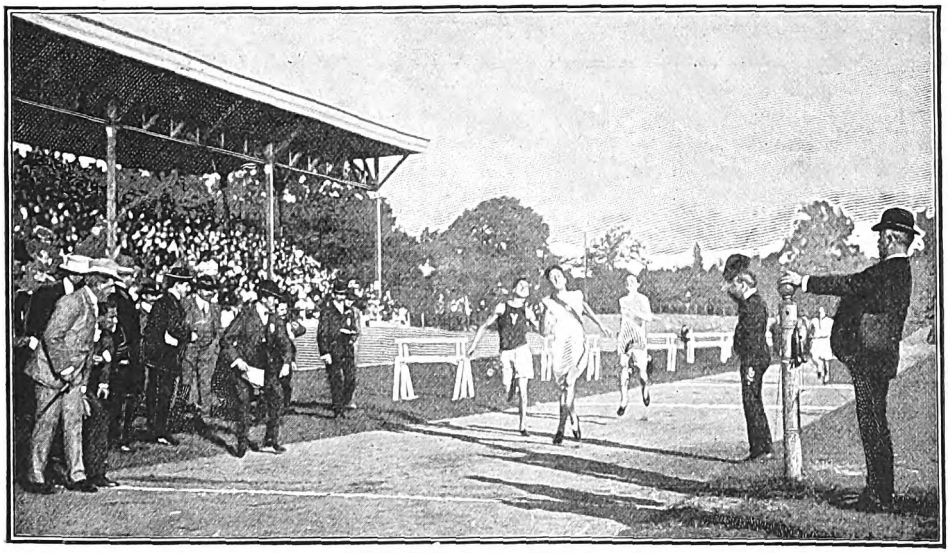


DIVING HORSES.

and speed of man and horse and steam in their frenzied race to fight an enemy whose power to destroy can be paralyzed only by promptness, and the fascinating force of this combination of man, horse and steam cannot be withstood.

Leaving the land and the sea for a moment, we float into the air in a balloon for a new sensation. Of all motions, this is the one motion that is imperceptible, and yet it is strangely fascinating. There is no throbbing of machinery, no rolling of wheels, no panting of lungs, no jar of road or rail, no sense of push or pull, no fixed



THE FINISH OF A FOOT-RACE.

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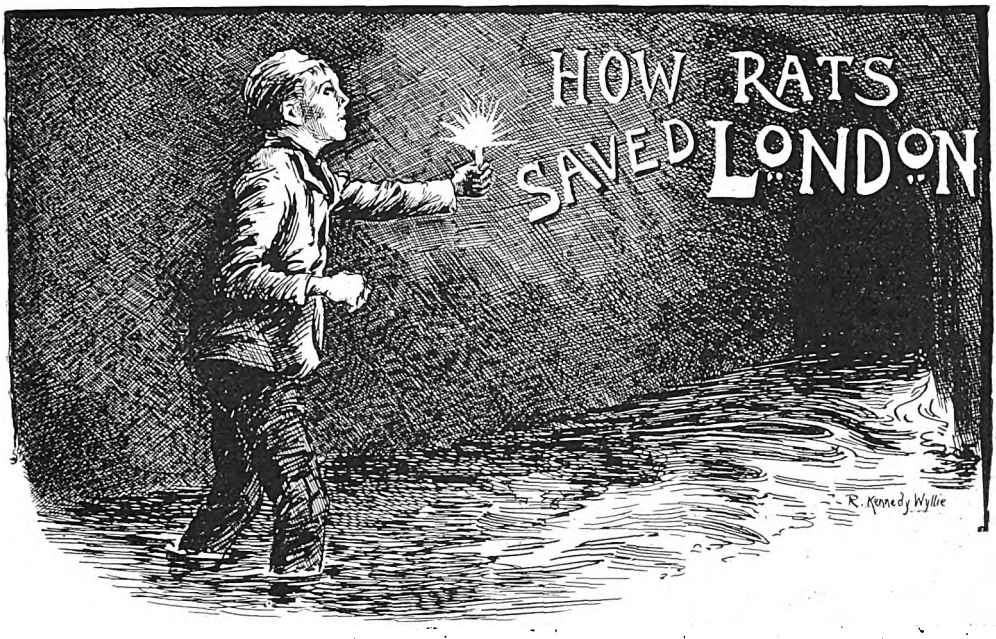

RATS SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY ALONG THE BED OF THE SEWER.

RATS was a lad, not a rodent. A tall, slimly built lad, who had in him more of the wild animal than of a human being, even of the lowest type.

The boy was called Rats because of his habit of lurking in out of the way holes and corners, his red, ferrety eyes, and his savagery when by chance he was brought to bay. It was seldom, however, that the roughest Hooligan ventured to tackle Rats in close quarters. Those scourges of London had learnt by experience to respect his brutal courage, which was supplemented by tenacity equal to that of a weasel, and the cunning of the creatures whose name he bore. If the lad had any other name than Rats, which was doubtful, he never answered to it.

No one, not even Rats' most intimate associates, knew where he had his diggings. They supposed that because he lived as most of them did, upon whatever might casually be picked up, so he slept where he could, a mere son of chance, in lodgings that were changed nightly.

Those waifs of humanity were familiar with all the runs open to their tribe—empty barges, disused warehouses, the stairways of common-lodging houses, Salvation Army Shelters, market baskets at Covent Garden, and that most repellent refuge of all, the Thames Embankment, where sleep was banished by the policeman.

It was wonderingly admitted that Rats had never been met late at night in any of those haunts; but that might reasonably be supposed an accident. The wastrels, were, however, mistaken. The lad was independent of casual refuges, because he owned a home which had a local habitation, if not a name.

Rats' place of business was London generally, which he exploited for his own benefit. What his business was, not even he himself could have explained; for it comprised all the usual occupations of the youthful loafer, and many other questionable ones besides. He was an adept in every calling for the destitute, from mud-larking, to acting as runner for cabs; with newspaper hawking, and petty larceny thrown in to fill up spare time, and also for the more material purpose of attempting to fill a chronically empty stomach. In short, Rats was an incorrigible young ruffian. His home, if that could be called a home where he only slept, was in the neighbourhood of Hackney Marshes. Here he had found a shelter in a shed attached to one of those huge naphtha works which add so considerably to the wealth, as, also, to the disagreeableness of the district. Probably if the workmen had known, they would have ejected the squatter tenant, for boys of Rats' class are unfortunately addicted

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to smoking; and a naked light in the vicinity of such inflammable works, might have resulted in the cremation of the smoker, and widely-spread disaster to the district. They were, however, ignorant of the extra and unwarrantable use to which the shed was put; for its occupant retired late, and rose early. Hence his domicile was not discovered.

Rats was going home. After the cautious manner of his race, he had already made a circuit of the naphtha works, as a precautionary measure to ensure that they were deserted by the workmen; and was furtively watching to discover whether or no he had been followed, when an indistinguishable shadow fell on the line of gas-light, and as suddenly disappeared.

The street arab's suspicion was aroused at once, and he crept stealthily along under the screen of the wall, until the spot was reached. Here two men were standing in the shelter of an angle, talking earnestly together.

"Toffs! What's their game? Swell mobsmen, maybe, dividing up their plunder," Rats remarked to himself, his thoughts naturally reverting to dishonesty. As he had no more confidence in systematic law-breakers than in honest labourers, he wormed himself closer.

The appearance of the men who, whatever their business and position in life might be, kept themselves carefully concealed from the observation of any passers-by, did not support the lad's conclusion, for they were roughly dressed as navvies, but their speech was not that of genuine working men.

"To-morrow, at midnight, all will be in order, and then—!" one of the men said with a low sniggering laugh, which had something creepy in it. Rats, who possessed the bump of curiosity, listened with both ears.

"And then, at three of the clock, we shall insert the apparatus. It will do its work within an hour, by which time, if fortune is propitious, we shall have caught an early train for the north; and the first fool who lights his pipe near to a man-hole, or some early sewer-men, will ignorantly serve the brotherhood, and do the trick for us!"

"And good-bye to London!" the laugher said.

"Good-bye to London, or any way, the greater portion of it. Those who live in the country, and are early awake, will see a great light."

"Hist! someone comes! By all that is sacred, we are watched!" The man who seemed unable to speak without that suppressed titter of laughter, appeared to be as keen of hearing as a cat. Rats had not stirred, but he was breathing quickly, and the fellow must have overheard his long-drawn breaths.

"COME NOW, TELL THE TRUTH, NO LIES."

The men separated, and Rats, fearful of being discovered, for although ignorant of their purpose, he was shrewd to comprehend that they would show no mercy to a detected eaves-dropper, fled to his haunt in the shed; his naked feet making no noise as he ran.

Not frightened, for Rats had no conception of the meaning of fear where the police were not concerned, yet thankful that these men of the dirty clothing and

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cultured speech (for such their conversation was to him, whose habitual language was that common to the gutter) had not caught him, the lad slunk into his lair, and threw himself upon a pile of sacks which was to serve the purposes of a bed for him. All was dark inside, except for the moonlight which shone through the numerous crevices. Rats had lain awake for upwards of an hour, vainly striving to piece and solve the mystery which surrounded the fragmentary remarks he had overheard, when he excitedly sprang to his feet and listened intently, dubiously rubbing his forehead the while. Thud! thud!! the sound was heard at regular and frequent intervals, and suggested the use of a pick-axe. It was an alarming disturbance of Rats' meditations. For a full minute he imagined that the workmen had returned, and were labouring outside on some emergency employment, digging close to his quarters. If that were so, they would be likely to enter the shed for some reason or another. Then there would be no means of escape for him, since the only way of exit was by the rickety door. He would be found trespassing, and the result would be a drubbing, unless—and at the thought of such a catastrophe the lad shuddered—they gave him into the custody of the police.

As Rats listened, standing at attention, his coolness returned. The noise of digging did not come from outside, but from beneath, as if some one were excavating directly under the shed. He was safe unless the midnight labourers worked their way through the hard, earthen floor, and even if they did so he would have time enough in which to clear out. But what could it mean?

Rats went to bed again, but he could not sleep; his active brain, which compensated for its educational deficiencies with cunning, was busily endeavouring to unravel this tangle of adventure. Meanwhile, the delver continued to ply his occupation. So time passed for upwards of two hours longer, the lad hearkening, and thinking hard, but without any satisfactory result. Then the digging ceased.

"'Twasn't any o' them sewer chaps, for they don't work o' nights! Blow me, an' s'help me, I'll have a squint at 'em!" Rats exclaimed. So saying, he ran out, and having first closed the door behind him, posted himself conveniently near the corner of the street in which, as he remembered, the nearest man-hole was fixed. "They're certain to come up that way!" he said, talking to himself.

The street was deserted, the gas-lights burned dimly, and the moon was intermittently obscured by clouds which flitted across the sky.

Rats was not mistaken in his conclusion. Presently the cover of the man-hole was raised, and a man's head appeared. After peering cautiously around to see that he was not observed, he came up; and a second followed. They closed the outlet and went hastily away, leaving a trail of liquid evil-smelling slime behind them.

"Them chaps aren't up to no good. I'll go down now, and see what's their little game. Likely they've bin a hidin' plunder. If so, it's a prime piece of luck for me, and I'm the boy to scoop it in!"

Rats chuckled over his prospective good fortune, and edging himself across the street, as if he were going in any direction except that of his intended goal, he, with as many turnings and windings as a fox employs when approaching its earth, reached the man-hole.

He, being a powerful lad for his years, and his natural strength being stimulated by curiosity and hope of gain, found it a matter of no difficulty to raise the iron cover. He gazed downward into a pitchy black cavity. Fearlessly entering this, he descended the steps sufficiently to enable him to close the cover, thus shutting himself in, and descended into the sewer. Rats did not mind the stench, nor the filthy swirling water which ran in a swift current over his bare feet, and was so deep as to reach nearly up to his knees. It was not the first time by many that he had visited these subterranean regions. A scuffling noise not many feet distant, accompanied by loud squeakings, reminded him that the sewer rats, large villainous brutes whose bites are dangerous, and which in their overwhelming numbers would not for long hesitate to attack a man, were watchful and alert.

Rats understood the habits of the foul creatures, and was aware that they would not face a light. Also he was in an impenetrable darkness, unable to see a foot in front of him, and to pursue his investigations a light was indispensable. So he produced a scrap of guttered tallow

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candle, and a match, from some hole in his rags, which served instead of pocket, and lit it.

There was a rush of cold wind in the sewer, and the candle flickered so that Rats was obliged to screen it with his cap; but the flowing filth and the slimy fœtid walls were dimly discernible. He slowly made his way along the bed of the underground stream, slipping more than once, and shivering with the cold and wet. He gripped his candle end tightly, for if that were lost he might be lost. It would be difficult for him to find his way out again in that gross darkness.

At a short distance up the sewer Rats came upon an opening in the dark wall, sufficiently large to admit a stooping man, which to all appearance did not form part of the original work; for it was not bricked and had been freshly excavated. Uttering an exclamation, for the mystery was thickening, he entered this by-path tunnel, and soon found himself, as he calculated, beneath the shed. The tunnel now turned sharply to the right. Rats stumbled onward to the end of it, where his nostrils were assailed by a pungent stench of naphtha, which nearly suffocated him.

Once more Rats scratched his head, as it was his habitual custom to do when puzzled; and then light dawned upon him. There was an end to his hope of finding hidden treasure, but he had made another discovery. He was close to one of the immense vats sunk in the ground, wherein thousands of gallons of naphtha would be stored. The midnight workmen had designs upon these stores of inflammable spirit, and to reach them they had dug this enormous hole.

What could their object be? Rats' first thought was that they intended to steal the naphtha, but that was immediately dismissed. The commodity was so cheap, that the gain would not compensate them for so much toil and trouble in obtaining it. Also, if they broke through into the vat, there would be an outrush of the stuff which would swamp and drown them, if they were not suffocated by its fumes before that event could happen. Rats did not reason exactly in this manner, but these were his conclusions. Explanation did not lie along the line of larceny.

"I am a drivelling idiot!" he exclaimed. "The chaps said that the first person who lit a pipe would do the trick for them, and the whole place would be in a blaze. Those fellows must be — that's it — they're Anarchists. Their little game is to flood the sewers with naphtha, and then, s'help me, there would be a wholesale blow up. The murderous scoundrels!"

Rats was undecided what to do; but as the plotters had unintentionally informed him that they would not resume their fiendish work for nearly twenty-four hours more, he resolved to doss it again. That would give him time for thinking, and in the morning his head would be clearer. So he groped his way back to the man-hole, and, across the yard, into the shed.

He was abroad again before daybreak, wandering around the works, and as befogged as when he left the sewer. He was on the track of villains who had projected a crime of gigantic proportions, and the discovery was valueless; excepting in so far as it might enable him to take measures for the preservation of his own worthless life. For he could tramp, and put miles between himself and doomed London.

Rats, however, possessed certain rudimentary instincts of sympathy, rough as as he was, he was not destitute of chivalry, and the reflection that thousands of unoffending citizens were doomed to death by those two heartless ruffians appealed to the softer side of his nature.

The lad entertained no feeling of reverence for the law, its hand had always been against him, and his lot had, as long as he could remember, been thrown in with that of the law-breakers. Yet neither he nor his associates had in them anything of the murderer's kidney. They would pilfer, but not kill; steal and burn a builder's planks, but not make a holocaust of a great city and its inhabitants.

Whilst Rats was watching and thinking of the conversation he had overheard, a burly workman, whose clothes bore evidence of a close acquaintance with the clay brickfields, came sauntering along. Rats looked keenly at the hulking figure, and whistled. It was his chance. "Sergeant!" he ejaculated in a sibilant whisper.

The man took no notice. Rats turned, executed a Catherine wheel, and again said, "Sergeant!"

The brickmaker dived and gripped the impudent Rats, who, making no effort to

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free himself, remarked, "You wouldn't ha' caught me, if I hadn't wanted you to. I'm yer fortune, sergeant."

The repetition of the word, which denoted a grade in the police force, apparently annoyed the workman, who said, gruffly, "I don't fathom you, youngster. There aren't no bobbies here.'

"Blimey, that's good. As if a feller couldn't spot Sergeant Dullen. Why yer can't disguise yerself from us lads." And Rats grinned mischievously.

"Then as you have spotted me, I'll take you along to the station," and the herculean detective nearly lifted Rats off his feet.

"If that's yer lay, I'm 'greeable; but I've summat for yer privit ear. You once gived me a breakfast, and now that is going to be paid for."

"Speak up then, and tell me no lies."

"Not here!" Rats glanced apprehensively around. "Somewhere on the quiet. You won't be sorry."

Sergeant Dullen, holding his nose in the air, strode towards a dirty little coffee shop, and pushing the lad inside, followed. There, over a steaming cup, three slices and an egg, Rats hurriedly told his story.

The sergeant did not eat, he watched the lad closely, questioning him at intervals about the appearance of the men, while busying himself with a stumpy pencil and a note-book. "Is that all?" he laconically asked, when Rats had concluded.

When the lad replied that it was, so far as he could jolly well remember, the detective laughed a guffaw which was in keeping with his assumed character, and answered, "You have had your breakfast and we will let it go at that. I'm not the duffer who is to be caught by such a tale." As if disappointed with Rats' communication, and regretting the countenance he had given to the lad, he stamped noisily out of the coffee-house.

THE TWO FELLOWS TURNED AT BAY.

Rats dropped his lip, and uttered an uncomplimentary expression of his opinion of the detective's ability. His scheme had foundered upon the rocks of Sergeant Dullen's stupidity.

The policeman, however, was not such a victim of red tape as Rats supposed. More than once information which had reached him through unorthodox channels

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had proved to be a good thing ; and he was not a man who neglected his opportunities. The Sergeant was a rising young officer. Rats got through the day somehow, and night found him again in the vicinity of the naphtha works, but not disposed to sleep. So far from that, he gave the shed a wide berth, and watched for the coming of the conspirators. If the lad had faith in nothing else, he had faith in their unscrupulous determination to blow up London.

A little before midnight the men again appeared. Rats recognised them at once. After reconnoitering, they descended the sewer as before. "I'll see them back again, and then mizzle. If there's time for them to get away I shan't be in no 'mediate danger," Rats said to himself.

Rats was running ahead of events. In sporting phraseology he was out-riding the hounds. A policeman coming out of an alley so surprised him that he was within an ace of giving himself away. Another officer followed, and yet another, to the number of six. Then the man-hole was opened, and they noiselessly descended into the underground river. As the hindmost disappeared, it dawned upon Rats that Sergeant Dullen had not been so slow witted after all ; and the detective's shrewdness in keeping his own counsel considerably raised him in the lad's estimation.

Rats, scenting fun, followed the representatives of the law, moving more stealthily than they had done, for he was familiar with the sewer, and cunning came as naturally to him as breathing.

The policemen, guided only by the feeble glimmer of a dark lantern, having reached the sewer, plodded through its filth, until the excavation which the desperate enemies of all the human race had made, and Rats had discovered, was reached. There they paused, and glanced meaningly at one another. It was not only that they overheard sounds of labour. A long black,snaky thing stretched away from where they stood, its other extremity being lost in the darkness. It was a length of firemen's hose.

They moved forward once more, and again halted, standing in blackness, gazing into a ring of light in front of them. A horn lantern was hung upon a peg driven into the earthen wall, and by its light two men were busy at work. One of them was holding an iron tube, which the other was driving into the soil with blows of a sledge hammer.

Sergeant Dullen's eyes sparkled; he comprehended their purpose and would frustrate it. He saw himself already a made man, an inspector at least.

That tube was a tap, with a spigot. The rogues were tapping the naphtha vat, through which the steel end of the tube would cut as easily as a knife through butter. They would attach the hose to the tap, without the spigot, allowing the naphtha to flow into the sewer,and London would be a burnt-up city of the dead. That was their scheme, but they forgot they had to reckon with him. Already he had forgotten his indebtedness to Rats.

With a sudden movement he flashed his lantern upon the scene, and exclaimed, "You are our prisoners!"

The fellows turned at bay. There was a flash from a pistol, a policeman staggered ; another, and a bullet sped close to Rats' ear, burying itself in the wall.

The police made a rush, but not quickly enough ; the pistols again rang out, and two dead men lay at their feet.

Rats had witnessed more than he bargained for, he had been in at the death, and felt sick. Thoroughly cowed, he scuttled back into the deserted street; leaving the baffled law face to face with the carrion of disappointed anarchy. It did not occur to him that he had saved London from a destruction as complete as that which overtook the doomed cities of the plain.

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MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND FRIENDS OFF FOR A COUNTRY CLUB.

DIVERSIONS OF SOME MILLIONAIRES.

By Walter Germain Robinson.

BY inheritance, the American is a true sportsman. He has it in his blood. He derives his love of the open, of hunting and of fishing, of horses, and of life on the sea, from ancestors who over a century ago were famous with gun and rod, were excellent horsemen and splendid sailors. But the sport of those days came of necessity. The explorer, the settler and the backwoodsman had new regions to discover, food to provide and wild animals to keep away from the freshly built home. In the years which followed the gradual settling of the country, and the Indian and colonial wars and the Revolution, the people of the United States were too busy in building up a commonwealth to take up sport as a pastime. Even as late as the sixties, millionaires were not plentiful, and those who had money, or who had made it, were not generally of the class that cared for life in the open. There were occasional trips to the Adirondacks, or to the Rockies or other parts of the West, for big game; racing was being established more as a business than a pastime; and there had been a few men who had taken up yachting. But no one seemed to have the leisure to indulge in sport to any great extent, and to possess a trotter who could make two-forty was considered to be about the limit in sporting life among gentlemen.

MR. CHARLES R. FLINT PUTTING OFF TO HIS YACHT.

Charles Astor Bristed, who published a

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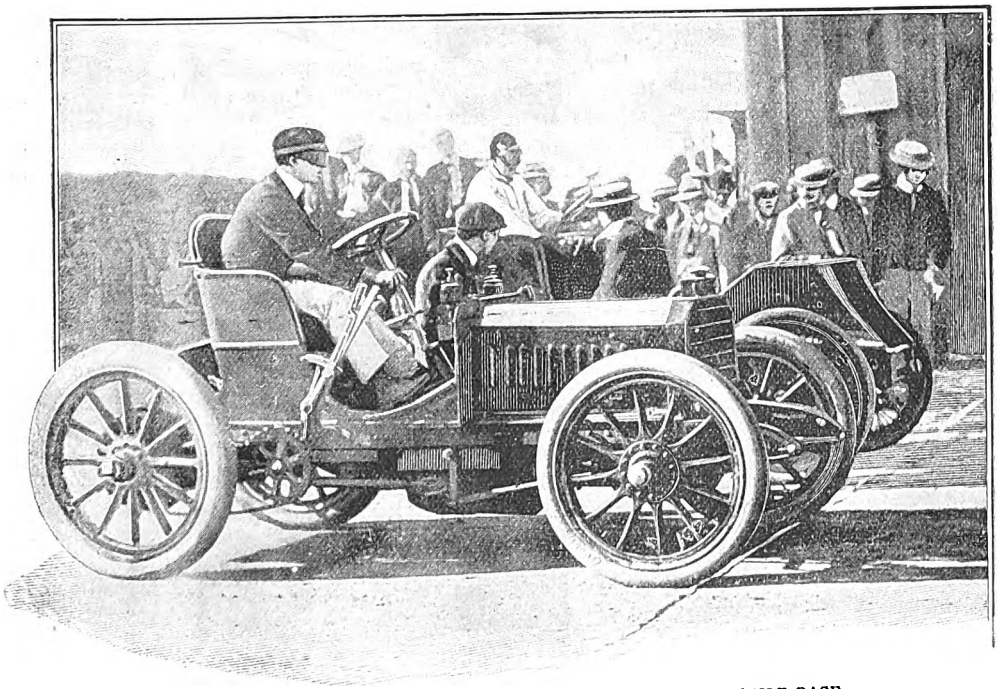
coast is unrivaled. To those who are devoted to aquatics, a steam-yacht hardly comes within the definition of sport. At the time of the building of the "America," and indeed for years afterward, there was not a steam-yacht owned by an American. To those who went last year to the race between the "Columbia" and "Shamrock II.," the superb fleet of large ocean-going steam-vessels owned by Americans was one of the most inspiring and interesting sights of the day. Here was the "Nahma," in which the Robert Goelets had traveled all around the world, and which last summer was considered a wonder in the line of yachts owned by private individuals at St. Petersburg, and which later was visited by the Emperor of Germany at Kiel. Here was the "Nourmahal" of John Jacob Astor; the "Narada" of Mr. Walters, of Baltimore; the immense "Niagara," owned by Mr. Howard Gould; the "Varuna" of Mr. Eugene Higgins; the "Conqueror" of Frederick Vanderbilt, and more than fifty others. All of these ships, although called by the sportsmen "steam-ferries," are perfectly appointed ocean steamships. They are most luxuriously fitted up and their owners have sailed all over the world in them. A steam-yacht is perhaps the costliest of the millionaire's playthings. When she is in commission, there are the captain and crew and cooks, stewards and a large staff of servants, to be employed; entertaining is done on a lavish scale; and a single season costs a small fortune. Each year sees improvements in the building of steam-yachts. They are now constructed to make the voyage across the Atlantic in as short a time as any of the liners.

But the millionaire is never content with one yacht. His great steam-yacht proper is for ocean travel. He generally has an auxiliary cruising-yacht propelled by gasoline for the coast. This is, of course, a sailing-yacht in which the propelling power is used only in case of a calm or of an emergency. He is sportsman always and he must have his racing-yacht; his catboat, which has come much into favor at Newport and other seaside resorts for racing limited distances, and a still smaller craft introduced at Newport last summer for like contests. To the large steam-yachts belong yawls of different descriptions, including those propelled by naphtha and gasoline; to the summer home by seaside, on the Sound, lake or river, the steam,



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AT THE START OF AN AUTOMOBILE RACE.

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electric and naphtha launches are a necessity.

Here, for one millionaire sportsman, is a fleet of vessels of various kinds. The American is not content with having one or two habitations. He must, so to speak, have a home in every place where there is a chance for his favorite sport. But the American is catholic in his tastes. He is not absolutely devoted to one kind; he is interested in several different fads and he wants to be the "king-pin" in each of them.

An Englishman once wrote a flamboyant patriotic song in which he described his country as "Queen of the Earth," and, he cried, "wide as the world is her kingdom of power." This might apply also to the American sportsman. Having conquered the seas, he looks very naturally toward the earth. Five years ago an automobile, now smartly called a "motor," elicited curiosity in New York city. People would stop to see it pass by, just as they would gaze in the air to-day if one of Santos-Dumont's flying-machines went whizzing by. The motor had first gained its popularity in France; the United States took it up before England adopted it. To-day it is alike the toy of the millionaire and the absolute necessity of travel. It is odd how soon one adapts oneself to a new invention and wonders how one could ever have got along without it.

MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT ON HIS YACHT.

The automobile suggested vast possibilities to the American millionaire sportsman. It is true that he "ruled the seas" in more ways than one. He was the victor of the yacht-races and with his luxurious yacht he could go anywhere. But on the land, he had to trust to the mercy of special cars and special trains. If he was a railroad director, the latter were obtainable, but if not, even at a vast expense, he could never be sure of gaining a given point at a given time.

The automobile club has been in existence only a few years. From a sportsman's point of view, there are fewer pastimes more exhilarating or more satisfactory. To those who have participated in motor races or even motor timing contests, other sports seem tame. The bicycle in one way was the precursor of the motor. Both have done wonders for the highways of this country. The owners of automobiles and those interested in the development of this most luxurious and comfortable means of locomotion, have prevailed upon the various states to pass laws concerning their roads. In Europe there is an advantage, as the old Roman highways on the Continent have always been kept up and one can travel with comparative ease through the principal countries of Europe on horseback, driving, awheel or with a motor.

Thackeray and all the brilliant writers of a generation ago have described the very refinement of travel as that which allowed a man to go over the Continent in his own coach and four. Railways were

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democratic. The motor, however, combines the speed of the railway and the privacy of the old coach.

But it is not alone as a convenience that the motor presents itself in a favorable light to the millionaire sportsman. The recent speed trials and races have suggested a new form of sport most exciting and exhilarating. In the great race from Paris to Vienna, there were three American competitors. One of these, Mr. William Elliott Zborowski, came in fourth. He married the great-granddaughter of the first John Jacob Astor. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. Foxhall Keene, both American millionaires, would have made splendid records if an accident had not happened to their tires. Mr. Vanderbilt had made phenomenal records in France during the spring.

MR. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY WITH HIS BEAGLES.

With an automobile club, with numerous millionaires like the Vanderbilts, Colonel John Jacob Astor, David Wolfe Bishop, Albert Shattuck, Clarence Mackay, Luther Kountze, Edward R. Thomas, Oliver H. P. Belmont, Van Rensselaer Kennedy, William C. Whitney and many others, the present status of the motor as a pleasure-vehicle is established. As a racer its popularity is increasing day by day, and it ranks with a horse in its general utility.

The motor has been considered by some a rival to the horse. In one way, perhaps it is. The most modern automobile and the blood race-horse are both objets de luxe. The performance by the motor of many tasks enables the horse-owner to keep the animals he owns simply for the purposes of sport and consequently to improve the breed.

Racing has always been a fad of the American. There have been jockey-clubs and racing-stables flourishing as far back as the thirties. In the North, however, racing never had the fashionable vogue that it did in the South. Race-week in Lexington, Kentucky, in the heart of the Blue Grass region, or in New Orleans, at the old Metarie Ridge course, was a social institution. The horses were owned by gentlemen and ridden by them. In the North and East, a certain puritanical prejudice prevailed against racing, which is only gradually disappearing. Putting aside all question concerning the morality or immorality of wagers, horse-racing per se has always been a sport of gentlemen, and the Ascot in England and the races at Baden-Baden, Paris, and various other Continental cities have taken the place of the tournaments of old. At the present writing, the breeding of race-horses, and the spring and autumn meets, have grown to be among the favorite diversions of the millionaire sportsman. Private race-tracks were, however,

MR. GEORGE GOULD AT POLO.

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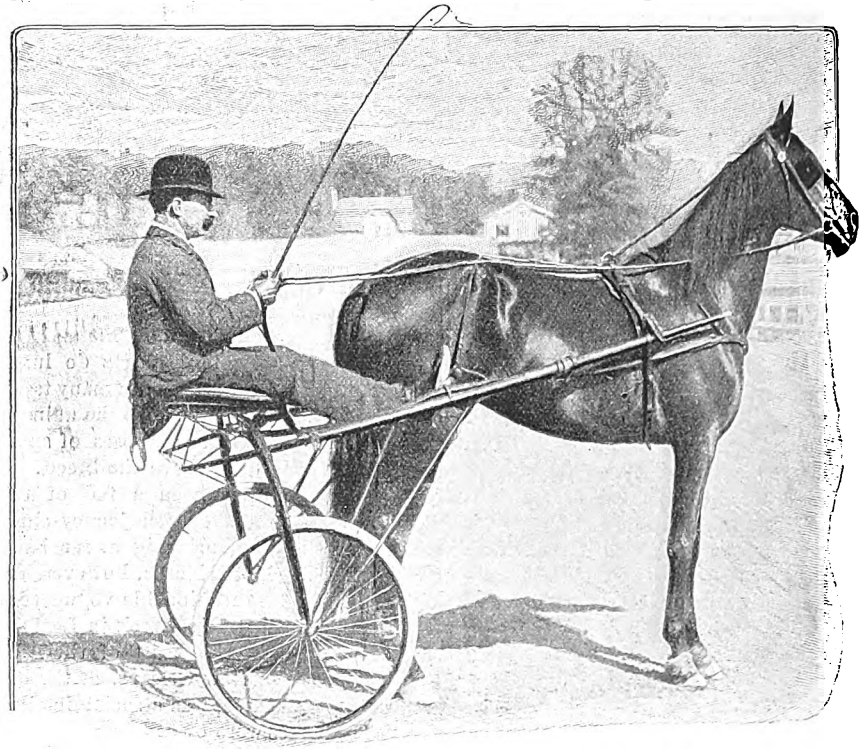
unknown, except in one or two instances in the South and in California, until within a very few years. Mr. William C. Whitney, one of the most distinguished of American millionaires, has been called the "Prince of Horsemen." At Wheatley Hills, Westbury, where he has a summer residence, he has also built a racing-establishment and a private course. The situation is picturesque, and there is no private stable in the world which can equal it to-day in its appointments. It is a great building which is prominent in the landscape for miles. The stable alone measures eight hundred and seventy feet in length. On the course, in the autumn, take place the famous steeplechases of the Meadowbrook Hunt. Mr. Whitney has also another commodious stable at Sheepshead Bay, near the club and race-track, a breeding-farm in Kentucky and a large stable at Saratoga, and he has just purchased a vast area of pine-lands near Aiken, South Carolina, where he intends to have a wintering-place for his stud. His horses are conveyed from racing center to racing center on special trains and in charge of a great army of grooms, stablemen, jockeys, and other employees.

With the name of Mr. Whitney are associated those who also have large racing interests—August and Perry Belmont, Clarence Mackay, James B. Haggin, William K. Vanderbilt, R. T. Wilson, Jr., A. H. and D. H. Morris, James R. Keene, Foxhall P. Keene and Arthur Featherstone. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Mackay are specially interested in Saratoga, and they have taken hold of the racing there and have changed the nature of the sport to such a degree that to-day, instead of being a place where racing was merely professional, it has again become a Mecca for wealthy and fashionable Americans.



MR. E. H. HARRIMAN BEHIND HIS FAVORITE TROTTER.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has entered seriously into the various sports in which the horse is the factor. He has purchased a large farm at Portsmouth, on which he has a private polo-field and a small track. For two years he has made a special study of coaching. This sport was introduced into

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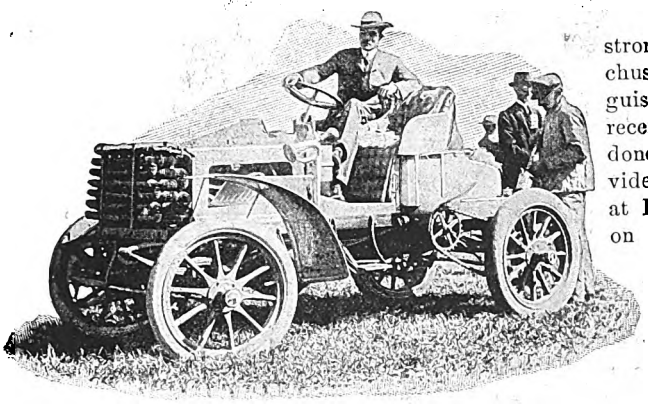

MR. DAVID WOLFE BISHOP IN HIS RACING-MACHINE.

this country as a recreation for gentlemen by Colonel Delancey Kane and the late Mr. Leonard Jerome, thirty years ago. The Coaching Club was established in New York, and at the old Jerome Park races as many as thirty and forty brakes could be seen drawn up in line in the field. The parades took place in the spring at New York and in the summer at Newport. For a time, however, fashionable interest, sometimes fickle, grew dull, and it looked as if coaching would be abandoned as a sport. But the last three years have seen a wonderful revival. The Coaching Parade of last May, with the veteran Colonel Jay in the lead, and the coaching season in the early spring, were both veritable successes. At present, all over the country, coaching-routes are being established and coaching-stables organized. The fad of tooling public coaches to and fro between the city and suburban resorts, a fad founded on an old-time English usage, has found in America no more enthusiastic exponent than Mr. Vanderbilt. It is told that a social struggler from Brooklyn was much chagrined to find that the purchase of a ticket entitled the holder merely to a trip on the coach without including a social acquaintance with the whip.

With coaching has also come a revival of interest in polo. This is practically an East Indian diversion, made fashionable in England twenty-five years ago and imported here a few years after. It is a diversion that only the rich can afford. Westchester County and the Country Club on the shores of the Sound introduced the game on this side of the water. The clubs at Cedarhurst and at Meadowbrook took it up, and a very strong team was formed in Massachusetts. Like coaching, it languished a little, only to be revived recently. Mr. George Gould has done much for polo. He has provided a private field at his place at Lakewood. The field is open on match-game days to the public. This is the sport which Mr. Gould prefers to all others. He not only has entered into it with zest himself, but has trained his young sons so that to-day the family quartet is a very formidable one for any polo team to tackle. The last American team sent to England played splendidly and won many laurels, although it was competing with East Indian officers who had been literally "brought up" on the game.

With racing and coaching and polo, has come naturally a desire for the improvement of the breed of the horse. Fashion finds an ever-constant diversion in the horse-shows. In winter these take place in New York; in spring in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington, and in summer at Southampton, at Newport, at Bar Harbor and at almost all the smaller resorts. In fact, there is hardly a community which has a country club and an interest in the horse which fails to have its little show.

Many of these affairs are practically private. They are simply the diversions of millionaire sportsmen, who give the prizes, have the show on their own grounds and foot the bills.

MR. CLARENCE MACKAY AT THE RACES.

The hunt is another form of sport which belongs exclusively to people of wealth and fashion. Near New York,

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and Mr. William Rockefeller, own large estates of over fifty thousand acres in the Adirondacks. Doctor Seward Webb is also a large landholder, and much interested in this scheme, as are the owners of camps—luxurious modern dwellings—such as Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney, Anson Phelps Stokes, Frederick Vanderbilt, Levi P. Morton, Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt.

The cultivation of deer is another fad of the millionaire sportsman, as are also artificial trout-streams and salmon-fisheries. One club in Nova Scotia is the most exclusive in point of wealth of any in this country. It is on the Restigouche, and it numbers among its members the Vanderbilts, Webbs, Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and others. The Southside Club, near Babylon, Long Island, has a small deer-forest and miles of trout-streams. Mr. W. Bayard Cutting and Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, who live near by, both have vast estates, the greater portion of which is devoted to the breeding and preservation of wild game. Mr. William Rockefeller has also a large deer-preserve at his estate in Westchester.

Falconry, which has now a small following in England; otter-hunting, which is a possibility; coursing, and boar-hunting, are as yet practically unknown in this country, but there is nothing to prevent the millionaire sportsman, if he chooses, from introducing any one of these—and entering into it "au prince," as he would certainly feel it would be his bounden duty, as an American, to do.

There is but one word as to the future. Is everything to be exclusive? Are the millionaires of this country selfishly to keep their sports to themselves, to run horse-races on private tracks, to have polo-matches on private fields, to hunt on exclusive territory, to fish on rivers owned by them, and to acquire gradually vast estates, much larger in area than those in England or on the Continent, and in fact to "own the earth"?

MR. HOWARD GOULD ON HIS YACHT "NIAGARA."

It is well for wealth to promote certain sports, but it is to be hoped that the tendency to exclude the public from the enjoyment of those sports will be replaced by a spirit more democratic. Money lavishly spent for the edification of a few indifferent friends never brings the return it would if used in providing and maintaining a healthy form of sport which the many can admire and enjoy.

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The Needle's Eye

by

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with the discovery of a dead woman, by Farmer Erastus Winch, in his barn. His wife finds a baby there also, and insists, much against his will, on adopting it, as she has never had a child of her own. On the burial of its mother the child is adopted by 'Liz'beth Winch and called Manuel, from the Bible-name "Immanuel." When the child is six years old the farmer ruthlessly sets him to work. He is treated in a heartrending way for a long time by the farmer, and idolised by his wife. Manuel betrays a great desire to find out who is his father, and with child-like simplicity absorbs the idea that God is his Father, and wanders off to find Him. In his rambles he meets a little girl named Hilda, who takes him home to her granny, but during a pause in their conversation he runs away again. Arriving at the homestead of "Ol' Mose" Armitage, 'Manuel thinks he has at last found his "Father," and is taken in and cared for by "Ol' Mose," a man who has lived alone for many years. During the stay of Manuel, Old Moses fancies he discovers a trace that leads him to believe that 'Manuel is heir to considerable wealth, and he is bringing him back, bent on an errand of investigation, and arrives in time to witness Mrs. Winch's death. Mr. Smalley, the lawyer, follows up investigations, which confirm the view that Manuel is Old Moses Armitage's grand-nephew and heir to an enormous fortune. Erastus Winch secures a handsome sum for "befriending" (!) the waif, and Manuel's training is undertaken by Moses in a singular manner, the object being that the Armitage millions, acquired by injustice to the poor, shall be spent in their amelioration.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*continued.*)

"I HAVE seen enough, uncle," whispered the boy, after several hours spent in their explorations. His face was white, his dark eyes dilated with horror. When they were once more in the open air, he looked up into the narrow strip of blue sky visible between the tops of the tall buildings." "Why does God let such things be?" he asked in a stifled voice. "Are these people wicked because they are poor, or poor because they are wicked?"

"Some people would tell you both," said Moses Armitage, thoughtfully; "they say the pendulum swings betwixt the two; they are poor because they are wicked, and wicked because they are poor."

"But the children—there are thousands of them. They have done nothing wrong."

"If the children could be saved from

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being wicked, they would also be saved from being poor," said his guardian slowly. "There is enough for all."

"But," replied Manuel, "we ourselves have too much—far too much!"

"THEY WOULD SPEND IT THERE," MANUEL SAID.

"That may be true, my lad, but suppose I should bring down to this place every day a barrel of gold coin and give it to these people; what do you think would happen then?"

The screen door of a vile saloon near by swung open to admit a couple of frowsy women. The boy glanced aside, then turned his face away. "They would spend it there," he said with a gesture of loathing; "it would do them no good. What can we do?"

"*One* who had money—a great deal of money — and who loved his fellow-beings, these poor little babies, these boys and girls—yes, and these wretched men and women—more than his dollars—could do much." The old man's voice was low and anxious; he looked down into the child's face beseechingly.

"I cannot do much," answered Manuel, meeting the look with one of full confidence. "But I can give what I have. Let us come down here to live, you and I, uncle; we can find a clean place near the school. It would not cost much—not so much as our great house. We do not need so many servants, nor so much to eat, nor the carriage; we can

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walk just as we used to do. Will you, uncle? Oh, say that you will! I just hate our fine, costly house! It makes me sick to look at our table and remember the miserable, pinched faces at school. If we lived near them, uncle, couldn't we do something to help?"

And Moses Armitage, mindful of that other Lad, who at twelve years of age was fain to be about His Father's business, could not say him nay.

And now began a new chapter in this singular education of a capitalist. Moses Armitage had come to believe during his years of contact with the pure young life that had come into his keeping, that as the Man of Nazareth was sent into the world to seek and to save that which was lost, so also is every true Christian to rescue others. To this end they did as Manuel had proposed; they left the palace on the avenue and went to live among that class which has been so truly termed "the submerged."

THE WIDOW SAT PROPPED UP IN A BROKEN ROCKING CHAIR.

"We will make friends with publicans and sinners," said Moses Armitage, as they looked about the plainly-furnished room in No. 15, one of the tallest tenements in the neighbourhood of Mulberry Street.—And the boy understood his meaning.

At first this seemed an impossible life. Filth holds aside its skirts at the approach of purity, guilt eyes innocence with a frown, ignorance despises wisdom; but love is the talisman before which all barriers fall. In the course of a month, the quiet old man and the handsome boy in No. 15 had passed through the successive stages of suspicion, curiosity and acquiescence, to a point where a woman ventured to "borrow a skillet off the boy with the big black eyes."

This individual reported astonishing sights seen through the half-open door—a geranium with red flowers, a tall white lily, a canary trilling in a gilded cage, snowy muslin curtains over shining sashes. Other and bolder visitors began to knock at the door of No. 15. Little Paulina Schmidt—crippled by falling through the fire-escape at the age of three—begged a couple of clothes-pins one day, and came away with a picture-book and an orange. After this event there was danger of a siege; the entire juvenile population of the tenement, amounting to some seventy boys and girls of varying nationalities, began to hang about the staircase leading to No. 15. There were babies of course, but they didn't count. for they came as the invariable attachments to small, anxious-faced little girls, who never seemed to drop their burdens for an instant.

It presently became known that the roof of this particular tenement was open to the children. The like had never been

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heard of in Mulberry Street. After some cautious investigations by the suspicious mothers, the roof was voted a good thing. There was a high parapet on all sides, sheltered nooks for small babies, sand piles, games, swings, picture-books, and very often mysterious heaps of apples and oranges, presided over by two smiling deaconesses, who also preserved order in marvellous fashion.

The boy Manuel was frequently to be seen there, playing quietly with the young children. The old man, too, in his faded, shabby coat, sometimes talked with the mothers of the babies. Yes, he even "minded" little Sally Baxter, while her mother went out to do her marketing with some small change borrowed of the afore-mentioned shabby old man. When the warm spring days began to come, boxes of rich earth appeared, one for each child, and labelled with the name of the owner. These boxes soon became the centres of a joyous activity; seeds were furnished by the deaconesses, who by this time had become justly popular in the house. These very accomplished young women supervised the efforts of the youthful gardeners, with their accustomed tact; the enthusiasm was unbounded, and the appearance of the first green shoot in Timmy Haskin's box was greeted by a shout that could be heard in the street.

The quiet old man and the black-eyed boy disappeared from No. 15 about this time. It was noised abroad, however, that the deaconesses would occupy their rooms. This intelligence was received with general satisfaction; these young persons could and would scrub floors, nurse sick women and babies, cook nourishing food, lend small sums of money, obtain tickets for sea and country excursions, mediate successfully between the inexorable agent and the distracted tenant while conducting other industries too numerous to mention. In the stifling heats of July they were replaced by two others, as smiling and indefatigable.

Meanwhile, Moses Armitage and his ward were pursuing their studies in sociology in other quarters. They moved often in these days, alternating weeks in some shut-in court, with short ocean voyages or a sojourn in some cool mountain œrie. Wherever they lived in the city slums, they were followed by brave cheerful women who devoted themselves to the interests of the women and children.

Messrs. Trent and Smalley frowned perplexedly over the demands of the now insatiable Moses Armitage. "He's making up for lost time, I should say," remarked Mr. Smalley, after forwarding an unusually large cheque.

"The boy's growing up," replied Mr. Trent, composedly. "Good thing they're leasing the Van Spuyten place."

"Humph!" growled his partner. "Do you know what they've done with it? Hicks is just back; I sent him down to see. They have filled the old historic mansion of the Van Spuytens with sick children from the New York slums. The Lorimer place, near Boston—they leased that, you remember, in June—they've filled with sick children from the Boston slums! That's where the money is going."

Mr. Trent threw back his head and laughed. "Our excellent client has never inquired very strictly into all the investments of the Armitage estate—eh?"

"No, the old fool! he couldn't touch them if he did!"

"There's a young fool coming on," observed his partner, dryly; "and he'll know in good time that something like half of the Armitage money is invested in those same slums—and a mighty good investment it is. Twenty per cent. on the original sum expended, and piling up higher every year!"

The legal firm who managed the Armitage property soon learned that it was not safe to count on Mr. Moses Armitage being blind to the nature of the investments. The old fool—as Mr. Smalley uncivilly termed him—did find out the truth of the matter, and in the following way: An interesting case had just been brought to his attention by a certain zealous agent in his employ; it was that of an English woman, widowed, of course, who lived with her four children in two rooms at the top of a North End tenement. The story was perfectly commonplace. This particular widow, like thousands of her kind, had been engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to keep the wolf from the door with a needle. The tiny weapon had fallen from her fingers during a fit of sickness; the wolf had entered and was proceeding to devour.

Moses Armitage climbed the dark staircases of the tenement on an August day, when the temperature stood at 98°

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outside; inside, and under the low, sloping roof of the attic room, where the wolf had entered, it might have been 120°. The widow sat propped up in a broken rocking chair before her machine, and one of her little girls was laboriously operating the treadle, obeying the motions of her mother's livid lips.

"READ THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT!" SAID MOSES ARMITAGE.

"When I am well," she said in answer to the tall old man who stood in her presence with bared head, "I make overalls. Yes, I suppose the man who gives me work is what they call a sweater. He pays me sixty cents a dozen pairs. If I work hard, I can make five dozen pairs a week. Last week I only made three dozen; this week, I don't know what I shall do. I cannot make my feet go. I cannot see very well. The agent was here this morning for the rent, but I have nothing. To-morrow we are to be put out."

The woman gasped out these short sentences with a curious indifference, as if she were completely paralyzed by her misery.

"Who is the agent?" demanded her visitor. The woman told him.

To relieve the immediate necessities of this case was an easy matter. Nevertheless, the old man's heart was heavy as he made his way through the reeking halls and staircases to the street. It occurred to him dully that this building was more vile, more hopeless, than many of its class. He resolved to find out the owner and beg him to do something to make the place habitable. Death was busy here in these dog-days. The dingy white streamer, mutely telling of a child more fortunate than its wretched fellows, was in evidence at one of the closed doors; the smothered sound of a woman's sobs reached him as he strode past. The task of ameliorating the ceaseless and horrible suffering to be found in every large city of America began to appear to him like the labors of Sisyphus. The roots of this gigantic evil of greed cropped out here in the sweating system, there in the saloon, and yonder in the crushing competition of trade. How was one man to hew his way through this impenetrable thicket of the world's miseries? he asked himself. The words that One who spake as never man spake, answered him out of the silence, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Truly if one but wrought in the power of that understanding, all things were not only possible, but assured.

From the agent who collected the rents of that tall, evil-smelling tenement he learned that the building belonged to the Armitage estate.

"Fix it up?" quoth the agent. "No; I have my orders from way back. Besides the folks like it just as it is. They would not keep it clean if it was fixed."

After this interview, Moses Armitage made haste to acquaint himself with the list of securities in which the money was invested. "You will not, you are of course aware, be able to make use of more than the heir's allotted income in any case," Mr. Trent informed him politely. "As for repairing or re-building the tenements, we must tell you that it would not pay. This class of building forms an excellent investment—excellent, if properly managed. Our late esteemed client found them so; but his policy was to spend as little money on them as possible. We have endeavoured to carry on the business of the estate according to his wishes, which, of course, is entirely right.

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Mr. Smalley joined the conversation at this point. "It has been found impossible, my dear Mr. Armitage, to unite philanthropy with business," he said impressively. "And however worthy your aims, I must say to you that your course in regard to the education and upbringing of the late Mr. Armitage's grandson is open to considerable censure. May I ask if you regard it as wise, or even kind, in the ordinary sense of the word, to subject so young a person to the contaminating influence of such places as, I understand, you have chosen of late as residences? Have you any right to give this boy's character such a peculiar bias that he will be positively unable to take his proper place in the world hereafter? I put these plain questions to you, Mr. Armitage, in the most friendly spirit. You are an old man now, and I hope I may add, without offence, that you have always been regarded as a man of the most peculiar views."

Moses Armitage glowered at his mentor from under his bushy brows. "Are you a member of the Church of Christ, sir?" he demanded at length.

"A member of the Church!" echoed Mr. Smalley; "why certainly, my dear sir, I have belonged to a most respectable denomination for many years."

"Respectable denomination!" quoth the guardian of Manuel Rossi. "Read the Sermon on the Mount!" With that he took his leave, and did not again darken the doors of Lawyer Smalley's office. Notwithstanding the fervid protests of Messrs. Trent and Smalley, the Armitage tenements were repaired, and as great a number of ameliorating adjuncts introduced as the income of the heir warranted. In order that the amount used for this purpose might be as large as possible, and also because Moses Armitage had been somewhat smitten in conscience by certain words of the lawyer, the two shortly disappeared from their city haunts, and on a certain warm day in the latter half of September, found themselves once more ankle deep in the dusty blossoms of the mayweed before the little, half-forgotten house on the back-hill road.

The smiling valley, wrapped from the world's tumult by fold on fold of vapourous blue hills, stretched east and west beneath them. The crickets chirped pleasantly in the kindly light of the afternoon, the bees hummed about the weather-beaten hives.

THE HOMELY WOMAN WAS CHARMED WITH HER LODGER

"I am glad to be at home," sighed Moses Armitage.

And Manuel, gazing up into the deeply-lined face—which was not so ruddy as in the days past, nodded his dark head soberly, "I am glad, too," he said.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

Life in the old house on the back-hill road went on after the old fashion. "I must rest awhile from the world and from people," said Moses Armitage. In pur-

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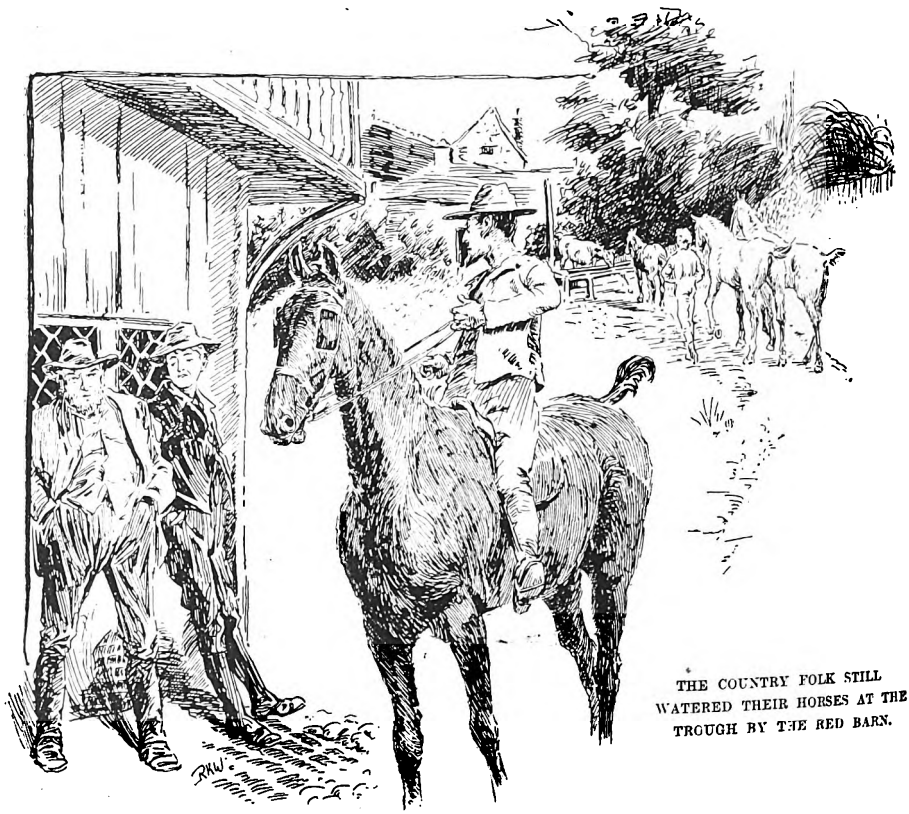
suance of this end he relapsed for a time into his hermit ways, spending hours alone on the hills.

"If you have a problem to work out, my lad," he said to Manuel, "carry it if you can, into the country, under the open sky. The soul easier clears a breathing space about it there than in the smothering world-fog. One needs elbow-room, and the sight of the Infinite overhead to realise that one is free from all man-made laws and conventions. There is but one law, thank God, which touches your life and mine, and that is the law of Love!"

By which it may be inferred that Moses Armitage had succeeded in finally ridding his mind of the ideas which the sagacious Mr. Trent had so laboriously attempted to implant. Subsequent attempts to mould the destiny of the Armitage heir which were made by this and other well-meaning gentlemen, met with similar results. They were compelled to witness his education carried on after a fashion which they were pleased to term "suicidal"! They watched his career in a certain university of note with a curiosity which slowly merged into unqualified contempt for the sole survivor of the Armitage name. Manuel Rossi was not installed in luxurious quarters; he engaged a simply-furnished room; he was not furnished with unlimited spending money and a tacit permission to sow large crops of wild oats. Moses Armitage held with regard to wild oats that it was an obsolete doctrine yet to be disproved, and which is embodied in the words of an ancient book: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."



THE COUNTRY FOLK STILL WATERED THEIR HORSES AT THE TROUGH BY THE RED BARN.

The young heir to ill-gotten millions was modestly housed, soberly clothed, and encouraged by frequent visits from his watchful guardian to hard study, not only of books, but of men; not only of words but of thoughts; not only of things, but of the eternal realities which lie back

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of things, and whose roots strike deep into eternity.

Vacations were spent in sociological researches along the old lines. The slums were still visited regularly. The two had made friends with publicans and sinners, and the friendship was not broken as the years advanced. More than ever was the wise old man—termed also "that senile old fool"—convinced of this, that if a man would realise the highest ideal of humanity there is but one way—the way taken by Christ Jesus, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

During all of this period the little house on the back hill-road remained the Mecca to which the two came back at frequent intervals. While they were there they were simply "Ol' Mose Armitage an' the Winch boy 'at he 'dopted."

The country folk who still stopped to water their horses at the trough by the red barn, "guessed 'at Ol' Mose didn't git much prop'ty after all." There was certainly no sign of affluence visible about.

It was on the little farm that Manuel Rossi developed a pair of shoulders, a depth of lung and a sheath of muscle which won him divers cups and medals in the 'Varsity field. He learned to plough and cultivate; to sow and to reap, and on more than one occasion received flattering offers from surrounding farmers to "hire" for the summer months.

It was a request of this sort from a certain astute individual, who had stopped to water his horse at the trough, that sent Manuel Rossi to his guardian with a clouded brow. "What am I to do, any way, uncle?" he asked, fixing his eyes anxiously on the placid face of the old man. "I must have a vocation of some sort, I suppose. I—I am different from the other fellows somehow," he added, after a pause. "All of them have known from the first. There is Lorimer, he is to be a lawyer, Brenton a doctor; and so with all the others."

Was it time now for the old man to take his nephew into his confidence? Manuel must certainly be told soon how large a fortune he would have at his disposal.

Moses Armitage looked at the young man with honest pride and joy shining in his blue eyes. Here was one who had never done anything to hurt either his soul or his body, he thought, as his glance wandered happily over the dark handsome head, the well-knit athletic figure, and clean-cut noble features.

"Manuel," he said, "Manuel." Something unusual in his tone and look brought the young man to his side, an anxious question in his eyes.

"Manuel," repeated Moses Armitage almost in a whisper; then he added, "God with us—yes, that is what it means, and that is what I want you to be to the world—one who will help to save and to heal the poor and needy."

"Yes, uncle," said the young man, simply, "I shall always try to do that; but ought I not to have a profession—a business; one must be a producer of some sort." He stopped short and hesitated, then added with a half-embarrassed laugh, "Si Collins stopped me as I was coming up to the house. 'See yere, young man,' he drawled, 'ain't yer a-goin' to git down to work purty soon; thar ain't anythin' yere to keep a feller like you a-goin' as you'd ought to. You'd better come an' cut hay for me next week; I'll give ye a dollar an' a half a day an' yer board.'"

Moses Armitage laughed: "Collins has a sapient eye for brawn and muscle, lad," he said, laying his hand fondly on the other's knee.

Young Rossi dropped his eyes to this caressing hand, then started and raised his eyes questioningly to his guardian's face.

"Yes," said Moses Armitage, quietly, "my hands tell the story without words. I am an old, old man, my child; my days on earth are almost told. No--do not look at me like that; you will not be left desolate. You know by this time as well as I can tell you, that your Friend and Guide is always with you. Then, too, there are possibilities——" The old man's head had sunken upon his breast; his eyes were fixed dreamily upon the wide prospect of the sunlit valley, flecked with drifting cloud shadows. "I have come to see," he continued in a low voice, "that the veil is very thin—nay, there is no veil; we are spirit—living the spirit life now as truly as we ever shall, and there are spirits sent forth to minister. As we reach up through the silence we touch them in the thought world—at times, as we grow old, we almost think that we can hear their voices."

He stopped short and recalled himself to the present with a visible effort. "But it

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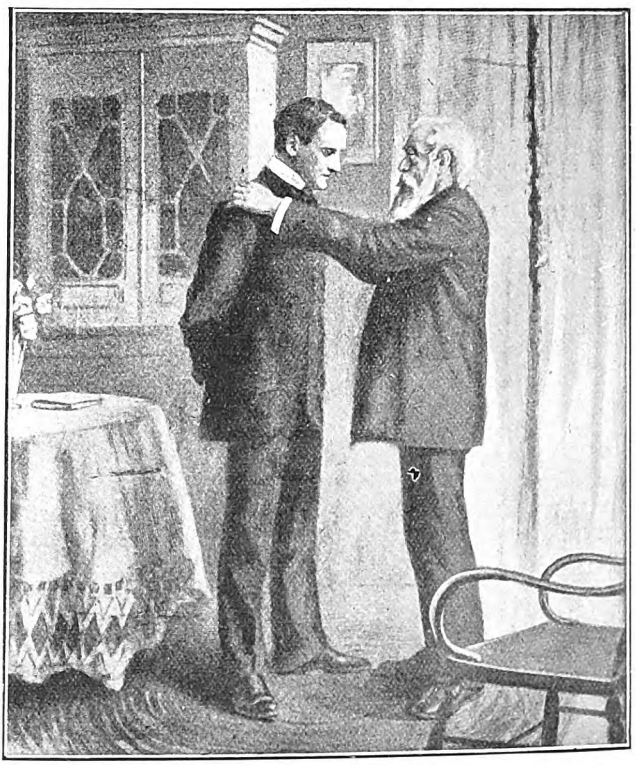
was not of this that I wished to speak. The time is come when you must choose your course; but I have no fears for you; the Pilot has been long at the helm."

Then he told him all. The talk between them lasted far into the night, and when it was ended Moses Armitage kissed and blessed his adopted son, kissed and blessed him after the manner of the patriarchs of old. And, when all was said, he laid down in his bed, the young man assisting him tenderly. "I am tired," he said, and slept almost on the instant like a little child.



WHEN THE TALK WAS ENDED, MOSES ARMITAGE BLESSED HIS ADOPTED SON.

In the morning, Manuel, coming quietly into his room in the rosy dawn, found him still asleep, a smile of unspeakable content on his features. As he bent over him, he perceived that there was indeed no veil between the longed-for dead and that loving spirit. Moses Armitage, his kind and ever-watchful guardian, had entered into the rest that remaineth.

The young man met his sorrow alone in the little house, as Moses Armitage had met his. But solitude and tender thoughts of the past could not hold him long; he must stoop his young shoulders to the huge burden of wealth which awaited them. Messrs. Trent and Smalley found little to criticise in the conduct of the heir to the Armitage millions during the long wearisome days when the necessary steps were being taken to establish him in his possessions. His questions were few and to the point; and his comments brief.

At the conclusion of this period, Mr. Smalley took it upon himself to administer some paternal advice on the management of affairs. "You understand, of course, my dear Mr. Rossi, that we are always at your service in every possible way. We have facilities, which may possibly be of use to you for the securing of a proper establishment. You will, we trust, wish to mingle with your equals in a manner—ah—as you have not been able to do heretofore, with a view—er—well, to put it briefly—you will, of course, wish to marry in due time. And—I hope you will pardon an old man for speaking quite plainly and bluntly; your late guardian was a man of peculiar views—very peculiar; but his opinions are not necessarily binding upon you. For example, these eccentric ideas of his about the tenement properties—very singular—very singular, indeed. Both Mr. Trent and myself have regretted that you have been compelled to forego so many of the proper pleasures of youth on account of all this—well, I may say, this straight-laced and——"

"You will pardon me, Mr. Smalley," said Manuel, coldly, "if I decline to discuss my uncle's character with you."

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"Oh, ah—pardon me; of course—perfectly proper in view of recent bereavement, I am sure," began the lawyer, fussily. "But am I to understand that you have become so imbued with your—ah—estimable guardian's views that you"—Mr. Smalley paused to cough interrogatively; but as his client preserved a frigid silence, he went on, "that—er—well, to be brief, may I ask what are your views regarding the—tenements—say?"

"I shall tear them down at once," said young Rossi, briefly.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley. "But, yes, yes, you may be right! The frontage in some cases has become valuable for business purposes. You will put up office-buildings in their places—eh?"

"I shall build decent houses for the poor, in the room of everyone on the indecent rookeries that stand as my property," said the young man, conclusively.

"But, my dear sir, I beg you to consider just briefly, before you take this—ah—very disastrous step. You are probably not aware of the facts in the case; but I can make it clear to you in just one minute."

Mr. Smalley's pencil was exceedingly busy for several minutes; he then submitted to his client's attention a number of groups of neat figures. "Now this will just serve to give you a little insight into the matter of tenement investments," he said earnestly. "The outcome from only one block of these houses, as they stand, in spite of the depletion caused by late repairs and improvements, is twenty-two per cent. on the original investment; twenty-two per cent.—do you quite understand me? You will readily see that no class of investments compares with it; it is a veritable gold-mine! But to tear them down! Only consider the poor friendless families you would render homeless; where can they go?"

Manuel Rossi smiled.

"And then, too," continued Lawyer Smalley rapidly, "I can prove to you in ten minutes that the interest on the re-investment which you propose would be but five per cent, possibly not over four, if you insist upon this very—yes, I will say it—very foolish and ill-advised step!"

"Government bonds yield but three-and a-half," observed the young man, rising. "We will talk this over some other time, if you like, Mr. Smalley," he added, kindly, as he noted the trembling of the old lawyer's fingers. "I shall do nothing unbusiness-like, you may depend upon it."

And with this scant comfort his legal adviser was forced to be content.

Busy months followed this conversation, in the course of which the heir to the Armitage millions discovered that the path of the rich man does not lie in green pastures, nor by the side of still waters. He carried his point, however, in spite of the skilful opposition of his lawyers.

Before the first year had passed, Mr. Smalley informed his partner that he would now wash his hands of the whole business. This was, of course, a mere figure of speech, as he manifested no intention of relinquishing his very lucrative post as legal adviser to the estate. "Old man Armitage wasn't a circumstance to this obstinate boy," said Mr. Smalley, plaintively. "When I remember how I advised the grandfather of this misguided young man with regard to tenement investments, and how eagerly he received my suggestions—why, it was I who purchased those valuable blocks in Boston, acting as my esteemed client's agent. It was I who secured options on all the north and east side properties in this city, which have since proved such a mine of wealth. And now—"—

Mr. Smalley's narrow lids reddened; he seemed actually on the verge of tears. It was Mr. Trent who suggested optimistically, that it would take a long time to make an appreciable hole in such a huge property, and after all, it was only a matter of reinvestment at a lower rate per cent.

"But he might become one of the richest men in America—and that means the richest in the world," cried Mr. Smalley passionately. "Why, I spoke to him yesterday about a proposed combine which would inevitably double the property within five years; and what do you suppose he said?"

Mr. Trent shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"If I didn't know better, I should say that the fellow must be lacking in an ordinary amount of intellect," pursued Mr. Smalley, gloomily. "He actually said, 'I don't wish to be richer; I intend to be poorer—much poorer in five years.' Now what do you think of that?"

Mr. Trent shrugged and smiled again.

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"Not perhaps so very surprising in so very young a person," he said guardedly. "He has not—we must remember—seen much of the world as yet. I believe the two of them lived once for a month or so in the Vanderworter house on Fifth avenue. But they didn't exactly see Society at that time. It has occurred to me that as our esteemed client is a very personable young man, possibly——"—

"Ah, I see what you mean," interrupted Mr. Smalley excitedly. "Yes—that's the idea. But I don't know how to bring it about; these cliff-dwellers guard their approaches pretty carefully." Mr. Smalley rubbed his hands and smiled complacently at his witty allusion to the impregnable heights of society. "I'm getting pretty well up, myself," he continued, "but we're outclassed when it comes to young Rossi. Now what I would like and what would be advantageous to a certain law firm I have in mind, would be to see our client marry into one of these way-up families. With such a wife as Miss Livingstone, for example, he wouldn't care about being 'much poorer in five years'—eh?"

"Much richer would be about the way of it, I imagine," observed Mr. Trent with a sagacious smile. Then he pursed up his lips. "I think we could get hold of young Livingstone by helping him carry some of his present holdings," he said in a lower tone. "He's likely to get a hard squeeze unless somebody gives him a lift."

Mr. Smalley nodded his gray head vigorously. "We'll do it," he said briefly.

(To be continued.)

A recent photo of an old Irish woman named ESTHER MEIGHAN, who is aged 101 years, and who walked 6 miles on the day this photo was taken by our artist, Mr. Fitzgerald. Her hair, as can clearly be seen, is still quite brown. Her mother, who lived to be over 100, was alive a few years ago.

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THE EDUCATION BILL.

By the Rev. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

*** *This Article, through press of matter, has been held over since last month.*

THE subject of the Education Bill is too large to be dealt with in the space which you kindly place at my disposal; but I may be able within the limits to show how the issue is confused in Mr. Balfour's recent speech at Manchester, which has been so eagerly welcomed by our friends in the opposite camp.

1. Anyone reading Mr. Balfour's speech would infer from it that what we object to, is the putting an end to the one-man *regime* of the Voluntary Schools by a regulation that in every case there shall be six managers, two of whom shall represent the Education Committee appointed by the Council. I am not aware that anyone has ever questioned that this is an improvement upon the old arrangement, but it is not a sufficient alteration in the management to justify the new policy of full maintenance of the denominational schools from the public funds. Up to this time these have been dealt with as schools supported by voluntary contributions, though aided by Government grants as a recognition of their contribution to the general education of the country. These grants, it is true, have been increased so much that the voluntary contributions have been receding into the background; still, there has been no essential departure from the principle that schools privately managed must be privately supported. The new Bill, by undertaking the entire support of the schools, takes them quite out of the category of schools supported by voluntary contributions, and on this account does away with the claim to private management, which so far has been allowed. We say that public schools supported by the public funds ought to be under public control, and so long as there is an insistence upon a statutory and perpetual majority for the denomination on the management, the principle is violated.

Mr. Balfour suggests that we speak of the Bill, which really dilutes clerical control, as increasing it. No one is in a position to deny that such things may have been blunderingly said or even written, but I cannot remember to have either heard them said, or seen them written. What we do say is, that the Bill *rivets* clerical control, because when you extend the Government grant from one third, not merely to two thirds, or three-fourths, but to the whole, you reach finality. So long as voluntary contributions were insisted on, the principle was saved; but now that the whole support is granted, the principle is gone: the people formally surrender their rights, and sectarian control is riveted on the nation.

2. Mr. Balfour's speech suggests the idea that Nonconformists are eager to get some favour for themselves which all the while they are grudging to the Church of England. We ask no favour and wish none. What we want is justice to the public. We are not asking that our denominations should be permitted to have schools of their own supported by the public funds. If, therefore, we did not count it a misapprehension, we should consider it an insult, to be expected to hail a Bill which would allow us to do what we object to others doing. There has just been sent to me, to convince me how ungrateful we are to a generous Prime Minister, a report of Mr. Balfour's speech, with special attention called to this sentence: "Should they (that is the Nonconformists) not, above all, hail with acclamation a Bill which enabled them for the first time in their history to build out of public funds according to their views?" How can we hail a provision which is directly contrary to the policy we advocate? And this provision, bad at the best, is made as bad as it can be, by

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rendering it possible for a number of parents as small as thirty to impose their school upon the public funds. Just imagine for a moment what a serbonian bog of education we should have, if the suggestion of this mischievous clause were followed out to any large extent. The issue is not between one denomination and another, it is between one denomination and the public. It is between a system that would split up the schools of the country into miserable fragments all competing with each other and frittering away our educational resources, and a great national system in which all our resources would be united to secure the most efficient teaching possible. It is admitted that we cannot all at once have such a system pure and simple. The denominational schools now in existence ought by all means to have fair treatment It is quite too much to insist on their being still privately managed and privately staffed, but I do not believe there would be any objection to give all needed guarantees for the continuation of the denominational teaching at certain convenient hours, and for paying a liberal rent for the use of the buildings for secular instruction. And surely our friends, when they had their Catechism, etc., in the denominational hour, would not object to the use of the Bible in the school, if the public expressed a wish for it, as there seems every reason to believe would be the case in an overwhelming number of instances. If we cannot yet have the ideal national system, we should at all events work towards it, and not towards the interminable confusion and strife of sectarianism in the schools of the nation.

J. Monro Gibson.

22nd October, 1902.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the Colonial Secretary, according to published arrangements of his tour to South Africa, will sail via Suez to Durban, and then proceed direct from that port to Johannesburg and Pretoria.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., was born in Camberwell in July 1836, his father being a member of the Cordwainers' Company. When about sixteen years old, he engaged in his father's business, but when, in 1856, his father removed to Birmingham and became a partner in the firm of Nettlefold and Chamberlain, screw-makers, Joseph threw his whole energy into the new business, and did much towards making it the success it turned out. Soon after settling in Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain became a member of a debating society, at which he speedily developed his remarkable powers of debate and criticism. He soon began to take part in political and municipal matters, and in 1868 he was appointed Chairman of the first Executive Committee of the Education League, and, in November of the same year, a member of the Birmingham Town Council. When the Education Bill was passed in 1870, to the surprise of everyone, the Birmingham School Board had a Church majority, and Mr. Chamberlain was elected a member of the minority. By the defeat of his party, he learned the lesson that organisation was neccssary to their success, and under his powerful leading the National Liberal Federation was formed, with Mr. Chamberlain as its first president. At the second School Board election, in 1873, the Liberal Party obtained the victory, and Mr. Chamberlain was appointed chairman. The same year he was made an alderman, and was three times in succession—in 1874-5-6 — elected Mayor of Birmingham, during which period he distinguished himself by his statesmanlike reforms in the municipality. While he was mayor, it fell to his lot to entertain the King and Queen, then the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

In June, 1876, upon the retirement of Mr. Dixon, Mr, Chamberlain was elected M.P. for Birmingham, and soon became a power in Parliament. Having, left the Liberal Party owing to the Home Rule Bill, in 1895, Lord Salisbury appointed him Secretary for the Colonies.

Our portrait is from a photo by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, London, W

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LIEUTENANT PEARY.

LIEUTENANT PEARY, born in 1856, was for some time in the New York Navy Yard, and was granted a long leave to enable him to carry on his Polar explorations. He sailed in June, 1898, touching at Smith Sound in August of the same year, to take on board the Esquimaux and sledge dogs necessary to an expedition of this kind. He has recently returned, and thus has been out of touch with civilisation for four years, and although it is to be regretted that he has not succeeded in his object—that of finding the North Pole—perhaps he will remember the old proverb, and "try, try, try again!" If he does, we hope he will reap the reward of his skill, pluck and endurance.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, Sir Marcus Samuel, is the son of the late Mr. Marcus Samuel, a prominent member of the Jewish community, and was born in 1853. The firms of M. Samuel and Co., Leadenhall Street, and Samuel Samuel and Co., Japan, negotiated the first Japanese gold loan, of £4,500,000, in the London market, and have also done much to develop the coal industry in Japan. Sir Marcus was knighted in 1898, and six years previously built up a great petroleum trade by introducing the plan of carrying the oil in bulk through the Suez Canal. This business became incorporated in the Shell Transport and Trading Company, which has a fleet of thirty-eight steamers, and of which Sir Marcus is now chairman. He is also a director of the Alliance Marine Assurance Company. He is an active City Magistrate, is on the commission of the peace for Kent, and is one of the King's lieutenants for the City of London. For three years he served on the Thames Conservancy Board as the shipowner's representative. In politics Sir Marcus is a Conservative, and he was Sheriff of London in 1894-95. He is a man of distinguished capacity in business. He has travelled considerably, and resided in Japan for several years. His election as Lord Mayor of London is particularly gratifying, not only to English Jews, but to members of his race the world over. He is popular alike among the Gentiles and among his co-religionists. The latter were particularly pleased by his arranging for the Lord Mayor's Show on November 9th, to move through the Jewish quarter of the City, including the famous "Petticoat Lane," now called Middlesex Street. Great enthusiasm was shown on this occasion, the only one on which a Lord Mayor's "Show" has been seen in that quarter of London. The show itself was an interesting one, including a beautiful floral car sent by the Gardeners' Company, and several models of ships from the "Great Harry" of the 14th century to the present day. Altogether the Show was a success, and was witnessed by vast cheering crowds.

SIR MARCUS SAMUEL,
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

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MRS. JOHN CORY.

MR. JOHN CORY opened the new Sailors' and Soldiers' Rest bearing his name in Bute Street, Cardiff, on October 6th. This institution was started twenty-five years ago by his liberality, and at first consisted of one room in Bute Street, used as a Rest for Seamen, but it was so highly appreciated that it became necessary to enlarge the premises. Mr. Cory came to the rescue, and at his own expense added a large hall to the existing building, but even that was soon quite inadequate to accommodate the numbers who resorted to the "Rest," and there being no Soldiers' Rest in the town, "Tommy Atkins" was made welcome, and the Institution took up additional responsibilities and also its present title. At the beginning of 1901 it was seen that the premises were unable to meet the requirements of the case, and again Mr. Cory came forward, and offered to build a new institution more suited to the needs of the Mission at a cost of £6,000, and that offer has resulted in the present building, one of the best of its kind in the world.

Mrs. Cory has subscribed £1,000 for furnishing the building, and Mr. Sidney Robinson, of Fairwater, has made himself responsible for further sums required for the site and other expenses.

Over half-a-million men have attended the meetings since the inception of the work, and fully one-a-half-millions have used the rooms for reading, writing, and recreation.

The working expenses of the new Rest will necessitate an additional outlay of £100, so that the Treasurer will be always grateful for additional contributions.

MR. JOHN CORY.

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THE REV. H. PRICE HUGHES, whose death on Monday, November 17th, was directly attributed to apoplexy, doubtless the result of his incessant toil for many years past in religious and social movements, had been already laid aside for some few months owing to a severe breakdown, and he was obliged to relinquish all ministerial work. After a long holiday in Switzerland, during the summer months, he returned to England in September, and resumed his labours at St. James's Hall, early last month. He had preached there only the evening before his death, and on the previous Sunday night, when sixty persons came out for salvation in the after-meeting, he addressed two services with great earnestness.

The Rev. Thos. Law, who, at Mr. Hughes' request, came up from Brighton for a special conversation with him at noon of the day he died, says: "He was then looking much better, and for the first time since his illness, I came to the conclusion that he was becoming his old self again. But after attending a meeting at Zion College, Thames Embankment, in the afternoon, he was seized with sudden illness during the journey home, and died in an hour and a half.

THE LATE REV. H. PRICE HUGHES M.A.

Mr. Hughes, the son of Mr. John Hughes, surgeon, was born at Carmarthen in 1847. He was educated privately, and afterwards attended lectures at University College, London, and at the Wesleyan Theological College, Richmond. At the age of 22, he, at his own request, entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and obtained his first pastoral experience at Dover. The itineracy system took him in turn to Brighton, Stoke Newington, East Dulwich, Oxford, and Brixton Hill. After this Mr. Hughes entered upon his long and devoted labours in connection with the West London Mission, and soon became the leading exponent of what was known as the Forward Movement in Methodism. But his religious duties, arduous as they were, did not exhaust his activities, and he threw himself with the utmost energy into social and political problems. He was deeply impressed with the idea that the Christian churches would be a mighty power if only they would pull together. His scheme brought forward at Grindelwald in 1892, for the reconciliation of Church and Dissent, proved a failure, but later on he became one of the prime movers in the union of the Free Churches, and one of the first Presidents of the National Free Church Council.

The highest honour which it is in the power of the Wesleyan Denomination to bestow came to Mr. Hughes in 1898, when he was elected to the position of President of the Conference.

Mr. Law considers that his fame in time to come will rest on two things. First, he was the man who revolutionised modern Methodism, and second, he played the most conspicuous part in forming the Federation of the Free Churches.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was the Editor of the Free Church Catechism.

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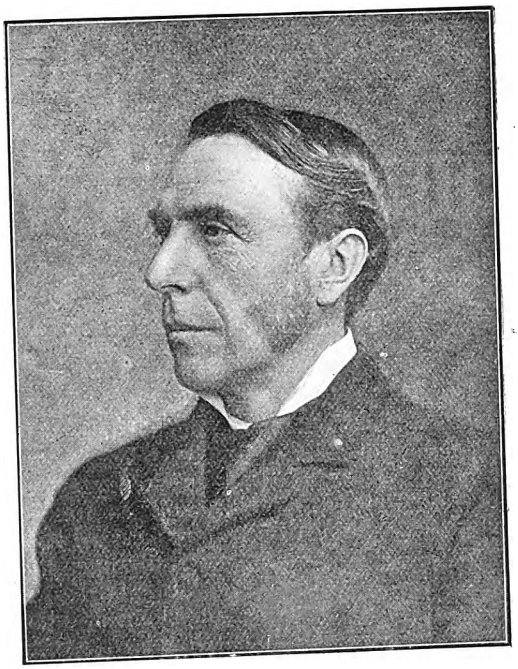
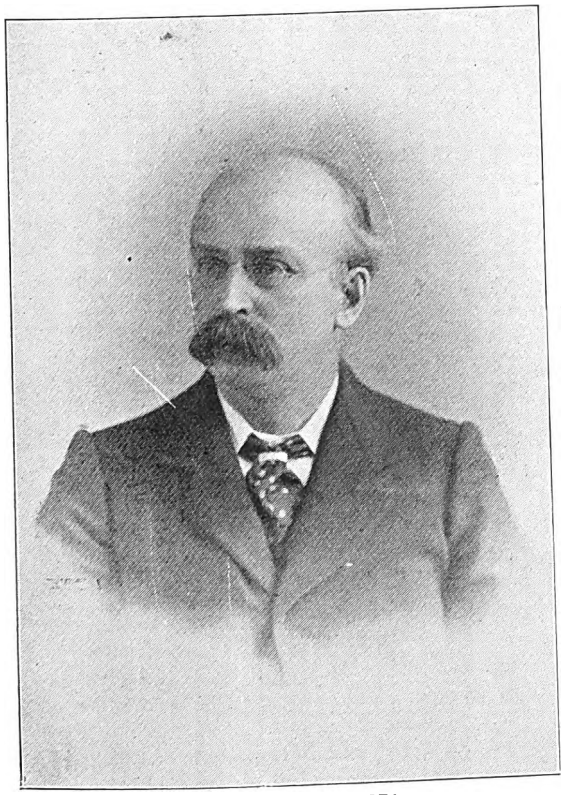
IT is not given to many men to be the father of a great idea that is likely to be creative; and at the same time to live to superintend its realisation. This, however, has fallen to the lot of Mr. Ebenezer Howard, in whose fertile brain, the conception of what is now known as "The Garden City" first originated. Emerson long ago said that "when God let loose a thinker into the world, nothing was safe." And it is true, "the old order ever changeth," but the change is initiated by the *thinker*. "New conditions teach new duties," but it is *the thinker* who observes the lesson; and in this case the thinker has been Mr. Howard, and the "new duty"—the proper and better housing of the people. For a long period Mr. Howard has been seeking to understand (*i.e.*, to *stand under*, at their roots)—the problems connected with our great cities. He saw their overcrowding, the intemperance practised within, the vested interests that grow up, the ever-increasing burden of rates if improvements are attempted, and the discomfort of the people if they are not, the waste of money



RALPH NEVILLE, ESQ., K.C.
Chairman of the Garden City Pioneer Co.



MR. EBENEZER HOWARD:
Originator of the Garden City Movement

necessitated in undertaking alterations, which as the city progresses have to be re-altered; so he set to work to think out a remedy. The result was the issue of his book, "The Garden City of To-morrow." This book has attracted great attention, and gradually keen business men have perceived that its contentions are sound, while its inventions and suggestions are workable. The great idea has already existed in bricks and mortar and land, (before it appeared in print) at Bourneville, Birmingham (Mr. Cadbury's), and Port Sunlight (Lever Bros.), both firms having studied the problem on their own account, and having reached similar conclusions to those of Mr. Howard. At last, the idealist and the realist came together, and the result was the formation of the Garden City Pioneer Co., with a capital of £20,000, most of which has been immediately subscribed.

Mr. Howard is 52 years of age, and has mainly during his life pursued the calling of a professional shorthand writer.

We give also the portrait of Mr. Ralph Neville, King's Counsel, who is the Chairman of the new company.

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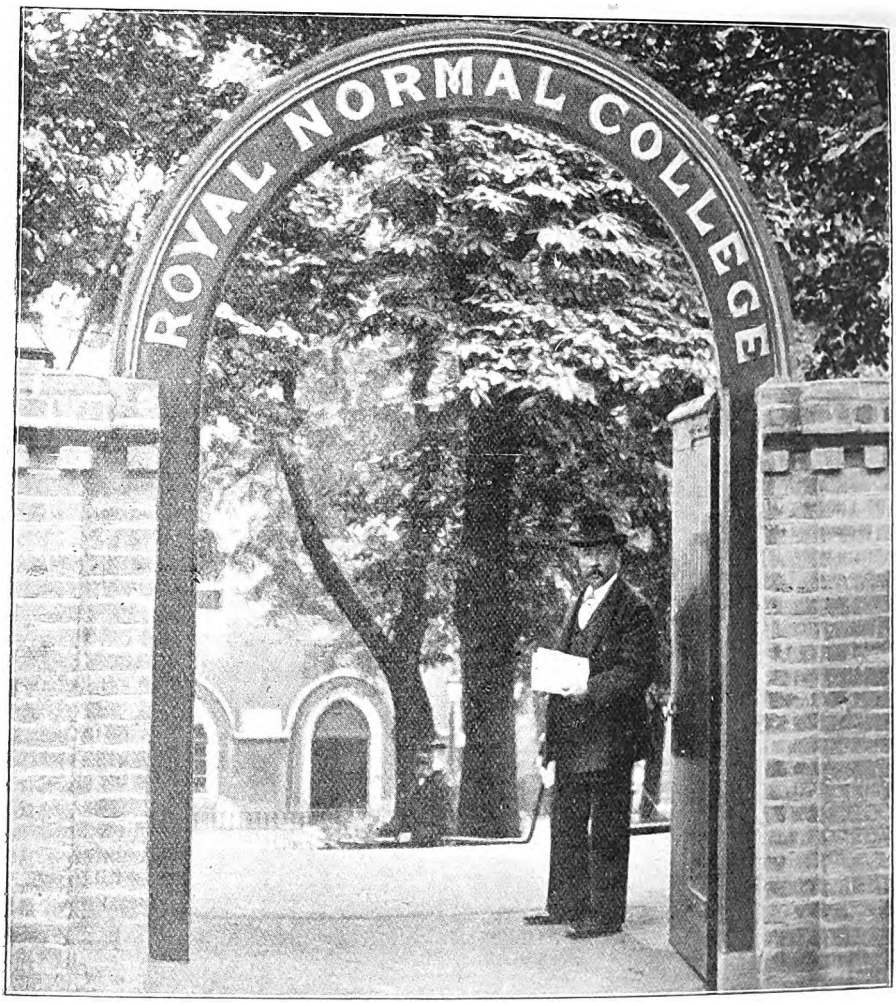

"SEEING BY TOUCH."

A Visit to the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

BY W. PERCY HICKS

(*Author of the "Life of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.," etc.*)

UNTIL comparatively a few years ago, nothing seemed more hopeless than the task of enabling a blind child to make its own way in the world. Such an unfortunate was allowed to grow up as an object of charity, repaying something, possibly, "with harp, or song, or story," but always dependent, more or less, upon the kindness and forbearance of other people. The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind situated at Upper Norwood, in close proximity to the Crystal Palace, has, however, been the instrument of an almost miraculous transformation

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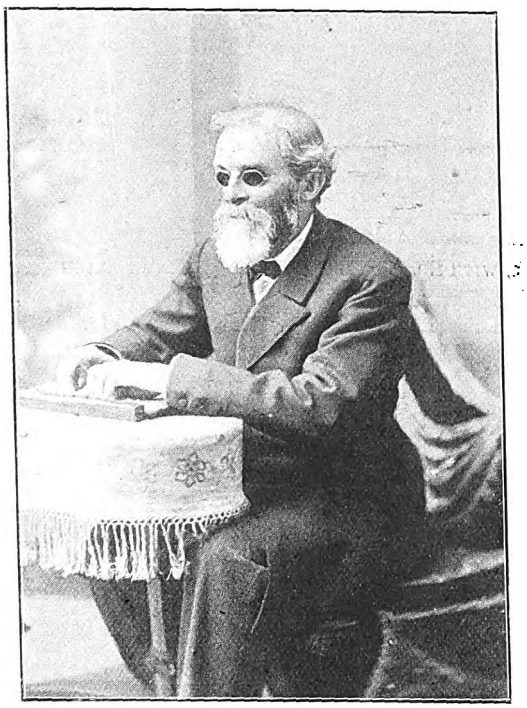
The sightless students of this remarkable institution pass out into the world to take their place in the stern competition of life, and 89 per cent. of them are enabled to earn their own living. Indeed, in some cases, they support their aged parents as well. The following item of news which went the round of the London papers last month, is but a particularised specimen of the work done at this college :—

"A blind Armenian girl who has been trained at the Royal Normal College, Upper Norwood, is returning to Armenia to act as a Christian teacher for the blind. The Bible Society kindly supplied her with an English Bible in Braille type for herself, and with copies of St. John in Armenian for the pupils whom she will have to teach."

The late Dr. Moon, who invented an embossed system of reading for the blind, once wrote:—"Numerous instances both in ancient and modern times might be adduced in support of the fact that great mental vigour and ability are not infrequently associated with blindness. Scarcely any department of human knowledge or science is without its representative amongst the blind. They have adorned literature and art; in many instances they have manifested eminent engineering skill. The blind also number among them, philosophers, mathematicians, philanthropists, divines, poets, musicians, and others of commanding intellect."



DR. F. J. CAMPBELL, THE SIGHTLESS PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. Campbell, the blind Principal of the Royal Normal College is himself an illustration of the truth of these words, and he has been the moving spirit in all that the College has achieved since its establishment in 1872, its aim throughout being the training of its sightless students in the art of "seeing by touch"—an apt way of expressing the work, coined and used by Mr. Charles F. F. Campbell, the talented son of the Principal, for the purposes of an excellent lantern lecture upon the College which he is giving this winter in various places in and around London.

Before looking into this fascinating work to see how it is done, it will be well to get a glimpse of the Principal himself, and his truly romantic life-story.

Francis Joseph Campbell has been described as an American by birth, presumably Scotch by origin, English by residence; "but his real fatherland is the kingdom of the Blind, where he reigns supreme as the great expert of the sightless seers." He was born in a little log cabin in Franklin County, Tennessee. The old home stood in the midst of the fields, and a famous orchard, rich with store of peach, apple, cherry and plum trees, stood near. He could see until nearly four years of age, when the curtain gradually fell, leaving fadeless memories of the red and white clover, and the spring splendours of the orchard. Even to this day — sixty odd years later—"the residence of the southern spring, with its gorgeous floral beauty, dwells with him as a kind of drop scene, which remains visible when all the stage is buried in impenetrable darkness."

The dread event occurred in this way. Young Joseph was playing in the yard, and, boy-like, began cutting a branch of an acacia tree, when suddenly one of the twigs pierced his eye-ball. It was a painful accident, but if a skilful optician had been at hand the results would have been different. Inflammation set in. From one eye it spread to the other, and his sight faded steadily day by day until ere he was five years of age, he was totally blind. Every night, during that trying period, before he went to bed, his mother took him to see the stars from the piazza. But one night when he looked up, there was not even one twinkling light in the firmament. "Why is it so dark?" he asked his mother. "Why does not God light up the stars for your little boy?" His mother's tears fell fast on the child's face as she carried him with aching heart to his bed.

The curtain had fallen until that Day when every eye shall claim the fadeless vision.

It was a strange and inscrutable providence, but

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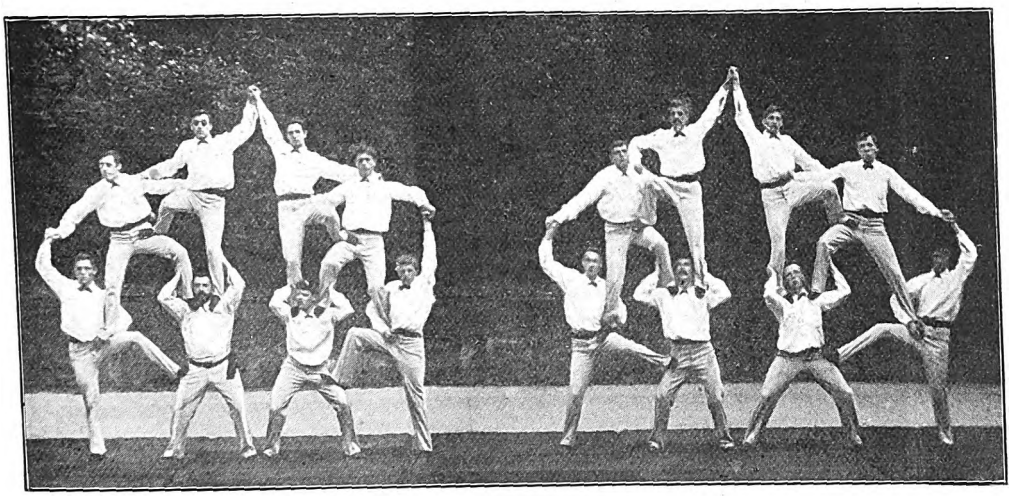
Joseph." His father took the hint, and from that time began to teach him how to do all kinds of work about the farm.

There was no school for the blind in Tennessee, and the lad often felt very dull. Long before the evening he would wander along the road toward the day-school, and sit listening with anguish to the voices of the happy boys and girls coming home from their lessons. But at last, when he was twelve years old, a Mr. Churchman opened a school for the blind at Nashville, and Joseph's parents, looking upon it as a answer to their prayers, sent the blind

months after that, Joseph gained the prize for pianoforte playing, and was generally looked upon as a musical prodigy.

Now he began to pine after a University education, and as his father was too poor to afford such a luxury, the blind pianist determined to earn the needful money. He began giving lessons to other pupils, and when he was barely eighteen was appointed teacher of music in the very school where he was once told he had no ear for the art. Thereupon he set himself to work at other branches of study, including mathematics, Latin and Greek.



BLIND STUDENTS FORMING A PYRAMID DURING A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

pet of the house to begin his education. The parting he felt keenly, but no sooner had he arrived than the passion for learning devoured all other emotions, and his climb up the ladder of knowledge was very rapid.

Music has always been one of Dr. Campbell's fortes, yet, strange to say, he showed at first such utter incapacity to sound his notes or hum a tune that his teacher summarily decided the boy had no ear for music. So he was relegated to brush and basket-making, and was actually forbidden to touch the piano. This immediately put him on his mettle. He determined that, ear or no ear, music he would learn. He hired one of the other boys to give him secret lessons and practised whenever he could. Three months later, the music-master, also blind, accidentally entering the room, said, "Who is that playing the new lesson so well?" "I sir!" "You, Josie, you cannot play! Come here; what have you learnt?" "All that you have taught the other boys." The teacher laughed. "Well, then, sit down and play the instruction book through from beginning to end." Fifteen

Not long after this, young Campbell scoured the State of Tennessee on his favourite little nag in search of additional pupils for the blind school, and brought in a score—surely a remarkable achievement for a blind youth to accomplish.

Another dark day was soon to dawn in his checquered life. He went to Harvard University and married his first wife, but the firm with whom he had deposited his savings failed, and he had to start afresh. It was in 1856, when he was 24, that he settled down with his young wife as musical director of a large girls' school in the State of Tennessee. But the anti-slavery agitation was beginning at that time, and Dr. Campbell, against what appeared to be his best interests, sided strongly with the Abolitionists. For this he was threatened by a committee of leading citizens with hanging. As he was a blind man, there was a popular outcry against this, but a systematic boycott was commenced which resulted in his being driven from the land of his birth, and ultimately landed him at Norwood, where he found his life-work.

The immediate events which culminated in the

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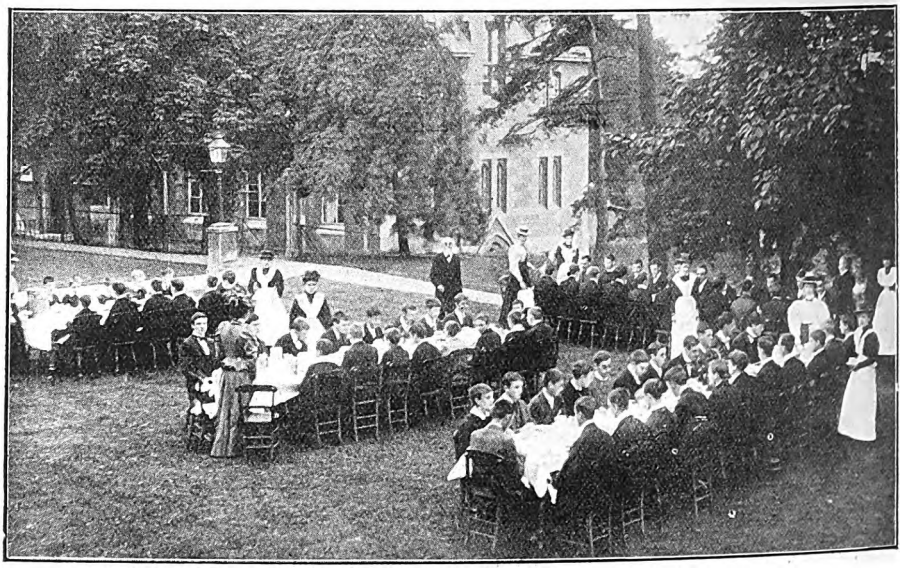
formation of the Royal Normal College at Norwood were as strange and unforeseen as many other things in Dr. Campbell's life. He was returning from the Continent, where after studying for two years in the Conservatoires of Leipzig and Berlin, he had been visiting the leading European Blind Schools with the object of establishing a first-class Conservatoire of Music for the Blind in connection with one of the American Universities. On his way back to the United States, he arrived in London on Jan. 20, 1871, intending to sail from Liverpool on the 23rd. But those three days have lengthened into thirty-one years, and still he is with us. A stranger staying at the same hotel in London invited him to a charitable tea-party for the blind. That was all! But it turned the current of Dr. Campbell's career. In conversing with the blind guests, he realised, as perhaps never before, the hopelessness of their lot. Of 3,150 sightless persons in London, 2,300 were dependent upon charitable relief. "Before I left the meeting," says Dr. Campbell, "the burden of the blind poor of this great metropolis rested heavily upon me."

The following day Dr. Campbell met Dr. Armitage, founder of the British and Foreign Blind Association, who was himself almost sightless, and had for years devoted his time and his fortune to the improvement of the conditions of the less fortunate blind. These two enthusiasts spent months in comparing notes, visiting blind classes, etc., and considering what could be done for the blind of London. At length, as one day they were walking across Hyde Park, Dr. Armitage suddenly turned to his companion and asked. "What will it cost to start a small school, and try the experiment for two years?" "£3,000," replied Dr. Campbell. "Then," said Dr. Armitage, "I will give £1,000 if the other £2,000 can be raised" Dr. Campbell at once set to work, and, with the help of Mr. Wm. Mather, M.P., Professor Fawcett, and others, in six months the money was raised, and three houses near the Crystal Palace purchased in which to make a start. Before long the institution attracted to its aid many of the philanthropists of the country, and Queen Victoria became interested in it. The College was subsequently removed to its present site and extended. It is now one of the "sights" of the district upon which stands the famous palace of crystal.

The Blind College is an assemblage of schools, standing in charming grounds, and all arranged and laid out on scientific principles. Even the paths are *en suite*. There are many steps and stairs, but these and the many crossings are indicated by a slight raising of the footpaths, and by means of a few simple signs the blind students can traverse the grounds freely from end to end, and find their way about without the slightest difficulty. Indeed, it is hard for a visitor to believe that the pupils whom he sees walking about or cycling or swimming, or amusing themselves under the trees, or in the playground, can really be sightless. The happy students



STUDENTS' AFTERNOON TEA IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL BLIND COLLEGE, NORWOOD.

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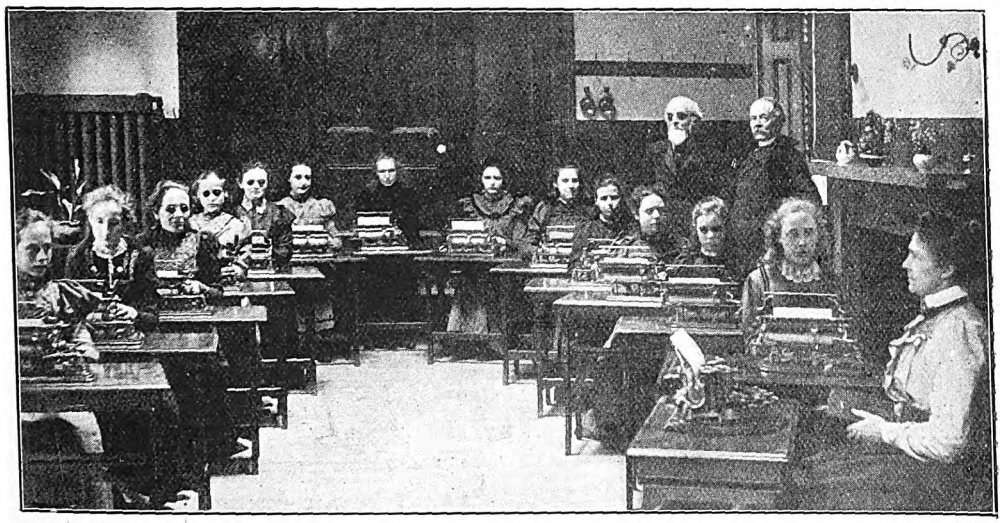
will even wax eloquent about the appearance and situation of the pretty flower-beds which they have never seen, and it is related that on one occasion, when it was proposed to cut down a tree on the lawn, it was spared in deference to the urgent entreaty of the students that its removal would so much spoil the view! That is the education of imagination *par excellence*.

Dr. Campbell trains his pupils to do everything as far as possible as if they had the most perfect vision, and in this respect he has given example as well as precept. For, incredible as it may appear, guided by a sighted oarsman or oarswoman, as the case may be.

But the College curriculum is not all made up of recreation, important as that undoubtedly is. In the various class-rooms we witnessed the actual process of teaching, which embraces all the usual subjects of elementary and secondary education. But the ones that interested us most were the kindergarten classes There were little blind boys and girls modelling in clay, learning to draw by the aid of bent wires, taking their first lessons in plaiting, or being introduced to Mother Nature herself



BLIND GIRL-STUDENTS WORKING THE TYPE-WRITER.

Dr. Campbell is an enthusiastic mountaineer. He is the only blind man who has ever ascended Mont Blanc, and "there are few snow-clad peaks in the play-ground of Europe which are not almost as familiar to him as the asphalted walks in the grounds at Norwood." Few blind people in pursuit of healthful exercise, can climb mountains, however, and so Dr. Campbell has introduced into the College grounds one of the most perfect gymnasia in London, and an admirably laid-out roller-skating rink. In the swimming-bath, too, the pupils are taught to swim, to dive, and to rescue persons from drowning by the latest approved methods, while along the cycle track winding round the lower grounds, a serpent-like machine bearing twelve riders (the leader being sighted) dashes merrily along in most exhilarating fashion. Among the many privileges of my life I shall number the pleasure of a brief cycle trip at the head of a party of blind students. Inside the cycle track is a small lake on which sightless crews may be seen rowing, but

by means of a branch from a beech-tree, with its leaves and nuts. As an object lesson to encourage observation, it was enlightening even to some of the visitors.

The Swedish Sloyd class, designed to give manual dexterity and accuracy in the manipulation of tools, looks like a joiner's shop. Here the blind pupils are taught the use of all kinds of tools, except the chisel, and the boys gave evidence of being apt scholars.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful items of "Seeing by Touch" is to be found in the typewriting rooms, where boys or girls were manipulating the Hammond machines as if to the manner born. They read their Braille notes with the left hand, if not being dictated to.

The typewriter has two rows of keys, each key operating three characters, and every third key is raised about half-an-inch above its fellows, somewhat after the principle of the raised black notes on a pianoforte keyboard. It is thus easy to locate each letter, as they are all in sets of three.

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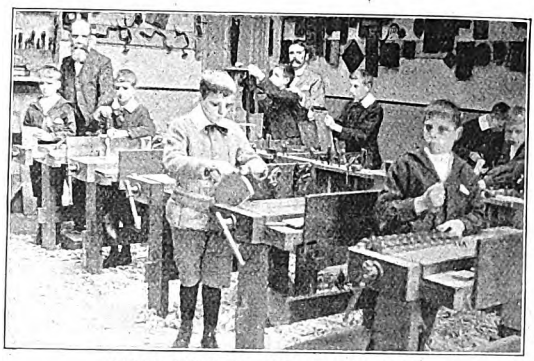
The sewing, arithmetic and geography classes have all their wonders for visitors. Whether the blind pupils are threading needles, stitching or darning; whether they are giving examples in fractions on their tin perforated slates, or hunting for Mount Vesuvius or "the seven hilled city" on their raised maps, the smart little students seem never at a loss.



BLIND BOYS IN THE SLOYD SHOP.

But of all the classes, the most practical, perhaps, are those devoted to pianoforte tuning and the teaching of music, for in these departments many of the students expect to earn their living. The thoroughness of the musical training has been testified to by Sir John Stainer, and many pupils of the College have achieved successes in which sighted aspirants failed. Every blind child is taught to read his own music from the first exercises that he or she learns. All the pupils read and write music by the Braille system of notation, and I have it on the authority of Dr. Campbell himself that his blind choir—whose singing has delighted multitudes of people in all parts of London—can read any vocal composition such as chants, hymns, part-songs, madrigals, or grand choruses, and immediately sing them from the notes. Indeed, he is confident that they could successfully compete in sight-reading with the best sighted choirs in the country.

DR. CAMPBELL MOUNTAINEERING.

The instruction in pianoforte tuning is equally efficient, as I can personally testify, and the tuners sent from this College to any part of the Metropolis may always be relied upon.

In conclusion, it is interesting to know that there are now 156 pupils in residence in the College, but many applicants are seeking admission, the great majority of them being poor. As it is, 2,000*l.* in annual subscriptions is needed to keep the institution on a sound financial basis, and considering its value as a necessary part of the education of the country, it deserves all the help that can be given to it.

Our portrait of Dr. Campbell on page 1377 is from a photograph by Wright, Upper Norwood.

A KINDERGARTEN CLASS IN THE BLIND COLLEGE.

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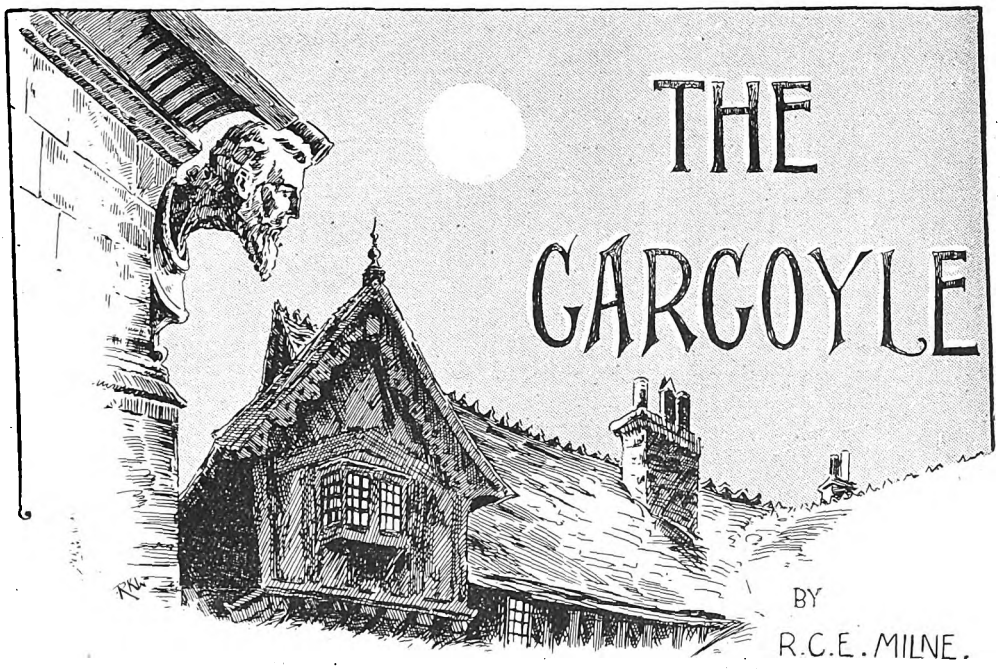

THE GARGOYLE

BY R.C.E. MILNE.

ONCE upon a time, high up under the eaves, there lived a Gargoyle.

He was old—how old he could not exactly remember, so long ago it was since the sculptor had fashioned him; but for hundreds of years he had watched the world passing to and fro beneath his eyrie. For hundreds of years he had looked on the old moss-grown church, had marked the rooks nesting in the elms, and the breeze ruffling the surface of the village pond. Many, many generations of men and women had he seen. Knights and squires in glittering armour, monks with shaven crown, wandering jongleurs with their lutes; gentlemen in periwigs and brocaded coats, ladies with their hoops and patches; and, now to-day he watched the rustic in his smock and the soberly-clad citizens going leisurely about their business.

But the Gargoyle missed the pomp and pageantry of the olden days, and he yearned bitterly for the banners and the trumpets and the clank of armour, the noise of the knights riding to the joust and the jingling of the harness. The world had surely grown duller, thought the Gargoyle, since he was young.

One thing, however, was unchanging. Through all the years, as the evening shadows fell long and slanting across the grass, the young men and girls walked in pairs along the path beneath him. And the Gargoyle observed that though the fashion of their clothes might change, and the manner of their speech, yet they talked ever of the same thing—of Love; and much the Gargoyle marvelled what this might be. And he was very sad, because of the happiness of the young men and the girls; for he greatly desired to share in it, yet he could not, because he did not know what "Love" was.

"I really wish I knew what this 'Love' can be," said the Gargoyle to himself. "I will certainly ask the rooks."

So he asked the rooks, as they gathered twigs for their nests, what this "Love" was, of which all mortals seemed to talk. The rooks only shook their heads wisely.

"We do not know," they said. "We lead the strenuous life; we have no time to bother about such things. If 'Love' is not building nests and laying eggs, and collecting worms, we do not know what it can be."

"Dear me," sighed the Gargoyle, "it is very certain that I can never build a nest or lay eggs. Undoubtedly that cannot be 'Love'; but I will ask the Wind; he is a great traveller, and will certainly know."

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So the next evening, as the Wind came softly through the leaves, the Gargoyle told him what the Rooks had said. But the Wind laughed scornfully, dancing in little eddies about the Gargoyle's head.

"The rooks are fools," he said. "They think only of business; how should they know what 'Love' is? But I am a great traveller, and I will tell you. 'Love' is to go all over the world, and to kiss all that is most beautiful, and to forget. In Persia, whence I have just come, I kissed the roses as they hung upon their stems, but I have forgotten it all. And to-morrow I shall kiss the lilies, and perhaps on the next day again the violets; but I shall forget it all—I shall forget it all."

But the Gargoyle was old-fashioned, which was very natural considering his great age; and, though he did not know why, he was very much shocked by the lightness of the wind.

"I am sure that cannot be 'Love,' he said. "In fact, I know that it must be something very different from what you say."

Of course the Gargoyle did not know any such thing; but he did not approve of the Wind's speech, and so he said that it was not true. This was not very logical, but the Gargoyle had listened to the talk of lovers for so many years that he had lost his sense of logic altogether.

"Very well," said the Wind, indifferently, "if you do not believe me you had better listen carefully to your lovers. Perhaps they will tell you."

"That is a very sensible suggestion," said the Gargoyle. "I will certainly listen carefully."

And that evening he saw a Girl coming towards him on the path below. Her chestnut hair shone like a golden glory in the setting sun. By her side walked a Poet; one of his arms was around the Girl's waist, and their heads leaned close together.

"Ah," said the Gargoyle to himself, "without a doubt they will be able to tell me what I want to know."

So he listened to the words which the Poet was reading from a page of verses which he held in his hand. And although the Poet's voice was low, the Gargoyle could hear something of what he was saying, and he was reading about the fire of Love."

"Well, that is something, at any rate," said the Gargoyle. "I know now that 'Love' is a fire. I wonder how I could get some of that fire? Perhaps they will tell me when they come again."

So the next evening he watched, and presently the lovers came, walking hand-in-hand.

"Sweetheart," the Poet was saying, "sweetheart mine, I love you, oh, so dearly. My heart is breaking for Love of you; my sighs rise eternally to heaven, words can never tell you how I love you."

"Dear, dear," thought the Gargoyle, "this 'Love' seems to be a very complicated emotion. His heart is breaking, and he sighs eternally, yet he is undoubtedly happy. I wish that words *had* been able to tell her how he loved her, for then I too might have known how to love."

And again the next night he watched for the lovers, but they did not come. And so for many evenings; but at length, after weary waiting, he saw them coming down the grass-grown path. But they were not walking hand-in-hand, as the Gargoyle had seen them before, and the girl's face was turned away, and the Poet walked moodily, with a frown upon his brow.

"I was a fool to waste my love on you," he said. "You cannot love, because your heart is stone."

"Ah," thought the Gargoyle, "now at last I understand why I cannot love. My heart is undoubtedly of stone, and therefore I cannot love."

And he was very sad.

But one evening when the Gargoyle was feeling very melancholy from much thinking about his stone heart, he saw the lovers coming once again. And they were walking hand-in-hand as of yore.

"I was cruel to use such words to you, beloved," the Poet said. "Can you forgive me—for, indeed I love you, and always will."

The Girl laughed shyly, with a sidelong glance from heavy-lidded eyes. The roses in her cheek grew of a deeper crimson as she spoke.

"Love can conquer even a heart of stone," she said.

The Poet took the Girl in his arms, gazing into her tear-gemmed eyes. "They look like violets touched with dew," thought the Gargoyle. Which, for a Gargoyle, was really very poetical.

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"GENTLEMEN IN PERIWIGS AND BROCADED COATS, LADIES WITH THEIR HOOPS AND PATCHES."

"And will you love me always?" said the Poet.

The Girl hid her face on his shoulder with a sob.

"Love is for ever and ever," she said softly.

"Why do you cry, dearest?" asked the Poet. "Are you not happy?"

"Very" said the Girl.

The Gargoyle smiled, for he too was happy. He did not know why the Girl should cry if she was happy. But then there were a great many things which the Gargoyle did not know.

Early the next morning the Wind came blowing round the corner of the house, making little whirlwinds in the dust.

"Well," he asked, "have you found out yet what 'Love' is?"

"Yes," said the Gargoyle. "'Love' is a fire, and it conquers even a heart of stone, and it is for ever and ever. Two lovers, one of whom is a Poet, come here every evening, and they have said so, and without doubt they must know."

The Wind laughed airily.

"Poets always say that sort of thing," he said. "But I am a man of the world, and I tell you that 'Love' is to go about the world and kiss all that is most beautiful, and that it only lasts for a very little time."

"I must decline to argue the subject," replied the Gargoyle. Which was very wise of him, for the truth was that he had no arguments to bring forward, because he did not really know what 'Love' was, only that it was a fire, and was for ever and ever. And every morning the Wind asked the Gargoyle if he had yet been able to love. And the Gargoyle answered nothing, but waited patiently, for he told himself that "Love" could conquer even a heart of stone, and that some day it would come to him too.

Now in the house under the eaves of which the Gargoyle lived there resided a learned man. And so learned and so clever was he, that in his concern for the great thoughts which he was always thinking, he sometimes forgot the little things which men less learned, and less clever,

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remember. And one night one of the things which he forgot was to blow out the candle before he went to sleep. So the candle fell over and set the curtains on fire; and, by the time the learned man woke up, the whole room was in a blaze.

"How very warm I am getting," thought the Gargoyle outside, "I wonder if this can be 'Love' coming on?"

Then the heat grew greater and greater, and the Gargoyle saw little tongues of flame licking out of the window at his feet.

"My insides are red-hot," cried the Gargoyle. "This is certainly the fire of 'Love' of which the Poet spoke. And, hark, how I am sighing; I am undoubtedly very much in love."

And indeed he was hissing, but that was because of the water from the fire-engine. But the Gargoyle was so excited that he did not feel the water, and thought only that he was sighing.

"Ah!" cried he again, "without a doubt this is 'Love'; my heart is breaking—my heart is breaking!"

And in very truth the heat and the water had cracked him across the middle. But the Gargoyle was very proud, for he thought that "Love" had done it.

"See!" he cried to the Wind, "my heart of stone is broken with love, and it is for ever and ever!"

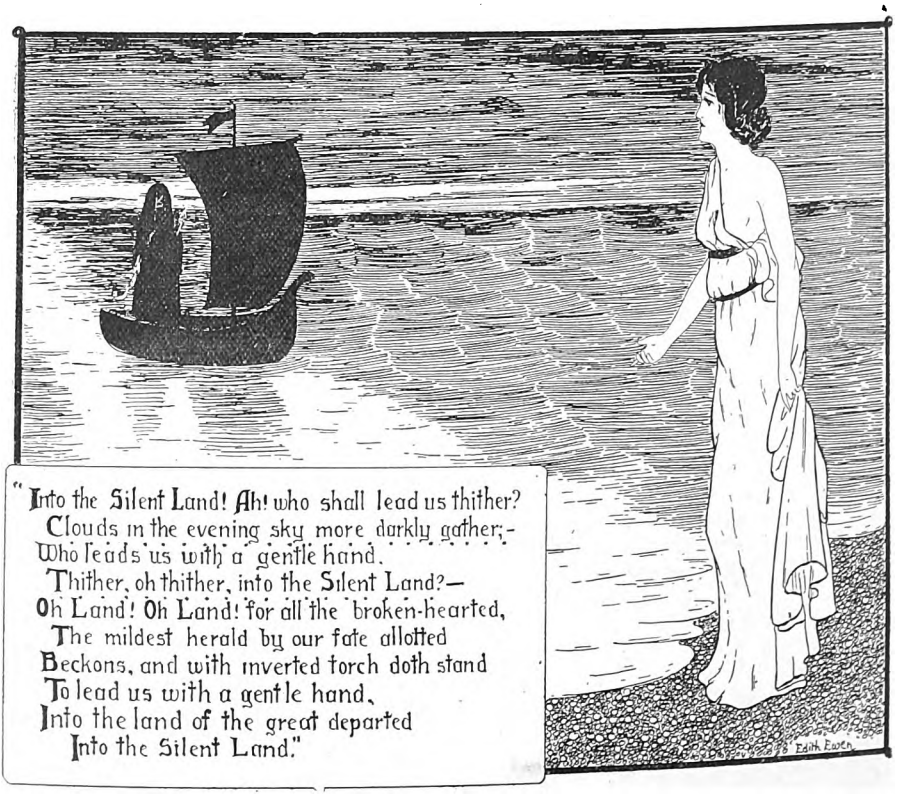
"Nonsense," said the Wind breezily, "that was not love. That was a fire."

"Exactly," said the Gargoyle, firmly. "The Poet said that 'Love' was a fire, and it has conquered and broken my heart of stone."

"Well, well," said the Wind, as he flew away, "if that is so, time will heal it."

"Never," said the Gargoyle; "it is for ever and ever!"

And so it was. And if you do not believe me, you can go and look at the Gargoyle for yourself, for he is still there, and he is broken right across the middle. And if nobody mends him, it will be for ever and ever. And if this is not quite what the lovers meant—it makes no difference to the Gargoyle!



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REPLY TO A CRITICISM ON THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY IN THE "TEMPLE MAGAZINE" FOR NOVEMBER.

By the Rev. T. H. DARLOW, Literary Superintendent of the Society.

AN unsigned article to the *Temple Magazine* for November severely criticised the Bible Society, more particularly in regard to the management of the Agencies in France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. By the courtesy of the Editor, I am permitted to reply to this criticism, which is based on the facts and figures contained in the Society's last Annual Report. As compiler of the Report, I shall endeavour to show from its pages that our critic has misinterpreted the statistics which he cites, as well as, no doubt unintentionally, misrepresented their bearing on the question at issue between us.

Let me begin by stating precisely what that question is. Our critic does not disguise the real ground of his complaint. He girds at the Bible Society because it steadily endeavours so far as possible to *sell* the Scriptures, and because *under ordinary circumstances*, it discourages their *wholesale and indiscriminate free distribution*. This policy of the Bible Society is no new departure. It is the result of nearly a century's experience in circulating God's Word in all parts of the world. It is ratified by the experience and practice of the great Bible Societies in other Protestant countries, like Scotland, Germany and America. It is, moreover, sanctioned by the verdict of an immense majority of missionaries in heathen lands. Surely our critic might at least pause before he attacked it so vehemently, and ask himself whether he had fully grasped all the conditions of the problem with which he attempts to deal.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has for its sole object "to encourage the wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures." (Report, page xii.). We desire, quite as ardently as our critic, that God's Book shall be read by everyone of God's children. The only difference between us is, how we can most effectually bring this about. The Committee of the Bible Society are a body of Christian laymen, versed in the conduct of affairs. As trustees for the Society's subscribers, they spare no pains to administer its funds to the best possible advantage. They certainly do not (as the critic suggests) obtain subscriptions by concealing a policy which (as he elsewhere admits) is perfectly plain from the Report. They ask themselves the question—What is meant by "circulation" of the Scriptures in the proper sense of that term? They believe that "to circulate" means not simply to disperse or to scatter abroad, but to put into use. And experience has taught them—not that it is wrong to give away the Scriptures—but that *wholesale, indiscriminate, gratis* distribution is a mistake*; it does not fulfil the good intentions of those who carry it out; it cannot be accompanied by personal commendation of the Book: it means, as a rule, wholesale waste: it leads to the desecration and destruction of the sacred volume; it gives rise, too often, to contempt for the printed Scriptures.

I might cite painful instances of the abuse of wholesale free distribution which have come to the knowledge of the Bible Society. But I frankly admit that even such abuses, though they must make us pause, do not settle the point at issue.

Again, it may be pointed out that the critic argues as though everybody in Western Europe could read. Yet, the

* The critic quotes from the Report, page 70 "As a rule our Society does not favour indiscriminate gratis distribution. In Italy, such distribution does more harm than good," but he has carefully omitted the qualifying close of the sentence, which runs, "especially when carried out by persons who cannot speak the language, and therefore cannot recommend the Book to those who accept it."

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Report which he quotes will tell him that in Italy, for instance, every third man is illiterate and every second woman (Report, page 67), while in Portugal only twenty per cent. of the whole population can read and write (Report, page 91). The policy of indiscriminate giving must surely take account of such deplorable and widespread ignorance. How many of those who accept your free copies can put them to the use which you intend?

The real question remains—What is the most effectual method of getting the Gospel into the hands and hearts of people who do not possess it? Now the Bible Society recognises one elementary and universal fact in human nature. It is a matter of common experience that people everywhere—white men and brown men, red men and black men—will value and preserve that which they have paid even a small coin to secure. Our great object is not simply that a Spaniard shall have a Spanish New Testament somewhere in his house, but that he shall be interested enough to read it. The Bible Society believes that this end is best reached by placing a price on its Scriptures, and by taking pains to induce people to buy for themselves. These prices in foreign countries are so low that the Book in its cheaper editions is brought within reach of the poorest. And each of our Colporteurs has instructions that *whenever he finds anyone who really desires a copy, and who is too indigent to pay the price, the colporteur may present it to him as a free gift from the Bible Society.* The critic makes play with a sentence from page 72 of the Report—"We discourage such distributions," *i.e.*, such as are wholesale and (as the context shows) made by English visitors in Italy who cannot commend and explain the Books they scatter. If the critic had read on, he would find that the very next page records how colporteur Scurti "met forty emigrant families starting for Brazil and offered his Books for sale. 'If we had money to buy books', they answered, 'we would not emigrate to America.' The Colporteur could not find it in his heart to allow these poor folk to leave their country without a copy of God's Word, so he gave a Gospel in large type to each one who could read, but alas! these were not many" (Report, pages 73 and 74).

And so also a few lines below the sentence (already cited) which the critic selects for attack on page 70, the Report describes how the Society's colporteurs last year again visited the islands where Italian convicts are interned, and carefully distributed 1,784 Gospels gratis among these unhappy, neglected criminals. "As no books were given except to men who really wished for them and promised to make good use of them, we trust that through these little books some poor sinners may have found their Saviour" (Report page 70).

It must be remembered that a Colporteur of the Bible Society is chosen, not for his cleverness as a hawker, but because he has learnt to know and love the Book he carries. When he sells a Gospel, he can always add his warm personal word of witness to the Redeemer whom it proclaims. His best work is often done in dealing with individuals, or in scattered hamlets where large sales are impossible. And the critic forgets that outside these islands, population is not as a rule congested into great cities. Eight Russians out of every nine live in villages; the Austrian Empire, with forty-seven millions of people, has only six cities larger than Norwich; whilst of the teeming millions of India 93 per cent. are villagers. Even if you give books away gratis to everybody you meet, you cannot possibly reach these widely dispersed multitudes as if they were walking in procession down the Strand. A Society which attempts to organise systematic distribution of the Scriptures abroad, must perforce adopt very different methods from any individual holiday-maker, who is responsible to no one but himself.

The further objection to wholesale distribution—that it hinders the colporteurs in their attempts to sell—does not mean that the Bible Society makes money (it loses money!) by the copies which its agents dispose of. But consider the situation. A benevolent English Christian tourist drives into some Italian town, deals out Italian Testaments wholesale to everyone he can find, and drives off the same afternoon. A week later a colporteur comes to stay in the town, and goes from door to door and tries in the dialect of the people to interest them in the Book. Naturally they suspect him and denounce him as a swindler, because he asks a small price for books such as were dealt out

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gratis and indiscriminately the week before. Yet who can doubt that a few copies explained and purchased one by one, will achieve their purpose more effectually than many copies given away wholesale? To sow the Seed, we have not to fling it broadcast and at random among the rocks, but to introduce it into every crevice of good soil which can be discovered even on stony ground.

The plea for indiscriminate free distribution in Europe must apply also to Asia and Africa. But this is diametrically opposed by the judgment of the wisest and most experienced Christian workers in non-Christian lands. As a matter of fact the price at which the Society's Scriptures shall be sold in heathen countries, is settled by agreement with the missionaries at work there. Thus, a Bengali Gospel which (apart from any editorial expenses) costs the Society a penny to produce, is sold to natives in the Calcutta bazaars for a farthing. And the missionaries testify that in the long run it is better to charge this farthing, than habitually and indiscriminately to give the Book away for nothing. The Bible Society is sustained in its policy by the emphatic approval of all the highest authorities in the Foreign Mission field.

It grows plain that the critic has confined his study to a few opening chapters of the Report which he attacks. He seems not to know that the Bible Society does habitually distribute the Scriptures without charge, though not without care, in all cases of special opportunity or exceptional necessity. Free distribution of this kind goes on in every Agency of the Society (*cf.* Report, pp. 35, 50, 103, 104, 117, 150, 241). To the sick in hospitals, to the criminals in prisons, to the children in orphanages, to visitors at Exhibitions, and especially to inhabitants of provinces stricken by famine or pestilence or persecution, the Society always relaxes its normal rule and gives the Scriptures freely and generously to those who so sorely need their consolation.

Two examples will illustrate how the Bible Society carries out its policy. Let me first refer to students in Asia.

In China, at the provincial examinations held for the first degree, and at the triennial examination for the second degree, the Society arranges for a periodical free distribution of Gospels in Classical Chinese to all candidates who will accept them. In 1901 China was in chaos, but during this present year over 20,000 Gospels have been thus placed in the hands of the prospective officials of the Chinese Empire. In India, the Society regularly offers an English Bible, Testament, or copy of the Four Gospels to all graduates and undergraduates of Indian universities on passing their examinations (Report, pp. 208, 209, 213). The gift is accepted by about 6,000 Indian students every year.

The other example I take from South Africa. During the recent war, the Bible Society has given away many tens of thousands of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels in English and Dutch, to soldiers, to prisoners, and to refugees, both Boers and British (Report, p. 187). In prospect of the re-settlement of the country, it has just reduced the price of its cheapest Dutch Bible to 6d. throughout South Africa. And it believes that to sell that Bible at its Depots and by its colporteurs for so trifling a fee, will promote a genuine circulation more effectually than could be done by wholesale free gifts.

This brings me to the figures which the critic has cited, and which he so egregiously misapprehends. He complains that "*the total money value* of the various Scriptures sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society" in France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and Italy during 1901 is only £3,428. This sum was, indeed, the total price received by the Society for the Scriptures which it sold in those countries (Report, pages 13, 28, 67, 81, 91). But the charges incurred last year by the Bible Society for binding and printing alone in the same countries amounted to £4,809; and even that by no means represents the "money value," *i.e.*, the original cost to the Society of producing the Scriptures which it circulated there—still less the total cost of putting them into the hands of the people.

If the Bible Society were an ordinary publishing and bookselling firm, working on commercial lines, it would reckon the cost of its business in a foreign country to be made up as follows:—

(i.) The initial expense of copyrights.
(ii.) Cost of printing and binding.
(iii.) Rent, taxes, etc., of shops.
(iv.) Salaries of travellers.
(v.) Expenses of management.

Now in the case of the Bible Society,

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(i.) represents the cost of translations and revisions—often very considerable in the past, but not included among the annual expenses of the five Agencies referred to.

(iii.) represents expenses of depots.

(iv.) corresponds with colportage.

(v.) answers to agents' expenses.

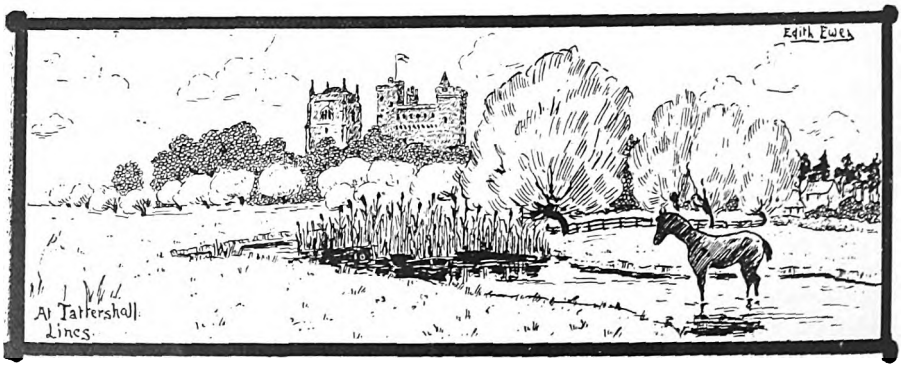
To produce a variety of popular editions of the Bible and parts of the Bible, to keep these stocked, often in many different languages† and on sale at convenient central towns, and especially to carry them by Colporteurs from door to door through the innumerable scattered villages of a foreign country, is a serious task which requires most careful supervision and entails considerable expense. Speaking from intimate knowledge, I believe that the Society's work in Western Europe cannot be carried on more economically if it is to be done effectively. Surely the critic is inconsistent when he complains that the pecuniary results from our sales are small compared with the expenses incurred. Why are they so small? Partly because the prices of our popular editions are systematically reduced, thus bringing the Gospel within the reach of all, whilst at the same time guarding against those abuses which accompany wholesale and indiscriminate free distribution. The critic is really finding fault with the Society because it proceeds as far as is wise and efficacious in the direction of that free distribution which he so warmly commends.

Depots and colportage are necessarily expensive and unremunerative, from a commercial point of view. If, however, the Bible Society were to shut the doors of all its continental depots, many evangelical agencies and missions on the Continent would find themselves in a widely different position as regards obtaining cheap copies of the Scriptures; for these, instead of being—as the critic suggests—exported direct from London, are generally printed for the B. and F. B. S. in the country where they circulate, and are supplied from the depots to local missions at prices considerably below the cost of printing and binding (Report, pp. 18, 35, 71, 93, 132).

Space fails me to follow the critic in his comparison between the sums spent last year by the Society on its different foreign fields of work. He appears to think that these should be determined by rule of three,‡ according to the population concerned. But in deciding what sum it ought to devote to some particular foreign agency in any year, the Society must obviously take account of many facts besides population. Such are the political conditions of the country in question, the state of popular education, the facilities which already exist for obtaining the Word of God, the claims of the missions already at work there, as well as, in many countries, the activities of the Scotch and American Bible Societies, with whom it is the happiness of the British and Foreign Bible Society to co-operate in amity and concord.

† Last year Scriptures were sold in more than twenty different languages by the Society's Austrian Agency (Report, Appendix, page 16).

‡ Even when you embark on simple proportion, it is necessary to be accurate in your data. The critic arrives at the result of his last paragraph but one, by assuming that India (which, by the way, is certainly not a "colonial dependency of Great Britain") contains 581,000,000 people; whereas the returns of the new census show that the population of India is almost exactly half that number (Report page 202).



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The Critic's Rejoinder to the Rev. T. H. DARLOW'S Explanation on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

THE officials (but not the subscribers) of the B. and F. Bible Society have by Mr. Darlow's foregoing article, clearly re-affirmed their uncompromising hostility to the gratuitous distribution of portions of God's Word.

In paragraph 3 they say: "Experience has taught them that wholesale, indiscriminate gratis distribution is a mistake; it cannot be accompanied by personal commendation of the Book; it means, as a rule, wholesale waste; it leads to desecration and destruction of the sacred volume; it gives rise, too often, to contempt for the printed Scriptures."

This statement is simply an imaginary phantasmagoric hallucination. "Wholesale waste"!! "Desecration and destruction" of the Book!!

The origin of this mistaken idea may be that in France, Belgium and Italy parcels of 200 to 400 Gospels were on certain occasions pilfered by the hired men who carried them for a distributor in the past few years, and afterwards taken by them to the Bible Society Depots in the hope of getting money for them, with the lame story that they had been picked up after being dropped by people to whom they had been given.

But what about the 400,000 little Gospels given away by the Bible Society at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, as well as their former Exhibition distributions. The 400,000 were largely given away to the crowds pouring out of the gates of the Exhibition at closing time, because the authorities forbade their distribution inside the Exhibition. And certainly, ft was not possible to discriminate much or select recipients in such crowds, or give words of commendation. Among them, there were, and always will be, a certain percentage of bigoted recipients (2 to 5 per cent.) who will tear up or fling away Gospels, but this is no argument against giving to the other 95 per cent.

A measurable percentage of destruction accompanies the *sale* of Scriptures by colporteurs, as stated over and over again in Bible Society Reports, *e.g.*, in Report for 1902 on page 24, colporteur Galibert relates how a lady bought all his books for nine francs, and then bade her servant throw them all into the fire. And, in many instances priests go round villages after sales by colporteurs, and gather all the Scriptures and burn them. What is this but *wholesale waste—desecration and destruction of the Book*?

We read on page 30 of the Report: "The Roman Catholic clergy manage to get a number of these Books given up to them," and on page 20, "The priests order the Books to be burnt," and on page 35 "The innkeeper had a Bible but the priest burnt the Book as bad," and on page 36, "At Tembleque, a Bible was publicly burnt in honour of the Virgin, because it spoke ill of her," and on page 46, a colporteur writes: "The priests are now visiting all the houses, and wherever my books are found, they are flung into the stove. One priest showed four Bibles which he had taken from his flock, to throw into the fire." The same colporteur was fiercely assailed with the accusation of slandering St. Peter, by selling a book which said that the Apostle had thrice denied Christ.

As the priests have more power in small villages and little towns where the colporteurs chiefly sell, there is more chance of the Scriptures being destroyed in such places, than in greater towns where we urge large distributions of Gospels should be made.

Experienced distributors in French and Italian cities know perfectly well that 95 per cent. of passers-by accept Gospels gladly, and the accusation of "wholesale waste, desecration and destruction" of such Gospels is an utter delusion and chimera. The opinion of the Rev. S. H. Anderson of 37, Avenue Grande Armeé, Paris, and other helpers of the McAll Mission should be asked on this point.

Let Pastor Lortsch, the head of the Bible Society in Paris, watch for fifteen minutes a competent distributor giving away Gospels in the Rue du Havre,

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fronting the Gare St. Lazare, or outside the Pygmalion in the Rue de Rivoli or on the crowded Boulevards, or in the streets through which many business people come in the morning and return in the evening, and he will be able to report that 95 per cent. of the Gospels given away are kept by the recipients.

In the autumn of this year, altogether, nineteen thousand Gospels were given away on four Sundays by the Editor of the *Christian Herald* in Lille, in front of the Grand Hotel, to excursionists passing continuously for hours, from the railway station to the Exhibition. Not five per cent. of the little Books were thrown down by the recipients when their contents were perceived, although many Socialists live in that manufacturing centre. Nearly a million people are computed to be living in Lille, Tourcoing, Roubaix, and the surrounding neighbourhood in which there is no Bible Society colporteur or depot.

For two-and-a-half million Catholics of Paris, only seven hours' journey from London, the British and Foreign Bible Society, with £145,000 of annual contributions, has no colporteurs, and does nothing (except in Exhibition years), beyond having a little shop in a narrow street, the local customers of which are rarely Catholics, but mostly Protestant Societies and congregations.

The vast masses of Parisians cannot be reached except by gratuitous distribution of Gospels. A colporteur a few miles from Paris says on page 37 of the Report, "The nearer I get to Paris the less I sell."

The Bible Society unreasonably refuses to insert pictures of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth, or other eastern scenes in its Gospels, although its original laws contain no prohibition of such pictures, and hence the pictorial Gospels of the Scripture Gift Mission at 15, Strand, London, are more eagerly received and preserved by the French and Italians. The arbitrary refusal of the B. and F. Bible Society to supply Gospels with pictures in them, is a serious drawback to their colporteurs who would sell many more if they were illustrated. Then again, the French Gospels they have issued since 1899 are only in *paper* covers instead of *cloth* covers as previous to 1899, and are therefore far less valuable and lasting. It is reported that two pounds per thousand are being paid for the production of these paper-covered Gospels in France, whereas M. Yalla of Florence or Mr. Walters of 15, Strand, London, could produce them for thirty shillings per thousand.

The fact of a small proportion of people on the Continent being unable to read, does not interfere with gratuitous distribution, because a practised distributor will only give to well-dressed people who in towns can all read. The illiterate are poor people and chiefly in country places.

The rule mentioned by Mr. Darlow that "every colporteur may freely give a copy to anyone who desires it, but has not money to buy it," seems to be generally a dead letter. The Report for 1902 states that only one Bible, 150 Testaments, and 350 little Gospels (!) were thus given away in 10 months by 43 colporteurs, among 39 million Frenchmen Each colporteur must have met in the course of ten months with scores of poor persons too poor to buy a Gospel—at least, if they had looked for them.

Similarly in Siberia, on page 125 of Report, colporteur Tzvethoff says: "At Derinski, a village containing 70 huts, I visited every hut. Many would have bought if they had money. I did not sell a single book; I gave three copies gratis!!!" How does this agree with the above-mentioned rule, "to give a copy to everyone who cannot buy it."

Mr. George Muller's distributors at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and the Havre Exhibition of 1868 gave Testaments and Gospels to soldiers, sailors, policemen, and poor country peasants, but *sold* to well-dressed people who could afford to pay. In like manner the subscribers to the Bible Society would certainly wish Scripture portions to be given to all sailors, soldiers, gendarmes, prisoners, and peasants, who can read.

Mr. Darlow says: "The plea for gratuitous distribution in Europe must also apply to Asia and Africa." There is no MUST in this matter whatever. Western Europe, to which the *Temple Magazine* article solely referred, is Roman Catholic, and most of its people know that the Gospels contain the life of Christ in whom they nominally believe, but Hindoos, Mahommedans, Malays, and Chinese do not nominally believe in Christ, and to many of them a Gospel is of no more value than Donelly's Cryptogram would be. Moreover, they are uncivilised heathen

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vastly inferior to intelligent educated Frenchmen and Italians. In some parts of India not more than one person in a hundred can read.

It must be left to the judgment of every subscriber to the Bible Society to decide whether the EXPENDITURE OF £43,324 IN ORDER TO SELL £6,028 OF SCRIPTURES in fourteen countries, is satisfactory. Here are the figures from the British and Foreign Bible Society's Report printed at the head of each section. We give the *expenses* of the Society in each country *first* and the *value* of the Scriptures sold *second* :—Persia : £2,271—£247 ; Burma : £1,072—£112 ; N. Malaysia, £2,203—£365 ; S. Malaysia, £4,859—£287 ; China : £9,448—£1,004 ; Korea : £1,541—£298 ; Argentine : £1,647—£503 ; Brazil : £4,554—£485 ; Central America, £1,102—£223 ; Morocco : £1,588—£68 ; Algeria : £940—£117 ; Egypt, etc. : £6,002—£1,153 ; Turkey : £5,729—£1l154 ; West Africa : £368—£12.

Total £43,324 spent in effecting sales of Scriptures of the total value of £6,028 in the above-mentioned 14 countries.

There are two ways in which the sale of Scriptures in France might be greatly increased. First, by sending colporteurs, who are fluent speakers, to fairs which are held all the year round in various places, and there with his books displayed on a stall (for the standing room of which he would pay a rent) each colporteur at a different fair could discourse on the excellencies of the Bible and sell many Gospels. Secondly, by engaging such a man as M. Sainton to organise a brigade of some motor cars to travel in different parts of France just as he does, as reported in the B. and F. Bible Society's Report on page 17 :—" M. Sainton, a Baptist, is doing splendid service in Brittany. He goes from place to place in a motor car, loaded with Bibles and New Testaments, selling Scriptures and preaching the Gospel by the wayside and in the market places. His orders to our Paris Depot run thus—' Please send one thousand New Testaments.' "

If M. Sainton has given only three such orders in one year, his sales amounting to 3,000 are *one-fourth* of the total of nearly 12,000 New Testaments sold by the Society's Depots, in the whole of France and as many as were sold altogether by eight colporteurs. Such a man in the service of the B. and F. Bible Society would indeed be the right man in the right place. Corporteurs are indispensable to sell the Scriptures in small towns and villages and scattered hamlets, but they are inadequate to reach the tens of thousands in large cities, many of whom leave their homes at 6 a.m. or 7 a.m. to go to work, and do not return until 8 p.m. Such large aggregations of human beings can only be adequately supplied with Gospels by gratuitous distribution.

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Three Years' Distribution of Gospels in Paris.

By the Rev. Dr. JOHN ROBERTSON, of Glasgow.

I WAS greatly interested in the critique in the November *Temple Magazine*, of the methods of the British and Foreign Bible Society in their circulation of the Word of God, and I write to confirm some of the statements made in that article.

About 1884 to 1887, I happened to be a helper of the late Dr. R. W. McAll, in his Paris Mission, and about three years spent in the evangelisation work of the gay French capital should enable me to give at least a personal impression of what I considered, and consider, the right method of reaching the people there with the Word of God. If you wait till the Parisians come to your kiosk on the boulevard, or in the street, to buy your Gospel, their generations will pass into a dark eternity with very few Bibles in their hands. The little newspaper which scatters its kind in a daily snow-fall, is the only thing the masses will purchase.

In Paris, with the desire I trust to reach some of its people with the Word of God, I used almost nightly on my way to the McAll halls, to take my stand for a short time at places like the Rue Royale, and the Place de la Concorde, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Champs Elysees, with the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and evangelical booklets, in my hand, and give them to the passers-by.

Now, in our commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, how could the wait-till-you-sell-plan of the British and Foreign Bible Society have reached those French people I thus met, many of whom must now have passed into the other world? It is true that here and there the acceptor of the Word accepted it to destroy it. Indeed, one man I remember took the trouble to take the Gospel,and stand before me, while he slowly tore the book to pieces, and placed them beneath his heel, and ground his foot upon them with a set of his teeth and a profane execration from his lips. What does it prove? Not that I should cease my "wholesale and indiscriminate gratis distribution of the Scriptures," and wait for the happy time—certainly easier to the flesh—when that raging French atheist will come along with his little coin in his hand and buy the book to keep it and read it and not tear it up. No, that action just showed me the man down in the bottom of his heart was interested in the question of religion to oppose it, and with a strange peace in my heart, I got in a word about a Scotchman like me always being received in ages past by a Frenchman like him, and how our two countries were once the bosom comrades on the tented field, and how my Edinburgh and his Paris had their courts in common, and for that reason, would he now take another Gospel? He at once held out his hand, and another book, the facsimile of what he had already destroyed was received, but this time it was to turn over the leaves rapidly, and to put it quickly in his pocket with a "Merci, mon frére Ecossais!" before he moved away.

I do not like to speak harshly of any method of circulating the Scriptures, nor would I minimise in the very least the great work the British and Foreign Bible Society is doing, but I must say with all the solemn emphasis I can command, that as regards Paris as known to me, their method of wait-till-the-sale is absolutely foolish and mistaken and abortive, while the only possible method of getting the Word of God into the hands and hearts of the people is the method they seem to condemn, "of wholesale and indiscriminate gratis distribution" of the Bible and Gospel Books, especially as from recent enquiry, it appears that they have no colporteur at work among the two and a half millions of Paris itself.

Are we to let generations pass into eternity without the Word, because, forsooth, some instances of destruction happen, which, as in the case I related, may, in the goodness and overseeing of the Holy Ghost, be only the evidence, like Paul's persecution, of prevenient grace.

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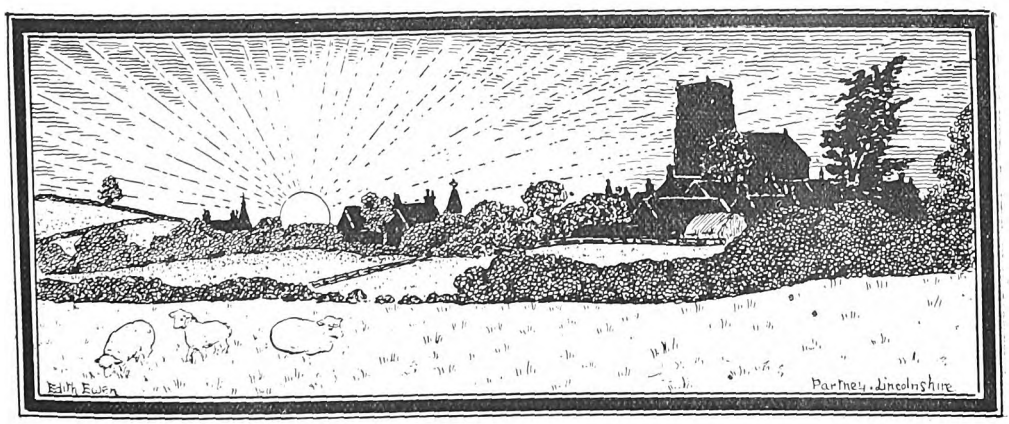
I should like to know how many of the officials of the British and Foreign Bible Society have stood in the busy crossings of a Continental city distributing free Gospels and booklets, and then as a result of true experience have brought in their verdict of condemnation. I must say I consider the wait-till-the-sale method of that Society quite contrary to the first principle of Christian evangelisation as laid down by Dr. Thomas Chalmers, when he said that the Gospel is to be taken to the people in a way intrinsically opposite to the ordinary commercial law of demand bringing the supply. The Word of God is to be supplied most where there is least demand. The non-demand is the call for the supply.

The seed of the kingdom is to be sown in no other fashion than broadcast on the fields of the world; for the vital germ is in the Word, wherever it goes, whether bought or gifted, and the more copies of the Word are multiplied and scattered, surely in the nature of the holy verities of the Christian faith, there rises the ratio of likelihood of the dews of blessing descending on the broadcast-sown truth.

If the Bible be circulated at all, it needs no word of commendation from us, for it carries its own witness to heart and conscience. The Divine life is in it; and "the entrance of Thy Word, not ours, giveth life."

Gospel work, be it never forgotten, is emergency work; the King's business requireth haste. When the sun is setting, and the generations passing, if I had any influence with a Bible Society like the one referred to, I should with feverish earnestness use it for the modification of the plan which results in "*the expenditure of £43,324 in order to sell £6,028 of Scriptures*" and for the adoption of the method seemingly condemned, "wholesale and gratis distribution of the printed Scriptures," especially in crowded cities, without any interference with the admirable agency of colporteurs, whose untiring labours in country districts are of the utmost value.

"Jean!" said the eager French mother, as she started her little son for the heights where the Huguenot conventicle was being held, with the message that the armed soldiers of the Government were on their way, "Jean, run now, the safety of God's elect depends upon thy speed." So, with the message of the Saviour of sinners, O let us scatter it the most widely possible, and at once, for the safety of God's elect and the evangelisation of our generation depend instrumentally upon our speed.



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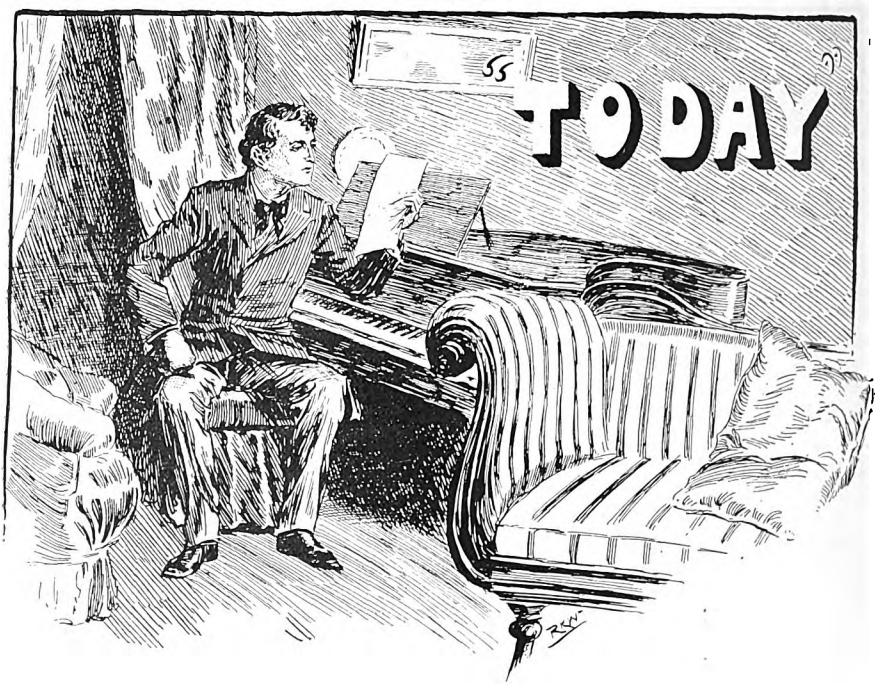

HE was sitting before an open grand piano. A bundle of programmes lay on the top, and another programme stood open on the music-rack, with the words "Recital by Herr Germain Edelstein" in big ornamental letters. Music-scores of all sorts and editions lay about the room, while a neat little pile, evidently sorted for a purpose, had been placed on the bench beside him. The top sheet was lying title upwards, and one saw that the name upon it corresponded to the first on the open programme. Neither the piano nor the scores, however, were claiming his present attention, for he was gazing right through "Recital by Herr Germain Edelstein," apparently into futurity. He was in an engrossing brown study.

A knock at his door disturbed him. He jumped up and answered it, finding one of the hotel servants waiting with a note.

"For me?" briefly.

"Yes, sir, and a carriage is waiting below."

He motioned the man into a seat, and went over to the window, looking curiously at the small crested envelope in his hand. It was plainly a lady's missive. He tore it open.

"I know that I am making a bold request. Only urgent necessity compels me to do so. It is to ask you, if your time permits before your recital, to play to my only child. He has always had one ambition—to play like yourself; but a year ago his spine was fatally injured; to-day he is dying. You may wonder at my presuming to ask you, but he has begged patiently and incessantly that I would do so. He says he knows you will; and at least I take up my pen to ask you. It seems an insult to speak of remuneration; but should you not feel it so, and you find it possible to come, I shall think no sum too great to repay you for your time and kindness. Pardon my troubling you; but could I do otherwise? He is longing for music—for your music; nothing else can satisfy him.

"Believe me to be yours sincerely,

"MARY TERENCE."

He read it again, and then returning it to its envelope, said: "You say a carriage is waiting?"

"Yes, sir; the man said his mistress sent it in case you might come."

"Tell him that I shall be ready in a minute."

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He took up the tidy bundle of music, and ran, two stairs at a time, to his room. He made a few little arrangements, and then, hat in hand, raced down again, and through the entrance to the wide stone steps. A trim green brougham stood there, and the footman touching his hat, enquired, "Herr Edelstein?"

He bowed, and stepping in, drew a long breath of satisfaction as the carriage whirled off. The house was in one of the suburbs, "The Chestnuts," so he thought; but he pulled the note out of his pocket to make sure. Yes, that was the name. He leaned back, and for the second time that day fell into a brown study. "He has always had one ambition —to play like yourself." His thoughts wandered over his own life. He was only eighteen, but playing was as easy as breathing to him; and it seemed as though he had played for much longer. "Poor little fellow," he said out loud. He would play better than ever—there was plenty of time before the recital. The letter had touched him deeply; there was a restraint about it that was infinitely more pathetic than any open expression of sorrow.

The carriage passed through some large stone gates, as he murmured. "Shall I be too late?" and presently he was set down opposite a flight of steps leading up to the great door. The house was hushed. The door stood open, and the cool green lights of the trees outside glanced and deepened in the cool wide hall. A great bowl of yellow roses stood on the oaken table; by them, a roll of music. Beyond, there were big glass doors, and, again beyond, a garden of soft green, with flowers of brilliant colour. He was fascinated, and stood listening, hat in hand, to the rustle of the trees and the cooing of the wood pigeons, waiting for he knew not what. Suddenly there was a sound beside him, and he turned to meet "Mary Terence." She was very beautiful, and so white that he feared for her. A glory of golden hair crowned a face which was lighted by wonderful violet eyes. She wore a small widow's cap, and her dress of a black clinging silk, was heavily trimmed with crape. As he looked at her, he could not help thinking how young and frail she was to bear such crushing sorrows.

He surprised her too—but pleasurably. There was something winning in his kind brown eyes; and his face was one she felt glad to have seen. He looked very boyish for such a genius; and though they had always told her that he was utterly unspoiled by the world, she had not expected to see such goodness in his expression. She made no apologies for asking him. He had come. The present would soon be over, and she would soon be childless, so she simply said,

"This is the room; there is a piano there; he is there too—he is very weak."

He stepped into a room of heavy oak furniture; the French windows were open, and outside the trees were laughing, and and the sunbeams dancing on the soft green lawn. There were the same great Dresden bowls of roses placed all over the room in careless profusion. Beside one of the windows was a grand piano, and by the other was a couch on which lay the child who was so soon to leave the cool, silent room. A nurse sat not far from him, as if she were a reminder of another world, in her dark stuff dress and white cuffs, apron and cap—a reminder that Germain resented, as spoiling the harmony of the perfect room. The child was smiling to himself, and he held out his hand to the great boy-pianist as though he had known him all his life.

"I knew you would come; I knew you were nice, and I do thank you so much, for I am so wanting to hear you play; I haven't much longer, you know—please play."

"Is there anything you want very much to hear?"—he paused—"I do not know your name."

'Chopin's Berceuse,' please—only not if —you would rather play—anything else." He was terribly weak, and the nurse got up and fetched something to revive him.

"Thank you, nurse; isn't it just beautiful?"

"Certainly, John; anything you like," said Germain softly, and opened the piano. John turned and held out his hand to his mother, and she knelt beside him.

"Mother, he is really going to play; oh, mother darling, let's enjoy it together. Kiss me; now please."

Germain never knew how he played then. The rocking melody ran on, ever rocking the tender ripple of the little rhyme the mother sings, laughing gently, and yet so full of rest. There are few

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"THROUGH THE SILENCE, GOD CAME FOR HIM."

things so full of rest as is the "Chopin Berceuse," if only one knows how to find it there. Germain knew by instinct it was part of his genius; yet he only saw the little life ebbing away, and the deathly white of Mary Terence's face as she saw it—slipping out of her agonised grasp. The "Berceuse" was only a sigh now—a sweet melodic breath. The mother still croons gently, gently, very gently, and presently her child sleeps.

Germain got up; he stood perfectly still, feeling almost an intruder now; he had no right to see this. John looked up, his eyes full of tears, and he put his hand into Germain's.

"I love you. I can't thank you; I have wanted it all my life. I could never play so. It is very good of God to take me. It was 'to-day' wasn't it, Germain? To-day means soon—now. It was to be 'to-day' Germain?"

Germain looked at John's mother. He thought the boy was wandering, and could not tell exactly how to answer. Her lips formed rather than said, "Yes."

"Yes, John, it was 'To-day.'"

A silence, broken by John's murmuring, "He said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Read it, please."

There was a Revised Testament lying near. Some instinct bade Germain take it up, and it opened at Luke xxiii.; some roses lay in the place. There was a faint pencil line drawn from verse 39 to verse 43, and the same instinct bade Germain read that paragraph.

"And one of the malefactors which were hanged, railed on him, saying, 'Art not Thou the Christ? Save Thyself and us.' But the other answered and rebuking him, said, 'Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but, this man hath done nothing amiss.' And he said, Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' And He said unto him, 'Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'"

Germain's pleasant and quaint English ceased, and he looked up, still holding the book in his hand. He saw the end was near now, and a stillness unbroken, save

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by the rustling of the trees outside, held that little group—John, the great boy-pianist, Mary Terence, and the nurse—truly a deathlike stillness. Suddenly John spoke to his mother.

"Lean down, dearest," he said faintly. "I am very tired, please kiss me." And, after another pause, "Thank—Germain." Then through the silence and sunlight of that cool still room, God who had been so very good to him, came for him, and there was only the small circle of three left. Mary's lonely life had begun.

Germain turned and was going away without a word. He could not break the silence that showed the depth of the mother's sorrow—she did not even sob. His hand was upon the door, when Mary came forward. "Let me speak to you," she said steadily. So they went together into the hall. It was a superb evening; the grass outside was ruddy in the fading sunshine; it seemed a mockery, and Germain turned away. His eyes sought hers. They were bright and tearless; her face was white to the lips, yet her voice was as sweet and firm as ever when she spoke.

"He said I was to thank you—I cannot I am sure you will understand; I shall never forget, for he had hungered for that all his life—"——

Germain stood silent; he was almost afraid of breaking her self-control by saying anything, though had he but known it, his eyes were full of a pity dangerously intense. He took her hand and said gently—his mind was full of its meaning—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

"Yes," she said, and taking a rose from the bowl, a great white *Marshal Niel*, gave it to him. "It was his favourite flower," she said again. "Good-bye—and—thank you—" —

The same trim brougham hurried him back to his hotel. Life was the same; his rooms were the same; the usual costly flowers adorned his table, and his piano, his overmantel; the same customary offerings at the shrine of his genius; yet, all was different. The morning papers were enthusiastic above precedent of the recital of the previous night; he had exceeded all his former achievements; "he was divine." He smiled a little sadly when he saw that word. It was the kind of divinity that only comes by pain.

* * * * * *

On his table lies a well-worn Revised Testament; it opens at Luke xxiii., for there are rose leaves at that page. On the title-page is written, "To John, with his father's love. New Year's Day." It is Germain's most treasured book, and when he opened the parcel bearing his name in Mary Terence's clear handwriting, and saw what it contained, he felt he had never realised what true sacrifice meant before.

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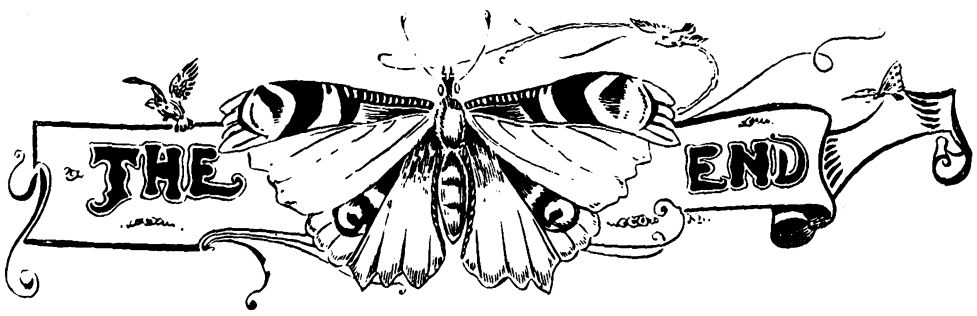

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A Scientific . . . . Discourse.

FOR

THOUGHTFUL MINDS.

A RECORD OF FACTS,
PRINCIPLES, AND DISCOVERIES.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus in its relation to the Improvement and Preservation of Human Life on Earth.

"THAT our medical men of every school, our greatest chemists, physiologists, philosophers, and men of science generally; as well as the inventors of, and those who deal in and adopt the numberless methods and preparations which are advertised in all directions and in every conceivable manner for the cure of the "Ills that flesh is heir to," suffer almost as greatly, and decay and die as quickly as the least educated in society, is matter of positive fact as well as of regret; and although it may be conceded that much good has been done by every system which has yet been proposed, there is certainly still a deficiency; still humanity suffers; and it is **painfully evident that something more is urgently wanted—something more simple, more decided in its action, less of the character of ordinary physic or medicine, and more of the nature of a preserving and protecting aliment.** This important **desideratum** medical science has, so far, failed to supply."

"Let us hope that the preparation now described is the beginning of a series of improvements in the right direction and of victories over the natural world."

These were the words of the late Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., when introducing to the world, a few years ago, the results of his investigations, which had been the outcome of a lifetime's work and study.

What the medical world of to-day is beginning to recognise, he had many years ago satisfied himself upon: namely, **the supreme control which the nervous system exercises, not only over the main functions, but over the most minute and apparently insignificant processes taking place in the body.**

Dr. Birley's great rule is, therefore:—"**Look after the nervous system; keep it well-nourished, and in perfect working order, and disease will little affect us.**"

Dr. Birley devoted many years to the discovery of some remedy that would fulfil the above indications. He carefully analysed the brains of persons who had died from various diseases, as well as of those who had been killed by accident whilst in the full vigour of health. He was struck by the deficiency of **Phosphorus** found in the brain matter of the weak and ailing, compared to what normally existed in the strong and healthy. From this fact the suggestion naturally arose that perhaps the loss of phosphorus had much to do with the weakened nerve force, and that its artificial administration might help to give back what had been lost. Such a thought was no less that prophetic, but simple as it appeared to be in this early stage of the investigation, it was found impossible to carry it out with any satisfactory result, for the following reason:—

Ordinary phosphorus, as understood by the chemist, cannot, by any known method, be made to be PERFECTLY SOLUBLE in the blood. It may be finely powdered and given in pills, etc., or dissolved in oil, alcohol, ether or chloroform, but in all these forms it is precipitated into a fine dust immediately on mixing with the juices of the stomach.

Many of these particles do not pass into the blood at all, but of those that do, *they are completely stopped when they arrive at the liver, through which organ everything passes from the stomach before entering the general circulation. Hence Phosphorus administered in this form cannot possibly reach the nervous system, and cannot therefore aid in its restoration.*

Knowing these facts, and convinced of the necessity of phosphorus **as a Food**, rather than a medicine, for the **Brain and Nervous System**, Dr. Birley experimented in many ways for the purpose of discovering a means of preparing it so that it would be free from these drawbacks.

His aim was to find out a form which would not precipitate in this manner, but remain in *perfect solution* throughout the system.

In the end he was rewarded by the discovery of a new process of preparation (by distillation) which rendered it, when taken by the mouth, *absolutely soluble in the blood*, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass *through* the liver in a *fluid* state and thus reach the nerve tissues, which alone were in need of it.

No better proof of the value of this new form of phosphorus could be required than the very severe tests to which Dr. Birley put his invention. That it really does pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the Brain and Nervous System cannot be better discussed than in the inventor's own words:—

"The question has often been put to us—What proof have you that your PHOSPHORUS, when taken into the stomach, actually reaches and combines with the substance of the brain?

As it is truth only, and not opinion or hypothesis that we care for, our answer must be perfectly candid and such only as practical investigation permits us to give. Because we cannot, or rather have no opportunity to, analyse the living human brain, *before* a course of PHOSPHORUS has been entered upon, we

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admit that the evidence is not direct and positive. We are obliged to depend upon implication and analogy. The following items, however, force the conclusion we have maintained upon us:—

1ST.—PHOSPHORUS is a constant element of the brain and nervous system of all animals.

2ND.—The amount of PHOSPHORUS is different in persons of different mental and physical powers.

3RD.—In the brain and nerve-matter of those who have during life been characterised by great powers of mind and body and who have been in the prime of health suddenly killed in battle, or accident, or by other violence, a much larger amount of PHOSPHORUS has been discovered than is ever found is the brain-matter of ordinary persons who have been killed in a similar manner.

4TH.—The brain-matter of idiots contains the least amount of PHOSPHORUS. A little more PHOSPHORUS is found in that of persons not completely imbecile, but physically and mentally weak, languid in action, deficient in pluck and energy, full of apprehension, weak in memory and in application of thought and purpose, who hesitate in their resolves, and shrink from the general bustle of commercial life. The same may be said of persons who are fretful, low-spirited, anxious, fidgety, and odd-tempered, and of the positively ill-tempered and disagreeable.

5TH.—Persons who in early life have enjoyed a fair amount of mental and physical power, but who have suffered many years from great anxiety and sorrow consequent upon family bereavement and other losses and trials, have been found after death to have lost a great portion of the PHOSPHORUS which is common in the brain of similar persons who have not suffered in the same way.

The same may be affirmed of those who, beginning life with a good constitution, have excessively indulged in alcoholic preparations. Alcohol has the property of dissolving and carrying away the PHOSPHORUS of the brain and nervous system. We have personally known and carefully watched the career of many who in the "prime of life" were brilliant, energetic, first-class men of business, full of dash and assurance, carrying all before them, and succeeding in almost every undertaking. We have observed some of these to gradually wane in their mental and physical powers; little by little to have become anxious and apprehensive; matters which once were trifles, unworthy of attention, have seemed to be of great consequence; enterprise and speculation have become less and less; a fear of losing or failing has gradually crept in, until a general tameness and insipidity have been observed. A few years longer, and the once bright, confident, venturesome business man has dwindled to an eccentric, nervous, despondent, and miserable human remnant, incapable of concentrating his powers, vacillating, absent-minded, forgetful, and almost heedless of the world or its pleasures. Deafness, failing sight, impaired susceptibility, necroencephalus (softening of the brain) and general inanition, have gradually terminated in death. In some cases we have been enabled to procure the brain and a portion of the spinal cord, and have found by analysis that the PHOSPHORUS has been greatly deficient and much less than has been found in the brain-matter of persons who had the same vigorous character during early life, but who have died suddenly by violence in the midst of their career, and when all their powers of mind and body were most intense. In several instances different parts of the brain have been found to contain different proportions of PHOSPHORUS.

Striking as are the foregoing examples, and forcible as they are in the way of evidence, they are not in themselves sufficient. We require a synthetical process before we can form a satisfactory conclusion.

We have treated with PHOSPHORUS cases of every class. We have seen the prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable of every position in life, gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, deafness overcome, the hair become abundant, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the love of song and harmony returned, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

In several instances the stir and excitement of mercantile life have created a longing to return to business. Some have done so, and are now as keen and successful as at any former period.

If then in all cases of mental and physical debility where we have been able to analyse the brain after death, we have found a deficiency of PHOSPHORUS, and if in precisely similar cases during life we have administered PHOSPHORUS, and found such conditions pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described, we have called **'Plain' Syrup of Free Phosphorus**, because it is the simple solution formed by distillation, combined with sugar and without the admixture of any other substance or medicament."

Free Phosphorus in combination with other Medicaments.

The Phosphorus prepared as above described permits of our taking advantage of the well-known principle in medical science, that different articles of the *materia medica* have the property of acting specially on different organs of the body. These various properties are very valuable in cases of special diseased action, and we are able to take advantage of them in using the syrup of phosphorus here described. It will combine with many remedial agents, and thus the power of the phosphorus may be determined to different organs of the body as local conditions may require.

Where the heart is weak, and the whole muscular system flabby and greatly debilitated, in addition to great nervous debility and exhaustion, the best combination is that of protoxide of iron with the "Plain," and which we have named the "**Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**."

In the course of many years' private practice Dr. Birley was enabled to considerably modify and perfect a number of combinations of his Phosphorus in addition to the "Ironised" above named. For debility of the muscular and general system in LADIES particularly; when "Below Par," and suffering from poorness of blood and lack of colour, a special preparation called the "**Sub-Ironised Syrup of Free Phosphorus**" has been found to be wonderfully successful.

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Design 1427.

12/6

Design No. 1427.

12/6

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